SWAT! SWAT!

Ten little flys All in a line, One got a swat! Then there were Nine little flies Grimly sédate, Licking their chops, Swat! There were Eight little flies Raising some more-Swat! Swat! Swat! Swat! Then there were Four little flies Colored green and blue; Swat! (Ain't it easy!) Then there were Two little flies Dodged the civilian-Early next day There were a million!

—е. w. j.

MORE, JOCK!

It was a famous story, proclaim it far and wide,

When Bold Jock Ewing the Fearless set forth on his great ride, "From Cabul to Candahar boys, it's all the same to me,

"I don't care where I get to when I mount my old Gee-Gee.

"The Afghans we were out to smash regardless of the price, "The General says to me, "Look, Jock, we'll have them in a

"So get your wits a'working and tell me your device.'

Old Jock gut busy thinking and worked him out a plan,

Where he would trick the dauntless and wily old Afghan,

reported to his chief.

"My brave Bold Jock," the General cried, "My tears will show my grief.

"Should you return successful, I'll grant you six month's leave!"

"A boon I crave before I go," cried Jock our hero brave,

"Should I fall in this adventure, please put this in my grave,

'Tis the button from Noah's haversack I prize it very highly,

"So carry out my wishes, Sir, ere I meet the Afghan wily.'

Jock paused in this old story; "My mem'ry's not so good

"I cannot tell a story as well as I once could

"I need some lubrication, I am not feeling well,

"I'll go and strafe a few big beers at the National Hotel;

"And then you'll hear a story worthy of the telling,

"Of how I pinched the Afghan Chief in the midst of his hordes yelling,

"And should I get a little mixed in times and dates and places, one cent.

"Forgive me for my memory poor and just fill in the spaces.'

Jock hied him down and bought some beer and says, "I'm feeling better

"I'll tell that ruddy story and I'll tell it to the letter,

"When I was in the Engineers a'servin of the Queen, Sir,

"I was a famous soldier as ever you have seen, Sir,

"The glory of my regiment, my Colonel's pride and joy,

"Believe me in those times, Jimmy, I was some soldier boy,

"Smart as a ruddy buttonstick on parade and in canteen,

"I've served my country everywhere, there's nowhere I aint been.

"Now get on with that story, Jock, and cut out all that stuff,"

Says Jimmy Boyd instructor, "I've nearly heard enough."

need more lubrication," says Jock with stricken look:

"Four beers is what will start me givin' extracts from my book, "So once more to the pub, Jim,

whilst I think out a text." We'll leave Jock lubricating-Continued in our next.

A mother objected to a punishment given by the teacher to her boy, and calling upon the teacher, asked in tones that were icy: "Miss Harrington, I wish some information on the outrageous proceeding. Kindly tell me just what end you had in view in punishing my son."

The teacher replied sweetly: "Why, I had the same end in view He dressed up as a native and that anybody would in spanking a little boy.'

> A Sapper was trying to cut a piece of choice beef and remarked to the Orderly Officer, who was passing at the time,—"Sir, I can't cut this piece of meat; they should take it back!"

> O. O.—"No, they can't take it back."

Sapper.—"Why, Sir?"

O. O.--"Because you've bent

"Some Sapper".

A Negro who had just contributed twenty-five cents to the Red Cross was accosted by a lady who asked him if he had done his bit towards the Red Cross. "Yes mam," replied the darky, "I'se just done my 'two bits'.'

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