

IF THE CAP FITS ———!

Are registered letters always welcome? Ask Sergt. ———

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Who is the violin virtuoso who floods Chatham House with melody every morning?

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Does the M.P. who exercises his vocal powers on the front draw many pennies from the verandah?

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Who found a piece of pork under a bean?

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Which of our officers put a penny in a broken slot machine on Sunday and couldn't get "a-weigh?" And who was the wag who arranged that the facings of the Intelligence Department should be green?

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What a lot of Ramsgate girls cherish fond dreams of visiting Canada after the war!

Why is it necessary to be a sergeant for "Home defence only" before your diet includes stout?

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Is it correct that the Granville police earn special mention in dispatches for their ability to run in cripples? Because it's nothing to crow about, anyway.

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Why did a certain N.C.O. object to sleeping in the same ward as privates? Was it because one was a D.C.M.?

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Does the Sister love her little kitten as much as she used to?

BOMBPROOF PROVERBS.

Stolen rum is strongest.  
One half the world doesn't know how the other half dies.  
Fair words fill no sandbags.  
The pitcher that goes too often to the well gets shot.



ONE OF THE ELECTRIC TREATMENT ROOMS.

Which of our popular N.C.O.'s receives loving epistles from an unknown Gladys?

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Who said the Lord High Examiner's chief business in life was *not to be convinced*?

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New Emergency Ration:—Cheese: Ounces, one; Nuts: Pea, two.—For fuller information apply to Pte. ———

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Will the cups at Chatham House always keep their blue armlets?

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Who is the patient with a dimple in his chin who, when he wants a clean shave, has to use an auger?

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When a chair patient with a squeaky wheel asked for some oil, who was the sister that wanted to know if a number 9 would do instead?

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Is it true that the doctors who operated only got ninepence in coppers out of the patient that swallowed the "Bob?"

A bomb in the trench is worth two in the hand.  
It's more blessed to give than to receive.  
People who live in grass dug-outs should not throw bombs.

Pull the pin out of a Mills Grenade and it's "Jake with the lever up."

TO A PORK PIE.

Oh! Relics of a Porcine Martyr! Pig,  
Entombed in thy sepulchre of flour,  
Whose questing snout the roses used to dig,  
And change the landscape (garden) hour by hour.  
That thou should'st come to this! Oh! porker sweet,  
No gentle death was thine—the poor words fail  
To conjure up the scene! Where are thy feet  
That fled so swift? Thy little curly tail?  
As thy remains I view, beyond control  
My anguish breaks. Salt tears my cheeks begrime;  
And, if thy spirits hear, let this console  
And comfort thee—thy flavour is sublime.

KRITICOS.