

Tommies Tommyrotting Ossifers Ossifying and Non-Coms as Non-Competent as Ever.

A PROPHECY.

When the war was concluded in Hanover,
The Allies had exactly one man over;

But their object was gained—

Not one German remained.

So that man over ran over Hanover!

Two little darlings were playing in
the backyard; as it generally happens
among the female sex, a bragging-match
was soon started.

"My father is in the munition fac-
tory," boasted one.

"Oh, is he? My daddy is in the Bap-
tists," retorted the other.

"My father knows Sir Douglas Haig,"
chimed the first.

"Well, my father knows the Lord,"
exclaimed No. 2 triumphantly.

The first was nonplussed for a mo-
ment, but only for a moment.

"Oh, I dare say," she drawled, disdain-
fully, "But not to speak to."

Canteen assistants working among
our Canadian troops wonder at their
liking for sugar, as a great portion of the
amount used is generally found undis-
solved in the bottom of the cups.

Increase in prices and restrictions in
quantity available necessitated
economy, and finally the expedient of
dissolving a reasonable amount of sugar
in the milk supplied was adopted.

The first customer for coffee asked
for milk and then said: "Say, old timer,
got any sugar?" "Sugar's in the
milk," was the reply.

"Sugar in the milk?" "Some cow!"

Speaking of cows reminds me of the
following yarn:—A young chap was
busily milking a cow when a patriotic-
ally-inclined old lady asked him why he
was not at the front. "Because this is
the end you get the milk from," the
lad replied.

TASTES DIFFER.

The bottle of perfume that Willy sent,
Was highly displeasing to Millicent;

Her thanks were so cold

That they quarrelled, I'm told,

Through that silly scent Willy sent Mil-
licent!

"The baker," said the knowing
Tommy, "is the happiest man ever.
Everything he stirs up pans out well.
All he kneads is his, he has dough to
burn, and his stock is still rising. He
certainly takes the cake! He's a stir-
ring chap, and does things up brown.
Though he is well bred and somewhat
of a high roller, he is not above mixing
with his hands. Besides, he is pious,
and cheerfully icing his favours for
everybody. The baker is the original
wise man of the yeast."

ONE POTATO, ONE DRINK.

Bartender had No Change, so Another
Potion was served.

Monroe, Wis., Feb. 23.—A potato
passed as legal tender for two glasses
of beer here to-day.

The customer, having drained his
glass, drew from his pocket a genuine
white potato about the size of a hen's
egg and deposited it regretfully on the
bar. The bar-tender rang up the cash
register, deposited the tuber and then
turned to the customer: "I haven't a
bit of small change; better drink the
rest of it up."

The customer agreed, and thus the
entire potato was squandered.

WHY HE WAS ASSESSED.

Rev. F. J. Day, of North Rosedale
Congregational Church, Toronto, told this
one at a recent meeting of the Rotary
Club:

A resident of an English county town
owned a goat. It was an intelligent
beast, and used its head, but failed to
win the goodwill of the neighbours, and
the borough officials were called in. A
few days later the owner was served
with notice that he must pay two shil-
lings assessment tax on the animal. He
refused and demanded to know under
what statute a goat could be assessed.
The by-laws were hunted up, and sure
enough the provision was there. By-
law 12, subsection 3: "Anything
abutting on the highway," etc.