

A TRAGIC COMEDY.

The Rising Generation's Idea of Military Discipline.

I witnessed a most amusing incident from my window last Saturday afternoon, which unfortunately turned out rather disastrous.

A bunch of youngsters were playing at soldiers. A dilapidated chicken-coop did duty as guard house, a ponderous lock on the door adding additional strength to the thin wire netting.

A lonely sentry, properly armed with pop-gun and wearing the regulation tired look on his face, paced to and fro; ever and anon he would stop and examine the lock on the chi—pardon!—guard house.

Apparently satisfied, this miniature guardsman turned smartly, with a tremendous click of the heels, and continued his beat in a smart and—but you know all that!

Suddenly the enemy appeared (in the shape of a boy about 11 years old) and was duly challenged. His reply not being satisfactory, sentry approached and a heated argument ensued. Finally sentry beat it for help, returning eventually with rest of guard (one boy).

The enemy, who had patiently been waiting, was then bundled in the clink. Some five minutes later, sentry either becoming tired of his beat or else figuring the prisoner was due for a trial, manipulated the heavy lock and entered the coop accompanied by all his reliefs (the same boy).

The trial lasted about two minutes, when Mr. Prisoner was brought forth bound hand and foot, and, by means of a block and tackle suspended from a projecting rafter, was hoisted about fourteen feet and, coming to an open loft door, was by a slight swing of the rope deposited on the sill.

All joined in the laugh, including the prisoner,—but here is where the tragedy came in! The boy lost his balance, the rope slipped, and down he came, landing on his shoulder. Two of us carried him into the house and, a doctor being summoned, the little fellow was removed to the hospital. Whatever the youngster's military crime, the penalty was certainly severe.

Spr. FINGLAH.

DURING P.T.'s.

A drill instructor, after giving the order "Stand at ease!" complained of the men's attitudes, and said, "Why, you fellows are like a lot of dummies! I could get smarter soldiers than you at a shilling a box!" "But," one of the recruits replied, "I suppose there would be some sergeants among them, wouldn't there?"

AFTER THE WAR.

Place: Calgary. Scene: Restaurant. Dramatis personae: Long Bill, Logger and ex-Canadian Sapper. Fritz, waiter and ex-Hun soldier.

(Enter Long Bill?:—"Got any ham or eggs, beefsteak pie, pork chops in this dive?"

Fritz:—"Yah! Yah!"

Long Bill:—"Dish me up about \$50 worth."

Fritz:—"You haff been to Pelgium?"

Long Bill:—"Yes, have you?"

Fritz:—"Yah! Yah! my battery, it ranged on Ypres."

(News item in next morning's papers:—"City ambulance has hurry-up call. General Hospital in urgent need of catgut and bandages and splints. Also advt.:—Waiter wanted, must be strong. No Germans need apply.)

Two men entered a restaurant and ordered, "Turkey, without Greece." After a time the waitress said: "You cannot Roumania. I will not Servia."—"No?" said they. "Then send for the Bosphorus!" This she declined to do, so they went away Hungary.—(Exchange.)

"STOP PRESS" NEWS.

A great transport swept into harbour, having safely completed her journey of seven thousand miles in spite of submarines and the perils of the deep. Her decks were crowded with bronzed recruits, all eager for England and anxious for news after weeks of isolation on the silent sea. They passed quite close to a small cruiser stationed in the port; her crew regarded the new arrivals with interest, and one of the latter, with hand to mouth, shouted, "Is there any news of the war?" The high, clear, and ringing voice of one well practised in the art of hailing came glibly across the water in reply. "There is," said the voice. "Beer has gone up to eightpence a pint!"

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