



BORROWED BRAINS.

A GOOD REASON.

"Is there any good reason why I should give you a penny?" asked the well-dressed elderly gentleman of the youngster who had accosted him. "Well," said the boy as he retired from the danger zone, "if I had a nice top hat like yours I wouldn't want it smashed with a snow-ball."

THEIR BOMB.

When the worst of the Zeppelin raid was over, says the *Manchester Guardian*, a resident went out into the town to see what damage had been done. In the darkness he heard a group of women talking loudly, and, judging them a clue not to be neglected, he followed them along an alley into the back yard of a house. The debate never ceased, but he was unable to get the gist of it until one of the women—the most eloquent—appealed directly to him.

"Ere," she said, "do you call it fair, I should like to know? 'T' bomb dropped in our yard, and a body's gone and took it away—never even give me a receipt for it. It's *our bomb*!"

GETTING ALONG NICELY.

A clergyman taught an old man in his parish to read. After his lessons were finished he was unable to call for some time, and when at last he did, found only the wife at home.

"How is John?" said he, "and how does he progress with his reading?"

"Oh, nicely, sir."

"I suppose he can read the Bible quite comfortably now?"

"Bible, sir!" exclaimed the woman. "'Lor bless my soul; why John was out o' the Bible and in to the sporting papers long ago!"

Listener, to a description of great deeds at the front: "Does a shell that size often hit a man?"

Tommy (on leave): "No, only once."

PRESENT-DAY FINANCE.

Hubby: "What will we have for dinner to-morrow?"

Wife: "I'm not quite sure. But I have an option on a piece of steak."

Jones (as he treads on a tack): "I wish you wouldn't be so careless in throwing tacks about, Mary."

Mrs. Jones (placidly): "Henry, you are getting meaner and meaner every day, I can buy a whole package of tacks for a penny."

FUNNY, VERY!

Old Lady: "Oh, do tell me how did you get hurt?"

Wounded Canuck: "I was leaning against the barrage, lady, when it lifted, and I fell into the trench."

"Yes, auntie," said one of the gallant fellows invalidated home from France, "we captured the first-line trenches, and the very same day the French took a good many metres from the Germans."

"That was splendid, my boy," replied the aunt. "It ought to put a stop to these dreadful gas attacks we hear so much about."

OVERHEARD IN CLASSY DAYS.

Lady: "And what are you doing towards the war, young man?"

Young Man: "Och, I'm an old Seaforth man."

Lady: "Now, that's a falsehood. 'C 3' is the lowest category—there is no 'C' fourth."

NEXT BEST THING.

A very punctilious officer, who was a long way from the resources of civilization, sent one day for the sergeant, to ask him how long it was since the men changed their shirts.

"A month, sir," was the reply.

"But the regulations say that the men must change their shirts once a week at least."

"They haven't any shirts to change into, sir."

"Then let them change shirts with one another."

O'Flaherty: "Misther O'Sullivan, will ye stop and have a friendly discussion on the matter of Home Rule?"

O'Sullivan: "It's sorry I am, but it's not convenient just now."

O'Flaherty: "Any why not?"

O'Sullivan: "Why, to tell ye the truth, O'Flaherty, I haven't got me shtick handy."

EXPECTING TOO MUCH.

Raskin: "If I ever have to fight in the trenches I hope I can have a periscope."

Phyle: "Yes, the things are mighty handy to look through and see if the enemy is near."

"Are they only to look through?"

"Yes, what did you think they were for?"

"Gee! I thought you could stay safely out of sight and shoot through the things."