

AN OVERSIGHT.

In a section of trench near Lens some Canadians having captured twenty-five half-starved Pomeranians in a night raid sent them back the following day with a polite note :

"Dear Fritz,—Herewith we return prisoners. In the circumstances they are hardly worth keeping. We would remind you that they usually bring their rations with them ; would you kindly put right the oversight ? "

A COMPANION.

An American war correspondent was on a trip to the front line trench to see how war really looked first hand. Just as he got there, the Hun started a raid but was repulsed by a terrific barrage put up by the British gunners. The noise was terrific and the sight terrifying to one unused to such things.

"Well, guv'nor, wot do you fink of it ? " asked a Tommy with a grin.

"Snakes !" said the American, "it's just like Hell."

"Blimey," said a voice behind him, "'ow these Yankee blokes do travel ! "