

LET HIM LIVE.

As long as flowers, their perfume give,
So long I'd let the Kaiser live.
Live and live for a million years,
With nothing to drink but Belgians' tears,
With nothing to quench his awful thirst
But the salted brine of a Scotchman's curse.

I would let him live on a dinner each day
Served from silver on a silver tray
Served with things both dainty and sweet,
Served with everything — but things to eat.

And I'd make him a bed of silken sheen
With costly linens to lie between,
With covers of down and fillets of lace,
And downy pillows piled in place;
Yet when this comfort he would yield

It would stink of rot of the battlefield.
And blood and bones and brains of men,
Should cover him, smother him — and then,
His pillows would cling with the rotten clay
Clay from the grave of a soldier boy,
And while God's stars. Their vigils keep
And while the waves the white sand sweep,
He should never, never, never sleep.

And thru all the days, thru all the years,
There should be an anthem in his ears.
Ringing and singing and never done
From the edge of light to the set of sun,
Moaning and moaning and moaning wild,
A ravaged French girl's bastard child!

Then I'd show him a ship from over the sea,
As fine a ship as ever could be.
Laden with water both cold and sweet,
Laden with everything good to eat;
Yet scarce does she touch the silvered sands,

Scarce may he reach his eager hands;
Than a hot and Hellish molten shell
Should change his Heaven into Hell.

And tho' he'd watch on the wave — swept shore,
Our Lusitania would rise no more.

In No Man's Land, where the Allies fell,

I'd start the Kaiser a private hell;

I'd jab him, stab him, give him gas;

In every wound I'd pour ground glass,

I'd march him out where Canadians died,

Out past the boys He crucified.

And tho' he'd shrink in mortal grief

I'd make him kiss the Maple Leaf.

From K. Co.

A DYING WISH.

A young private lay dying in a trench, and the padre was at hand endeavouring to brighten his last moments.

"My boy," he said solemnly, "I am afraid you haven't long to live on this earth. Is there anything you desire?"

The boy shook his head, then suddenly an idea seemed to come to him.

"Yes," he said softly, "I should like to have the quartermaster and the paymaster here."

The padre looked surprised but sent for the two men in question.

When they arrived the boy motioned one of them to stand on his right side and the other on his left.

For a long time silence reigned.

"My boy," said the padre hastily, "if you've anything to say you must be quick. Time, alas! is very very short."

The boy looked up with a smile on his lips. "I don't want to say anything," he muttered, "I thought it would be lovely to die as our Lord died—you know, one of them on either side."

Who is the guard who, a few nights ago, stopped an officer at the gate and asked him if he had his belt on?

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