

# BOMB MOTS

FROM OUR REGIMENTAL  
CONTEMPORARIES.

## SOUNDS OMINOUS

There is no use going to the Scouts Hut, says one of our "Bombers" to borrow money, as stencilled in large letters are the ominous words. *Note Bene.* — The Weekly Chronicle (47th Battalion).



## THE HUMOURS OF MUSKETRY.

He was a slow-moving and particularly dense recruit, but the Musketry Instructor, a true disciple of Job, had sworn to make a first class shot of him.

"Trigger pressing!" snapped the weary N.C.O., after repeating the points to be observed for the seven-and-seventieth time. "Just tell me 'ow much you know of trigger-pressing."

Over the face of the awkward recruit there crept a slow, thoughtful smile.

"Grasp the rifle at the small of the butt wiv a good 'old" he began. "An' place the first joint of the forefinger agin the trigger."

"Good" said the instructor. "That's the idea, my lad. And then you...?"

"Then you squeegee the trigger" said the recruit triumphantly. "You squeegees it wiv a diabolical pressure acrost the..."

But the Musketry instructor had fainted. "Fall In".



## HAPPENINGS.

"What score did you make?"

Pte. P. (not English). "I maka-a de two insides and de two *bagpipes!*" — The Western Scot. (67th Batt.)



## RETALIATION.

The platoon was competing for a twenty franc prize for the most accurate bomb thrower. Just as the successful anarchist was pocketing the dibs, an unlucky competitor shouted to him, "How's chances for five?" "Nothing doing" was the report. "You wouldnt let me into your shell hole the night of the big scrap." — The Listening Post (2nd Brigade).



## PATERNAL ADVICE.

Regimental Sergeant-Major (giving paternal advice to N.C.O.'s going on leave): "Now if you are caught with a bottle going on the boat, you will probably be sent back."

Brilliant N.C.O.: "And if we are caught *coming back* with one, will we be returned to Blighty?"

R.S.M.: "No chance, Kid!" — Dead Horse Corner Gazette. (1st Brigade).



## SOME SIGHT!

Musketry Instructor: "I told you to take a fine sight, you cross-eyed son of a sea-cook. Dont you know what a fine sight is?"

C.E-SON of A.S.C.: "Yes. — A musketry instructor's name on a tombstone! — Canadian Hospital News.

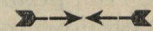


## SIMPLY SALONICIOUS.

In its initial issue the editor of the first active service regimental paper to be published in the Macedonian area of warfare takes off the officers (British Columbia) of his unit, No 5 Overseas General Hospital C.E.F., in the following amusing paragraph:

One day strolling through the camp I met an athlete who was said to be a great *Walker*. He seemed out of breath for he was *Panton* and probably had some

*Hart* affection. They say he is a heavy smoker for I heard him ask: "Have you got your pouch *Boucher?*" He was then going to see the *Taylor* who was mending a *Green Mc Intosh*. He had locked it in a trunk and he said "I have lost *Mc Kee*". Some one suggested lifting the lid with a *Winch*, but others said let the *Frost* crack it. Just then the *King's Proctor*, arrived with the *Miller's* daughter and threw me against the *Wall* — and I woke up. — The Blister.



## AN INVERTEBRATE REPLY.

M.O.: "Where are the *lumbar regions?*"

Particularly bright Private: "In British Columbia and Northern Ontario, Sir!" — N.Y.D. (C.A.M.C.)



## THE TRUTH

It is doubtful whether soldiers letters will be of any use to the future historians of the war. Interesting particulars, if there be any are cut out by the Censor. Letters to mothers soften the truth, letters to wives and sweethearts do exaggerate a wee bit. — The Busy Beaver (Canadian Engineers).



Curates are said to be scare in Canada. The army has taken the *surplice* supply.

There is some grim truth in the remark that life at the front wouldnt be worth living if it weren't for the frequent rumours which enliven it.

They had been discussing the advance on the Somme. When the Yankee remarked "Some fight", to which the Englishman dryly replied "Yes! and — some dont."

