

DON DUBBIN

(With apologies to Lord Byron)

By Spr. E. W. Comfort, B. Coy.

There was a sound of polishing ere noon;
 And new made Engineers had gathered there
 With brass strips and their Soldier's Friend,
 And strove to make reluctant badges shine.
 A thousand throats cursed lustily,
 but when
 Mess call arose with its salubrious smell,
 Rich mulligan revived their flagging zeal,
 And left them merry as the movie crowd:
 No rest till tea, where sons of freedom meet
 To chase the filthy Hun with flying feet.
 But hark!—

(To be continued)

(Not if we know it.—Ed.)

Note:—It would appear that the bugler had eaten of the mulligan in order to produce the above result.

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ALL SORTS.

One morning in Simla, the Viceroy of India wanted to speak to the commander-in-chief of the Indian Army before the latter started work for the day, so he set off unattended to pay an early call. When he arrived at the commander-in-chief's official residence he found his way barred by a sentry, who apparently did not recognize the visitor. Lord Minto explained that he wanted to see the commander-in-chief, but the sentry declined to allow him to pass.

"But I am the Viceroy!" protested his lordship.

The sentry looked at him with a pitying smile.

"Ah!" he said thoughtfully, "we gets all sorts 'ere. Last week we 'ad a cove wot kidded 'isself 'e was Queen Victoriar's godfather. We 'ad to put 'in in a strait-waistcoat, so you'd better push off!"

HE GOT IT.

This amusing story comes from Egypt. In the fighting against the Senussi on Christmas Day, a British monitor was on hand and kept a running fire on the agile Arabs. After the scrap a New

Zealand non-com. was struck with an inspiration. There was no tobacco in camp, and he thought it would be a pretty good notion to hold up the quartermaster on the gunboat for some plug and cigarettes for his platoon. He was on his way thither when he was confronted by a stern British officer, who halted him, desiring to be informed as to his mission.

"I am going aboard to get some tobacco for my platoon," replied the youngster.

"You are a New Zealander, aren't you?" questioned the officer.

"Yes, sir," responded the man.

"Well, it's like your damned impudence. You New Zealanders are more trouble to us than the whole British Army!"

"That's what the Senussi say, sir," was the prompt reply of the Maorilander.

N.C.O., to civvy who is just being outfitted:—"What size shirt do you wear?"

Civvy:—"Don't know."

N.C.O.:—"What size collar have you got on now?"

Civvy:—"Nine and a half."

N.C.O., to assistant:—"That must be the size of his necktie. Nine and a half necktie; give him a fifteen and a half shirt."



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"You need a shave," the Sergeant Major said,
 The Rookie stood and shivered—shook his head.
 "You don't, eh? Why, upon your chin there's hair
 Enough to stuff a comfortable chair."

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