

WE WANT TO KNOW.

Who is the sapper in No. 4 Section A. Company who paid 98c duty on 40c worth of cigarettes.

SECTIONS 1, 2 AND 3, A COY
TAKE NOTICE!!

No. 4 Section A Company was praised by Company O. C. for cleanest room.

AWARD—ADMONISHED

Officer, to Sergeant-Major,—(scene Orderly Room): "What makes you think this man was drunk?"

Sergeant-Major:—"Sir, on the night of the 25th, when I met the accused, 'e raised 'is 'at, accompanying the words with the motion, 'Good evenin Blue Beard!'"

Specially Endowed.

"Some un sick at yo' house, Mis' Carter?" inquired Lila. "Ah seed de doctah's kyar eroun' dar yes-tidy."

"It was for my brother, Lila."

"Sho! What's he done got de matter of 'm?"

"Nobody seems to know what the disease is. He can eat an' sleep as well as ever, he stays out all day long on the veranda in the sun and seems as well as any one, but he can't do any work at al."

"He cain't—yo' says he cain't work?"

"Not a stroke."

"Law, Miss Carter, dat ain't no disease what yo' broth' got. Dat's a gif!"—Everybody's.

Probably It Was.

"Mars John," excitedly exclaimed Aunt Tildy as she rushed panting into a fire-engine house, "pleas, suh, phonograph to de car cleaners' semporium an' notify Dan'l to emergrate home diurgently, kaze Jeems Henry sho' done bin con-jured! Doctor Cutter done already distracted two blood-vultures from his 'pendercitis, an' I lef him now prezaminatin' de chile's ante-bellum for de germans of de neuro-plumonia, which if he's disinfected wid, dey gotter 'noculate him wid the icecoldlated quarantimes—but I b'lieves it's conjuration!"—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Doctor:—This is a very bad case! Very bad indeed. I much regret to tell you that your wife's mind is gone, completely gone.

Peck:—I'm not one bit surprised, doctor, she has been giving me a piece of it for the last fifteen years.

THAT ARMY RAZOR!

We have an army razor.
To use it would be a sin.
The handle is made of stove wood
And the blade is made of tin.

IS DEY?

An old negro woman went in a grocery store to buy some eggs. A darkey cleark came up to wait on her and she pointed at the eggs and said:—"Is dese here aigs fresh?" He answered—"I aint say in dey aint." Then she said—"I aint axin you is dey aint, I'se axin you is dey is, Is dey."

Tommy was keen to make his mark as a base ball catcher. When he began to have trouble with his hands, and somebody suggested soaking them in salt water to harden the skin, he quickly followed the advice.

A few days later Tommy had a misfortune. A long hit sent the ball crashing through a neighbor's window. It was the third Tommy had broken since the season began.

His mother nearly wept in anger when Tommy broke the news.

"Yer father'll skin yer when 'e comes 'ome to-night," she said.

Poor Tommy, trembling, went outside to reflect. His thoughts traveled to the strap hanging in the kitchen, and he eyed his hands ruefully.

"Ah," he muttered, with a sigh. "I made a big mistake. I ought to 'ave sat in that salt and water."

Orderly Officer:—"Any complaints men?"

Spr. Grouse:—"Yes, Sir, smell this meat."

Orderly Officer:—"Well, upon my word I believe this meat is just on the TURN."

Spr. Grouse (ex-Jockey):—"On the turn, Sir. I think it is half way up the stretch."

It was a tumbledown hole of an inn, but the two "commercial" had no choice. They were stranded b ya snowdrift and must lodge there or nowhere.

Full of misgivings, they retired to the only bedroom available, and, after bewailing their hard luck, climbed into the bed.

Presently a curious odor permeated the atmosphere—in other words, they smelt a smell. Vigorous search led one of them to the gas-bracket.

"I say, Mac," he shouted, shaking his slumbering friend, "wake up. The gas si escaping!"

"Well," growled the other drowsily, "d'ye blame it?"

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