

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

1. Who is (Sergeant) Emmer-son?

2. Who is the Lance Jack from the discharge office, who after returning from leave to the States, neglected to remove the threads from his sleeves, where some patches or something were attached. More care must be taken in future Ralph. Eh what?

3. Who is the Lance Jack who strutted into the men's mess on Tuesday night, pausing in front of the kitchen, leisurely posing with his Sergeant's cane?

One Against The Scot.

A tired Scottish soldier, in the course of his wandering up the line, met an English soldier, equally tired with the slow travelling. To kill time they decided on a game of nap. After several hours' play the Scot had won four shillings and fourpence.

The train drew up at a station and the Englishman prepared to pay his losses. He managed to scrape together four shillings and threepence half-penny in change, and a one pound treasury note.

The Scot hadn't change for the note so the Englishman handed him the change, remarking:

"There's a halfpenny short, Mac. What shall we do?"

"Dinna fash yersel'," said the Scot. "It's a wee sma' matter. I'll take yer 'Daily Mail'—that'll mak it square!"

'Igh 'Am.

Two English soldiers sat in a French café with a plate of ham before each of them. They both sniffed significantly, and seemed reluctant to start the meal.

"Bit 'igh, ain't it?" said one.

"It is that," agreed the other; "it's 'igh 'am, very 'igh 'am."

"Tell 'em so," said the first.

"No—you," said the second. "You can talk the language."

"Orl right, I'll tell him," said the first. "Hi, garçon," he yelled.

The waiter came up.

"Je suis," said the soldier, pointing to his plate. "Très je suis."

A Question Of Destination.

It was rifle practice and the officer was very annoyed. O'Halloran had loosed off about two-

score rounds, and still the target remained untouched.

Pat fired another round, and the officer observed a flick of dust well away from the target.

"Pat," he said sternly, "do you know where your shots are going?"

"Sorra a bit, sorr," said Pat, placidly, "but I know they're leaving this end all right."

"Hold My Sandwich"

The sentry walked up and down in the heat, and was sick of it. He hadn't been "joined up" long, and it was his first experience. Towards mid-day he "cadged" a sandwich from a party on fatigue, and, seeing nobody of importance about, sat on the grass bank and began to eat it.

In the middle of his feast the major came along, but as he was in mufti the sentry didn't recognize him, and went on munching his sandwich.

"Do you know who I am?" said the major sweetly.

"Haven't the faintest idea," said the sentry.

"Guess!"

"Colonel's coachy?"

"No."

"Groom?"

"No—the fact is, I am your commanding officer."

"Heavens!" said the sentry, springing to his feet. "Here, hold my sandwich while I present arms!"

The Army "Flapper".

Mrs. Thomson was a proud woman. Her son had just been wounded at the Front, and she had received a letter from his C.O. which praised in the most lavish way the conduct of her dear boy. For about three days she lived in a little heaven of her own, and then came a letter from a "chum" of her boy, who narrated the exploit in full. The last paragraph filled her with horror; it was:

"And that's how we found him, unconscious, and hugging a flapper."

It was not until a week after that she discovered that a "flapper" was only a harmless signalling instrument.

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