

SMILES

Cultivating A Taste.

A certain regiment possessed a sergeant-major who was cordially disliked by every man-jack. The regiment was paraded on the barrack square, and the regimental mascot—a small terrier—was busy sniffing at some offal which the fatigue party had overlooked.

"Look at him, the dirty beast," whispered a soldier to the man next him.

"Let him alone," growled the other. "He may get a taste for the sergeant-major."

A Brotherly Feeling.

"Well, what's your trouble?" asked the officer.

"Took three prisoners, sir," said the weary-looking Cockney, with a pale gleam of triumph in his eye.

"Good! We'll have a look at them."

The Cockney marched in two filthy looking Germans.

"Where's the other one?" asked the officer.

"Other one, sir?"

"Yes; you said there were three."

"So there was, sir—so there was—but—er—I only brought two with me."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Well, you see, sir, it was like this; we was a-coming along together like; these 'ere two was in front, but the other one, being a married man like meself, sir, I walks with him. After a bit 'e starts telling me about 'is 'ome in Germany, so I tells him about my 'ome in Mile End. Then 'e starts on about 'is missus and 'is kiddies, so I tells 'im about my two nippers. Then 'e goes on about 'ow 'e might never see 'em again, and starts crying that awful, sir, I couldn't stick it; 'e seemed that there cut up about it—I—I was nearly crying too; so I takes my rifle and puts the poor blighter out of 'is misery."

Still A Young Man.

At one of the munition factories in the Midlands a gentleman was being shown over the workshops by the manager. When the visitor had gone, a Welsh worker turned excitedly to a fellow workman, and

said in great excitement:

"And did you see that now?"

"See wot?" said the laconic Englishman.

"That gentleman—it was Lloyd George's brother, look you."

"Well?"

The Welshman grew more excited.

"You have no sense whateffer. Don't you understand that was Lloyd George's brother, indeed?"

"Wot of it?" retorted the other. "Lloyd George ain't Gawd Almighty."

The Welshman nodded his head wisely, and replied:

"Ah, no—but he is a young man yet!"

A Mistaken Idea.

The Irish boy had had a busy morning. He had waited outside the recruiting office for three hours, had stood and shivered for another hour with barely anything on, and then, after being tapped and pulled about was told that he was rejected.

"And for why shouldn't I join the army, sorr?" he asked.

"You're rejected—medically unfit."

"And what's the matter wid me?"

"It's your teeth—they're in a shocking state."

"Me teeth!" he retorted. "Be jabbers! you're making a foine mistake, sorr. It's foighting the Germans I'm afther—not 'ating 'em."

The Ulterior Motive.

A young soldier had just been highly complimented by his commanding officer for an act of bravery under fire. The Padre, who was in the neighbourhood and had heard of the incident, made it his business to see the boy.

"It was splendid of you, my lad," he gushed. "To think of your going out there in the open under that terrible fire to bring in a wounded comrade!—words fail me."

"Oh, that's all right!" said the boy; "you see somebody had to save the blighter—he was the only one that had any cigarettes left, and he took them with him."

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.

Canada's Leading Hotel

The Windsor

Dominion Square, Montreal, Canada

EUROPEAN PLAN EXCLUSIVELY.

Centrally located in the heart of the shopping and theatrical district.

Service Unsurpassed.

Special rates for Military and Naval Officers.

John Davidson, Manager.

I. HEVEY, MERCHANT TAILOR

Tel. 126

RICHELIEU STREET.

St. Johns.

Tunics, Slacks and Breeches

(Made to order)

FOXES PUTTEES FOR SALE

Woolen Goods, Underwear, Gloves, Sweaters, Mufflers and Socks for Fall and Winter Wear—Also BREECHES for N.C.O.'s and Sappers.

SPECIAL PRICES ON Suits & Overcoats

For Discharged Soldiers.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO. LIMITED.

Makers of

"Five Roses Flour"

CANADA

"Flour is Ammunition—Don't Waste It."

NATIONAL HOTEL

ST. JOHNS, Que.

N. Lord, Proprietor.

A FIRST CLASS HOTEL FOR TRANSIENT AND PERMANENT GUESTS.

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.

REASONABLE RATES

J. H. RACICOT

Importer of Watches, Jewellery,

Cut Glass and Silver Ware.
126 Richelieu St. St. Johns, Que.

Meet your friends at

SAM'S BOWLING ALLEY

Opposite Windsor Hotel.