

OUR VINEGAR BARRACKS HOME.

By Lyn, B. Coy.

Although you're not a mansion With marble halls of fame, With hardwood floors and oaken doors Or a fancy high brow name, You have no open fire-place No pictures on the wall, No first class modern dining room Or recreation hall, Yet when we say good-bye to you And return to our homes once more, We'll sit around in the evening And talk of the Great World War, We'll sing of your comforts and beauties For time lends enchantment and fame, We'll forget the fatigue and the duties As we honor and glory thy name, We'll forget the hard bunks we slept in The beef stew, the coffee and tea, But the pals that we met, We will never forget. No matter where we may be, The pals, and the good times we'll think of As we blow the top off the foam, And we'll all drink a toast With never a roast To our Vinegar Barracks Home.

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

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SMILES

The Barrister Ranker.

A rather well-spoken Sapper was brought up before the C.O. on a charge of insubordination. The C.O., who was extremely busy, wanted to get the case over and was very abrupt in his manner. "Were you insubordinate?" he asked. "Well, sir, the fact is—" "I don't want to hold a debate on the matter—I want a plain 'yes' or 'no'," interrupted the C.O. "But, sir," pleaded the man, "there are some questions that cannot be answered by a plain 'yes' or 'no'." "Nonsense!" retorted the C.O. "I beg to differ, sir," said the private boldly. "Oh, you do, do you!" said the C.O. "Then just put a question to me that cannot be answered by the plain negative or affirmative." To his surprise the private said in strident tones: "Have you ceased to ill-treat your wife?"

Too Good To Last.

The kindhearted district visitor was 'doing her district,' and handing out comforting words and good advice wholesale. That such was not always needed or appreciated mattered little to her contented mind. She had just finished with Mrs. Smith, whose husband had lately displayed great affection for his wife by gently admonishing her with a frying pan, and was on her

way to sympathize with Mrs. Jones. Mr. Jones was now Corporal Jones, of the Blankshires, on active service.

The district visitor walked into the tiny room with a brisk "good afternoon".

Mrs. Jones replied with a return of the compliment.

The District Visitor: "Cheer up, Mrs. Jones; they say the war will be over in three month's time."

Mrs. Jones looked up and heaved a great sigh.

"Ah, me! that's just my luck—twenty-seven and six a week, and me 'ole man away. I always said it was too good to last."

Breaking The News.

The colonel had returned home after a long sojourn in France. As he had been shifted about from place to place during the past twelve months, very few letters had reached him, and he was anxious to find how things were at his home. At the station his faithful old manservant met him with a trap.

"Well, John," said the officer cheerily, "anything happened whilst I've been away?"

"Noa, sir," said John, "nothin' at all—er, that is to say, nothin' much, but I'm sorry to tell ye, sir, that the old dog had gone and died."

"Dear me," said the colonel, much upset, "that's bad. But how did it happen?"

"Well, nubbody seems to know, but some do say as how he died from eatin' charred wood."

"Charred wood!" exclaimed the colonel. "But where could be get

charred wood from?"

"From the stable mebbe," said John. "It was burnt down, sir."

"Burnt?—dear me, that's bad luck. How did it catch fire, John?"

"The mansion, sir—the flames must have spread—"

"Flames! You don't mean that the mansion is burnt down?"

"I do, sir. They do say it must have happened through the candle at the side of the corpse falling over—"

"Corpse! This is terrible. What corpse?"

"Your aunt, sir—she died from shock."

"Shock! What kind of shock could she have?"

"Well, sir, they do say as it was the shock of hearing that your wife had run away with the captain up at the manor."

On hearing this, the colonel's nerves broke down, and he let his head fall into his hands.

"Good God!" he moaned, "then I've nothing left, nothing in the world left."

"Well, well, sir," said John tenderly, "I shouldn't go so far as that. You'll be glad to hear I've had the old dug stuffed!"

The Major Plays The Game (?)

The major was very deaf; for this reason all his fellow officers avoided him after dinner. He was a very good chap, so they said, but it was deucedly uncomfortable to have to yell in his ears all one's pet views on subjects like the duration of the war, etcetera.

The major was very fond of billiards and as he could not find anyone else willing to play him, he cajoled his nephew, who belonged to the same mess, and made him an unwilling victim.

The game was deadly dull for the major was a rotten player. After making for a cannon which he missed by about half a foot, he went to play again. The nephew said in a very loud voice:

"That was not a cannon!" "It was my boy," said the major.

The nephew shouting at the top of his voice again said:

"That was not a cannon." The major looked up very benevolently and said:

"Oh, yes it was, my boy! I heard the clock of the balls."

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