

Bits From Our Contemporaries

Trench Theology

New Arrival—"And where do you go when this shelling business starts?"

Sandy (late of the "Wee Kirk")—"Laddie, that a' depends on your reelegious opeenions."

—*Blighty.*

"Another Blighty"

A wounded soldier in a crowded omnibus rose to give up his seat to a lady. "No thank you," she replied, "I should not take your seat if you have been wounded."

"Madame," he answered, "I have been wounded three times but I would be wounded a fourth if you didn't take it."

—*Canadian Hospital News.*

A Cure for Insomnia

"Sergeant, I can't sleep at night," said the private piteously.

"Just the man I want for guard," replied the unfeeling non-com.

—*The Listening Post.*

The Rum Again

"Do you know the first duty of a soldier?"

"Yes, sir. He must never miss his Rum Ration."

—*Canadian Hospital News.*

Related

The chaps who tinker with bombs about which they know nothing are first cousins to the gink who used to rock the boat in piping times of peace.

—*N.Y.D.*

The Ties That Bind

Know the latest cure for homesickness? Walk along the railway track and kid yourself you're counting the ties on the good old C.P.R. once more.

—*N.Y.D.*

For the Monied Class Only

"What is the subscription price of your paper?" asked the stranger, entering the "E.E." editorial sanctum.

"Three shillings a year," replied our Editor briskly.

"Do you cater for any particular class of reader?"

"Yes, to those who have the three shillings."

—*The Erin Echo.*

A Fable

The following, if not true, ought to be. A soldier brought before the last-joined subaltern was charged with being absent for two days without leave. "Twenty eight days cells," said the young officer. The sergeant-major whispered in an anxious undertone, "You can't give him that, sir." "Ah," corrected the sub, "Fourteen days cells." "You can't give him that, sir." "Well," demanded the officer, "What the dickens can I give him?" "Two days' pay, sir," suggested the sergeant-major, meaning, of course a fine to be imposed. "H'm," grunted the sub, fishing for the amount in his pocket, "Here's two days' pay for you, but if it occurs again I shall give you nothing at all."

—*Financial Mail.*

What the King Said

The newest rookie had seen the King, and he was writing home to tell his parents as much about it as the Censor would allow. The King in his speech had said words to the effect that, by the grace of God, the war would not be unduly prolonged. The rookie's letter reported events thus: "I saw the King. He said that he wished to God the war was over."

—*The Erin Echo.*

Or Using an Entrenching Tool

Fresh from the trenches, an English Tommy had just arrived in London for a few days leave. As is usually the case, almost the first place visited was a barber's shop.

The barber, after scraping away industriously for a while, made the usual inquiry:

"Razor all right, sir?"

"My good man, if you hadn't mentioned it I should never have known there was a razor on my face."

"Thank you, sir," he said.

"No," added the soldier, reflectively, "I should have thought you were bayoneting the whiskers off."

—*The Switchboard.*

Things We'd Like to See After The War

Some of the boys from "away back" sitting on that cracker box in the general store, and holding forth to the assembled delegates on "How the war was won and who done it."

Contortions of some of the boys when getting into those 3-inch collars once again.

Ourselves diving into one big Ice Cream Soda.

—*The Iodine Chronicle.*

Jack Johnsons

Two old men of the battalion were talking about the slowness of the "Jack Johnsons" when one of the last draft joined them. So the two old-timers started in to get his goat. Said the first old-timer, "'Member the time last year at Ypres when a Jack Johnson would pass over the front line on its way to the town, the boys in the trenches would 'phone in and warn the people of its direction?" "Yep," said the other, "and often when the wires were down the boys up in the front would take note of the time and direction of each big shell that passed over during the day and send word back with the teamsters who took up the rations at night."

But this last was too much for the new draft. The stuff was off and the goat escaped.

—*The Garland.*

The M.O.'s Little Joke

Somewhere in Flanders a young soldier had been on the sick-list for some time, and now, after a few days' rest, looked very fit for service.

However, he was once more on the sick-list the day his battalion was to go into the trenches.

"Can you write, my lad?" asked the medical officer.

"Yes, sir, I can. I was a clerk before I enlisted" he answered emphatically as the bright prospect of a nice clerical job in a "cushy" place seemed to open up before him.

"Very well, then, you just write a nice letter to your best girl and tell her you are going into the trenches tonight."

—*Canadian Hospital News.*

There's many a true word spoken in France.