



A Weekly Newspaper, sanctioned by the Officer Commanding, and published by and for the Men of the E. T. D., St. Johns, Quebec, Canada.

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5 Cents The Copy

RECONSTRUCTION OR READJUSTMENT?

By

Bernard Rose.

In an address recently delivered before the members of the Ottawa Canadian Club, the Honourable A. K. McLean, Chairman of the Reconstruction Committee of the Cabinet, did not regard the term "reconstruction" as the appropriate one in connection with after war conditions. He expressed the opinion that the word "readjustment" was to be preferred, since it was not so much the rebuilding which is synonymous with reconstruction, as the readjusting of conditions and industrial dislocation due to the war, that was the problem with which all loyal Canadians must grapple.

Words and terms have their uses. Their proper understanding and definition does away with the confusion that inevitably results where the language used or terms applied are not simple and clear.

From the remarks which he addressed to his hearers, it was quite evident that Mr. McLean had been giving the matter a good deal of thought. It is fortunate for his colleagues and collaborators that he is temperamentally qualified to

deal with questions of the importance that come up for discussion, in a dispassionate and constructive manner.

The term reconstruction is, in so far as it applies to Canada, somewhat too radical. Fortunately, we at no time, during the whole period of the war, were favoured with visits from German squadrons, zeppelins, or aeroplanes. Our industrial energy was directed into war channels. This naturally, brought about certain changes and a distribution of labour and employment that would not have otherwise occurred. The production of war material and equipment necessitated the employment of large numbers of men and women who were paid high wages and who were employed during not only the regular work day, but considerably beyond that, in speeding up the production of all that was required for the carrying on of the war.

I think it should be pointed out and repeated that the production of war material was essentially and wholly for destructive purposes. In other words, there was no real benefit derived in the popular sense of the term from the labour of those engaged in the manufacturing of war material.

In peace times the working population is wholly employed in production for consumption. We may distinguish this kind of production from that of the war period by calling it profitable and

the other unprofitable.

What confronts us in Canada, is not the rebuilding of devastated territory or houses or destroyed factories and plants, but the providing of opportunities whereby

those who are now displaced may find employment and reinstate, so to speak, the era of manufacture and distribution for national needs.

We must expect that capital will

IN A HOSPITAL

Sister, Sister! Can't you hear the humming,
Swelling ever louder in the clear and moonlit sky?
Aye, I know it well, the sound that tells the Boche is coming;
Get you to the shelter now, while yet there's time to fly.
Curse them for a dirty crew, they know the game they're
playing,
Making war on mangled flesh that can but lie and moan.
Still you cannot help us here, so what's the use of staying?
Get to shelter, Sister, I can stick it on my own.

Sister, Sister, hark! the bombs are falling,
Nearer ever nearer comes the tides of wounds and death;
Spatter of machine guns to swell a din appalling,
Acrid fumes that reek of hell and grip the strangling
breath!

I can do without my drink and count myself in clover;
I can carry on a treat if only you will go,
Only for a little while until the strafe is over—
Get to shelter, Sister, dear, this ain't a woman's show.

Sister, Sister! Ah! the dark stain is growing,
There beside the cross of love and mercy on your breast;
Proudly to the cruel foe the badge of courage showing—
What have we to give you, who gave us of your best?
God, Who chasteneth His own by pain and tribulation,
Make my body whole and sound against the coming day.
Vengeance, Lord, is Thine, but hear Thy servant's
supplication—
Make of me thine instrument whene'er Thou shalt repay!

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not engage in new industrial experiments or the production of commodities unless it has some assurance that it is not taking unnecessary risks, and will after a given period, obtain some return on the capital invested. This is one of the phases of that readjustment that Mr. McLean and his committee are evidently giving serious consideration.

The average citizen, in spite of all the criticism levelled at the Government and the members thereof, regards one and the other as almost omnipotent. He forgets that a Government is only an aggregation of citizens like himself and as a general rule of average intelligence. They have no magic wand with which wonders can be performed but must depend upon their own knowledge and the information which they acquire through third parties. This involves delay which causes bitterness and awakens ill will on the part of the public towards the Government.

Although the Canadian Government has shown a commendable willingness to do all that can be done to facilitate the readjusting of industrial conditions, some hardship is inevitable in so far as it affects the great bulk of the working men of this country. The various plans and programmes that have already been drafted have so far, not come into actual operation. Committees have to be named and commissions appointed and in the meantime idle labour becomes obstreperous.

It has been stated that the high wages earned have no doubt been the means of permitting the workers to put aside a reserve upon which they could subsist until industry is again quickened into a profitable prosperity. Whether all workers have been sufficiently thrifty to lay aside part of their earnings is something that can only be answered by the individuals themselves.

The Government cannot, even with the best intentions in the world, assume the whole responsibility of finding employment for the hundreds of thousands who have been displaced as a result of the conflict ending. It can advise, stimulate and aid. It can hardly initiate or supervise, using the latter term in the sense of the owner of capital and machinery.

The capital required to organize industries is beyond the power of

the Government to obtain. It must, therefore, depend largely upon the good will of those who are best acquainted with the creating and developing of established and new industries. If we had the financial resources of the United States and its ability to secure loans, we might be able to organize industry on a huge scale or subsidize it to such an extent that work could be found for all. With a territory as large as our neighbor to the South, and a population about one-fourteenth its size, we can hardly hope to be able to accomplish the results that would be possible if our population and financial resources were greater.

In matters industrial we cannot go much further. A great deal of whatever resources the Government has at its disposal are, and will be used in connection with satisfying the wants of the returned soldiers and their dependents. They will always have first claim. Those who are entrusted with the problem of readjustment must therefore, seek to cause population to flow into the less sparsely populated parts where it will engage in such occupations that even in normal times complain of a dearth of labour.

In the engineering and mechanical industries other than shipbuilding, there is bound to be a slackness until such time as a number of steel and other mills will be established and in working order. The average workman cannot expect to become the pensioner of the State during a period of unemployment. He may claim with a certain amount of justification assistance in the shape of a grant or loan, but hardly as a gift that comes to him as a matter of right.

We are not as hide bound as some of the countries in Europe. Our workmen are more self-reliant and independent and want no doles. They seek employment at good wages and in so far as it can, it is the duty of the State to aid them obtain such employment and assist them with such machinery as it has at its disposal.

The machinery for a series of bureaux has already been organized and what is now required is a campaign carried on, having for its object the production of any and all material for which a home and export market can be found. We must create a demand for labour. Once this is done there will be no further necessity for Government

interference since matters will readjust themselves in accordance with well known laws.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

St. Johns, N.B.,
January 12th, 1919.

The Editor,
"Knots and Lashings".
Sir:—

In your last edition the major portion of your back page printing space was devoted to a poem entitled "Now and Then" by a "Looker On", with which same I decidedly disagree as to sentiment, though acknowledging the writer's successful attempt to put into verse an impression which is all too common around our Depot. In refutation of this sentiment I would be obliged if you will print the following.

Briefly my own case:—

I reached St. Johns in March last, just at the time of the Quebec riots and when feeling ran the highest, when soldiers scarcely stirred from the barracks except in pairs and we turned in at nights never knowing what the morning would bring forth, when we fed on the wildest rumours and the whisper of Civil War and when, if ever, according to "On Looker", we should have found ourselves ostracised and outcast so far as girls were concerned. And yet right in the middle of the difficulty we held a dance (the first of the season in the Oddfellows Hall) at which at least half of the approximately fifty ladies present were French Canadian, and I can commit myself as stating that never in my life did I meet a more congenial or ready-to-become-acquainted assembly, while all through the trouble and the months following, Summer, Autumn and the winter-time now with us, I have found them the same—girls just as dear and just as sweet and ready to be friendly as our own Darlings back home: this in spite of the fact that I am unable to speak French.

I hold no brief for the French Canadian shopkeeper who has sometimes tried to fleece our men or for the class of French Canadian male civilian which has always maintained an attitude aloof, aye, or for the very occasional French Canadian housewife whom prejudice and lack of acquaintance have swayed to regard us as something evil, but I do emphatically rise in the defence of French Canada's Young Womanhood (at least in the city of St. Johns, Quebec) than which I declare there is none more charming, hospitable and altogether delightful to be found in

all the length and breadth of this continent of ours and our cousins to the South.

There may be some still left in our Depot who agree with a "Looker On", but I am thankful to say that there are also those who know what I speak the truth, while many a lad still overseas or perhaps back again in his home town can yet remember with pleasure his sojourn in the heart of much-maligned Quebec, whose shortcomings were due to misinformation or ignorance, rather than outright disloyalty, of a people accustomed to have their path marked for them.

"Onlooker" apparently complains that the ladies adopted the 'wink and nod' policy too late in the game, but I must confess surprise to learn that it is even now in vogue. We have gentlewomen in Quebec as elsewhere and to obtain their acquaintance it is hardly to be expected that the same system as that employed for the fascination of the hapless little professional flirt will succeed with girls who have graduated from among the most select finishing schools in Canada and whose home life is one of refinement: which same does not indicate them as prudish, for they are essentially good sports. In any case one perhaps better informed than either "Onlooker" or myself commits himself as follows:

"Oh, she's chic and she's smart
An' she's got plenty heart
If you know corree' way go about,
An' if you not know she will soon
told you so,
Den tak' de firs' chance an' get
out;
But if she loof you (I spik it for
true)
She will mak' it more beautiful
den,
An' de sun on de sky can't shine
lak de eye
Of de Nice Leetle Canadienne."

And so I had better rest my case, the defence of the Darlings who were always ready to take a fellow for what he was, not what he had, who in some cases ran the gauntlet of parental disapproval for the sake of our friendship, and who could be counted on to stick when treated fairly—the laughingly vivacious, daintily chic, sweetly sympathetic and wholly adorable French Canadian daughters of old St. Jean.

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THE SPIRIT OF LABOUR.

The news that the spirit of evil, called Bolshevism, finds no resting place in the ranks of organised Labour in Canada is the occasion for congratulation. To the Labour leaders here, this is neither the time nor place for the Labour Unions to embarrass the government with either threat or rumours of threat. Let us look at the matter from both standpoints. The armistice closed down work at munition factories, but it must have been patent to every person employed upon munition, that this was an industry of mushroom growth, an industry created by the dire and peculiar necessity of the moment, and as soon as its utility was no longer apparent, would cease to be. That is exactly what happened. But did the worker provide for that period of stoppage? Not at all, he spent as he received, and as a matter of fact they were very much better paid than the Soldier. Consequently they are feeling the pinch of unemployment, and some of them ask that the Government should come to their assistance, because they were doing public work, and "The Soldier" was cared for at the rate of \$100.00 per month for six months, but "the Labourer got nothing." Did the Soldier have anything like the chances that the Labourer had of making money? Not much, he gave of his all to the country for \$1.10 per diem, lived in mud and slush, had no comfortable bed, was under the canopy of heaven in all sorts of weather conditions, and dodged death and destruction daily; whilst the Labourer had all his home comfort, worked under comfortable conditions, had light and heat, and better wages than he had before. Consequently it was up to him to make provision for himself, and not the employers or the Government. The government has performed an enormous amount of work during the last four years and a half. It practically created and equipped an army of 500,000 men and maintained them in the field, and bent its energies to giving loyal and enthusiastic support to the Allies in their endeavour to overcome the Germanic powers. Now they are giving just as much attention and energy to the question of the readjustment and return to civil life of the soldier, and so as not to glut the Labour market and incidentally to give the boys a rest, are giving them from three to six months' pay. This is perfectly fair, and from the Soldier's viewpoint very commendable, but unfortunately this does not please the Bolsheviki who make the noise usually at the Labour Unions, and after making good money they are like the boy in "Oliver Twist", they want more. Thank goodness, sanity still prevails amongst our Labour leaders, and we do not doubt that they will lend a willing hand to the Government in its endeavours to find a solution to the many difficult problems that are surging around us at the present moment. May we urge that the wonderful spirit that came over this country during the war and developed in such a remarkable manner the organising capacity of the nation for war, will be used to place the country in the van in the world of commerce and industry. We have no use for the Bolsheviki in Canada. The country offers boundless opportunities for all. Let us unite and organise for peace as we did for war, and the country's future prosperity is assured.

DIARY OF THE MEDICAL
OFFICER OF THE SIX-
TIETH BATTALION

(Concluded)

July 4th.—We went into Brigade support at Ypres, the companies being billeted in the ruins of an old Infantry Barracks. I was at Headquarters which were in an old Wine Vault in the Ypres Ramparts. My medical staff were in the basement of an old ruined hospital and it was here that I held my sick parades.

One company was about a mile and a half away in an old Belgian Chateau near Kruistraat, and I had to walk over each day to see if there were any sick.

They were shelled one morning at the Chateau and one man was killed and several wounded.

We stayed here for 12 long days. One day the Infantry Barracks was shelled and some men wounded. Major O'Donahue telephoned me to go over, which I did under shell fire. One man died of wounds. On the way back the Boshes started to hand us more shells and I ducked into a cellar. They sent over heavy shells for half an hour, and I sat there, hoping that they would not land on the cellar. They came all round but never got me. I was very glad to get out and back to the Ramparts.

July 15th.—We left Ypres by train at night, and went back to Camp B, now called Camp Erie.

July 16th.—A ten mile march back to rest billets at Steenvoorde, France, for ten days rest and training. The country was lovely, and it was a great treat to get away from shells and the sound of guns. Here we had a nice quiet time for ten days, the men in barns and the officers in farm houses.

July 26th.—A ten mile march back to Camp B.

July 27th.—On to the Bund at Zillebeke Lake for a week. Whilst here I explored the country to find suitable places for dressing stations, etc. Maple Copse was all ploughed up, all the dugouts were smashed down and there was not a leaf left on a tree.

August 11th.—We took over trenches from the Tenth Battalion of the First Division, who were to start South for the Somme. These trenches were at Hill 60 and were

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not very healthy as the enemy had lots of artillery and trench mortars in this sector, and the whole place was undermined and full of mines ready to blow up at any moment.

We relieved the 10th Battn. about midnight, and I established my Regimental Aid Post in a railway cutting, about 200 yards behind the front line.

August 12th.—At 8 a.m. the enemy commenced a severe bombardment with heavy artillery and trench mortars which lasted four hours. Of course we replied, and gave him more than he gave us.

The front of my Aid Post was hit and I was sealed up tight. When they dug me out I was rather afraid that it would be a German face that I would see. Happily, however, it was a Canadian. They opened a hole and started passing wounded in to me. We had a hard time. While we were sealed up I kept Sgt. Toye busy lighting candles, for we were in the dark. No sooner would he light them than a shell would come and the concussion would put them all out. He used two boxes of matches.

August 13th.—The enemy opened up on us again, and buried many of our men. We had a terrible time with partly asphyxiated and partly shell shock cases.

One of our Stretcher Bearers was badly wounded by a shell, while helping to carry back a wounded man on a stretcher—the dirty Huns could see them. One morning I had to go out under shell fire to attend a poor chap with a hole in his chest the size of one's fist. I could not save him and he died on the way to the Dressing Station.

August 16th.—We were relieved at Hill 60 by the 52nd Battn. and I was not sorry as we had had during this tour 150 casualties, including 24 killed. Among them was Lieut. Arthur King and, as he was being dressed in the trench, a passing party of men halted so as not to disturb the operation. He said, "Carry on, boys, I'm only a casualty." He died soon after.

We now went into Brigade Support at Railway Dugouts. Here we were quite heavily shelled one day, and a man was killed.

August 20th.—I was relieved by another medical officer and re-

ceived orders to report in London to the D.M.S.

I was glad to get away, for I felt played out, but at the same time I hated to leave the boys, and I felt sorry for them, as they had to return to Hill 60 that night.

August 23rd.—I reported to D.M.S. in London, having travelled from Hill 60 by way of Kruistraat, Transport Lines, Poperinghe, Boulogne and Folkestone.

During the six months I served with the Sixtieth Battalion in France and the Ypres Salient we had the following casualties,—

Officers	21,	killed	8
Other ranks	697,	killed	108
Total	718	killed	116

H. L. Pavey,
Major, C.A. M.C.

A Warning To Others.

The soldiers met by accident in the market-place of a French town. They had been to a little concert and were not quite so clear headed as they might have been.

The second found the first gazing up at a lighted window on the top floor of a tall building.

Said the first: "There's something peccoliar about the moon to-night, aint there 'Arry?"

"That's not the moon," said the second; "it's the sun!"

"Get out!"

"Corse it is—the moon ain't up yet."

They argued the point for some little time, each convinced that he was right. Eventually a third man entered on the scene.

"Ere," said the first; "'ere's another bloke; let's ask him."

On being asked, the third man stared, puzzled at the light, and then shook his head doubtfully.

"Sorry, chum," he said, "I haven't the faintest idea—you see, I'm a stranger in these parts!"

Heard In The Y. M. C. A.

"And what can I do for you?" said the motherly lady behind the counter.

"D'ye keep tooth brushes?" asked the big trooper.

"Yes."

"I'd like one, please."

"Certainly! — and what kind would you like, a soft-haired one or a stiff one."

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There has been considerable elation accompanying some of the Engineers who were so fortunate as to spend a leave of absence to their home town in the U.S.A. such as having been distinguished as army officers as their classy uniforms were quite unknown to their homefolk as being a everyday Sapper's attire. The following clippings from the Easton, Pa., newspapers give an idea.

**Sergeant Ralph W. Emmerson of
Canadian Engineers Here.**

Sgt. Ralph Waldo Emmerson, a former newspaper man, of this city, now with the Canadian Army Engineers in Canada, is spending a six days leave of absence with his wife here.

Sgt. Emmerson called on his former associates in the Newspaper game, at the Free Press Office today, and it might be said that he looks fine in that Natty Canadian Officers' Uniform.

**Sergeant Emmerson Will Take His
Family to Canada.**

O.R.S. Ralph Waldo Emmerson, a former Easton Reporter, who is now in the Canadian Army, at the Engineers' Training Camp, at St. Johns, Que., and who is spending a short furlough in Easton, will leave again on Friday. He will be accompanied to Canada by his wife and son, Herbert.

After completing his work at St. Johns, Sergeant Emmerson expects to be transferred to Montreal to assist in the demobilization of the men returning from Overseas Service. He expects to be in the Service for at least six months more.

AN EYE FOR COLOR.

The Canadian soldier strolled into a first-class compartment of a L. & N. W. train, and made himself comfortable in a corner seat. The only other occupants were two elderly ladies.

The Canadian took out a cigarette case, then noticing that it was not a smoking compartment, said: "Say, I guess I got the wrong box! Do you ladies object to my smoking?"

Both ladies beamed affably and assured him they didn't mind a bit, whereat he lighted a cigarette and was happy. Two minutes later an austere looking old gentleman

entered. He took the seat opposite the Canadian, and, as he sat down, dropped his ticket on the floor. The soldier dived down and rescued it, smiling enigmatically at the owner as he handed it to him.

A little later the old gentleman began to sniff and look around him. It wasn't long before he discovered the cause of the smell.

"This is not a smoking compartment," he said significantly.

"I know that, but I got the ladies' permission," replied the Canadian.

"Nevertheless, I object, and although you were kind enough to rescue my ticket, I must ask you to cease smoking.

The Canadian took not the slightest notice but went on puffing away serenely.

The old gentleman got very excited and called the guard.

"Guard, I object to this gentleman smoking in a non-smoking carriage."

"Sorry, sir," said the guard to the soldier, "I must ask you either to stop smoking or find a smoking compartment."

"First of all," said the soldier, "I should like you to examine that gentleman's ticket."

The old gentleman stammered a refusal, and blushed crimson. The guard began to get suspicious.

"May I trouble you, sir?" he said.

"What right has that gentleman to—"

"I must insist, sir," interrupted the guard sternly.

Finding further protest useless, the ticket was produced, and proved to be a third-class one.

The old gentleman was bundled out bag and baggage into a third-class compartment, and the Canadian went on smoking. The two ladies were highly amused.

"Excuse me," said one of them, "but how did you know he had a third-class ticket?"

The Canadians grinned broadly.

"Snakes! It was like stealing candy from a baby. I saw the color of it—it was the same as mine!"

W'en 'e Did Say Somethin'—

A delightfully humorous summing up of Sir Douglas Haig's character comes from a wounded Tommy.

"'E don't say much, 'Aig don't," observed the critic. "'Ee don't, so to say, say nuffin; ne 'alf. But if 'e do say somethin'—blimy!"

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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."

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THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

1. Who is (Sergeant) Emmer-son?

2. Who is the Lance Jack from the discharge office, who after returning from leave to the States, neglected to remove the threads from his sleeves, where some patches or something were attached. More care must be taken in future Ralph. Eh what?

3. Who is the Lance Jack who strutted into the men's mess on Tuesday night, pausing in front of the kitchen, leisurely posing with his Sergeant's cane?

One Against The Scot.

A tired Scottish soldier, in the course of his wandering up the line, met an English soldier, equally tired with the slow travelling. To kill time they decided on a game of nap. After several hours' play the Scot had won four shillings and fourpence.

The train drew up at a station and the Englishman prepared to pay his losses. He managed to scrape together four shillings and threepence half-penny in change, and a one pound treasury note.

The Scot hadn't change for the note so the Englishman handed him the change, remarking:

"There's a halfpenny short, Mac. What shall we do?"

"Dinna fash yersel'," said the Scot. "It's a wee sma' matter. I'll take yer 'Daily Mail'—that'll mak it square!"

'Igh 'Am.

Two English soldiers sat in a French café with a plate of ham before each of them. They both sniffed significantly, and seemed reluctant to start the meal.

"Bit 'igh, ain't it?" said one.

"It is that," agreed the other; "it's 'igh 'am, very 'igh 'am."

"Tell 'em so," said the first.

"No—you," said the second.

"You can talk the language."

"Orl right, I'll tell him," said the first. "Hi, garçon," he yelled.

The waiter came up.

"Je suis," said the soldier, pointing to his plate. "Très je suis."

A Question Of Destination.

It was rifle practice and the officer was very annoyed. O'Halloran had loosed off about two-

score rounds, and still the target remained untouched.

Pat fired another round, and the officer observed a flick of dust well away from the target.

"Pat," he said sternly, "do you know where your shots are going?"

"Sorra a bit, sorr," said Pat, placidly, "but I know they're leaving this end all right."

"Hold My Sandwich"

The sentry walked up and down in the heat, and was sick of it. He hadn't been "joined up" long, and it was his first experience. Towards mid-day he "cadged" a sandwich from a party on fatigue, and, seeing nobody of importance about, sat on the grass bank and began to eat it.

In the middle of his feast the major came along, but as he was in mufti the sentry didn't recognize him, and went on munching his sandwich.

"Do you know who I am?" said the major sweetly.

"Haven't the faintest idea," said the sentry.

"Guess!"

"Colonel's coachy?"

"No."

"Groom?"

"No—the fact is, I am your commanding officer."

"Heavens!" said the sentry, springing to his feet. "Here, hold my sandwich while I present arms!"

The Army "Flapper".

Mrs. Thomson was a proud woman. Her son had just been wounded at the Front, and she had received a letter from his C.O. which praised in the most lavish way the conduct of her dear boy. For about three days she lived in a little heaven of her own, and then came a letter from a "chum" of her boy, who narrated the exploit in full. The last paragraph filled her with horror; it was:

"And that's how we found him, unconscious, and hugging a flap-per."

It was not until a week after that she discovered that a "flapper" was only a harmless signalling instrument.

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