

I thank you, Mr. Editor, for your courtesy in granting me this space. So many kind things have been said of me, and so much undeserved credit given me, that I felt that I should make a clear statement of the facts of the matter.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

E. B. HOOPER (Capt.),
Chaplain G.C.S.H.

P.S.—Since writing this I have received 10/- from a Ramsgate business man. This, too, was unsolicited. I am most grateful to him.—E. B. H.

THE PADRE'S ADVICE



Smoke Here but not Hereafter

Drawn by
Capt. N. B. Taylor

Oh ! These Chaplains

HOW ONE OF THEM SAID GOOD-BYE

The minister of a near-by village took permanent leave of his congregation a few Sundays ago in the following pathetic manner :

Brothers and Sisters :—I came here to say good-bye. I don't think God loves this church because none of you ever did. I don't think you love each other because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me because you have never paid me my salary. Your donations are mouldy fruit and wormy apples, and by their faults ye shall know them.

Brothers and Sisters, I am going to a better place. I have been called to be a Chaplain of a prison. Where I go ye cannot come now, but I will go and prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy upon your souls. Good bye.