

## After "Lights Out."

At dinner Mandy had heard a member of the family use the word "procrastinate," in the sense of "to put off."

That night, being her night out, Mandy asked the trolley car conductor to "procrastinate" her at Seventy Second Street.

He did. [5]- prize.]

### "A CYCLING GROOM."

An officer receives word of a new man sent him to do groom duties. After questioning him somewhat, and giving him the once over, he asks for his horses, and to his great surprise the new groom brings him the saddle and remarks, "Here, sir, I don't just know how you like the saddle placed or arranged, so I thought you would like to put it on to suit yourself." The officer, eager to show his knowledge of saddling and horses in general, immediately does the necessary work, but still the groom looks on, while leaning with his elbow on a bale of hay.

"Well, I am ready, where is your horse?" Now, can you imagine the officer's expression on being told, "Sir, I am not much of a hand on horses, and if it is the same to you, I will follow you up on a bicycle."

"BULLYBEEFE."

Chemist (to small boy left in charge during his absence): What did that man want who just left?

Small Boy: Something to cure a cough.

Chemist: What did you give him?

Small Boy: A stiff dose of Epsom salts, sir.

Chemist: What, salts for a cough?

Small boy (catching sight of the man leaning against a lamp post): Well, that was the right stuff, sir. Look at him, he's afraid to cough. [2[6 prize.]

### PAT CASEY'S PRAYER.

(This story comes from France via Chicago.)

An Irish soldier, after ten months of hard, active service, applied for a furlough. His request was granted, and then it dawned on him that he had no money to take advantage of his holiday. He wanted \$100.00 to go to Paris.

He was at his wit's end, there being no time to be lost, when he recalled his mother's advice to apply to the good God above in time of trouble. So he wrote and posted his letter:—

"Dear Lord: Here I am, after fightin' ten months in mud up to me neck. The work is somewhat unpleasant, but you'll be glad to hear that I killed 50 Germans. Now, I'm a little tired, and I have me furlough all right, but I have no money left, having spent most of what I had for prayer books. Ask Fr. Tom McCarthy if you don't believe me. So, Lord, I ask you, in the name of all the saints, for the small sum of \$100.00. Sure, ye'll never miss it, and if ye send me the money I'll never forget ye in my prayers.—PAT CASEY."

In due course this appeal reached the censor's office, which happened in this particular locality to be housed in the Y.M.C.A. quarters. The letter was passed around, and aroused considerable attention and interest, as Casey was known to be a brave and cheerful fighter.

Contributions were sought, and finally the sum of \$50.00 was raised. This was sent to the applicant,

without comment, in a Y.M.C.A. envelope. The next day the following acknowledgement was received:—

"Dear Lord: I've received your \$50.00 as per application for furlough money, and I thank ye. May yer shadow never grow less. But I make so bold as to give ye a word of warnin'. Send the next money by the K. of C's. Ye sent the last by the Y.M.C.A. and they nipped half of it.—PAT CASEY."

## The "Whys" Men's Column.

SAY, TELL US, NOW!

Who is the N.C.O. of "E" Company 2nd C.E.R.B. who sent in his return of defaulters as follows:—No., nil; name, nil; disease, nil; from, nil; to, nil.

Where the hairpins came from that were found on Lieut. Clarke's table at Headquarters?

If the Y.M.C.A. and Sergeants' Mess in No. 1 Lines can be moved, to allow more room for officers of 1st C.E.R.B. undergoing the motor-cycle course?

Who is the P.T. Sergt. who has attached himself to the Canteen Staff? Is it the matches he goes after?

We would like to know how the P.T. Officer came to get a certain C.S.M.'s cigarette issue?

Is it true that Corpl ——— goes to Brighton armed with a tin opener?

Who is the P.T. Sergt. who, given light duty by the M.O., wanders down town to do heavy duty?

Who was the gas instructor who pinched a comrade's "bit of fluff" from him, and then the following week borrowed the poor beggar's wheel to go and visit her?

Who was the S.M. who went to see the Paymaster (private business) on the night of the fifth, and landed a three hour pay parade job?

Who was the cadet at the drill examination who thought he was back on the farm at Varna, Ontario, when he tried to dress the squad back into line by telling them to "Back up, there." When told to move his squad on to their rifles in the shortest possible way, ordered "On your rifles! Fall in!" Good old Watty. Gave the order "The Platoon will retire. About turn." Not a man moved—not a budge. Wake up—come out of the blankets, Doc, they are standing at ease. Gave the order "For inspection, port arms, with bayonets fixed," nearly causing casualties. Good job he did not try to examine arms; but there, they don't use bayonets in the Transport Section of the old 12th Field. When trying to march the Platoon on to a marker, marched then right over the poor fellow. Good job he was "one of a good heart."

Who was the officer who was found gazing about a ten acre field with a bewildered air, and on being asked what he was looking for replied, "I put a battery in this field five minutes ago, and now the damned thing's disappeared?"

Who is the draft commander who was so highly indignant at hearing an irate instructor (I.D.) using uncomplimentary language to his platoon?

Who was the instructor?

Who are the "strangers in the vicinity" referred to in the W.A.A.C. lecture at Headquarters on Tuesday evening?

Was that the reason the C.S.M.E. was in great demand on Wednesday?