

MILITARY ART.

Old and doughty Colonel was giving a lecture to a group of officers.

"Mr. Jones ———" he began, when a voice from the rear of the hall interrupted.

"'Scuse me sir, but would you mind asking Mr. Jones if he comes from South Australia?"

Colonel fidgeted for a moment and then obliged.

"Do you come from South Australia?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Yes Mr. Smith. Mr. Jones does come from South Australia," the Colonel shouted in reply. A voice interrupted once again.

"Colonel, sir, would you please ask Mr. Smith if he went to Fort Street?"

"Did you go to Fort Street, Mr. Smith?" the old man boomed, now rather indignant.

"By jove I did, sir," returned Smith. "Would you please ask Mr. Jones if he is the chap they called 'Stinky?'"

"Are you the chap ———" the Colonel began—and then rage got the better of him. "Dammit all, old man," he roared, "who the hell do you think I am am, Dorothy Dix?"

\* \* \*

"Blast these H.Q. memos! This one says they're sending an intelligent officer, and you turn out to be an intelligence officer!"

COINCIDENCE.

Troops were being taken by train over the Blue Mountains to a camp out west. Train passed through all the mountain towns including Blaxland, Lawson and Wentworth Falls.

"Isn't this the way those explorers, Blaxland, Lawson and Wentworth came over the Blue Mountains?" "Bluey" asked some of his mates on the train.

"This is the exact route they followed," he was informed.

"Blime, isn't it a coincidence that those blokes should have picked the route running past towns bearing the same names as themselves," "Bluey" commented.

\* \* \*

"There's an unexploded bomb buried here," said the A.R.P. chief as he posted a warden, "probably weighing a ton. Just keep an eye on things, and blow your whistle if anything happens."

"O.K.," replied the warden, "but do I blow it going up or coming down?"

\* \* \*

Sergeant-Major (to recruit): Smith, either you get yer 'air cut for next parade or go an' draw a violin from the stores.

\* \* \*

We congratulate Mr. Fraser on his fortunate escape from injury in his motor accident. It's not everyone who gets off so lightly from a good blow-out.

REASONS.

"Ginger" had fallen foul of the regimental bully, who boxed-on with him, but was not having it all his own way. In fact, "Ginger" was taking the offensive when an M.P. grabbed him.

"What's the idea?" said "Ginger."

"Come on, now," replied the M.P., "you can't start fights here!"

"Oh, yeah? Who said I started it? 'Ow do you know 'e's not in the wrong? You've only just come 'ere!"

"Well, I'll tell you why. His father's the major, his brother runs the wet canteen, and I go out with his sister."

\* \* \*

"Darling, I think I'll have my fortune told. Would you advise me to go to a palmist or a mind reader?"

"Better make it a palmist, dear. After all, you have got a palm."

\* \* \*

The managing director, sheltering from an air raid, fell into conversation with a seedy looking individual sitting next to him.

"What's your line, guvnor," said the seedy one.

"Advertising," said the director.

"Lumme!" said his companion. "I'm in that line, too. 'Tain't too bad on the whole, but don't the straps hurt your shoulders!"

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