

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

We hear that the Kaiser is betting that the War will be over in August. We hope he dosen't miss the "mark."

The other night a labour section Tommy who, having looked on the wine when it was crimson and rather over imbibed with ambrosial nectar, wandered through the Officers' Mess around midnight looking for a vacant bed and congenial companions. He was cruelly ejected by the R.T.O., and the Q.M. stood by and took a list of his clothing.

While discussing the topic of revolvers for the front the following tale was spun:—It was in the mountains of Caroliney and it was a weddin'. There they was the family and all the friends. The parson was just putting on the last touches, and he says, "They as the Lord has put together let no man put asunder." "Parson," says the bridegroom, "I rises to question your grammar in that there sentence. I want this weddin' done right." When the smoke clears away the bride she looks around and sees a dead Parson, a dead bridegroom, a dead brother, two dead uncles, and five dead weddin' guests. She heaves a mighty strong sigh and says, "Them new fangled self-cockin' revolvers sure have played hell with my prospects."

A man to be successful should have the patience of Job, the thrift of Harry Lauder, the nerve of John W. Gates, the tact of Taft, the watchfulness of Wilson,

the industry of Edison, the vocabulary of Billy Sunday, and (last but not least) a wife who will keep him in at nights.

Mrs. Newlywed:—"I've decided to change our Iceman, My Dear."

Mr. Newlywed:—"Whv what on earth for?"

Mrs.N.:—"Oh! he says he can supply much colder ice for the same money."

Sentry on duty for the first time:—"Halt! Who goes there?"—

"Friend."

Sentry:—"Advance, friend, and give the countersign Waterloo."

Orderly Officer:—"Any complaints, men?"

Private:—"Yes, sir, smell this meat!"

O.O.:—"Well, I believe this meat is on the turn."

Private (Ex Jockey):—"On the turn, Sir? I think it's half way up the stretch."

Sergeant (to pal meeting him at Station):—"I've had an awful accident."

Pal: "What on earth is up, Bill?"

Sergt.:—"I lost all my baggage, the cork came out."

Tommy (learning to drive):—"Take it, Sergeant, take it quick, here comes a ditch."

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