

WHO'S AHEAD

By Spokeshave

"Hello, there, Red," a hopeful said,
 "when are you going to pay?"
 "Cut out that stuff," was Red's rebuff,
 "or I'll have you put out of the way."
 "Is it one pound ten you said again? I
 did not quite perceive."
 "No it's fifty quid they're going to give,
 if you like to believe."
 "The postman said, 'I just heard, Red,
 that you are going to pay to-morrow;'"
 "Now don't get funny you'll wait for
 your money, in fact you will have to
 borrow."
 "But by the way," Red stopped to say,
 "how about Canadian mail?"
 "I had a letter from home, by the general
 tone a box was beginning to sail.
 "Some money too is a long time due, be-
 cause I sent a cable."
 Then the postie replied with a look
 terrified, "Think of some more if
 you are able."
 Five S came along with his hilarious
 song, and to poor Red did say:
 "Is it all hobby rot I heard from the cop,
 that you are going to pay?"
 Though only a jest a sore touch was this
 for one with that colour of hair,
 And Red like a bantam, I've something
 to hand him, that surely will make
 him stare.
 "A nice mess of that copy you made Mr.
 Sloppy, in printing the orders last
 night;"
 "One would think you had been in mud
 to your chin, although you had a
 light."
 Then Red said in fun, "Is my tunic
 done?" to the promising tailor lad;
 "Do I understand still that you want
 your bill?" which made poor Red
 feel sad.
 "You know that two and six, when you
 were in a fix, I loaned you last Tues-
 day;"
 Then poor old Dad, who is always a lad,
 said, "Red I wish you would hurry,

"I would like some beer to make me feel
 queer, in fact put an end to my
 worry."

Now Red, although beat would not re-
 treat, but began to feel rather glum,
 Then replied "It is funny if you haven't
 the money your shoes are never
 done."

At length Red winked both eyes and
 heaving some sighs, said "How is it
 going to go?"

"I'll charge six pence a question and that
 will test them if they really want to
 know."

So now to his account he fancies a large
 amount to will over to his relations,
 A surplus received from those who be-
 lieve it didn't pay to have patience.



Heard in the Que.

A cynic is a person who speaks ill-tim-
 ed truths.



An Optimist is a man who will make
 lemonade out of a lemon that is handed
 him.



People in glass houses should pull
 down the blinds.



Out of 34 people on a bus last Sunday
 bound for Guilford 28 were 160th boys,
 not a bad average, eh?



Within a radius of 8 miles of camp, I
 bet you can't go any place unless you run
 into a representative of the Bruce Batt.



Here is some boost, boys: I was in
 conversation with a lady, yes, boys, lady,
 and she asked me the name of my Batt.,
 of course I showed her my badge and she
 remarked what a lot of our boys she had
 seen around, but said in a casual way,
 "Of course you are the foremost battalion,
 aren't you?"