

The Bluff that Didn't Work.

C.O. (after hearing charge): Well, this is a serious offence, you know—in fact, there is too much of it going on. What have you got to say for yourself?

Accused: I appeal to your mercy, sir. This is the first time I have ever been brought before you, sir.

C.O.: Yes; that makes a big difference. I don't like to spoil a good record, or punish a man who has been doing his job in front line for a long time. However, I can't let you off altogether—take my award?

Accused: Yes, sir.

C.O.: Sheet—

Company Commander: I haven't got his conduct sheet yet, sir. This man came up with the draft that joined us yesterday.

C.O.: WHAT?—28 days. March out!



Sergeant: "What's all the racket about?"

Simp: "Take a slant yourself, Sarge. They're up in the air about something."

Whizz-Bangs.

One day when out on inspection, the officer enquired if a certain party had shaved that morning.

Yes, sir, was the reply.

With a razor?

Well, it was a Government issue, sir.

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At another inspection the officer came across a rifle that was doubtful. He asked if it had been cleaned.

Yes, sir, was the reply.

Would you bet on it? asked the officer.

Yes, sir.

You're Scotch, aren't you?

Yes, sir; I am.

All right—you cleaned it, I guess.

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CROSSING THE WATER.

Recruit: Say, waiter, give us some more of that soup.

Waiter: No—you've already had yours.

Recruit: Go on; where do you get that stuff, anyway?

Waiter (in earnest): Over there at the kitchen.

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The Sammies say it's better to be a private with a chicken on your knee than a colonel with an eagle on your shoulder.

Old Billie in high
by comany—particular

PTE. M. LEVISON,
2 Coy.

Hold up your Heads.

(To the returning Canadian troops.)

HOLD up your heads! It is your right.
Count not in vain the years of strife,
The nights of pain, the living death,
The stricken comrade's sobbing breath,
The passing of a brother's life.

Hold up your heads! Yours is the right.
You earned it through the frenzied years,
The shell's wild scream, the bullet's whine,
The sudden blast of hidden mine,
The fighting down of nameless fears.

Hold up your heads! Your cause is won.
Ye fought that freemen might be free.
Fast speed the ships that bear you west—
A woman's kiss, the old home nest,
The fruits of glorious victory.

IDDY-UMPTY.



ARMISTICE WEEK.

"What's he say, Mac?"

"He wants you to carry his bundle to Ardenne—and he'll pack your rifle."