

The Untruthful German.

After one of the advances in Flanders, a party of English soldiers were told off to bury the German dead. While they were thus engaged one of the burial party suddenly called out:

"Hi! sergeant. Here's a bloke wot says that 'e ain't dead. What shall I do with him?"

The sergeant spat contemptuously.

"Can't believe a word they say," he replied. "They're all born liars. If he says he's dead, you can bet he ain't; if he says he's alive, you can bet he's dead. Shove him in!"

A "Happy Man".

In a certain Artillery Cadet School it was the regular practice of the C.O. to "put the wind up" new cadets as they arrived. He would go through the whole squad, individually asking questions, and generally making the new-comers feel uncomfortable. One morning he felt in just the right mood for it.

"What were you in civil life?" he asked the first man.

"Lawyer, sir."

"Lawyer, eh! Well, you'll find it best to be honest in the army."

"And you?" to the second man.

"Draper, Sir."

"Draper! Do you take this for a ladies' seminary?"

One by one the men received their dose, and finally he came to the last man in the squad.

"And, pray, what were you before you joined up?" he asked jountily.

The man looked at him sadly, and replied:

"A moderately happy man, sir!"

Cause For Amusement.

The C.O. of a certain Scottish battalion was in the habit of reading letters for several of his men who couldn't read or write.

One morning a brawny Scot handed him a long epistle, and begged him to read it. The letter finished, the officer remonstrated:

"It's too bad, Jock, your wife says she hasn't heard from you for over a month—is that so?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jock, "I canna write."

"That's no excuse; you know I am always happy to write for any of you. Come along, we'll send a

letter now. You dictate and I'll write it down."

He took a sheet of paper and waited, but Jock remained absolutely tongue-tied. At length the officer became impatient.

"Come on, fire away, we must make a start. What shall I say?"

No reply.

"Shall I begin, 'My Darling Wife'?"

"Ay," said Jock, "put that doon, that'll amoose her."

A New Use For Gas Helmets.

A young artillery subaltern had had a busy day at the observation post, and was preparing to go back to his battery, when to his surprise the group commander came in. After asking a lot of questions about the "shoot", the commander concluded:

"I suppose you brought your gas helmet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is it?"

The sub. pointed at it, hanging over his left shoulder in the canvas bag.

"You know how to put it on?"

"Yes, sir."

"Show me."

The sub. drew the helmet from the case with his fingers in the corners in the correct manner, and threw it over his head. To the commander's great surprise, and to the sub's utter humiliation, out dropped a pair of dirty socks!

Certain Proof.

At the British Base in France a certain Canadian regiment held the record for the use of the vernacular. It was pay night and troops were coming in from the town.

"Halt!" said the sentry. "Who goes there?"

"Seaforth Highlanders."

"Pass Seaforth Highlanders."

A few minutes later and another challenge.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"King's Royal Rifles."

A little later somebody stumbled over a tent-peg, and swore fiercely.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"What the blankety-blankety-blank has that got to do with you, anyhow?" answered the voice.

"Pass, Canadian," said the sentry promptly.

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