

THE SILENCING EYE.

It may be open to doubt whether the humours of our Colonel's orderly room are a basis for legitimate laughter—but Carlyle has said that humour is a "sense of brotherly sympathy with the downward size": and viewed from that standpoint, a good many humorous sidelights on human nature may be obtained from orderly room incidents.

It requires a combination of several very strong forces to reduce a talkative Irishman to silence; but,—well, there are times when the Colonel's eye is very potent.

It was an ordinary case of drunkenness—varied by the fact that the victim of joy was an Irishman.

The evidence was conclusive; the Colonel, with his arm on the table and his eye on the charge sheet, told the prisoner that this was the second time in a month, and asked him if he had anything to say.

He had. Lots.

"Sore, oi wuznt reely drunk. It's thim pollis. If they'd 'av left me alone oi'd not 'av bin here at all, at all. Oi wuz just quietly comin' home whin one ov thim comes up to me——"

"Do you question the evidence?" the Colonel murmured, without looking up.

"Well, sore, it waz the 17th of March, an' oi wuz comin' down Richelieu Street as stiddy as cud be whin——"

He stopped suddenly in mid-torrent as the Colonel, for the first time, raised his eyes and looked straight at him for a second, and then, lowering his eyes, picked up his pen, dipped it in the ink, and slowly approached the charge sheet with it.

The eye removed, the floodgates of eloquence were once more loosed.

"Sore, ye'll remimber in yer leniency it wuz the 17th av March."

The Colonel paused.

"Sore, oi've bin in a cold damp cell this last night an' oi'm sober now, an' I askes ye to remimber——"

Again the Colonel looked up, and again the talk stopped abruptly.

Leaning back in his chair, the Colonel gazed fixedly at the prisoner, who, realizing the close scrutiny he was under, stood steadily in the most perfect attitude of attention—as laid down—and gazed fixedly at a point above the officer's head.

He had become the exemplary soldier, and the Colonel, satisfied

that nothing could be read, in that blank and innocent countenance, resumed a writing posture.

Paddy unbent at once; he also looked down, and saw the pen—a mightier weapon than the sword, and a recorder of decisions against which he knew all appeal to be vain—getting nearer to its dread work.

"Sore, right from the Royal Family down on the 17th av March——"

"Will you take my punishment?"

"If thim pollis——"

"Will you——"

"But, sore——"

The Colonel looked up for the last time, and he looked more determined than before. The R. S. M. reached for the door knot.

"Ten days Detention," he said, "and fined \$2. March him out."

Who was the Sapper who entered the Q. M. Stores the other day and, having asked for an order to get some straw, for his paliasse, received five cents to buy himself a cone at the Canteen?

OLD, OLD, STUFF.

Sapper (approaching S. M. Evans):—"Please, Colonel, the heel of my grandmother's shoe gave way and she fell down stairs and hurt herself. I would like a 10 days Pass to go home and see her."

(My! aint these Sappers too cute for anything.)

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

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A lady in England died, and left four hundred pounds to her dog. Just how the family solicitor will ascertain whether the dog will invest in War Bonds or bones is a cause of wonder to us.

Sufferer—"I have a terrible toothache, and want something to cure it."

Friend—"Now, you don't need any medicine. I had a toothache yesterday, and I went home, and my loving wife kissed me and so consoled me that the pain soon passed away. Why don't you try the same?"

Sufferer—"I think I will. Is your wife at home now?"

The white and black cat has had kittens. For Heaven's sake, Rags, don't be beaten by a cat!



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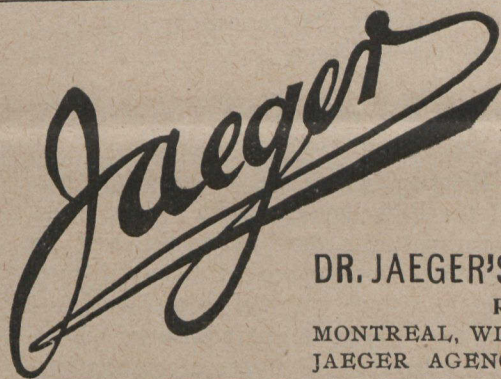
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