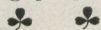


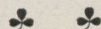
THE "LITTLE BLACK DEVILS" PAGE.

"U DEUTSCHLAND" (continued).

Which bold German genius—alert, unafraid—
Had over—and under—the ocean conveyed.
What a hubbub was there, what a boisterous din
In berth and compartment, in bunker and bin!
While on wharf and on pierhead, a dense human wall,
Crowds of Yankees stood gaping, amazed at it all.

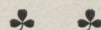


Empty the hold to the innermost span,
Now the new task of reloading began
And goods which we've wanted for many a day
Are ready to hand, and are soon stowed away.

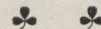


Thus bartered the German in old Baltimore
With French, Russians, Englishmen, lining the shore,
Mad with envy, and swearing by heaven and earth,
We would never return to the land of our birth.
"Ours—only ours—are the seas of the world,
Then away with each ship where a strange flag's unfurled."
So they hemmed in the harbour with many a snare,
"Now let your old *Deutschland* return if she dare"
Their cruisers waylaid us by day and by night,
Feeling sure that we never could challenge their might,
And one thought—only one—filled these proud Englishmen—
"The *Deutschland* will never see Bremen again."

So the time glided by, and day followed day,
Till one morning the *Deutschland* was up and away;
Away to her homeland! Away to her death!
Could she run the hard gauntlet? The world held its breath.
Soon our enemies all—for one thinks as one feels—
Flashed abroad the glad tidings, full close on our heels—
"Your much vaunted U-boat won't dock by her quay,
For she lies a poor wreck in the depths of the sea."



Yet the *Deutschland* ploughed on, despite their dismay,
And their threats and their cursings cast aside as the spray;
The *Deutschland* ploughed on, and no frail human might
Could do aught to impede the good ship in her flight.
Full many a time rose the sun in the east,
And, as days grew to weeks, fear and sorrow increased,
And full many a heart in the dear Fatherland
Wondered when she would moor on her own native strand.

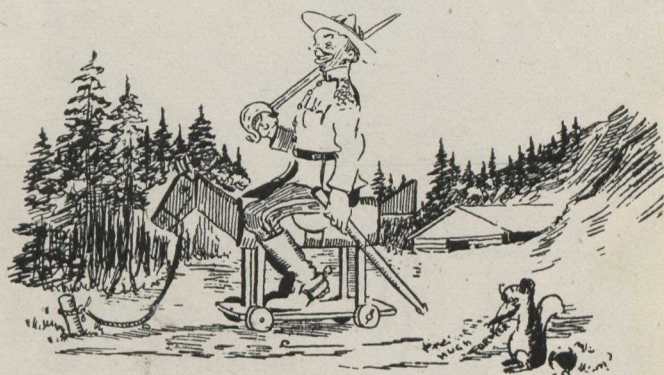


But at last came the day when the great deed was done,
And millions of throats caught the news up as one;
Caught the news up, and shouted with might and with main—
"U *Deutschland*, U *Deutschland* is safe home again!"

Translated by E. J. THOMAS.



A "WESTERN CANADIAN."



A "WESTERN" CAVALRYMAN.

Fun from the Front.

YOU WOULD.

"How do the Engineers set off duds?"
"Just hit them on the nose with a hammer and beat it."

FAMILIAR SOUNDS AT THE FRONT.

z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z Cr-r-ump Cr-r-ump!
Cr-r-ump!
Pluck—whoy—whoy—y—whoy—y—y—Bang!
Dada—da—da—da—dada—dada—da—da—dap—dap—dap—
dada—da—da. Whizz; Whee! Whang!
"Stretcher-bearers on the double!"

FOOD PROFITEERING AT THE FRONT.

A CASE FOR LORD RHONDDA.

Beer is now up to two francs a mess-tin at some canteens.

TO —.

Oh, Adorable! clothed in snowy white,
Thou art close beside me e'en as I write.
My lips thy lips would fain caress,
While whispering words of tenderness.

My caress thou never wilt return,
Thy heart for mine can never yearn;
Yet knowing all, I love thee yet,
I cannot live without thee, Cigarette!

E. W. T.

The runner entered in perspiring haste, tore several officers' packs apart, and exclaimed profanely.

"What have you been sent for?" he was asked.

"Smelling salts for the Company Commander," he wheezed, quite truthfully.

And this is war!

Just wait until the Fresno Fusiliers, the Oshkosh Rifles, the Kalispell Light Infantry, and the Minnesota Zouaves arrive in France. We'll have some ball games then!

HEARD ON THE 'PHONE.

(Hun H.Q.).

"What did you say? Die Canadian Truppen have made a raid, and left a note saying:—

"Dear Fritz.—It is with great reluctance that we have to do this, but we have no other means of getting information. We are only going to take two prisoners, and to compensate you for the loss of so much invaluable fat, we leave herewith, in exchange, two tins of Maypole Margarine.

"(Signed) —TH CANADIANS.

"Wohl! What do you know about that? Schmutzig, sterbend alt Kristopher Kolumbus!! Was hoflichkeit!!! — (remainder deleted by Censor).

16264 S. J. S.

Soldier (addressing aeroplane overhead as it circles around preparatory to making a landing):—

"Come on, now. Let's have one of those dirty old flops. What d'you think you're paid for?"