

Tommies Tommyrotting Ossifers Ossifying and Non-Coms as Non-Competent as Ever.

Tobacco is a dirty weed—

I like it.

It satisfies no moral need—

I like it.

It makes you thin, it makes you lean.

It takes the hair right off your bean,

It's the worst darn stuff I've ever seen,

Still—I like it.

It was a bright little east end tailor
who displayed this sign in his window.
"Our trousers 5s. 3d. per leg. All
seats free."

He was one of those fresh young fellows
given to the use of stale slang. At
the breakfast table, desiring the milk,
he said:

"Chase the cow down this way, please."

"Jane," called the landlady, "take the
cow down to where the calf is bawling!"

In last month's issue we spoke of
Captain Tully's Iron Cross. We have
since been informed that the German
Government have officially reported the
loss of one of these crosses, which has
been traced to Shorncliffe.

HEARD IN THE T.D.—You are "Mc
Queen." This to his best girl.

It's a long "LANE" that has no
turning. This to the Q.M.S.

What animal sat at the head of the
table in the ark. The cow as it was
the only one which could carve (calve).

Tommy (going into transport office).
If that dog doesn't stop barking I'll
kick him in the ear. That ought to
stop him.

Transport Tommy (Looking smilingly
at "Nosey"): It sure ought to, he
can't very well bark with his mouth
full.

Rosie had just received a birthday
present from her parents in the shape
of a new silk blouse. She admired it
for some time murmuring: How lovely,
how sweet, and isn't it wonderful to
think mother that this lovely silk is all
obtained from a mere insignificant

worm? "Rosie," interrupted her
mother sternly, "How dare you speak
so disrespectfully of your father."

Wine women and song are the ruina-
tion of young men. Let us all cut out
singing.

What is the difference between a
dressing down from the C.O. and a
dressing up from the M.O.

Nine days No. 2, and two No. 9s.

A flea and a fly fluttered in a flue
Said the flea to the fly, Whatever shall
we do?

Let us fly said the flea, let us flee said
the fly

So they fluttered and flew up the flue.

OVERHEARD AT POTSDAM.

Little Willie—Papa, who was it started
this war? Do you know?

Big Willie—Yes, I know my son, but
I cannot tell you.

Little Willie—Was it cousin George?

Big Willie—No.

Little Willie—Was it cousin Nicholas,
Papa?

Big Willie—No my son. If you really
want to know, I'll tell you. Do you
remember the time Teddy Roosevelt
came over here after his return from
Africa?

Little Willie—Yes Papa.

Big Willie—Well you will remember
I entertained him very well. I showed
him all our immense and wonderful
Army, our invincible Navy; our original
and unbeatable Zeppelins, our airships
which are foremost in the world, our
artillery which has proved so destruc-
tive in the present crisis, and our mar-
vellous ammunition factories, with their
endless supply of death dealing shells,
prepared and manufactured by the
most skilled workmen in the world. Af-
ter viewing all these wonders, he
seemed greatly impressed; he slapped
me on the back and said, "Bill my boy,
you can lick the World" and I was
damn fool enough to believe him.