

On the road from Tipperary sleep the boys  
whose work is done.

Don't you hear the voices calling to complete  
their work begun?

There are ghostly fingers beckoning, there  
are victories yet to win,

On the road from Tipperary, with the army  
to Berlin.

On the road from Tipperary when the boys  
come home at last,

Won't you wish that you had listened ere old  
England's call has passed?

But the gate of manhood's open, you your  
part can still begin,

On the road from Tipperary, with the army  
to Berlin.

We are indebted to Bugler Cecil Coleman, of the 66th Battalion, for the above excellent effort in the poetical line. This was sent from Edmonton for publication, and it shows that this little journal of ours is appreciated and liked by other battalions, and we hope that future numbers will see more writings from the same pen.

## THE KAISER'S DREAM.



HERE'S a story now current,  
Though strange it may seem,  
Of the great Kaiser Bill  
And a wonderful dream.  
Being tired of the Allies  
He lay down in bed

And, amongst other things,  
He dreamt he was dead.  
And in a fine coffin  
He was lying in state  
With a guard of brave Belgians  
Who mourned for his fate.  
He wasn't long dead  
Till he found to his cost,  
That his soul, like his soldiers,  
Would ere long be lost.  
On leaving this earth  
To heaven he went straight,  
Arriving up there,  
Gave a knock at the gate.  
But St. Peter looked out,  
And in a voice loud and clear  
Said: "Begone, Kaiser Bill,  
We don't want you here."  
"Well," said the Kaiser,  
"That's rather uncivil,

I suppose after all  
I must go to the devil."  
So he turned on his heel  
And away he did go  
At the top of his speed  
To the regions below.  
But when he got there  
He was filled with dismay,  
For while waiting outside  
He heard Old Nick say  
To his imps: "Now, look here, boys,  
I give you all warning  
I'm expecting the Kaiser  
Down here in the morning.  
But don't let him in,  
For to me it's quite clear,  
He's a very bad man  
And we don't want him here.  
If he once gets in  
There'll be no end of quarrels;  
In fact, I'm afraid  
He'll corrupt our good morals."  
"Oh, Satan, dear friend,"  
The Kaiser then cried,  
"Excuse me for listening  
While waiting outside,  
If you don't admit me  
Say where I can go."  
"Indeed," said the Devil,  
"I really don't know."  
"Oh, do let me in,  
I am feeling quite cold,  
And if you want money  
I have plenty of gold.  
Let me sit in a corner,  
No matter how hot."  
"No, no," said the Devil,  
"Most certainly not.  
We don't admit folks here  
For riches or pelf,  
Here are sulphur and matches,  
Make a hell for yourself."  
Then he kicked Wilhelm out  
And he vanished in smoke,  
And just at that moment  
The Kaiser awoke.  
He jumped from his bed  
In a shivering sweat,  
And said, "Well, that's a dream  
I shall never forget.  
That I won't go to heaven  
I know very well,  
But it's really too bad  
To be kicked out of hell."

AN ADMIRER FROM OTTAWA.