

HOT! HOT!! HOT!!!



The German Dilemma

—“Evening Star,” Washington.

OUR CAP. IS SURE A GREAT LITTLE MESMERIST.

Retreat had long since sounded, and the Presiding Genius of the Dental Dept. was enjoying a mental tonic in the form of the latest copy of “Knots and Lashings”. Chunks of bone, stray grinders and a broken pair of pincers, scattered invitingly about the premises, told of a more than usually successful day in the operating room.

Suddenly the door opened, and in walked a Sapper. With due diffidence and circumspection, he approached the genial Captain, and confidentially informed him that he had “one d— bad tooth.” Moreover he wanted to get it out quick. Incidentally he suggested the use of “gas or electricity or some of those other dinged new fangled things he had heard about.”

Now the hour was late; also the supply of gas and local anesthetics had been used up. But as is well known, the Cap. is one strong believer in “mental suggestion”. We know this for a fact.

After establishing the suffering Sapper comfortably in the chair, a 32 c.p. lamb was hung in the immediate vicinity of the victim’s nose. Also he was instructed to open his mouth wide and fix his gaze intently on the light.

As a result of earnest exhortation, the Sapper’s eyes were soon almost strating from his head. Then things happened fast. At the moment when the strong right arm of the Captain dexterously extracted the tooth, his orderly accomplice dashed a jug of water in the victim’s face and shook him out of the chair, exhorting him at the same time to wake up.

Events had moved rather quickly for the Sapper and he looked about in a dazed sort of fashion. The light, the jug of water and the simultaneous manhandling had worked like a charm. With rather uncertain voice, he thanked the head executioner and was thoroughly surprised when the extracted tooth was handed to him as proof that the job was done.

We really ought to get the Doc. to substitute a grenade for his pre-

sent badge,—the Portal of Health. We think he would be a distinct acquisition and ornament to the Canadian Engineers.

ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS MYSTERY.

A fair correspondent appeals to us to tell her where The Laird of B—n is when he is lost.

(We discreetly opine that there is more in this than appears on the surface. Better ’phone Sgt. Wagg, little one.)

A CERTAIN CURE FOR THE GERMAN MEASLES.

Mix some Woolwich powders with tinc. of iron or essence of lead, and administer in pills “or shells”. Have ready a little British Army “a little goes a long way”, some Brussels sprouts and French mustered. And a little Canadian cheese and Australian lamb and season with the best Indian curry. Set it on a Kitchener and keep stirring until quite hot.

If this does not make the patient

perspire freely, rub the best Russian Bear’s Grease on the chest and wrap in Berlin wool.

Doctor Cannon’s Prescription. P.S.—The patient must have on no account, any Peace-Soup until the swelling in the head has quite disappeared.

There’s a Guy who sells goods in this town,
Whose business once had great renown,
But it very soon dies,
’Cause he won’t advertise.
And the Soldiers are turning him down.

PAT.

SUGGESTIONS BY AN OBSERVER OF CLASS 39.

That certain Officers of Class 38 who insists on wearing riding crops with slacks, complete the atrocity by donning spurs.

John (angrily)—Now, I see through your subterfuge.

Marie—Well, that’s only because there’s a very bright sun.—Judge.