

Should this catch the eye of any Chicago Bacon Packers, they will hear of something to their advantage by communicating with "Farthing and Nobbler's Quick Lunch Counter, France". The amount of bacon fat consumed by the patrons of this restaurant has not only made them water proof, but has also rendered them bullet proof. Should a German bullet be aimed at a Transport driver it ricochettes off and kills a mule.



x x x

ANOTHER CONCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

Doctor: "Yes, your feet are in pretty bad shape, you've got trench feet, I guess".

Pte. Fergy: "No sir, I beg your pardon, but those feet never show any desire to go into the trenches Sir".

x x x

Send them to the boys at the front.

LYDIA SPINKHAM'S SPINK SPILLS.

Unsolicited Testimonial.

After trying every Medical Officer and dressing station at the front and failing to get the slightest relief, I had almost given up in despair, when one day I came across your Ad. The military doctors advised me to take plenty of nourishing food and rest, but my Sgt. Major prescribed an entirely different treatment. One day when my rations looked far too small to be on active service, a comrade who had been fishing in the fire trench, brought me two kippers which were wrapped up in the "Iodine Chronicle". on the paper was a photo of a young lady who had been cured of "ingrowing toe-nails" after taking only ten boxes of your wonderfull pills, and buying a larger pair of shoes. Her charming reply to my enquiries decided me to try the pills, and send her my photograph with an offer of marriage. Her father was related to an A. P. M., who got me a position as mounted policeman and the circulation of my feet is completely restored.

x x x

I bless the morn that first we met,
You touched my lips, a long drawn kiss
Of passion, exquisite, divine.
Which, sweeter than the rarest wine,
Sent the hot blood rushing through my veins
In ecstasies of bliss,
You made my heart throb with delight
My soul o'erflow with ecstasy,
When, gone the terrors of the night
The cold clear dawn, a fantasy.
Life seemed to hold but misery
And everything seemed on the bum,
You gave me power to struggle on
You saved my life,

Sweet tot of Rum. Franc.

x x x

EXTRACT FROM REGIMENTAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Please let me know at earliest opportunity number of gum boots and inner soles in use in your Battalion.

We would like to know why the Adjutant forwarded the above to the Chaplain.

x x x

Answers to correspondents.

Would be chef,

If your "hot air" furnace won't hatch out the eggs, place them in the signallers dug-out. We guarantee they will hatch out in one hour.

POST OFFICE NEUTRALITY

From my post-bag:

Just a line to ask how long Canada has been a neutral country, as I went to our local post office to send a parcel of Daily Sketches to my brother in Toronto, Canada, and the post mistress said she could

not accept any papers for neutral countries.

x x x

Want Ad. in "Daily Telegraph".

"Young man rejected from Army, requires post of trust either in or out of brewery or distillery".

Probably going to drown his sorrow at his employers expense.

x x x

Daily Mail heading—"Corporal's great feat".

Will these people never leave Carter alone?

x x x

Ever hear this one before? The Germans are getting in wrong with the Board of Health because they have not yet cleaned up the Allies (alleys).

x x z

It is reported that Pte. Eaton is returning to Canada to become "News Editor" of the 331st Battn. Regimental paper.

x x x

Pte. Walker is passing some sleepless nights it is said that his leave is near at hand.

x x x

Rumour has it that we have in our midst a certain young man who has a very taking way with him. His latest aquirements are coke, mess tins, rum—etc. We are glad to know that we have at least one man who takes what he wants. The question is will he want "C. B." when he is caught?—for he'll have to take it.

x x x

FOUND. A "Bull Durham" sack (empty) and two packets "Arf a Mo".

x x x

Who is the Corporal in the 7th Battn. who signs himself: Yours, with YPRES of love, Bill?

x x x

1st Pte.: Why is the Padre so cheerful to-day?

2nd Pte.: He saw Pte. Ferguson walk *past* the estaminet.

x x x

Joe Drum ses—"Any time they move the 2nd Brigade to the trenches in busses it means Berlin or Blighty".

x x x

Pte. Kelly the Transport light-weight and O. C. coa pile, challenges all comers including Pte. Farthing.

x x x

We regret to announce that Cpl. Brown's rat trap has been rejected by the War Office. It has been suggested that the men in charge of the defence of London should use it for trapping zeppelins.

x x x

Pte. Gower wishes to express his appreciation for the hearty send off which he received from the boys of the Transport when he left to take over his new duties as window cleaner and head parlour maid in the observation balloon.

x x x

Overheard in French shop.

Learned Tommy: Aves you writing papier Mad-moselle sil vous please?"

Learned French belle: We sure have kid, how much do you want?"