

Bits From Our Contemporaries

Après La Guerre

Scene: In a saloon.

1st Veteran. "Say, Bo, do you think you could keep one down?"

2nd Veteran. "Sure, Mike."
(They adjourn to the shades)

1st Veteran. "Two tots of S.R.D., please."

Bartender. "Na poo, mate. This is B.C."

—The Garland.

Why He Ran

The bombing sergeant was accused of cowardice, but he was acquitted without a slur when he had told his story; here it is:—

"I am the bombing instructor, sir, and have always taught my men to count one, two, three, before throwing their bombs. During this particular engagement I pressed a young fellow into service, handed him a bomb and told him to count three after pulling the pin. He drew it and started to count, wu-wu-wu—and I ran, sir."

—Canadian Hospital News.

Getting Careless

"Does my practising make you nervous, old timer?" asked the Scotsman at the Granville who is learning to play the bagpipes. "It did when I first heard the other boys talking about it," replied the shell-shock patient, "but now I'm getting so that I don't care what happens to you."

—Canadian Hospital News.

After the Operation

"Nurse, did I say anything?"
"Oh no, nothing—that is, nothing that I could repeat."

The Dears Understood

A certain sergeant was so much given to using bad language that the S.M. made a bet with him that he could not go without swearing for one day. All went well for the first few hours in the trenches until several members of a recent draft began "getting the wind up" at a few shells dropping short. The sergeant stood it as long as he could, and then, springing forward in a towering rage, he hissed:

"Bless you my pretty dears; you know what I mean."

—The Switchboard.



—The Garland.

There was a fat girl called Matilde
Who fell in a ditch that was filled,
But a smart ak pip emma,
Who saw her dilemma,
Just saved her in spite of her build!

—R.M.E.

What He Would Do

"What are you here for?" asked the officer. "To report anything unusual, sir," was the reply. "And what would you call unusual?" "I dunno exactly, sir." "What would you do if you saw five battleships steam across this field?" "Sign the pledge, sir."

—The Erin Echo.

Taken at Face Value

"When I enlisted," said the 47th man, "I had to pass seven doctors before I was able to join the battalion."

"That's nothing," replied the old 7th private. "A pal of mine in Valcartier, a man of good physique, was turned down by the medical authorities because he was ugly."

—The Listening Post.

What's A Picture Between Friends

In the early days of the ravaging of Belgium, an American photographer correspondent, at Louvain, asked the German lieutenant acting as his guide if he might take any pictures.

"Certainly," replied the officer.

"You'll find one or two good ones left in that house over there."

—Life.

The New Draft Again

"C" Company received a new draft the other day while they were in the reserve trenches. When they were all nicely settled and allotted to platoons, one of them went to the S.M. and said: "Hey, what time do we need to come in at night?"

—Shell Hole Advance

1st Box Car Passenger, as slows down near a station: "D get off here?"

2nd ditto: "Certainly not, it raining."

—The Listening Post.