

THE WARD SERGEANT.

By A Patient.

"Speaking of Ward-Sergeants," said the tired and weary one, who had not yet attained the power and glory of khaki, "he's a conundrum." Just clean his buttons, polish his boots, and make yourself generally useful, and you are an angel; even stout may come your way. But leave your bed untidy or drop a match on the floor, and the air immediately assumes a luminous blue, and your chances of khaki or extras dwindle to nothing. Where the Ward-sergeant really shines is as a living encyclopedia. There are few questions he cannot answer, and he will even bet as to whether you get your pass or not, which is taking a big chance these days.

Observe him on inspections, with flushed face and trembling visibly, chasing here and there adjusting a locker, or bestowing a friendly curse on some poor unfortunate, who has not tidied his locker or straightened his devotional books. Oh! Those lockers! When some of the patients die "LOCKERS" will be found engraved on their hearts!

As the fatal inspection hour approaches, he despatches scouts to ascertain the approach of the O.C., whether he is in a genial humour, and what he is specializing in this week. By this time the W.S. is a mental wreck, and one poor Nerve Case, who is forcibly remonstrated with for sitting on his bed, starts doing the jelly crawl and is with difficulty restrained from Hysteria. A slight commotion and the sound of feet at length reaches the ears of the W.S., who immediately "shuns" and assumes an air of angelic innocence. If things pass muster he is an angel for the rest of the day, and this is the time to wheedle out of him anything you may happen to want;—but do it carefully; for he is the potentate who holds dominion over khaki, passes, and extras. (By the way, a small Bass often helps in these little matters.) Sometimes he makes you a promise, and is occasionally known to keep it.

At other times it is a dangerous matter to approach him, so beware!

To sum up, he's not such a bad fellow after all, for like the old hoss, "he has his good points." Good luck to him!

U. N. O.

WE WONDER:—

—who the patient is who tried to make a date with the statute in front of the Palace Theatre.

—if Shorty Bruce will take a donkey-ride on the sands?
—We'll pay!

—if the man who goes out of bounds is a "bounder."

—which of our M.P.'s tried to arrest one of the stone lions in front of the Granville the other night.

—if the second-floor man really needs all that powder to keep his chin warm.

—how the member of the staff felt, after having taken the trouble to "wear out" the seat of his trows, when the Q.M.S. refused to give him a new pair. Does he enjoy wearing his overcoat these warm days?

—why the patient went to the carpenter's shop to get his board.

—who closed the blinds "To keep out the Zeppelins?"

—why the fiery charger wouldn't carry our gallant Captain the way he wanted to go on the Pegwell Road a few days ago.

Chinaman's description of a Granville Ambulance.
"No pushee—no pullee—but goes like hellee."

ORDERLY'S LAMENT.

When first I joined the Medical Corps
To tend our wounded horde,
I dreamed of healing their wounds so sore;
But I find the job's a fraud.
We dont "breathe words of comfort" to
The heroes battered and bored,
But morning to eve, the whole day through,
We polish the floor o' the ward.
We starts at reveille with broom and brush,
To sweep the floor o' the ward;
Starts at the double and ends with a rush
To scrub the floor o' the ward.
The Matron comes, and the Officer comes,
Inspecting the floor o' the ward,
The sick heroes scatter their ashes and crumbs
All over the floor o' the ward!
We works like fiends till it shines like silk.
And mirrors the whole o' the ward;
Then somebody drops a bucket o' milk,
And soaks the floor o' the ward!
We dare'nt swear so we sweats like mutes
A—swabbing the floor o' the ward,
The heroes dance in their 'ob-nailed boots
Improving the floor o' the ward.
We swings the rubber and bashes the paint
Around the floor o' the ward,
Then Sister comes and asks why we 'aint
Got through with the floor o' the ward!
Oh! Take me out of the Medical Corps,
Gimme a gun and a sword:
Let me wallow in rivers o' gore,
And d—— the floor o' the war!!!

KRITICOS.

The Passing Hour

ELDERLY LADY—"And do the patients die often in hospital?"

GRANVILLE PATIENT—"Oh no, ma'm—only once!"

A SONG RE-SUNG—"Who are these that are arrayed in white robes?"

ANOTHER—"Ye'll tak the West Cliff an I'll tak the East.
An I'll be in Granville afore ye.

AT "TRADESMEN'S ENTRANCE."

PRIVATE—"Scuse me, please, b-but has (hic!) Private S—h come in yet?"

M.P.—"Yes, some rime ago."

PRIVATE—"W-w-was I with him?"

NEWS HEADING—"GERMAN OFFENSIVE"
—— they always are!!

FIRST RECRUIT—"What do you think of the Major, Bill?"

SECOND RECRUIT—"E's a changeable kind o' bloke. Last night I says to 'im, 'Oo goes there?' An' 'e says, 'Friend!' An' today 'e 'ardly knows me!"

Remarks overheard by a Ramsgate flapper during a walk on the prom.

OLD GENTLEMAN—"Pretty child."

OLD LADY—"Pert minx!"

KNUT—"Ripping, charmer!"

ANOTHER FLAPPER—"Forward cat!"

CANADIAN SOLDIER—"Some chicken!"

ENGLISH TOMMY—"Tray Bong!"

HIGHLANDER—"Braw Lassie!"