

Bits From Our Contemporaries

During Roll Call

It was roll call and the sergeant was calling out the names. Finally he came to one that gave him pause, but the next moment he roared it in his bull voice:

"Montaig." No answer.

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"Montaig." A pale youth stepped from the ranks. "I think you mean me, Sergeant. They pronounce my name Montague."

The sergeant gave him the icy eye. "Oh, do they? All right Montague. Take three paces to the rear and do two hours' fatigew."

—Blighty.

Obeys Orders

Major: "When did your men change their shirts?"

O.C. Coy.: "A week ago, sir."

Major: "Have they changed again today?"

O.C. Coy.: "They can't, sir. They've no spare shirts."

Major: "H—ll, it's a Divisional Order. Tell them to change shirts with one another."

—Magazine of the London Division.

A Question of Numbers

A first contingent man met one of the two hundred and umpty-umpty battalion the other day and the following conversation ensued:

1st Div. Man: "What's the idea, mate?"

2—th Man: "What d'you mean?"

1st Div. Man: "Why, wearing your reg'mental number plastered all over your tunic."

—The Canadian Hospital News (Ramsgate).

"As She is Spoke"

Somewhere in France a British Tommy and a French Poilu were parting after a couple of happy hours spent together and each desired to take leave of the other and each desired to make use of the other's language. "Au reservoir," said Tommy awkwardly. "Tanks, tanks," replied the polite poilu.

—The Dug-Out Gazette.

Why He Fainted

Pte. K. was just coming round after his operation and the fumes of ether were still heavy upon him.

As he lay in bed he heard the men on either side discussing their own operations which had been performed some time previously.

"Do you know," said the first, "when they operated on me first they left a pair of forceps inside and they had to operate again to get them out."

"That's strange," said number two, "because I had a sponge left

inside and they had to have another go to recover it."

Pte. K. trembled and sweated. At that moment the surgeon looked into the ward and said, "Has anyone seen my hat?" That finished him.

—Canadian Hospital News.

A Bit of Irish

An Irish platoon sergeant, together with three privates, took cover in a shell hole one night during a very heavy bombardment. Later on, another man joined them and lay on top of them all. Being fagged out he soon began to snore, whereat the sergeant disengaged himself from the bottom of the hole and gave the offender a punch in the ribs, saying: "Will ye make less row, now? We all want to go to sleep!" This during an inferno!

—The Seagull Gazette.

A Conscientious Objector?

"The Colonel caught sight of you this morning," said the Sergeant-Major, glaring at the awkward recruit, "and they tell me in the Orderly Room that 'e went back to the mess and cried, and asked the Major wot the 'ell 'e could have done for the Wore Office to have such a down on 'im."

—Blighty.

"He Wouldn't Believe Me"

The Colonel (to old offender): "Didn't I tell you last time you were up in the Orderly Room that I never wanted to see you again?"

The Culprit: "That's right sir; but the blinkin' sergeant wouldn't believe it!"

—Winter's Pie.

What They Were Doing

The sergeant had set a fatigue party to work pumping water out of the trench. Returning some time later he was annoyed to find the whole party indulging in the mild pastime of sailing little paper boats.

"What the blazes are you fellows doing?" he inquired.

"Waiting for the tide to come in, sergeant," came the reply.

—The Dug-Out Chronicle.



CHRISTMAS GREETING

From Lt.-Col. R. P. CLARK

I have much pleasure in availing myself of the opportunity of using the Third Brigade paper to convey my Christmas Greeting to all the members of the 14th Battalion, Royal Montreal Regiment.

May my wishes be read by all those now serving with us and also those who have so nobly done their duty in the past and are at present recovering from their wounds and whom I trust will soon be with us again.

The old, old wish, "A Merry Christmas", may sound to the uninitiated rather an inappropriate greeting to a regiment at the Front, but I know how the gallant Fighting Fourteenth can be merry and bright under all and any conditions and so the old greeting goes.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS, and may your next Christmas be spent with your loved ones at your "ain fireside" is the heartfelt wish of your friend the O.C.,

Lt.-Col. R. P. CLARK,
14th Battalion,
Royal Montreal Regiment.