

CANDID COMMENT.

Private Smithers appeared on parade wearing a badly crumpled uniform. The colonel eyed him sternly, then turned to give an order to the battalion. The battalion was formed into two ranks facing each other. Two N.C.O.'s were called upon to lead Private Smithers slowly between the ranks so that all might see him in his untidy state.

After being led down to the end of the lines and back, the colonel looked at Smithers and said:

"Well, my man, and what have you to say?"

The private drew himself up stiffly and saluted smartly, then, without batting an eyelid, said:

"The dirtiest regiment I've ever inspected, sir."

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When Field-Marshal Lord Milne gave a luncheon in honour of members of the American Legion in London, reports an English exchange, grace was said by Mr. W. J. Jordan, New Zealand's High Commissioner.

There were his words:—

"For what we are about to eat, Thanks be to God and the British Fleet."

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Pat got a joy in a railway station. When the first train came in, however, he forgot the name of the station, so he called out:

"Here ye are for where ye are going. All in there for here, come out."

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Summer Boarder: "What a beautiful view that is!"

Farmer: "Maybe. But if you had to plough that view, harrow it, cultivate it, hoe it, mow it, fence it, and pay taxes on it, it wouldn't look so pretty."

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Definition of a cuddle: Study of anatomy by the Braille system.

OH YEAH!

Two Diggers were discussing the latest events in the news.

"Strike, Bill," said one suddenly, "Hitler must be pretty hard up for metal these days."

"How's that, Tom?"

"Well, they say he only interned Goering 'cause he needs the medals for war materials."



"Well, Sarge! What was good enough for my father is good enough for me —!"

"Daily Mirror"

A terrific crash shook the sleeping soldier.

"What's that?" he exclaimed.

"Bombs," said his neighbour.

"Good. I thought it was a thunderstorm spoiling our cricket pitch."

\* \* \*

She was a painter in water colours, and at a dinner party sat next to a shy, awkward young man, who found it difficult to make conversation.

Trying to put him at ease, she said, with becoming modesty: "I expect you've heard that I paint?"

"Yes," he replied gallantly, looking at her face, "but I don't believe it!"

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL.

Peering closely into her client's hand, the fortune-teller "did her stuff."

"There's a dark woman following your husband," she said.

"Oh, well," replied the good lady calmly: she'll soon get tired of that. My husband's a postman."

\* \* \*

Two German soldiers were passing a billiards saloon when they heard someone shout: "That's in-off the Red," and they promptly fled, thinking a Russian general was chasing them!

\* \* \*

A soldier on the march felt something in his boot. His toe became painful and he was limping badly by the time he got back to camp.

He took off his boot and sock to bathe his blistered foot and found lodged in the toe of the sock a pellet of paper on which was written: "God bless the soldier who wears these socks."

\* \* \*

The angler had just landed a catch when the inquisitive woman chanced to be passing.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "that poor little fish!"

The angler replied: "Well, madam, if he'd kept his mouth shut he would not have got into trouble!"

\* \* \*

A New York City man died and passed into the Great Beyond. A guide showed him about, but after an hour of wandering the New York City man said contemptuously:

"Well, I've heard Heaven cracked up a whole lot, but I'm telling you it ain't a darn bit different from New York City."

"Heaven!" exclaimed the guide. "This ain't Heaven!"