

**FOREWARNED.**

Everyone in the camp liked "Smithy," who was especially popular with the padre. There was one fly in the ointment, however, for "Smithy" was fond of the grog.

Padre decided to have a word with him in the hope of persuading him to lessen his drinking.

He picked a bad time, for "Smithy" had come back from leave with a skinful. Padre told him about a man who had drunk to excess for several years, and was so completely saturated with alcoholic fumes that one night when he was blowing out a candle, his breath took fire and he was burnt to death.

"Thanks, Padre, you've saved my life," said "Smithy," very earnestly.

"How have I saved your life?" asked the padre.

"Well," replied "Smithy," "I'll never blow out another candle as long as I live."

\* \* \*

"Your mother," said the sergeant to the very awkward recruit, "seems rather upset because you left home to become a soldier."

"Yes, sir, she is," replied the awkward one. "She keeps on crying."

"Well, just write home and tell her not to fret any more," continued the sergeant. "Unless the war lasts fifty years you'll never be a soldier!"

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Four Tommies had settled down to a game of cards in a quiet corner of the trenches. Suddenly a great commotion was heard and one of the players jumped up to the look-out step.

"Hi, you fellows!" he shouted. "A whole enemy division coming over!"

Another Tommy got up with a bored look on his face.

"All right," he said. "You get on with the game. I'm dummy this hand; I'll go."

**SLACKS**

The sergeant asked the private if his uniform fitted him.

"Cripes, no! I have to take three steps before the trousers move."

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**FAMILY AFFAIR.**

There is a growing feeling in England that R.A.F. bombing tends to be piecemeal. Englishmen at this juncture would prefer it to be wholemeal.

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**Orders! Orders! nothing but orders!—and to think as a commercial traveller I never could get a ruddy one!**

"Daily Mirror"

**ARTFUL**

She refused to pose in the nude so he let her wear her shoes and bobby-pins.

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It seems there were a couple of Frenchmen. One wrote war communiques, and the other had nothing to say either.

**THEN THEY SHELLED NUTS.**

Some soldiers gave a dinner for two visitors at camp, members of a famous Canadian regiment, who were home on sick leave. The sergeant had been carefully coached about giving the toast, but became flustered, and this is what he made of it: "Here's to the gallant Eighth, last on the field and the first to leave it."

Silence reigned, then the corporal came gallantly to the rescue.

"Gentlemen," he began, "you must excuse the sergeant; he never could give a toast decently; he isn't used to public speaking. Now, I'll give a toast: Here's to the gallant Eighth, equal to none."

\* \* \*

"You have such lovely horses. Why don't you ride them?"

"Well, it's like this: at one end my horses bite, at the other end they kick, and in the middle they are too slippery."

\* \* \*

The sergeant was inspecting some recruits when he became conscious of a slight movement behind him and whipped round.

"You idiot!" he roared at the offending recruit. "Don't you ever point a rifle at me again—even if it is empty."

"But it's not empty," the recruit explained.

\* \* \*

An Italian submarine recently destroyed by British ships in the Aegean was named Anfitrite. It would, of course, be a cardinal error to interchange the "f" and the "ti."

\* \* \*

Field-Marshal Goering is said to be undergoing massage. This gives a new significance to the popular Army song "Roll Out The Barrel."