

There is a Scotch gink named M'Gee,
Who said, "I came here for a spree,
As for killing the Hun,
I don't see the fun,
Kindly send me back over the sea."

Does "Weakleg" in any way suggest the name of the R.P. who came in on Thursday night, and out of the bitterness of his heart said—"There may be lots of empty houses in Ramsgate these days, but there are mighty few unoccupied cuddly corners these nights."

Apart he sits, aloof from every joy.
His comrades pass without a word or sally.
What is his crime? Why, he's the buglar boy
Who blew "fall in" before he blew "reveille."

Once upon a time some wicked patients hankered after the flesh pots of the hospital and the deep calm of the quarantined. So they put their heads together, and after deep thought secured a scrubbing brush. Then taking the brush they did gently tap each other all over on the bare skin until evil little red spots appeared. The M.O., being brought to see them, said—"Measles." And it was so. Of course, this didn't happen in Ramsgate.

F. W. WOOLWORTH & CO.

Largest 3d. & 6d. Syndicate in the World

WE hold Complete Stock of Chocolate,
Sweets, Music, Jewellery, Toilet Goods,
Handkerchiefs, Fancy Goods, Stationery,
Toys, Drapery, Cutlery, Hardware, Tools,
Gas Goods, and all Household Utensils

Finest Up-to-date Cafe and Tea Room on First Floor

Branch—14 High St., Ramsgate