

After "Lights Out."

A roughly dressed but large-hearted lumber-jack, who was seeing life in a western city, drifted into a big restaurant for dinner.

The only vacant place was at a small table occupied by a very smartly dressed lady.

John sat down, and the lady sniffed.

After starting his dinner John reached out with his own knife and took some butter. The lady bristled.

"Waiter!" she called, "bring some more butter; this horrid man put his knife in this."

After a while John put his spoon in the sugar, and evoked a similar protest from the lady.

Presently, by some unfortunate accident, the lady upset some soup on her frock.

"Waiter," roared John, "bring another lady; this one is all over soup."

A doctor had ordered a patient to take three pills a day and a glass of whisky at bedtime.

Calling later to see how the invalid was progressing, the doctor found him seated in front of the fire instead of being in bed, and enquired as to how his instructions had been carried out.

"Well, sir," replied the patient, "I'm afraid I'm a wee bit behind with the pills, but I'm about six weeks ahead with the whisky."

Jane left her old village to seek a fortune in a new town, and took with her an excellent letter of recommendation from a former place.

Unfortunately, on the journey, the letter was lost.

Not knowing how to get a situation without this recommendation, she persuaded a friend to write one for her. This was the result:

"To all whom it may concern. The bearer of this note, Jane Smith, had a good character when she left home, but she lost it on the way here."

A well-known clergyman, returning home late one evening, and passing through a squalid street, came upon a man belabouring his wife.

The poor woman already had a black eye.

The clergyman promptly stopped the husband's brutality, and reproved him for his cowardly behaviour.

Such unexpected interference in his matrimonial affairs for a moment nonplussed the husband, but his dutiful helpmate came to his rescue.

"It's all right, sir," she said. "Don't interfere wiv 'im; it's 'is 'irfday."

Boy: Twopenn'orth o' steak, and let it be tough.

Butcher: Tough! What on earth do you want tough steak for?

Boy: 'Cos, if it's tender, father'll eat the lot, and we'll get none.

Everyone thought that the somewhat quarrelsome woman was a pro-German.

"'E ain't 'arf a bad sort," she kept saying.

"Why, 'e's an old blackguard!" said one of the company.

"Well, I won't say a word agin 'im. He's made things all right for me."

"Do you mean to say you believe the Kaiser has done you some good?" asked another.

"Aye, that 'e has. Why, if it 'adn't bin for 'im, my old man wouldn't be working now, and I shouldn't be getting my separation allowance. No, 'e ain't a bad sort, I can tell you."

Two chums met. They had joined different regiments, so had not seen each other for some considerable time.

"Hello, Tom!" said one, "where have you been to all this while?"

"Well, I've been censored several times."

"Been censored! What do you mean?"

"Been in hospital, where they have cut out some of my most important parts."

"Ah!" said the Army medico to the thirsty one, "you're run down; you must have a tonic."

"Will lager do?" asked the thirsty one.

"No," replied the doctor, "that's *teu-tonic*."

Two Tommies were having a heated discussion on the new order as to the earlier closing of public houses.

"Well," said one, "I suppose this is Lloyd George's doings."

"No," said the other, who was well versed in such matters, "it's martial law."

"There you are!" said the first; "I knew it was one o' them interfering politicians. I suppose he's a brother to Bonar Law."

The Ambulance Corps had picked up a badly wounded man. He was placed on a stretcher, and was being carried off the field, when he suddenly demanded "Where are you taking me?"

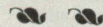
"To the hospital," replied one of the bearers.

"Why, what's the matter with the canteen," faintly inquired the wounded and thirsty one.

To celebrate the inauguration of the maternity benefits, a well-known member of Parliament gave a silver cup, to be presented to the first child born in his constituency in the new era of "rare and refreshing fruit."

A miner was the father of the lucky infant, and on the cup being handed to him, he asked:

"Is this our own, or ha' we gotten to win it three times?"



And Then it Missed Him!!!

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[Pity the poor Postal authorities.]