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“Litany of the Poilus”

By JOE BROCCACCINO, A Coy.

Here is the “Litany” of the Poilus, current during the last war. It seems to be a French counterpart of “Pack Up Your Troubles.”

You have two alternatives: either you are called up or you are not. If not, you have nothing to worry about.

If you are, you have two alternatives: either you are in camp or at the front. If you are in camp, you have nothing to worry about.

If you are at the front, you have two alternatives: either you are in reserve or you are in the fighting line. If you are in reserve, you have nothing to worry about.

If you are in the fighting line, you have two alternatives: either you get scrap of you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about.

If you do, you have two alternatives: either you get hurt or you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about.

If you do, you have two alternatives: either you get slightly hurt or you get badly hurt. If slightly hurt, you have nothing to worry about.

If badly, you have two alternatives: either you recover or you don't. If you recover, you have nothing to worry about. If you don't, and have followed this advice, you have finished with worry for ever.

CONFESSIOAL.

When it comes to raising Hades, I'll admit that married ladies Are, without a doubt, the rightly touted champs.

They've a “Brother-lead-me-to-it, Please-don't-tell-me-I've-been-through it”

Sort of air that isn't there with single camps.

But if hubby dear is jealous, Or perhaps too over-zealous, And it's known that he is prone to seeing red,

Then I let my memory linger On his itching trigger-finger, And I'm leery of the dearie that is wed.

Though the amateur caressing Of the tyros is distressing, I still praise their ways and think it real sport,

For although they may pursue me, Or for breach of promise sue me, Single janes have no “remains” brought into court.

Joe Broccaccino, “A” Coy.

Air Force

SELECTION OF MEN.

The special committee set up to examine and select candidates for the Air Force has completed its task at Dunedin. Altogether 115 were examined, and, subject to passing a medical test, all are being accepted. The committee goes to Oamaru (11 applicants), Timaru (26), Ashburton (15), and Christchurch (180).

In the South Island 1700 candidates have been examined.

CHEER

A HINT.

Corporal: Is it true that the sergeant called you a blockhead?

Private: Oh, no, corporal, nothing as strong as that.

Corporal: What did he say?

Private: 'E said, “Put yer blinkin' cap on—'ere comes a woodpecker.”

THE EXCEPTION.

“Get the butt of your rifle into the hollow of your shoulder!” cried the musketry instructor.

“I can't,” said the recruit. “There's a bone there.”

“Oh, is there—and I suppose the rest of these blokes are filleted!”

Time after time one recruit was slow to halt when the command came.

“What's your job in civil life, Jones?” the sergeant demanded.

“I'm a horse-driver,” replied the recruit.

“All right, we'll try again.”

The recruit took his place in the squad and they marched off.

Whoa, Jones. . . . Squad, halt,” commanded the sergeant.

Naval Officer: “You can follow your regular trade in the navy.”

Recruit: “But I used to be a cowboy.”

Naval Officer: “So what? You can be a cook and ride the range in the galley!”

Pat was on sentry-go, and the sergeant found him smoking the remains of a cigarette.

“Don't you know it is a crime to smoke on duty?” he roared.

“Sure,” said Pat. ‘It's myself that knows it, seregant; but I've just taken it from Mike Flanagan, an' I'm keeping it alight to use in evidence agin him.”

SICK PARADE.

From the first day of entering camp “Tiny” had found himself selected for cookhouse fatigue. Week after week of it passed before he decided to go sick. Paraded before the medical officer, he complained of shell-shock.

“Shell-shock!” exclaimed that astounded officer. “Why, you haven't heard a gun fired yet.”

“Guns have nothing to do with it,” said “Tiny.” “It's the way they keep me shelling those nasty peas.”

IN THE TEAM.

First night he was in camp, “Jonesy” nosed his way into the officers' quarters. He was never happy unless he was poking his way about in places where he did not belong.

“What are you doing here, my man?” an irate officer bellowed, and “Jonesy” sprang to attention. “Are you a batman.

“No,” replied “Jonesy,” “but I'm a damn good left-hand bowler.”

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Brain Teasers

(Answers in next issue)

ALGEBRACIAL PROBLEM.

A set out from C to travel to D at the same time that B left D for C, the distance being 420 miles. When they met, it appeared that A had travelled just as many miles more than B as they travelled hours before meeting, and A arrived at D 35 hours before B got to C. Required—the hourly speed of each.

PROBLEM.

Henry, five years ago, invested some money in some profitable business, which yielded unto him yearly one-third of its stock profit; but of which gained profit he spent yearly a certain sum (alike each year). The remainder of that increase, together with the former stock, and with the same ratio of increase, spending some and result. Now, at the end of said five years, it is found that he now has £1,718.20 less than if he had spent nothing of his increase. The question is: What was the original capital?

TRANSPOSITION.

Transpose to colour, into a wine measure; unearthly into more extensive,—again into a term used in croquet; a fruit, into a measure of length; a European river into a bird.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S BRAIN TEASERS.

- No. 31. 156,240 and 252 perches.
- No. 35. Wheat, Heat and Eat.
- No. 44. 1. Oxford. 2. Galena. 3. Naples.
- No. 64. Sewing, Swing, Sing, Sin, In, I.

IN THE WET.

Big George, in a militia unit camped in Australia, poked his head outside his tent, and stared at the rain.

“Looks like a wet day,” one of us said, gloomily.

“Yair,” came back George, “about the only flamin' thing in camp that IS wet.”

The “Camp News” will be properly grateful if regimental and company news items are handed to Major (Padre) Stewart not later than Friday of each week.

Hon. P. Fraser Visits France

Contacts N.Z. Lads

When Mr. Fraser was on the Front he came into contact with two New Zealand lads who were responsible for shooting down a German 'plane. Speaking of this, he said, “They were both of the same name, they both went to the same school in New Zealand, and they were both in the same squadron. Everything associated with them was frequently getting ‘mixed up,’ including their letters, and they were in the same mix-up in shooting down the German.” “I saw the elder boy,” said Mr. Fraser, “and I told him to convey to the other the appreciation and thanks of New Zealand, and to tell him how proud we are of his enterprise.”

R.A.F. Scores a Hit

FAKED FOOD CARDS.

Information regarding the flights of the Royal Air Force over parts of Germany for the purpose of distributing propaganda has become so frequent as almost to cease to be news. However, a new angle on the flights has been received by a Hawera resident in a letter from his son, who is a member of the Royal Air Force, states the “Evening Post.”

This letter told of one raid over Western Germany, when food ration cards were distributed to the people, and how these cards were used by the recipients to some good purpose. Obviously, the ration cards were forgeries, although not in an indictable sense, as Britain is at war, and the distribution comes under the heading of “legal tactics.”

“I think the funniest thing,” stated the letter, “was the dropping by the Royal Air Force over Germany of forged ration cards for the German people. I believe they cleaned out a lot of local store-houses.”

The cards were an exact replica of those used in Germany by the authorities, and it is not difficult to understand how they should be used by the recipients.