

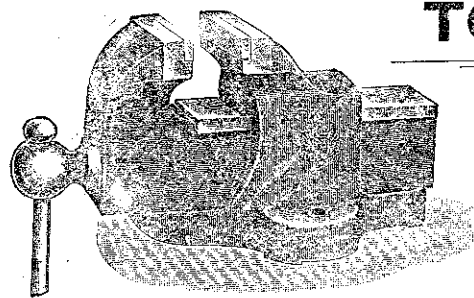
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FRUIT

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IN STOCK.

IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR.

Mike: "I saw a man fall from a roof on
a waggon load of soda water yesterday."
Pat: "Killed, I suppose?"
Mike: "No; he landed on soft stuff."

A young Irishman led a blushing female
into the presence of the genial Father Car-
penter:

"We want to get married," he said;
"are you Father Carpenter?"
"Yes," replied the genial minister,
"Carpenter and joiner."

An Irishman, upon being asked "What
is an Irish bull, anyway?" replied:
"Well, it's like this: Supposing there
were thirteen cows lying down in a field
and one of them was standing up, that
would be a bull."

The Parson: "I intend to pray that you
may forgive Casey for having thrown
that brick at you."

O'Grady: "Mebbe yer Riv'rence 'nd be
saving toime if ye'd just wait till oi get
well, an' then pray fer Casey."

"Faith, Mrs O'Hara, how d'ye tell them
twins apart?"

"Aw, 'tis aisy. I sticks me finger in
Dinnis' mouth, an' if ee bites I know its
Moike."

For Sale: Eleven elephants, male and
female, priced low to effect speedy sale.
Full particulars from Pat Doyle, 11 Brook-
ing street, Rangoon. Note—Four of the
above have been sold.

Minister writing a certificate at a christ-
ening, and trying to recall the date: "Let
me see, this is the thirtieth?"

Indignant Mother: "Indate, an' it's only
the elivinth."

Mike: "The trouble with Casey is he has
no backbone."

Pat: "Faith, he has backboné enough
if he'd only bring it to the front."

An Irishman was brought to task by
his employer for being absent from his
work one day and his excuse was "that
he went to a funeral." His employer
asked him who was dead and he replied,
"Devil a know I knew who it was. I just
wint for a ride."

"Pat," said one Catholic friend to an-
other, "How would you like to be buried
in a Protestant graveyard?" "Faith an'
I'd die first!"

Tommy Atkins: "Aw! go 'n, Mike, yer
a lobster!"

Mike: "Ye flatter me. Sure, a lobster's
a wise animal, for green is the colour
for him as long as he lives, an' he'll die
before he puts on a red coat."

"Dennis, I'm told ye was the best man
at Mike's marriage."

"The same is a lie," answered Dennis.
"but I was as good as any man was
there."

"Did you have any trouble with black
ants in Ireland, Bridget?"

"No, ma'am, but I had some trouble
one't with a white uncle."

Pat: "Do yer belave in ghosts, Moike?"

Mike: "Oi do. Oi don't think thur's
a ghost of a chance av me iver becomin'
Prisint av Ameriky."

"I presume, Mrs Murphy, you carry a
memento of some sort in that locket of
yours?"

"Indeed I do, sir; it's a lock of my
Dan's hair."

"But your husband is still alive."

"Yes, sir, but his hair is all gone."

Teacher: "Who was the best friend Ire-
land ever had?"

Irish Scholar: "Oi don't jist now remem-
ber, but he discovered Ameriky."

"Who lives in that big house on the
corner, Dennis?"

"The widdy O'Malley, sor, who is
dead."

"Indeed! When did she die?"

"If she had lived till next Sunday she
would have been dead a year."

Jim: "Why do you wear your stockings
wrong side outward?"

Pat: "Because there's a hole on the
the side."

"Yes, sir, that man can tell, by feeling
the bumps on your head, what kind of a
man you are."

"Can he? Begorra, I should think it
would give him more of an idea phwat
kind of a woman me woife is!"

"Your money or your life!" growled the
footpad.

"Take me life," responded the Irishman,
"I'm savin' me money for me old age."

DIGGER YARNS.

ABOUT GENERAL BIRDWOOD.

(Sydney "Mail.")

Early in 1916 General Birdwood was a
guest of some Imperial officers at a dinner
at the Trocadero Club, London. Dur-
ing the evening Birdie was asked by an
English Guards officer to recall some of
his experiences of Australians at Gallipoli.
Bridie readily consented, and told the
gathering the following happening, "One
day, at Gallipoli," said Birdie, "I was
making my daily visit to the front
line trench, and at one portion of the line
I had to pass a very low parapet, where
many a good Digger had been 'sniped' by
the wily Turk. Whilst passing this dan-
gerous spot I heard a husky Digger voice
shout: 'Duck your — head, Birdie!'"

There was silence for a moment, and the
shocked Guards officer, adjusting a mon-
ocle, remarked: "By gad, Birdwood!
What did you do?"

"What did I do?" replied the "Soul of
Anzac." "Why, I ducked my — head."

'Twas a glorious summer's night, with a
full moon overhead, and the Boche some-
where in front, when Birdie lobbed into
the gas-alert area per automobile.

"This way, sir," whispered the guide.

Without response Birdie followed.

"Mind the shell-ole there on yer right,
sir," hoarsely whispered the guide.

"Right!" whispered Birdie.

"Broken duckboard 'ere, sir," again cau-
tioned the guide.

"Right," whispered Birdie.

"Barb' wire 'ere, sir keep to yer left."

Not by word of reply did Birdie acknow-
ledge the advice. However, presently he
inquired in a less loud tone of voice than
even the guide had troubled to use, "How
far off is Fritz?"

"Oh, about three ki-lom-et-ers," whisper-
ingly replied the guide.

"Well, what the dickens are you whisp-
ering for, man?" thundered Birdie.

"I bin gassed, sir," whispered the guide.

It was just after Zonnebeke in 1917.
Birdie was inspecting a certain battalion.
Speaking to one Digger, the "hard nut"
of the battalion, the General inquired how
he was getting on.

"Oh, I'm tres bon, Birdie; how's your-
self?" replied the Digger.

Whereupon the Diggers' C.O. chipped
in: "That's all right, General. Excuse him
calling you Birdie, but he doesn't know
your Christian name."

Scene: Anzac Beach, September, 1915.
Birdie, having bathed in the Aegean Sea,
is dressing on the beach. Beachy Bill is
bombarding the Anzac shores from Achi
Baba's forts. A naval pinnace, in charge
of one man, cruises in close to shore.
Naval man seizes a coil of rope, and, ad-
dressing the famous General, shouts: "Hi
there, mate, catch this blanky rope!"
Heaves rope, which falls short; hauls in
rope; pinnace is manoeuvred closer into
shore.

Second attempt. "Hi, there, you deaf
blankety-blank! Will you catch this —
rope?" No attempt is made to catch rope.

Third attempt, getting still closer to
shore. The naval rating jumps over the
side up to his neck in water, and wades
ashore. Marches straight up to the
General. He paints the atmosphere a
lurid colour. Shaking the rope at the
General, he roars: "How the — a deaf
— like you passed the doctors to get
here blanky well beats me!"

As in all such incidents, no sequel but
the Birdwood smile.

A Digger was lying in camp dead broke,
so irreverently decided to write to God
for a tenner. He addressed the letter "per
General Birdwood, Headquarters." When
the General got it he was much amused.
He took it into the officers' mess, and all
the officers entered into the humour of the
joke. The General said, "We will collect
amongst us and raise the tenner for this
fellow," but all he could raise was —; so
he sent it to the Digger. Next day
the receipt came to hand as follows:—
"Dear God,—Thanks for sending me the
tenner; but the next lot you send don't
send it through Headquarters, as Birdie
and his mob pinched three quid of it."

The sergeant of the guard had told the
recruit on sentry-go how to salute cap-
tains, majors, and colonels. The recruit
carried out his instructions to the letter
when any of these ranks passed. Then
General Birdwood passed. The recruit
looked at his shoulder-strap, became puz-
zled, scratched his head, and asked,
"What are you?" General Birdwood said,
"I am a General." Recruit replied, "Oh!
let me see. Lieutenants and captains I
bring my hand across to the small of the
butt, majors and Colonels I present arms.
Well, the sergeant didn't say anything
about you; so how will a bit of bayonet
exercise do?"

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