

ECCLESIASTICAL WILLIAM.

A MIGHTY fortress is our Gott—
To helmet the other kinds.
I will draw all men by their hypkens ;
Blest be the tie that binds.
Hold the fort, for I'm coming
With Kultur's melting-pot ;
All power is given unto me
And my understudy, Gott.



KEEPING UP THE GOOD WORK.

Herr Heinie: "I understand our long range gun very effective is."

Herr Conrad: "You may well say so. Yesterday I spoke with a Canadian prisoner who told me that when one of the shells lands within half-a-mile of a ship, it kills the entire crew, severely wounds the one about to sign on, and shell-shocks the agents of the line to which she belongs in every part of the globe. Kolossal!"

And lo, the Clown Prince was born
With Taurus his star on high ;
It has been unto us a sign,
And spies from the East drew nigh :
He's the bull onto the slaughter,
And goes through town like Lot ;
And little children suffer—
For such is the kingdom of Gott.

In the great iron cross I glory,
Cowering o'er the wrecks of fame ;
And I use Eve's loose-leaf system
To bind the deeds of shame.
I run plagues of subs and Gothas,
And a new munition plot ;
I'm an economic Moses
With a wilderness, by Gott.



Conscript: "What's them things for?"

Old Timer: "Bombs to throw at the Germans, of course,"

Conscript: "Gwan, ye can't even carry it!"

If I get fired out of Eden,
And Gentiles come our way,
Let treaty papers rend in twain,
Turn the gas on ; watch and spray.
Should a hand come strafing on the wall,
And Kruppism start to rot,
Never mind the Medes and Persians,
Hoch der Kaiser—hoch der Gott !

H. M. NELSON, Canadian Engineers.