

GAS SHELLS (Continued).

General inspecting infantry troops at the front :

"And what are you, my man?"

"I'm a sergeant, sir."

"Yes, yes, but what kind of a sergeant?"

Sergeant (rattled): "I'm a squadron sergeant, sir."

"That's right, you are a squadron sergeant. That's all I wanted to know. Very good!"

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He: "My only brother was killed thirty years ago out in India, he was killed by a bison. Do you know what a bison is?"

She: "'Ere, don't be silly. I wish I'd as many shillings as I've made puddings in 'em."—*Tatler*.

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Women are formally warned by the Ministry of Munitions against using T.N.T. as a means of acquiring auburn hair. Any important object striking the head—a chimney pot or a bomb from an enemy aeroplane—would be almost certain to cause an explosion, with possible injury to the scalp.—*Punch*.

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A British officer was talking to three Canadian officers, two of whom were colonels, but the third was a humble sub. The Britisher unconsciously addressed him also as "colonel." His mistake was pointed out to him, whereupon he expressed great surprise. "Really," he said, "why, I thought every officer who came from Canada was a colonel."

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Four conscientious objectors at Newhaven have complained that their food often contains sandy substances. It seems a pity that the authorities cannot find some better way of getting a little grit into these poor fellows.—*Punch*.

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War was not forced on the Kaiser, but peace will be.

Wall Street Journal.

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Rutland has been extending an enthusiastic welcome home to two more of her heroes who have been overseas—Sergt. Smith and Pte. Jones. Sergt. Smith spent ten months in army pay office work in England, while Pte. Jones was engaged in

forestry work in Northumberland, England. Both have been forced to return home owing to rheumatism.

Rutland Courier (Canada).

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Pierre Soulaire, in *Le Figaro*, has an article welcoming Canadian soldiers on leave in Paris, and says:—

"In the mornings they march sedately along the boulevards: in the afternoon they are on the café terraces acclaiming one another with the cordiality peculiar to men who are always facing risks of death.

"Towards evening their voices are heard in refrains in music halls. They show their boxing tendencies; they amuse themselves in their own way, sometimes a little noisily and even a trifle embarrassingly.

"Amuse yourselves, Canadians. Cry if you like it. Paris is indulgent to braves who sacrifice themselves to an ideal. She admires you, particularly you who have been under no conscription, who have voluntarily thrown yourselves into this hell created by the ferocious Boches, because you love justice, England and France."

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After a week in the putrid mud of the front line trenches, a "flying pig" settled all Pte. Brown's personal anxieties by alighting immediately behind him, and so he passed on to that place which, owing to a variety of circumstances, no one has been able fitly to describe. As he became sentient of his new surroundings, he sighed with relief and not a little surprise, for his life had not been exactly immaculate. "Heaven!" he gasped, "so I made it after all"; and though a jeering voice told him he had made a mistake, that he was in hell, he smiled serenely: "I'm satisfied!" he said.

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On page 7 there are sketches of four officers. There were five originally, the fifth being of the Adjutant, Major Taunton. It was necessary that the paper passed through his hands before going to press—and he censored that fifth sketch. Why, Major?

Whiz-bangs and Shrapnel.

Overheard in the hospital:—

"May I see Pte. St. Jacques, please?"

"Why, yes, are you a relation of his?"

"Sure I am; I'm his landlady."

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Stand to, fifteen! Fourteen is coming over!

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Why is "D" Coy. the most go-ahead Coy. in the Battalion? Because all the others are B A C kward.

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"My son," said Mrs. Murphy, "has been given the Military Medal."

"And mine," replied Mrs. Funnyface, proudly, "says he's been up for a D.C.M."

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Oh, Canada! Canada!

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Motto for Billets: Look before you sleep.

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Not many bullets find their billets—thank goodness!

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Bill: "What is a camel-flage, Ted?"

Ted: "A blinkin' hallucination."

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"Why is the Kaiser like Holland?" someone asks, and back comes the giddy reply: "Because he is low lying and damned on all sides!"

"It's a bon War!" cried the C.O. as he marched in from the front line the other day with a captured M.G. over his shoulder.

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"In the case of David Saunders, his papers showed that he has served from January 16th, 1914, to August 26th, 1914."

Evening Standard.

And we understand that he has not so much as received a long service medal!

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Overheard in the mess:—

"Have you any decorations, old thing?"

"Well-er—I am expecting to put up some C II's."

Questions we are Asked.

Who is the N.C.O. who received a parcel from the little blonde at Estree Couchez?

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Why was Pte. Tange so eager to get back to C—I'A—?

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What is the connection between Passchendaele and passionate—and why lissom and starry-eyed damsels were expected to be found there by some of our fighting men?

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Who was the major who thought Berlin was the objective during a recent engagement?

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Who was the man who, after coming off a certain ridge last month, all covered with mud and sweat, was told that he would be recommended for the M.M., and replied that he would a d—— sight sooner have a tin of Maconachie?

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Who was the sergeant from Alberta who had his "pants" pulled off by the mud at a certain place in Flanders a month ago?

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Who was the officer who went toddling down the La Bassee Road with a bag of bombs on his back, gaily singing "Where am dat baboon who stole my love away?"

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Why was No. 16 Platoon called the R.A. Platoon?

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When will the war end?

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If our best girls in Canada are as disconsolate as they say they are?

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What St. Jacques means by "Beggar me eye, the ship's sunk!"

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Who wants us to lose the blooming wa-wer?

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Who is the N.C.O. who went over the top last month with a walking stick in his hand? Evidently he was looking for a Blighty, someone suggests.