

AN ECHO FROM THE EMPLOYED SECTION.

There comes a time to everyone,
When nothing seems worth while;
Your spirits are at zero,
You couldn't crack a smile;
You're lonesome as the dickens,
And life has lost its zest—
Until you get a letter from
The one you love the best!

“Imp.”

(Query: “What is Love?”

Answer:

“Love is a dizziness,
Keeps a man from his
bizziness.”

Does it ever affect “Imp” that way at times as well as in the above? Oh you Employed Section!

“TWO GOOD OLD FRIENDS MEET.”

(Note:—The following poem was handed to us by Spr. A. E. P. King. It is from “The Movie Operators’ Journal” published by Local 173, Toronto, to which he belonged.)

The Kaiser met the Devil in an agitated way;
And the Devil stopped his prodding just to hear what Bill would say.

Bill approached him quite contritely, for he wanted something done;

He would make his endeavor to enlist him with the Hun.

So he said, “My dear good Satan, I’m in trouble, I’m afraid;

“If we do not work together, sure as Hell my grave is made.

“I have worried and I’ve worried, and the Huns stand in dismay,

“When they hear the preparations of the good old U.S.A.;

“I had thought that Gott was with me but of late he’s hard as bone,

“So I’ve come for your assistance, and we’ll oust him from his throne.

“Now, dear Satan, won’t you help me?

“We’re a team that would work well,

“And when this awful war is over, we’ll own Heaven, Earth, and Hell.

“I surely am disgusted with the Gott up in the skies,

“Instead of helping me, he’s helping the Allies.

“Just say the word and I’ll abide; and tonight at just eleven

“I’ll call out a string of Zepplins and we’ll make a raid on Heaven.”

All this while Old Satan wondered,

scratched his head and then he pondered,

When he found his equilibrium, after Bill had gotten through, He addressed Bill Hohenzollern in these words, severe and true:

“You’re a dirty, low brow ingrate, you’re the worst I ever knew;

“You are dippy, talking flighty,

“And to win your greatest blunder you would wreck the God Almighty.

“You for years had a notion that you had a regular call,

“And some day you’d rule in Heaven, but, oh, Bill, you’ll get a fall.

“And this fall is not far distant; it is coming sure as Hell,

“For the Allies have your measure, and they’ll fix you good and well.

“You have stooped to the lowest level, you have broken every rule,

“All the world is now against you, you’re a great big jackass fool.

“I don’t like your talk or methods, I’m the Devil that is true,

But you’ve wrecked and butchered millions and I have no use for you.

“Look at Belgium, poor, bleeding Belgium, look at France and England too;

“All because you had a notion that the world you could subdue.

“For punishing, I’ve a reputation; but I’ve watched you all the while,

“And for downright, ornery meanness you have the Devil skinned a mile.

“All the fire and all the brimstone, all the groans and shrieks of Hell,

“You have equalled and surpassed them and you know it mighty well.

“Now, Kaiser Wilhelm, listen; you’ll not finish what you’ve started;

“The Hohenzollern family and throne will soon be parted.

“You hear from President Wilson, he told you what he’d do,

“But you thought him only bluffing, now you know he’s coming through.

“Over there they’re training soldiers, and oh, my Lord, how they can fight!

“They’ll get your dirty carcass because they’re fighting for the right.

“When the bugle call is sounded, you will have no time to pray,

“For they’re coming on in millions from the good old U.S.A.”

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