

And St. Peter above stutters, "What a liar";
While Satan chuckles and rakes up his fire
For the poor, doomed telephone man.

But he has one hope has the telephone man,
Which he always bears in mind.
Be he from Cumberland, Surrey, or Devon,
When his wire by rights should be eleven,
And he only shows a very short seven.
In his cheerful life there's scarce any
leaven.

"Let's hope they don't have 'phones in
Heaven,"
Is the prayer of the telephone man

THE UNSPEAKABLE SCOT.

WHEN Billie Mac asked Bandsman
Jock
Hoo mony Huns he'd like tae
choke,
John blithely answered, "Man,
I'd boke
Wae joy and glae
'Sin I could get yae sonsy poke
At Wihlemns 'ee.

"When we wer' workin' wae the Twin
We wist tae winner 'whits the din'
Until we saw Bill Griesbach's chin
Work overtime;
An' knew that he was breakin' in
His Forty-nine.

"We couldna jine a better baun
Wi' sich a cornel in commaun'.
It wis an easy job tae laun'
Three guid recruits
Wha'd fecht fur him wae hert an haun',
Ye bet yer buits."

Said Jock, "Yi min' that New Year's
nicht
When doon at feyther's we got ticht.
We little thoct hoo sune we'd fecht
In trenches wet,
Nor rush tae sink oor ba'net bricht
In German fat."

Here Atkinson chimed in tae say:
"I've longed fur this fur mony a day,
But never thoct I'd want tae slay
My fellow man
Until I saa aroun' me lay
This pillaged lan'."

"Well, here we are, an' here we'll bide,
Tae wark oor share whate'er betide,
Until the Kaiser's boys decide
They've had eneuch.
Then we'll gang hame tae Edmonton
Tae haud the peuch."

F. J. COLVIN, Edmonton.

THE VACANT RANKS.



IN the road from Tipperary there's
a place that's vacant still,
There's a rifle lying silent, there's
a uniform to fill.

True, at home they'll hate to lose
you, but the march will soon

begin,

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

In the Morris chairs of clubland are you con-
tent to stay
While others guard your honour, while the
Germans boast "The Day"?

For your King and Country need you, and
we want to count you in,

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

Have you seen the lonely crosses? Boys
who'll never more come home.

Will you idle while they're calling; will you
leave them there alone?

For they're calling, calling, calling, and they
want to hear you sing,

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

When from Mons they fought each footstep
when their lips with pain were dumb,
'Twas hope that held their trenches, never
doubting you would come.

Through the frozen heel of winter, 'midst the
shrapnel's racking din,
They have waited, never fearing; you would
join them in Berlin.

On the road from Tipperary there's a crim-
son debt to pay,
There's a land of awful darkness, patient
faces, tired and grey,
Sobbing women, ruined girlhood, strew the
train of Kultured sin.

Can't you hear the call for vengeance; won't
you join us in Berlin?