



LT.-COL. W. L. WATT, O.C., THE GRANVILLE.

THE NOTCHED RIFLE.

(Enter Sniper-in-Chief, sings, accompanied by muffled drums, oboe, bassoon and bagpipes).

S.-in-C.—Come gather around while I tell you a story
 A tale of my valour and strength,
 Of fighting most gruesome and deaths that
 were gory
 Of corpses laid out at full length.
 'Tis the true history of my rifle; you see
 Those little black marks, there are seven.
 Denote every one where an enemy's gone
 To the regions below or to Heaven.

(Chorus of stretcher bearers in E flat minor).

O! list for a trifle
 Your shuddering stifle,
 The tale of a rifle
 He'll tell you and I.

S.-in-C.—I first saw red on a Saxon's head
 As bald and as polished as vellum,
 But I landed straight on his poor bald pate
 And ruptured his cerebellum.

The next to flee was the Prussian, he
 Made a most outrageous fuss
 Till, with one last shout, his life oozed out
 Through a split asocephagus.

Two Bavarians died through a damaged inside,
 Their wealth was the subject at issue,

But what could they do, when I pierced them
 through,
 And bisected their cardiac tissue.

No. 5 fought strong yet before very long
 I found I had nothing to fear,
 Soon his life had fled and he lay there dead
 With a dislocated trachea.

The last two counted were Uhlans, mounted
 And to this day I can see 'em,
 They fought quite well yet passed to H—
 With a punctured peritoneum.

Now I daily my total of victims advance,
 Though bloodshed and death I abhor,
 So when telling my friends my adventures in
 France,

I shall make it a hundred, or more !!

H.S.S.

THE PASSING HOUR.

Overheard in the dining room:—

ORDERLY OFFICER: "And what have you got, my man?"

WOULD-BE DINER: "Patience, Sir."

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FIRST PATIENT: "Well, how do you like your artificial leg?"

LEGLESS ONE: "Oh! It's all right—only when I take a bath the confounded thing floats."

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HE: "Yes, this makes the fifth time I have been wounded."

SHE (Dreamily): "All the best men seem to get killed, don't they?"

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SCOTTIE: "They tell me that Mac. has been proposed for a Field Marshal."

JOCK: "Naw, mon—it wis a coort-martial."

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SENTRY (in Communication Trench): "Halt! Who goes there?"

RATION PARTY (up to the waist in water): "Submarine U 13."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CANUCK says that since they stopped card games he often has a rubber in the massage-room, gets some good hands, and finds his game (leg) improving. He's evidently a "knave."

C.M.R. asks "What is the first duty of a hospital?"—To ward-off the patients, of course!

ENQUIRER.—No! The G.C.S.H. is *not* kept going by the revenue from the *Hospital News*.

BUGLER.—Your Lines to Locks of a Brick-haired Beauty are too fine for us. Try the "Scaly Wretch."

PATIENT.—If your friend really cannot master the art of "forming fours," we can only advise him to apply for a commission.

ARMLESS writes an illegible scrawl about some missing cats, a '22 rifle, and Townley Castle. It's none of our business, anyway!

BLUES AGAIN.—Thirty shillings does seem exorbitant for a night's lodging. However, you are very reticent in your information.

PREVED.—Your case is interesting—but forgive him; remember, he is doing corporal's work on private's pay!