

SMILES

A New Office.

A young and very self-conscious officer was asked to take charge of a court-martial. It was not a very big affair, but just one that was held occasionally in the orderly-room for petty offences. This officer had not the slightest idea of what he had to do, so he took the sergeant-major with him. One of the first cases brought before him was that of a man who had been absent for two days without leave. He didn't know what sentence to give the man, and looked at the sergeant-major hoping for some sort of a hint, but the sergeant-major was looking the other way. So putting on a grave frown he said:

"You know this a very serious offence—er—very serious—twenty-eight days C.B."

The sergeant-major nudged him and whispered:

"Too much, too much, sir."

The man was just being marched away, but the officer called out:

"Here, just a minute; perhaps I will make it fourteen days."

Immediately he felt the sergeant-major nudging him vigorously with a whispered "Too much, sir, too much. Give him two days pay."

With a loud and long cough, and putting his hand in his pocket, the officer went on:

"As I was just saying, I think I ought to make it fourteen days, but as this is your first offence I am going to take a very lenient view of the case. I am going to give you two days' pay, but if you ever come before me again you don't get a brass farthing."

Identity Discs.

He was one of a new draft, just out from England and was finding life very strange and novel. Questioning one of the old timers, he asked:

"Why do we have to wear two identity discs?"

With an air on nonchalance the hardened soldier replied:

"They take one when you're napoo'd and the other one is left on to identify you by when you're dug up a year later, to see if you're properly shaved and have your iron ration with you."

Quick Work.

They had both been in different regiments, wounded out in France, and were now in hospital recuperating. Finding life rather dull they amused themselves by telling yarns of their old regiments and trying to outdo one another. Jimmy was saying:

"Listen to this now, we had a sniper in our company who killed twenty-six men before dinner."

Bob, his antagonist, could not let this pass without some reply.

"Pshaw! That's nothing; why we had a man in our regiment who killed off a whole company at dinner time, and he was none of your swank sharpshooters either."

"Good heavens! who was this marvellous man, then?"

"Oh, it was Ginger, the Cook!"

A Contest Of Wits.

A soldier had been told off for work on the land. The farmer to whom he was sent was a bit of a wag, and luckily the soldier could readily respond.

One day the farmer handed the soldier a jug, and told him to get some beer.

"Where's the money?" asked the Tommy.

"Oh! that's all right, it's easy enough to get beer if you've got money, the thing is to get beer without money."

The soldier went off, and came back after a while with the jug. He put it on the table in front of the farmer and said:

"Drink that!"

The farmer lifted up the jug and prepared to drink, but found there was nothing in it.

"What d'you mean?" growled the farmer.

"Well," said the soldier, "it's easy enough to drink beer when there's some in the jug, but it's darned hard to drink it when there's none there."

Gratitude.

It was in an internment camp in Germany, and the soldier had watched the post in vain for days and weeks, and nothing ever came for him. All his mates got parcels and letters and papers, but he seemed to be forgotten by all. At last he could stand it no longer, and in desperation got paper and envelope and wrote:

"Dear God, please send me ten pounds."

He addressed the envelope—"God, Heaven."

The German authorities, with unusual humour, sent it to the English War Office.

When it arrived it caused a good deal of amusement, and the men in the department subscribed between them and collected three pounds, which they despatched to the soldier prisoner of war.

They received an acknowledgement also addressed to "God, Heaven." The reply said:

"Dear God,—Many thanks for sending the money, but next time do not send it through the War Office, as they have pinched seven pounds."

The Blessed Appetite.

The boy had only lately "joined up", and he was feeling very fit and very hungry as the result of the open-air life. He went into the hut, and was immediately attended by a patriotic flapper, who was acting as waitress.

The boy enquired: "What is there for dinner?"

"Roast beef, roast mutton, toad-in-the-whole, and curry," replied the flapper.

The boy, with an air of eager anticipation:

"That'll do, and a cup of coffee."

Clods And Coffin Nails.

It is often said that the British Army has its own language. Here is a specimen that was heard in a home camp just lately:

Tommy: "Give us a tissey's worth of clods and two of coffin nails."

Hut Assistant: "Excuse me—er, but what is a tissey's worth of clods?"

Tommy: "Well, of all the—Why, that's what we put half of in the missionary box on Sunday, while the other half goes to the Crown and Anchor."

Hut Assistant now understands the soldier's meaning and gives him sixpennyworth of coppers, saying: "Here you are, but what are coffin nails?"

Tommy: "What, don't you know that they're the only fags we can afford to buy the day before pay day? Treebines, of course."

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