

INTERESTING STORIES ABOUT THE WAR

WAR YARNS THEY'RE TELLING

PETE BROWN was in the first stage of convalescence after a serious operation, and was in a ward with three other patients who were passing the time by criticising the surgeon in charge.

"He's very careless," said one, "when he sewed me up he left his scissors inside me."

"And he had to re-open me to recover a spool of wire," said another. "He left his tweezers in me," said a third.

Just then the door opened and the surgeon in question poked in his head. "Do any of you know what became of my satchel?" he asked, and Pte. Brown faintly—Ivan Hull, 15 Soho street.

IT WAS at the back of the fighting line where several men of an Irish regiment were having a quiet game of nap, when the following conversation took place:

"Not was that last card of deal ye Molke?"

"A spade."

"O! knew it. O! saw ye spit on yer hands before ye picked it up."—John Craig, 77 Grenville street.

A BRITISH soldier home on leave in a small village in England, was asked to speak at a recruiting meeting. This is what he said:

"I was a cold wet day, my pal and me were having a nice game of cards in our dug-out. I had won four and sixpence when we got the call to charge. I was taken prisoner by the Germans. So now, my kind friends, I want you to help me win the war. Then I'll get me four and sixpence."—Mrs. J. A. McVey, Tomdorden.

TWO women were on their way to work. One said to the other:

"Say, how long do yer think this war's going to last, Mrs. Murphy?"

"Well, my old man's gone, so I reckon it will be over in two weeks, as I never knew him to stick to a job long."

"That's a fair view, Miss Reid, 601 1-2 Yonge street."

A SQUAD of recruits were standing at ease upon the banks of a canal one chill November day.

"Fall in!" barked the sergeant in command.

"Bill," one of the recruits looked hopefully at the water, and then strode to the sergeant.

"Say, Sargeant, have a heart, for the love of Pete! I can't swim, besides I didn't join no cold stream guards."—B. G. Reynolds, Port Hope, Ont.

A DISTINGUISHED officer of the Indian army, Scotch to the core, never lost an opportunity of advertising his countrymen. One evening at mess he had a large number of guests, and had a magnificent specimen of a Highland piper on duty behind his chair. To draw attention to the man's splendid appearance, he turned to him and said:

"What part of Scotland do you come from my man?"

With a punctilious salute, the reply was: "Pipersay, yer honor!"—J. Gordon Bastedo, 6 Vermont avenue.

PAT got 24 hours leave from camp but did not return for 72 hours.

On his return the colonel asked: "Well, Pat, what kept you so long?"

"Well, colonel, the first day I was just going to leave when my wife took sick, and I had to stay with her," said Pat. "On the second day I was just going to leave when my mother-in-law died, and you know I couldn't

Send us the best war story you've heard. It can be a story of training or trench, or anything connected with war. Make it brief, and address it—War Stories, The Sunday World, Toronto.

leave just then. And on the third, I was just going to leave when my daughter became very ill, and I had to get a doctor, and I couldn't get here any sooner."

"Pat, your an awful liar," declared the colonel, "your wife wired me and told me you were on a drinking tour. Twelve days in the clink."

When Pat was being marched to the guard-room, he said: "Just a minute there, colonel, there's a lot of big lars around here, I'm not married at all."

—A. E. Sparling, 130 1-2 King street east.

A N army recruit went on parade one day with six medals on his chest. "Alas," said the officer, "you have seen service."

"No, sir," replied the recruit.

"Then what are those medals? You have no right to them."

"Sure and I have! Didn't me pigs win six first prizes at Torkington Fair?"

—Sigmund Weil, Merritton.

A YOUNG MAN presented himself at a recruiting office and told the sergeant in charge he wished to enlist.

"But you're too small," he objected.

"I am not so small as that man over there," answered the man.

"That," said the sergeant, "is an officer."

"Well," replied the applicant, "I'm not pertickler. I'll be an officer, too!"

—Mrs. Sam Greig, 479 Salton ave.

A MARINE was testifying about the explosion of a war vessel—an explosion which had sent him to the hospital for some months.

"Please give your version of the explosion," he was asked.

"Well," he said, "I was standing beside the gun; there was an awful racket, and the doctor said, 'Sit up and take this.'"

—Sheldon Thomson, Dundas.

AFTER an attack two Highlanders lay flat to escape the awful hail that swept the zone of fire.

Dusk came down, and the two hoarsely to his pal: "Let's make a move, Allok."

"Can't, boy; I've got it in the leg."

"Then get on the my back, an I'll carry ye in."

"Nae fear, laddie. 'Twould mean a V.C. for you, and I'm no another bull in the back."—Mrs. Smith, 184 Davenport road.

TOM PERKINS had just been rejected at the recruiting office because his teeth were not in the best of form.

Inspector: "I'm very sorry, but with your teeth in that condition, I can't pass you."

Tom (angrily): "Why not? They are the same teeth that you passed my brother with yesterday."—B. R. Williams, 6 Vermont avenue.

THE despatch bearer, who had lost his bearings, pored anxiously over a tattered and much-

thumbed map, seeking to trace a ruined tower, which was a well known landmark. "Well," he exclaimed at last, his eyes fixed on a certain spot on the map, "if that there's the tower, I'm on'right, but 'eaven 'elp me if it's a fly spot."—W. H. Scott, 516 Brock avenue.

A RECRUITING Sergeant once met an ignorant country youth standing "digg with his hands in his pockets before a house on which was the notice: "This building to be sold by Private Treaty."

The sergeant asked the yokel if he had ever thought of joining the army.

"Not me!" was the reply. "What's the good, there's now money in it."

"Oh! And how is it then that Private Treaty has a house for sale?" queried the sergeant.

The yokel looked puzzled and thoughtful, and presently the possibility of owning a house by joining the army grew into a certainty, and the country secured another recruit.—W. G. Cox, 74 Empire avenue.

THE following copy of a notice posted in the dugout he formerly occupied "somewhere in France" has been received by a wounded soldier now in a Welsh hospital:

"In one of the choicest localities in Northern France:

TO BE LET—Three minutes from German trenches. This attractive and well built dugout, containing one reception, kitchen, bedroom and up-to-date bunk beds, is on crooked, modern conveniences, including gas and water. This desirable residence stands one foot above water level, commanding an excellent view of the enemy's trenches; excellent shooting (snipe and duck). Particulars of the late tenant, Base Hospital, R. S., 79 Alexandra Blvd.

AT a place where the German and British trenches are sufficiently near to each other for vocal communication, a German called out that he had been a waiter in Liverpool and had three wives there. Immediately one of our London Tommies retorted: "Stick your head up, cocky, and you'll soon have three widows."

—Mrs. L. F. Cokerill, 234 Silver Birch avenue.

A SERGEANT here believed in handling his men firmly. Stopping before one recruit, he said:

"Now then, pull yourself together, you are standing all wrong; your leggings are on crooked, your uniform is not on right, your buttons are dirty, and you hold your rifle like a hay fork. Let's see if you can march."

"Right about face!" The recruit stopped, saluted, and said: "Thank goodness I am right about something anyway."—Mrs. W. Holder, 264 Wellington street, Brantford, Ont.

A COMPANY of new soldiers were out on a wide heath, practising the art of taking cover. The officer in charge of them turned to one of the rawest of the men.

"Get down behind that hillock there," he ordered sternly, "and mind, not a move or a sound."

A few minutes later he looked around to see that they were all contented, and to his despair discovered something wriggling behind the small mound. Even as he watched the movements became more frantic. "Stick your head up, cocky, and you'll soon have three widows."

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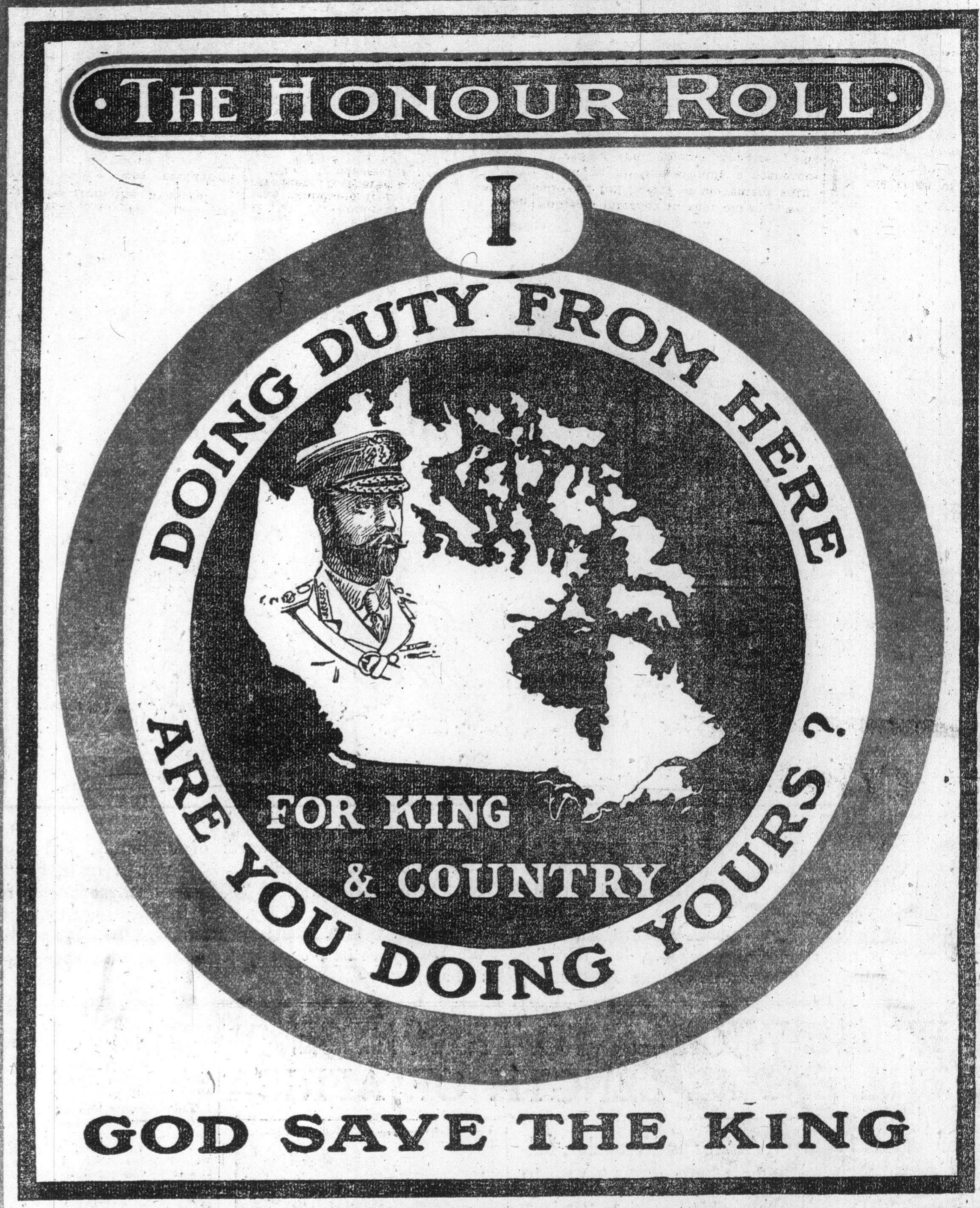
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If Any Have Enlisted for Overseas From Your Home or Shop---Display This



Cut this out, paste on a bit of cardboard, and show it in your window, if you have a right to do so. Clip one of the numbers below if more than one has honored your home by volunteering to fight for Canada and the Empire. A display of this card may induce people passing by to do their bit.

- 2
- 3
- 4
- 5
- 6
- 7
- 8
- 9

Work of British Red Cross Society Presents Spectacle of Romance

British and Canadians Have Royally Supported It, and Statistics of the Work It Has Accomplished Is a Romance in Figures.

NO MATTER from what angle the work of the British Red Cross during the war is regarded it presents a spectacle of romance. The British and Canadian people have splendidly supported the Red Cross, what has it done for their country? The answer is given in a remarkable number of figures. Here at a glance may be seen the vast ramifications of the work carried out since the beginning of the war:

- 1000 motor ambulances, costing \$1,000,000 a year.
- Three hospital trains running in France.
- Fifteen hospitals in France, Malta and Egypt.
- Nine vessels at the Dardanelles and Persian Gulf.
- 8500 surgeons, nurses, etc., sent abroad.
- Six rest stations in France for wounded men.
- Twelve hospital store depots in France and the near east.
- \$1,100,000 worth of surgical dressings.
- \$1,175,000 worth of gifts distributed, largely abroad.
- 2,400,000 garments and articles sent away.
- 50,000 packages of food and clothing sent to British prisoners of war.
- 32,000 hospitals in the United Kingdom.
- 25,000 of these provided with nursing staff.
- 2000 trained nurses working at home and abroad.
- 15,000 hospital ordelices.
- \$155,000 spent on equipments of King George's Hospital, Stamford street, S. E. (1650 beds); and
- \$120,000 a year contributed to cost of its maintenance.
- 4400 men treated at Red Cross Hospital, Netley.
- With every new battlefield the work grows. For the use of troops in the Balkans \$25,000 worth of surgical dressings has already been despatched.
- Romance has created the British Red Cross flag in the most unexpected places. It waves over a refreshment buffet at Mudros, the port of Lemnos; it floats in the breeze on Lancashire Lanes, in the shell-swept zone in

Gallipoli, the one at least one occasion a chance shot has brought it down, it flutters on 50 hospital ships running between the Dardanelles and Egypt; everywhere in the near east one encounters its benign welcome.

The story of the stores department is also a romance. At short notice it will give a wounded Tommy any article from a toothbrush to a fly whisk or an artificial arm. In eight hours it can complete an order for a kitchen outfit to feed a hundred men; in ten hours it can fit up an emergency hospital; in five hours it can have a plumber's shop crossing the channel, and in twenty hours only a half day's notice to send Christmas puddings and turkeys to whatever hospital the call comes from.

Recently Serbia, asked for fifteen tons of cotton wool; within twenty-four hours this entry appeared in the records of the stores department. "Order for Serbia completed."

What could be more romantic than to find H. M. stationery office in Stamford street, Lambeth, a vast hospital with 1650 beds? Only one thing the way the money for its construction was raised: individual donations of \$125 each to endow the beds were called for; the money was instantly subscribed and \$215,000 was applied to this object.

Duchess and the Washing

There are six operating theatres and a very fine X-ray installation. Each of the five floors has its own recreation room and there is a roof area of 1 1/2 acres, where patients may sit and take the air, with a splendid view over London. The hospital, which at the moment is very full, is a great favorite with the men.

The splendid Lady Hardinge Hospital in the New Forest, with 500 beds for wounded Indian fighters, is another feature of the work invested with romance. It is staffed by past and present officers of the Indian medical service and by nurses with practical experience of India and Indian customs. Sixty St. John men are working as orderlies and with them are a number of native cooks and sweepers. There are separate Mahomedan and Hindu kitchens, a winter garden with divans, gram-

phones with Indian tunes and a cremation ground for Hindus.

We could multiply the romantic phases of the Red Cross work. It is a romance to find a duchess not only providing most of the money for running a great hospital in France but also acting as one of the staff—doing in fact no more ambitious work than checking the washing returns. The hospital itself is a romance, hung as it is with beautiful paintings and looking in every respect a palace, with its grand staircases and galleries and its convoluted spacious salons.

It is equally a romance to find a hospital train equipped so wondrously that the wounded in being brought back swiftly and smoothly from the fighting line to the coast may almost imagine they are in a permanent hospital. There are three of these trains, each designed to carry about 450 men. Removable beds are supported on brackets on either side of the carriage, and are as comfortable as they can be made.

The capital outlay on the three hospital Red Crosses is over \$200,000. That known as "No. 11" has just completed its 101st trip, having carried in less than twelve months over 25,000 patients and travelled 28,000 miles.

Finally there is the romance of the devotion to duty of the heroic Red Cross workers and nurses, of which the latest glowing example is the refusal of Lady Ralph Paget to leave her hospital in Serbia before the approach of the enemy.

England has done well for the British Red Cross, but it has done better, in all truth it has given good value for the money, a lot of which was raised in Toronto.

AFTER the battle of the Marne, a famous Highland regiment was being praised by a well known French general, who addressed them in French. Two Irishmen were at a loss to know what he had said: "What sort of language did he talk?" said Mike to Pat.

"Don't show your ignorance. Can't you see the gentleman was talking shorthand?"—Samuel Nesbitt, 210 Weston road N., Toronto.

AT a certain occasion, whilst some officers and a few civil functionaries were sitting ganz gemütlich, at a restaurant, the obnoxious foot resounded, quite at hand, necessarily aimed at them, as to military motor was in sight. The tooter could not be found, after diligent search, and yet the toot would recur at irregular intervals. The audacious offender, however, was in time found out. It turned out to be an alien parrot, which some undiscovers fancler had wilfully and maliciously trained.

"At this point German thoroughness came to the rescue in its imperial integrity. The bird was placed under arrest, and charged with insulting the German army before a court-martial, over which the burly major presided. It was questioned; its replies were not only, as might have been expected, parrot-like and incoherent, but irrelevantly profane, and it would most aggravatingly insist on tooting, regardless of the majesty and the sol-

Fun and Tragedy in Brussels

M. S. PEREZ TRIANA, a distinguished South American, sends to the Nation stories of the "galling ordeals" which the German invaders have to suffer from the Belgians. He also shows what the Belgians suffer from the invaders!

"Motorcar tooting was exclusively limited, by special decree, to military motors; furthermore, certain specific modulations of toots were prescribed. Upon this, every gamin in Brussels commandeered whatever horn, trumpet, whistle, or the like instrument of tooture he could lay his hands on. The instant that any German officer ventured on the street the regulation toot greeted him, and clung to him, bursting forth from the ground like a rod, apparently, wherever he might go.

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WHY BRITONS ARE DEBARRED FROM DAMASCUS

A SALONICA REUTER'S correspondent learns of a serio-comic incident in Damascus: Enemy subjects interned in that old city were allowed full liberty of movement within limits, till one evening a scene occurred at the cinema theatre. The pictures were usually German war films, but on this occasion by some oversight the landing of Australians and New Zealanders in Alexandria was presented. Englishmen present applauded the scene with great zest, and the rest of the audience, probably not realising what it was all about, joined in very heartily. When the German consul in Damascus, Dr. Pavel, heard of the incident, he became furiously angry, and called upon the Vail to exile all who had participated in the demonstration. The Vail declined, pointing out that the authorities were to blame for having passed the film. The consul thereupon wired to Constantinople, and the Vail was ordered to deport all the male enemy aliens inland to Urfa (the ancient Edessa, in N. W. Mesopotamia). Later all women enemy aliens were deported to Urfa, where there is now a colony of nearly 300 allied subjects.

PROPHET OF SERBIA FORETOLD GREAT WAR

Peasant Predicted the Present Troubles Times Seven Years Ago.

IN the reign of King Peter terrible times that the people walking past the graveyard will look at the graves and say: "Alas, how happy are they, for they are dead and cannot see these terrible times."

That was one of the prophecies made by a Serbian peasant, whose sayings are talked of today in Serbia. Thomas the Rhymer's were in 1880, the year when Prince Michael was murdered. The peasant ran thru the village shouting: "They are killing Michael!" When it was found out that the murder had taken place the peasant was arrested and tried for blasphemy, but was found to be innocent. In the court he made many other prophecies, which were written down. He is said to have foretold the invasion in a mild winter, and the return of King Alexander and Queen Draga, and the return of the King georgevitch. He said that in Peter's time there would be a great battle, but that the decisive battle would be turned back by a general who would place near his birthplace.

JAMES LACKAYE, NEW COMedian and character, lead for Metro-nounces his name "Lackey," brother, Wilton Lackaye, calls self "La-ki."

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