

CURRENT WIT.

Customer: Here, waiter, take a coupon off this and ask the band to play five penn'orth of the Roast Beef of Old England.

The captain in the Canadian Infantry was fond of dogs, and he always allowed them on parade. One day, while drilling, he gave the order: "Company, quick march!"—

The dog barked,
The company halted,
The captain???????????

Say, Bill, I'd be ashamed of myself if I was as bald as you. Look at my head of hair.

I just want to ask you one question, Tom.

Yes?

Did you ever see grass growing on a busy street?

CAUSE FOR GRIEF.

Parson: Cheer up, sister; your husband is now in heaven.

Widow (sobbing): Yes, and so is his first wife, who he fairly idolized.

YOU MAY FIND IT HERE.

Our Sergeant had been to the School learning all about the in and outs of hand grenades. In turn it was his duty to instruct us. So one morning he said: "Boys, to-morrow we shall have hand grenades." After explaining all about them, he repeated, by the way of impressing the instructions: "So, then, to-morrow, we shall have grenades."

Just at this juncture a drowsy rookie who apparently had not been paying the slightest attention, spoke up stupidly: "What are we going to have, Sergeant?" Thoroughly impatient, the Sergeant snapped: "Grenades, Grenades; we are going to have Grenades to-morrow." "Thank God," said the rookie, "they're going to give us something besides corn-beef and cabbage."

A discussion between an Irishman and a Scotchman over the present unsatisfactory state of Ireland from a patriotic sense:—

Oh, damn Ireland, I says, says the Scottie.

An' damn Scotland, retorted the Irishman, with whole-hearted wrath.

An' to hell with the Pope as well, added the Scottie, trying to go one better.

An' to hell with Harry Lauder, yelled the Irish boy, triumphantly.

LADIES' CORNER.

THE KISS.

A kiss is a particular proposition of no use to anyone, yet absolute bliss to two.

The small boy gets it for nothing.

The young man has to steal it.

The old man has to buy it.

Its the baby's right.

The hypocrite's mask.

The young girl's faith.

A married woman's hope.

And an old maid's charity.

Editor's Note:—

Sorry, ladies, but what has happened to your correspondent's deputy? You will soon be off the map!

Correspondence.

The "Bulletin" does not necessarily associate itself with the views expressed by our correspondents.]

To the Editor C.R.O. "Bulletin."

Sgt. Perry is in receipt of the Booby Prize, and is highly complimented on being adjudged the homeliest beauty in the Competition.

The prize shall have its place amongst his household souvenirs, and shall be handed down to the next generation with the lesson that "Beauty is only skin deep."

Yours,

"While this machine is to him,"

J. A. PERRY, A.-Sgt.
(Old Bill.)

Bill, your are a sport.—Ed.

The Ed. C.R.O. Bulletin.

"By the love of Mike" what a Competition; and you called it a *beauty* Competition. Where's your brains? If I was as big a Muttonnead as your Judges, I'd resign. Anyway, I'll go so far as to challenge "Old Bill" any time he comes along, or Pte. Cohen, of R.Z.A. (who's got nothing on Old Bill), and to file past the girls of C.C.I. (touching beauty spots barred) and abide by their vote. Both of the above, in my opinion, have faces as if they had been pushed in and pulled out again, and remembering how my mother used to talk of my Grecian beauty when I was young, I feel a great injustice has been done to me. Mind you, dear Editor, this is confidential. My pride is not hurt, but if I am any judge, with a face like you: winner's got, when he grows up he'll eat his young.

Cpl. H. EASY.

Your letter has been passed on to the Sporting Ed., who we have no doubt will do his best to "pull your face in and out"; then you will stand a better chance next time.—Ed.

The Ed. C.R.O. Bulletin.

According to last week's issue the proposal to form a Pipe Band has seriously disturbed a couple of your readers, who evidently belong to the class who sneer at everything which their own "Superior" intelligence cannot understand. All that is claimed for the Bagpipes is that as martial music they are unexcelled, although it wouldn't be a severe strain on the imagination to compare them favourably with a great deal of the so-called music consisting of Bangs, Thumps and Buzz Saw noises which delight large modern audiences.

As regards the first claim, the proud record of the Highlanders in the present War and of the wars of 100 years ago, cited by "Desperate," bears eloquent testimony. Perhaps there is, however, a good reason why WE shouldn't have a Pipe Band, as it might make some of us dissatisfied with our cushy jobs and raise longings to follow the Pipes where the real work is done.

'ERB.

Correspondence (continued)

The Ed. C.R.O. Bulletin.

With reference to the Beauty contest, the result of which appeared in last week's "Bulletin," I have been requested by his numerous friends and admirers to take up the cudgels on behalf of Cpl. H. Easy, of R.Z.B.4. It came as a great blow to us all when we learned that the gentleman in question had not succeeded in taking the first prize. Without in any way wishing to disparage the taste or judgment of the Judges, I cannot agree with them in their decision. As I have the privilege of sitting in close proximity to Cpl. Harry Easy, I have an unusual opportunity of studying his classical features.

Might I therefore enumerate a few points in connection with his beauty, which were apparently overlooked by the judges.

1. His complexion is entirely his own and will not wash off (nor will it wash clothes).

2. The wave of his hair is natural and not as some jealous persons have hinted, the result of using curlers (it would break any ordinary kind).

3. His type of beauty is the only one of its kind in the office (thank God!).

4. Lastly, his smile is surely the most winning of his kind.

In view of all this, it is requested that a further competition be held, and that the Sporting Editor be the sole judge.

(Signed) S.-Sgt. J. ADAMS.

The Editor C.R.O. Bulletin.

Dear Sir,—It grieves me very much to read in your valuable paper such "tosh" as your correspondent "Desperate" indulges in.

His nom-de-plume is very appropriate, as it has always been when desperate that the Empire has appealed to the men who follow "the pipes," and they have never appealed in vain.

There is no idea to thrust anything "on" "Desperate," or any of his ilk, but only a desire to try and elevate and bring him to an appreciation of "REAL" music.

As for your correspondent "Voyageur," I think it is a pity that he ever voyaged so far from his native land, which apparently is Palestine, the land of the Jew's Harp and the sponge trade.

MUSICATAS.

The Ed. C.R.O. Bulletin.

Every lover of real Music appreciates Pipe Music, more so when rendered by those able to render it with the true national pathos.

A more comely sight is seldom seen than a real Pipe Band composed of *real Scotchmen*. I should imagine "Desperate" to be one of the many cosmopolitans who have joined Scotch regiments and whose nearest claim to Scotch nationality is through his great great grandfather Adam, whose only idea of music was the "bleating of lambs and lowing of kine." A real genuine Pipe Band of real Scotch pipers would educate his soul as to real music.

Yours truly,

A MAN O'ER THE BORDER.