

## WISE AND OTHERWISE.

## PO'TRY?

When the sun sits on the eggs,  
Sweet Marie.  
Then the hen can rest her legs,  
Don't you see.  
Every wave that strikes the shore,  
You can tell's been there before,  
With the peanuts we adore,  
Sweet Marie.

When you want a pair of boots,  
Sweet Marie,  
But the Q.M. has his "doots,"  
Sweet Marie,  
Why just say "You're lookin' fine,  
Will you take a glass of wine,"  
You'll get new boots every time,  
Sweet Marie.

When your turn comes round for  
leave,  
Sweet Marie,  
And they try you to deceive,  
Sweet Marie,  
Why, just say that you're not well,  
And you feel like raisin' hell,—  
You'll leave an' you'll feel swell,  
Sweet Marie.

When your dugout's full of damp,  
Sweet Marie,  
An' your stomach's full of cramp,  
Sweet Marie,  
Oh! just yell for "Chlorydene"—  
It's the best you ever seen,  
An' then on your tummy lean,  
Sweet Marie.

When the rum is on the shelf,  
Sweet Marie,  
That's the time to help yourself,  
Don't you see,  
If the Q.M.'s not around,  
You can skip without a sound,  
And you never will be found,  
Sweet Marie,

If you want a little mon,  
Sweet Marie,  
Just to give the men some fun,  
Don't you see,  
Why the Second-in-Command,  
Will just give it out of hand,  
With a rare sweet smile so bland,  
Sweet Marie.

If you want your "Cooker's" moved,  
Sweet Marie,  
And the need of it is proved,  
Sweet Marie,  
Why just go to "Jim" and say,  
Will you please move them to-day?  
He will move them right away,  
Sweet Marie.

If you get it in the head,  
Sweet Marie,  
And they find that you're not dead,  
Sweet Marie,  
They will rush you to the "Doc.,"  
And if you haven't died from shock,  
He will surely save your "block,"  
Sweet Marie.

## OUR MEDICAL OFFICER.

I say, sir, what is this swelling  
on the back of my neck?  
I don't quite know—it's nothing  
serious but you'd better keep your  
eye on it.

Recruiting Officer: "And now, my  
lad, just one more question: are you  
prepared to die for your country?"  
Recruit: "No, I ain't! That ain't  
wot I'm jining for. I want to make  
a few of them German blokes die for  
theirs!"

Little Miss Tuffet,  
Sat in a buffet,  
Putting some cocktails away.  
The rector soon spied her,  
And sat down to chide her —  
And stayed there the rest of the  
day.

Commanding Officer (enthusiasti-  
cally, after sham battle): You'll  
make a great soldier. I tell you my  
staff, as well as the ladies, were  
thrilled when the enemy made that  
surprise attack on your trench, and  
you only, of all the "rookies," did  
not run.

Rookie: Thanks, sir, but you see,  
I—er—I was right in the middle of  
changing my pants, sir.

A man can always lead a woman—  
where she wants to go.

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of corn,  
Make the festive whiskey,  
And the morning horn.  
Little whiskey cocktails,  
Humble though they be,  
Fill the nose with redness,  
And the penitentiaree.

Here's to pints an' quarts an'  
glasses,  
Here's to the man who loves two  
lasses;  
May he never laugh an' grow fat,  
Who wears two faces under one hat.

"You say your husband's jealousy  
is altogether unfounded?"  
"Certainly I do; he suspects the  
wrong man."

"Do you believe in platonic  
love?"  
"Yes; in certain cases."  
"What do you mean?"  
"Well, between husband and wife,  
for instance."

A woman's conscience is as elas-  
tic as her garter; but not so useful.

Go straight—dishonesty is always  
discovered, lies are always detected,  
—sneaks are always unmasked.

Thought in the mind hath made us,  
what we are,  
By thought was wrought and  
built. If a man's mind  
Hath evil thoughts, pain comes on  
him as comes  
The wheel the ox behind. . . .  
If one endure,  
In purity of thought, joy follows  
him,  
As his own shadow—sure.

## COURTESY.

How sweet and gracious, even in  
common speech, is that fine sense  
which men call courtesy. Whole-  
some as air, and genial as the light,  
welcome in every clime as breath  
of flowers. It transforms Aliens into  
trusting friends, and gives its owner  
passport round the world.

Slightly inebriated party to Salva-  
tion Army lass who is leading the  
band: "'Shay, miss, d'you save  
girls?"

"Oh, yes, we do, we do."  
"Well, will ye save me one fer  
Friday night?"

"Me brother played a good joke  
on wan uf thim chauffer fellers."

"Sure, what did he do to him?"

"The artful divil—he had a stick  
uv dynamite in his pocket whin wan  
uv thim ran over him."

Grit makes the man,  
The want of it, the chump.  
The men who win  
Lay hold, hang on, and hump.

Make few promises, but, once  
made, keep your pledges at any  
cost.

No woman can resist grasping a  
nettle to see if it stings.

John: "The French have gained  
400 metres from the enemy."

Auntie: "How splendid—that  
should put a stop to those dreadful  
gas attacks."

## FASHIONS.

Oh, she loved her love in his blue  
serge suit,  
And his "three-and-six" straw  
hat;  
While she hobbled around in her  
slit tight skirt—  
She couldn't sit down in that!  
But, oh, dear me, how the fashions  
change!

Her skin takes three yards more,  
For she found she must walk a  
khaki walk,  
When "Willie" went to war!

Now she loves her love in flowing  
skirts,  
And he in his khaki smart;  
While little god Cupid winks his eye—  
And shoots another dart.  
For, oh, dear me, how the fashions  
change!

Her six-inch stride's no more;  
For she wanted to walk by her  
warrior's side,  
When "Willie" went to war!

## TO MAGAZINE EDITORS.

Fine girls upon your covers strut,  
In bathing suits and curls,  
But don't you think you ought to put  
More covers on your girls?

Mr. Tim Healy once said: "Patri-  
otism is an indefinable 'something'  
for which all true men are ready to  
die."

The dear woman had been put in  
communication with her late de-  
parted husband through the medium  
of the spirit world, and the follow-  
ing conversation took place: "Are  
you happy, John?"

"Oh! Very happy, Mary."  
"Are you happier than when you  
were on earth with me, John?"  
"Oh! yes, Mary; much happier."  
"Why, where are you?"  
"I'm in hell, Mary."

## WILLIE'S LITTLE JOKE.

Little Willie: "Oh, Mumma,  
there's a man in the kitchen kissing  
the cook."

Mother (rushes towards kitchen).  
Little Willie: "April fool. It's  
only Fa—ther—it's only Fa—ther."

## A GOOD MAXIM.

Never bite off more than you can  
chew.

Three qualifications to make  
good. (1) Concentration, (2)  
Originality, (3) Continuity.