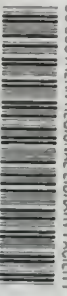


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THE BYSTANDER'S

FRAGMENTS *from* FRANCE



By

Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather



(SECOND EDITION)

“THE BYSTANDER’S”
**FRAGMENTS
FROM FRANCE**

By
CAPTAIN
BRUCE
BAIRNSFATHER



PUBLISHED BY
“THE BYSTANDER”
TALLIS HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS STREET, & 190, STRAND
LONDON

Q The following subjects can be obtained in colours from the Publisher, "The Bystander," Tallis House, Whitefriars, E.C., 1/- each, post free 1/3:—

"Where did that one go to?"

"That Evening Star-shell."

"No possible doubt whatever."

"A Maxim Maxim."

"I'm sure they'll 'ear this damn thing squeakin'."

"Keeping his hand in."

FOREWORD.

By the Editor of "The Bystander."



WHEN Tommy went out to the great war, he went smiling, and singing the latest ditty of the halls. The enemy scowled. War, said his professors of kultur and his hymnsters of hate, could never be waged in the Tipperary spirit, and the nation that sent to the front soldiers who sang and laughed must be the very decadent England they had all along denounced as unworthy of world-power.

I fear the enemy will be even more infuriated when he turns over the pages of this book. In it the spirit of the British citizen soldier, who, hating war as he hated hell, flocked to the colours to have his whack at the apostles of blood and iron, is translated to cold and permanent print. Here is the great war reduced to grim and gruesome absurdity. It is not fun poked by a mere looker-on, it is the fun felt in the war by one who has been through it.

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather has stayed at that "farm" which is portrayed in the double page of the book; he has endured that shell-swept "'ole" that is depicted on the cover; he has watched the disappearance of that "blinkin' parapet" shown on one page; has had his hair cut under fire as shown on another. And having been through it all, he has just put down what he has seen and heard and felt and smelt and—laughed at.

Captain Bairnsfather went to the front in no mood of a "chiel takin' notes." It was the notes that took him. Before the war, some time a regular soldier, some time an engineer, he had little other idea than to sketch for mischief, on walls and shirt cuffs, and tablecloths. Without the war he might never have put pencil to paper for publication. But the war insisted.

It is not for his mere editor to forecast his vogue in posterity. Naturally I hope it

will



Camera Portrait.

Hoppe.

CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER.

will be a lasting one, but I am prejudiced. Let me, however, quote a letter which reached Captain Bairnsfather from somewhere in France :

“Twenty years after peace has been declared there will be no more potent stimulus to the recollections of an old soldier than your admirable sketches of trench life. May I, with all deference, congratulate you on your humour, your fidelity, your something-else not easily defined—I mean your power of expressing in black and white a condition of mind.”

I hope that this forecast is a true one. If this sketch book is worthy to outlast the days of the war, and to be kept for remembrance on the shelves of those who have lived through it, it will have done its bit. For will it not be a standing reminder of the *ingloriousness* of war, its preposterous absurdity, and of its futility as a means of settling the affairs of nations?

When the ardent Jingo of the day after to-morrow rattles the sabre, let there be somewhere handy a copy of “Fragments from France” that can be opened in front of him, at any page, just to remind him of what war is really like as it is fought in “civilised” times.

THE EDITOR OF THE BYSTANDER.

Where to Live—[ADVT.]



IN ONE OF THE CHOICEST LOCALITIES OF
NORTHERN FRANCE.

TO BE LET (three minutes from German trenches), this attractive and
WELL-BUILT DUG-OUT,
containing one reception-kitchen-bedroom and **UP-TO-DATE FUNK
HOLE** (4ft. by 3ft.), all modern inconveniences, including gas and water.
This desirable Residence stands one foot above water level, commanding an
excellent view of the enemy trenches.

EXCELLENT SHOOTING (SNIPE AND DUCK).

Particulars of the Tenmt, Room 6, Base Hospital, Boulogne



"Where did that one go to?"

What is this slimy dismal hole
Where oft I'm lurking like a mole
And cursing Germans heart and soul?
My Dug-Out

Where is it that beneath the floor
The water's rising more and more
And where the roof's a broken door?
My Dug-Out



Where is it that I try to sleep
Betwixt alarms, when up I leap
And dash through water four feet deep?
My Dug Out

Once
Rainfather

Where is it that I'll catch a chill
And lose my only quinine pill
And probably remain until —
I'm dug out?
My Dug-Out

My Dug-Out: A lay of the trenches.



That Evening Star-shell.

"Oh, star of eve, whose tender beam
Falls on my spirit's troubled dream."

—*Wolfram's Aria in "Tannhäuser."*



"They've evidently seen me."



Situation Shortly Vacant.

In an old-fashioned house in France an opening will shortly occur for a young man, with good prospects of getting a rise.



The Tactless Teuton.

A member of the Gravediggers' Corps joking with a private in the Orphans' Battalion, prior to a frontal attack.



Bruce
Bairnsfather

No Possible Doubt Whatever.

Sentry: "Alt! Who goes there?"

He of the Bundle: "You shut yer _____ mouth, or I'll _____ come
and knock yer _____ head off!"

Sentry: "Pass, friend!"



"Gott strafe this barbed wire."



"Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it."



A Proposal in Flanders.

The point of Jean's pitchfork awakens a sense of duty in a mine that shirked.



A Maxim Maxim.

"Fire should be withheld till a favourable target presents itself."



Our Adaptable Armies.

Private Jones (late "Zogitoff," the comedy wire artist) appreciably reduces the quantity of hate per yard of frontage.



So Obvious.

The Young and Talkative One: "Who made that 'ole?"
The Fed-up One: "Mice."



The Fatalist.

"I'm sure they'll 'ear this damn thing squeakin'."



Keeping His Hand In.

Private Smith, the company bomber, formerly "Shinio," the popular juggler, frequently causes considerable anxiety to his platoon.



" — these — rations."



A.D. Nineteen Fifty.

"I see the War Babies' Battalion is a coming out."



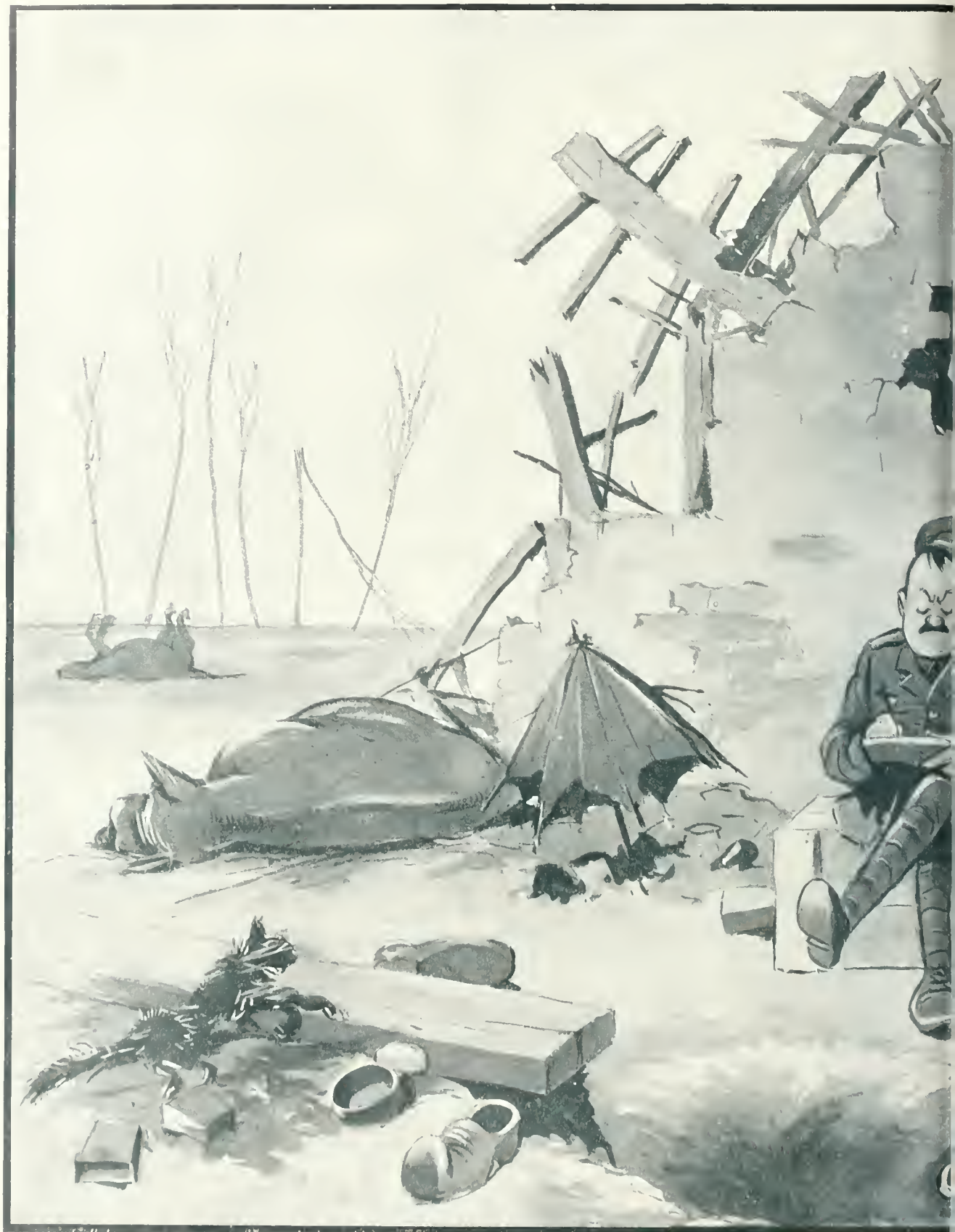
Frustrated Ingenuity.

Owing to dawn breaking sooner than he anticipated, that inventive fellow, Private Jones, has a trying time with his latest creation, "The Little Plugstreet," the sniper's friend.



Directing the Way at the Front.

"Yer knows the dead 'orse 'cross the road? Well, keep straight on till yer comes to a p'rambulator 'longside a Johnson 'ole."



Dear ———
"At present we are stayin



at a farm "



The Late Comer.

"Where 'ave you been? 'Avin' your
bloomin' fortune told?"



The Eternal Question.

"When the 'ell is it goin' to be strawberry?"



"The Push"—in Three Chapters.

By one who's been "Pushed."



Bruce Rainsfather

The Innocent Abroad.

Out since Mons: "Well, what sort of a night 'ave yer 'ad?"

Novice (but persistent optimist): "Oh, alright. 'Ad to get out and rest a bit now and again."



"The Spirit of our
Troops is Excellent."



"There goes our blinkin' parapet again."



The Thirst for Reprisals.

"And me a rifle, someone. I'll give these ———s 'ell for this!"



The Things that Matter.

Scene: Loos, during the September offensive.

Colonel Fitz-Shrapnel receives the following message from "G.H.Q.":—
"Please let us know, as soon as possible, the number of tins of raspberry jam issued to you last Friday."



The Ideal and the Real.

What we should like to see at our billets—
and (inset) what we do see.



That Sword.

How he thought he was going to use it—



—and how he did use it.



The Soldier's Dream.
A "Bitter" disappointment on waking.



What it Really Feels Like
To be on patrol duty at night-time.

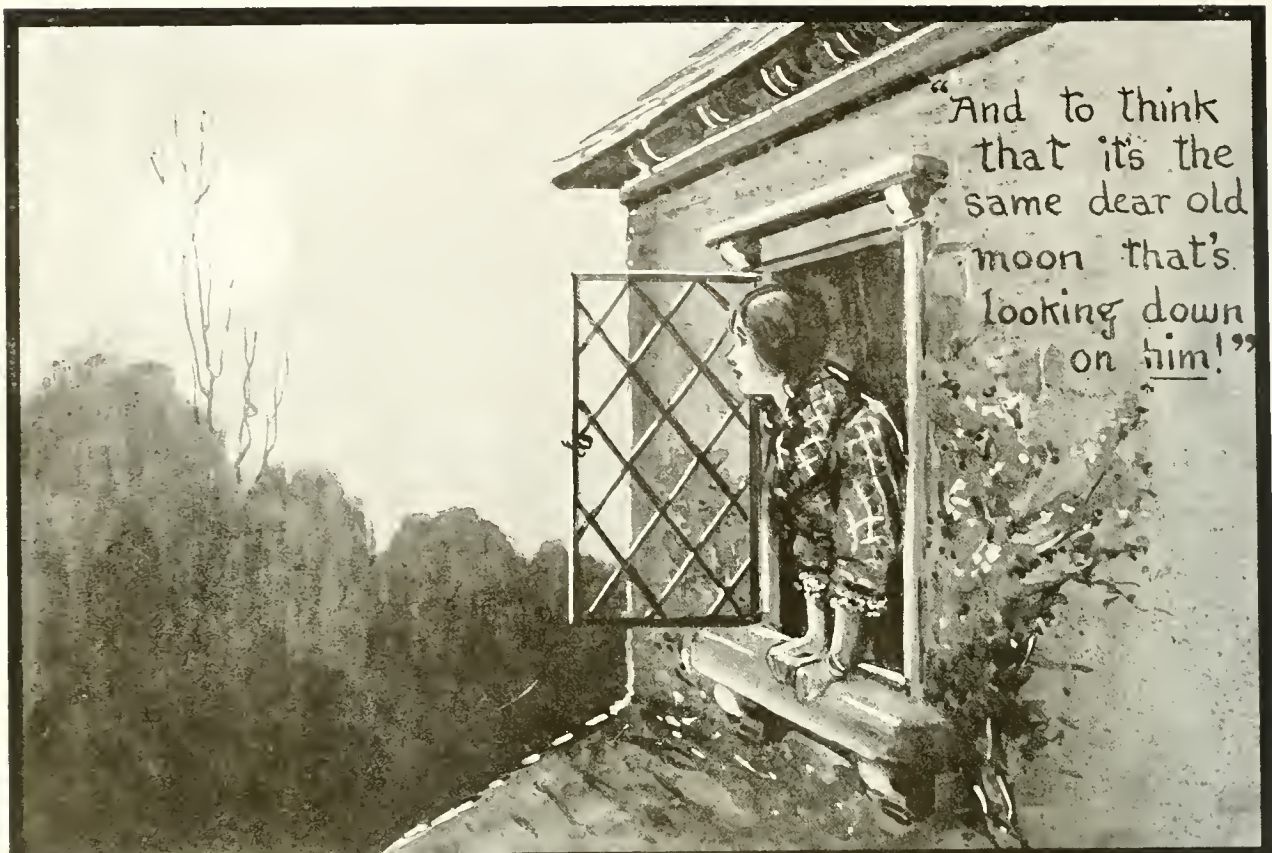


“Watch me make a fire-bucket of 'is 'elmet.”



Coiffure in the Trenches.

"Keep yer 'ead still, or I'll 'ave yer blinkin' ear off."



"The same old moon."



Never Again!

"In future I snipe from the ground."



"My dream for years
to come."



Thoroughness.

"What time shall I call you in the morning, sir?"
(Colonel Chutney, V.C., home on short leave, decides to keep in touch
with dug-out life.)



FINIS.

Waterman's (Ideal) Fountain Pen

*Internationally recognised
as the World's Best Pen.*

Make your choice
from these three
. . . types. . .

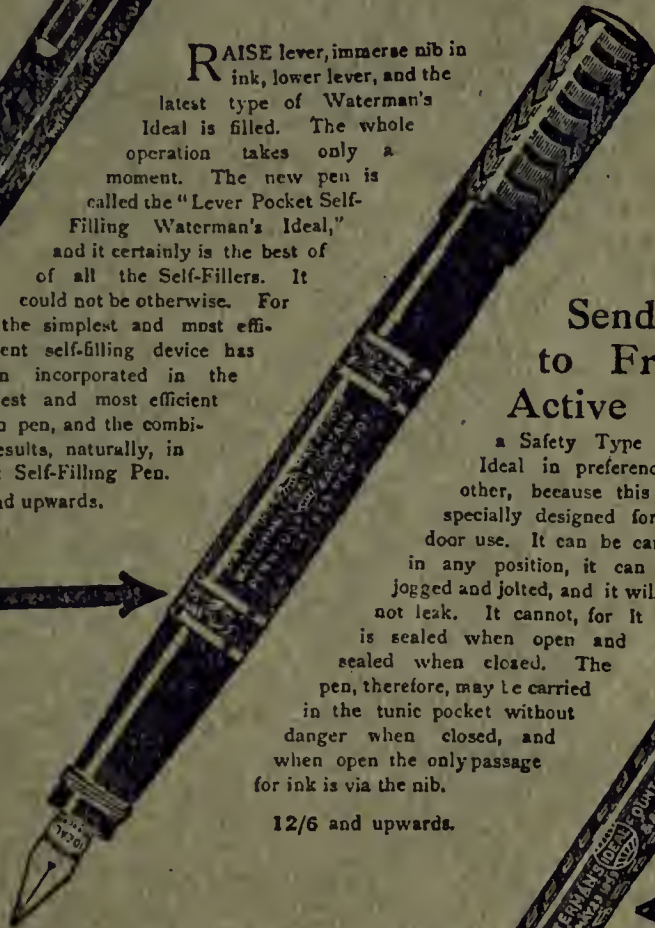


The
NEW LEVER
POCKET
SELF-
FILLER.

RAISE lever, immerse nib in ink, lower lever, and the latest type of Waterman's Ideal is filled. The whole operation takes only a moment. The new pen is called the "Lever Pocket Self-Filling Waterman's Ideal," and it certainly is the best of all the Self-Fillers. It could not be otherwise. For the simplest and most efficient self-filling device has been incorporated in the simplest and most efficient fountain pen, and the combination results, naturally, in the perfect Self-Filling Pen. 12/6 and upwards.

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SAFETY
Type.

Best for Soldiers.



Send the "Safety"
to Friends on
Active Service

a Safety Type Waterman's Ideal in preference to any other, because this pen is specially designed for outdoor use. It can be carried in any position, it can be joggled and jolted, and it will not leak. It cannot, for it is sealed when open and sealed when closed. The pen, therefore, may be carried in the tunic pocket without danger when closed, and when open the only passage for ink is via the nib. 12/6 and upwards.

Every Pen Guaranteed.

Three types — hundreds of styles to choose from. Plain, Chased and exquisitely mounted in Silver and Gold for presentation. Nibs to suit all hands.

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*Said the bold Grenadier, "To me it is clear
Disease is a dangerous foe;
So I'll lead the attack, LIFEBUOY SOAP in my pack,
My body with HEALTH all aglow."*

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MORE FRAGMENTS *from* FRANCE



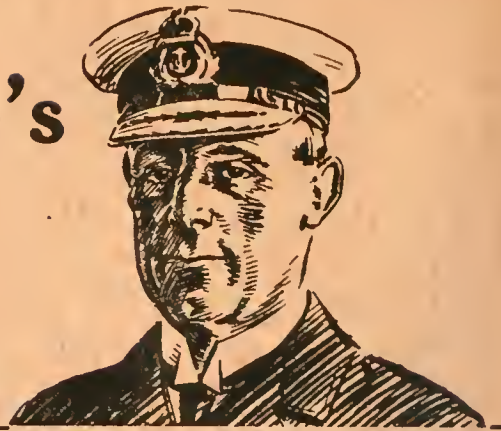
By

Bruce Bairnsfather

Published by The Bystander



Admiral Jellicoe's "Swan" Pen



The following was written by M. Nabokov, one of the Russian Journalists who visited England, and appeared in "The Times" Russian Supplement of 29th April:

A PRESENT FOR ADMIRAL JELlicOE.

"It will readily be understood that I could not forgo the pleasure of obtaining from Jellicoe and Sturdee their autographs on the menu card. Jellicoe signed his name with my Swan fountain pen, which he highly praised; and, indeed, it writes very smoothly and easily. Before taking leave I told the admiral that he would be affording me great joy if he would consent to accept this pen from me as a memento. So when I have occasion to read about the exploits of the Grand Fleet I shall imagine that the orders and reports of Admiral Jellicoe were signed with my pen. He will also use it in answering innumerable letters from all corners of the British Empire accompanying every possible description of parcel from adults and children for whom the admiral's name has long been a fetish.

On parting with the admiral, his
fadden, and

THE SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN.

Standard Pattern, 10/6 upwards. Safety Pattern, 12/6 upwards.

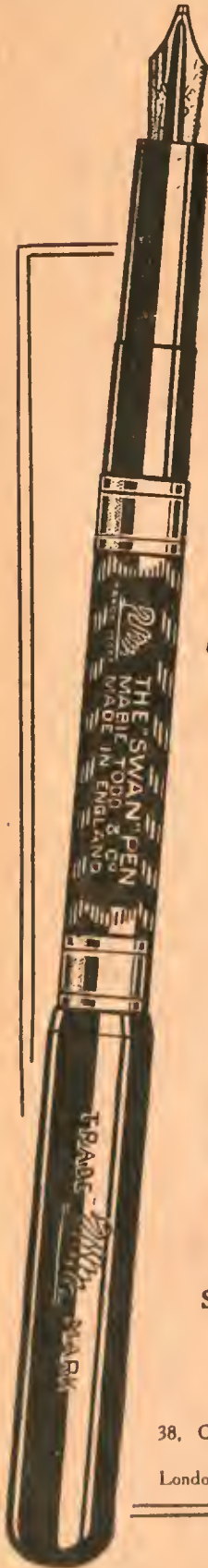
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MORE
FRAGMENTS
FROM FRANCE

By
CAPTAIN
BRUCE
BAIRNSFATHER



Vol. II

PUBLISHED BY
"THE BYSTANDER"
TALLIS HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, & 190, STRAND
LONDON

Q The following 12 subjects can be obtained in colours from the Publisher, "The Bystander," Tallis House, Whitefriars, E.C., at 1/- each, post free 1/3 :—

- 1 "No possible doubt whatever."
- 2 "I'm sure they'll 'ear this damn thing squeakin'."
- 3 "A Maxim Maxim."
- 4 "Keeping his hand in."
- 5 "That evening star shell."
- 6 "Where did that one go to?"
- 7 "The thirst for reprisals."
- 8 "The things that matter."
- 9 "So obvious."
- 10 "The innocent abroad."
- 11 "Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it."
- 12 "Coiffure in the trenches."

FOREWORD : *By the Editor of* "THE BYSTANDER"



THE first volume of "Fragments from France" achieved a success so far in excess of expectation—over a quarter of a million copies have already been sold, and the sale is still progressing—Captain Bairnsfather needs no introduction in his second volume, which we believe will rival the first in popularity. He has become a household word—or perhaps one should say a trench-hold word. Who is ever the worse for a laugh? Certainly not the soldier in trench or dug-out or shell-swept billet. Rather may it be said that the Bairnsfather laughter has acted in thousands of cases as an antidote to the bane of depression. It is the good fortune of the British Army to possess such an antidote, and the ill-fortune of the other belligerents that they do not possess its equivalent.

A Scots officer, writing in the *Edinburgh Evening News*, hits the true sentiment towards Bairnsfather of the Army in France when he writes :

"To us out here the 'Fragments' are the very quintessence of life. We sit moping over a smoky charcoal fire in a dug-out. Suddenly someone, more wide-awake than others, remembers the 'Fragments.' Out it comes, and we laugh uproariously over each picture. For are these not the very things we are witnessing every day, incidents full of tragic humour? The fed-up spirit you see on the faces of Bairnsfather's pictures is a sham—a mask beneath which there lies something that is essentially British."

In a communication received by Captain Bairnsfather an eminent Member of Parliament writes : "You are rising to be a factor in the situation, just as Gillray was a factor in the Napoleonic wars." The difference is, however, that instead of turning his satire exclusively upon the enemy, as did Gillray, Captain Bairnsfather turns his—good-humouredly always—on his fellow-warriors. This habit of ours of making fun of ourselves has come by now to be fairly well understood by even the most sensitive and serious-minded of



CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

This picture was taken at the front, less than a quarter of a mile from the German trenches. Captain Bairnsfather has come "straight off the mud," and is wearing a fur coat, a Balaclava helmet, and gum-boots. Immediately behind him is a hole made by a "Jack Johnson" shell

our continental friends and neighbours. It hardly needs nowadays to be pointed out that it is a fixed condition of the national life that wherever Britons are working together in any common object, whether in school, college, profession, or even warfare, they must never *appear* to be regarding their occupation too seriously. Those who know us—and who, nowadays, has the excuse for not knowing us, seeing how very much we have been discussed?—understand that our frivolity is apparent and not real. Because we have the gift of laughter, we are no less appreciative of grim realities than are our scowling enemies, and nobody knows that better in these days than those scowling enemies themselves.

Their hymns of hate and prayers for punishment have been impotent expressions of exasperation at our coolness, deliberation and inflexible determination—qualities they had deluded themselves before the war into believing would prove all a sham before the first blast of frightfulness. They told themselves that, a war once actually begun, the imperturbable pipe-smoking John Bull would be transformed into a cowering craven. More complete confusion of this false belief is nowhere to be found than in these two volumes of "Fragments." It ranks as a colossal German defeat that successive bloodthirsty assaults upon us by land, sea and air should produce a Bairnsfather, depicting the "contemptible little Army," swollen out of all recognition, settling humorously down to war as though it were the normal business of life.

"Fed up"? Yes, that is the word by which to describe, if you like, the prevalent Bairnsfather expression of countenance. But the kind of weariness he depicts is the reverse of the kind that implies "give up." *Au contraire, mes amis!* The "fed-up" Bairnsfather man is a fixture. "*J'y suis,*" he might exclaim, if he spoke French, "*et il m'embête que j'y suis. Je voudrais que je n'y sois pas. Mais j'y suis, et, mes bons camarades, par tous les dieux, j'y reste!*"

If the enemy should read in the words "fed up" a sign that our tenacity is giving out, he reads it wrong; grim will be the disillusionment of any hopes he may build upon his misreading, and even grimmer the anger of those whom he may have deluded.

These *verdammte Engländer* are never what they seem, but are always something unpleasantly different. We are the Great Enigma of the war, and in our mystery lies our greatest strength. Let us be careful not to lose it. Those who would have us simplify ourselves upon the continental model, and present to the world a picture of sombre seriousness, are asking us to change our national character. Cromwell asked the painter to paint him, "warts and all." Bairnsfather sketches us—smiles and all. And who would take the smiles off the "dials" of the figures you will see on the pages that follow?





The Dud Shell — Or the Fuse-Top Collector

"Give it a good 'ard 'un, Bert; you can generally 'ear 'em fizzing a bit first if they are a-goin' to explode"



"What's all this about unmarried men?"



That Hat

"Pop out and get it, Bert"
"Pop out yerself"



Springtime in Flanders

"Personally, I think this is just what you want for laying your eggs in, but, as Bairnsfather says, 'If you knows of a better 'ole, go to it'"



When One Would Like to Start an Offensive on One's Own
RECIPE FOR FEELING LIKE THIS—Bully, biscuits, no coke, and leave just cancelled



Trouble With One of the Souvenirs

"'Old these a minute while I takes that blinkin' smile off 'is dial"



"Well Alfred 'ow are the cakes?"

The Historical Touch

"Well, Alfred, 'ow are the cakes?"



Private
Damon G. G. G.

His Initiation

No. 9988 Private Blobs (on sentry-go) feels that he has at last stumbled across the true explanation of that somewhat cryptic expression, "There'll be dirty work at the cross-roads to-night!"



Those Superstitions

Private Sandy McNab cheers the assembly by pointing out (with the aid of his pocket almanac) that it is Friday the 13th and that their number is one too many



The Professional Touch

"Chuck us out that bag o' bombs, mate; it's under your 'ead"



The Conscientious Exhilarator

"Every encouragement should be given for singing and whistling."—(Extract from a "Military Manual.")

That painstaking fellow, Lieut. Orpheus, does his best, but finds it uphill work at times



The Nest

"Ere, when you're finished, I'll borrow that there top note of yours to clean the knives with."



Immediate and Important!

Never has Private Smith's face felt so large and smooth as when he hands his Captain the following message at what he feels is an unsuitable moment:
"The G.O.C. notices with regret the tendency of all ranks to shave the upper lip. This practice must cease forthwith"



2nd Lieut P. Smith, at the taking of "dead-pig" farm
"Come on you chaps! We'll show these —s
which side their —bread's buttered!"



Bruce
Rainsfather

Other Times, Other Manners

The Decline of Poetry and Romance in War



Happy Memories of the Zoo

"What time do they Feed the Sea-Lions, Alf?"



Observation

"Ave a squint through these 'ere, Bill; you can see one of the ——'s eatin' a sausage as clear as anythin'."



Letting Himself Down

Having omitted to remove the elastic band prior to descent, Herr Franz von Flopp feels that the trial exhibition of his new parachute is a failure



Old Saws and New Me

There is certainly a lot of truth in that Napo



ings—By Bairnsfather

the maxim, "An army moves on its stomach"



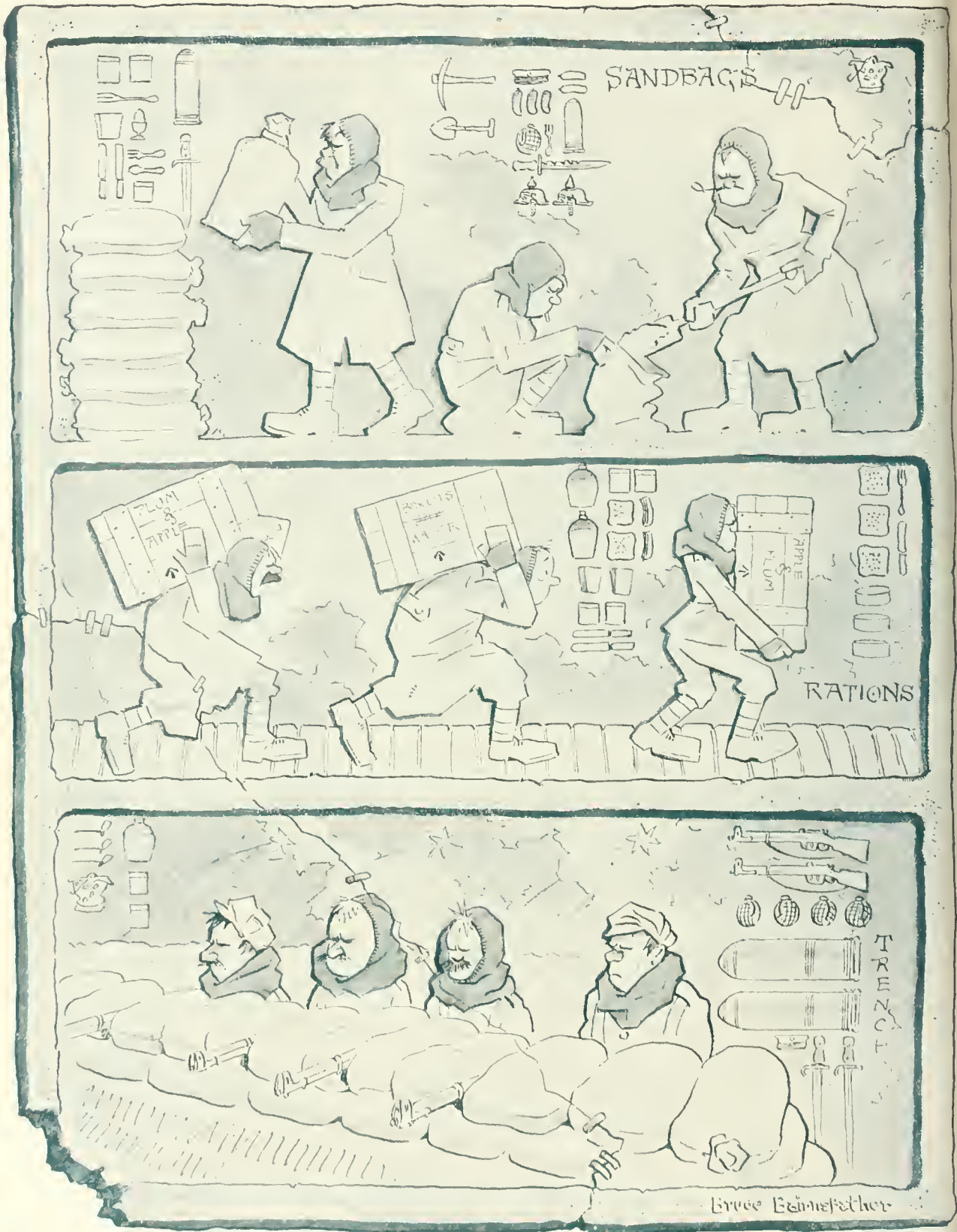
His Dual Obsession

Owing to the frequent recurrence of this dream, Herr Fritz von Lagershifter has decided to take his friends' advice: Give up sausage late at night and brood less upon the possible size of the British Army next spring



The Communication Trench

PROBLEM—Whether to walk along the top and risk it, or do another mile of this



Bruce Bairnsfather

Valuable Fragment from Flanders: It All Comes to This in Time

"This interesting fragment, found near Ypres (known to the ancients as Wipers), throws a light on a subject which has long puzzled science, i.e., what was the origin and meaning of those immense zigzag slots in the ground stretching from Ostend to Belfort? There is no doubt that there was some inter-tribal war on at this period."—Extract from "The Bystander," A.D. 4916



Nobbled

"'Ow long are you up for, Bill?"

"Seven years"

"Yer lucky —, I'm duration"



In Nineteen Something: General Sir Ian Jellicoe at Home

Having picked up this cherished possession for a mere song at a sale near Verdun, the General has now let his country seat, "Shrapnel Park," and says he finds the new abode infinitely cheaper, and not a bit draughty, if you keep the breech closed



The Intelligence Department

"Is this 'ere the Warwicks?"

"Nao. 'Indenburg's blinkin' Light Infantry"



Pushfulness at Plug Street

Colonel Ian Jelloid, of the Blobshire Rifles, being an energetic and businesslike man, believes in advertising as an antidote to stagnant warfare



His Secret Sorrow

"I reckon this bloke must 'ave caught 'is face against some of them forts at Verdun!"



In and Out (I)

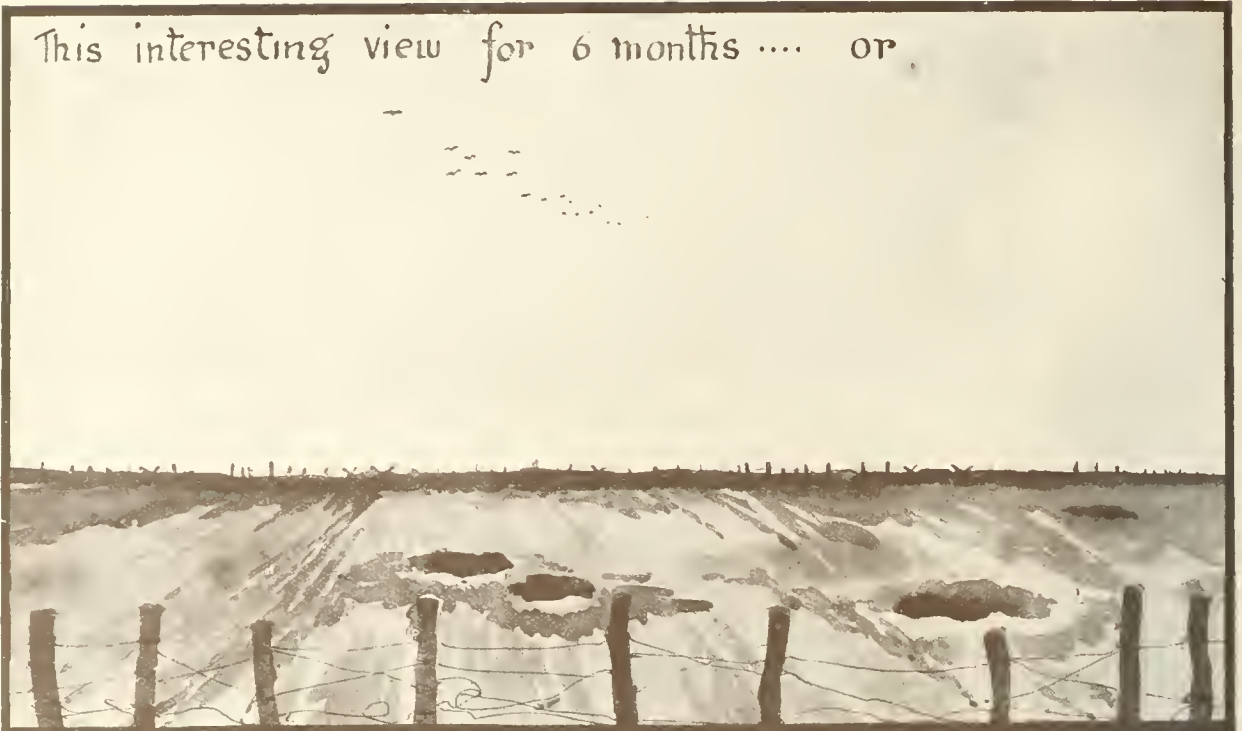
That last half-hour before "going in" to the same trenches for the 200th time

Bruce
Damsfather



In and Out (II)

That first half-hour after "coming out" of those same trenches



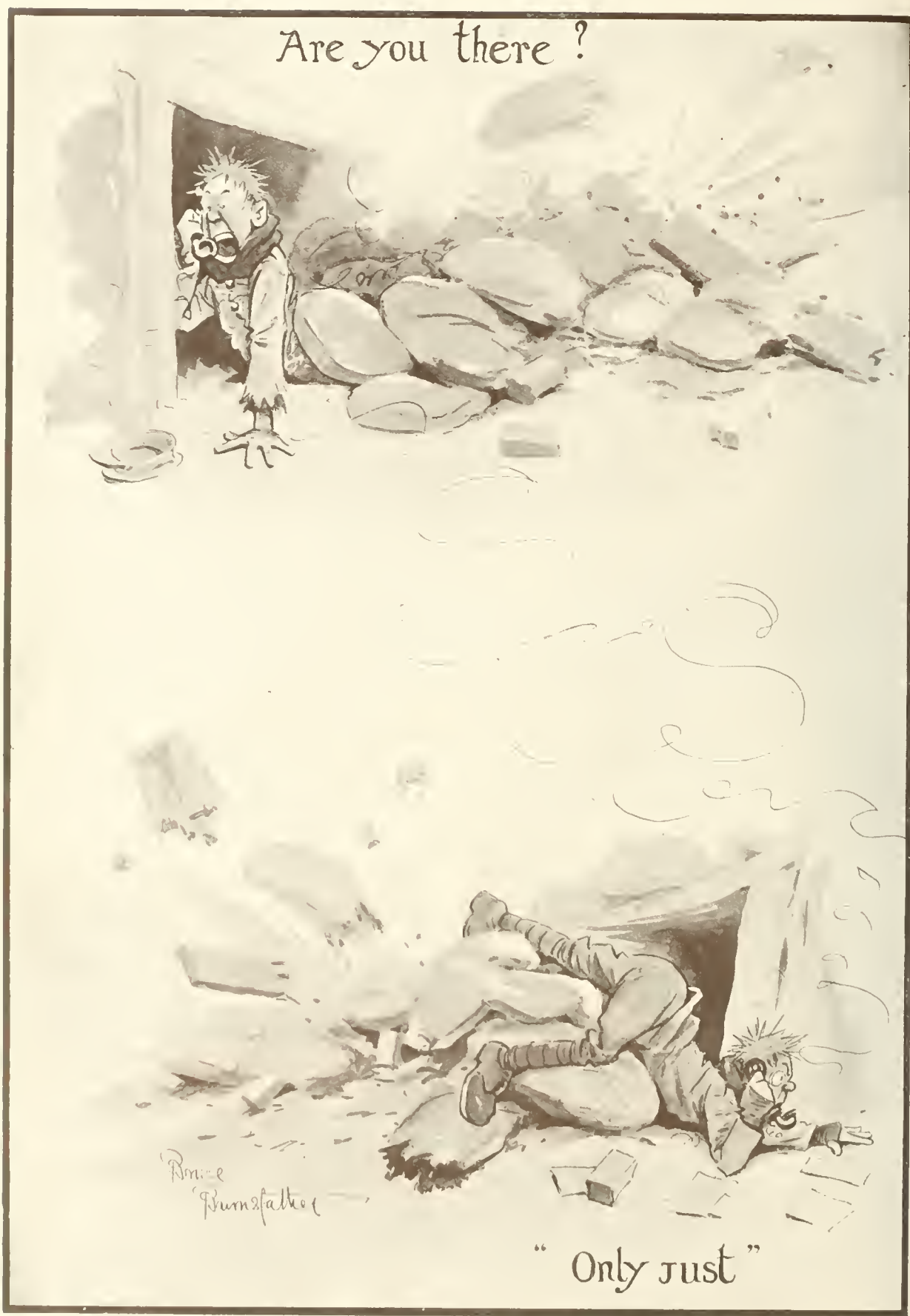
War !

— As it is for most of us



A Matter of Moment

"What was that, Bill?"
"Trench mortar"
"Ours or theirs?"



"S.O.S."

The Hard Lines of Communication



The New Submarine Danger

"They'll be torpedoin' us if we stick 'ere much longer, Bill"

THE BYSTANDER

WEEKLY



SIXPENCE

THE BYSTANDER

cheers you up.

THE BYSTANDER

is the favourite with the boys at the front.

THE BYSTANDER

discovered Capt. BAIRNSEATHER, "the soldier who makes the Empire laugh."

THE BYSTANDER

has the exclusive right of publishing Bairnsfather's inimitable "Fragments from France." "Blanche's" Letter, "In England Now," Illustrated by Miss Helen McKie. "Jingle" and Norman Morrow at the Theatre.

THE BYSTANDER

has views of its own and a pithy, candid and cynical way of expressing them.

THE BYSTANDER

is the right size for the train, the trench and the camp.

THE BYSTANDER

you ought to buy for "someone, somewhere."

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"We Look Before—And After"



Con Moto Perpetuo

"OUR BERT" (going on leave—having asked a question, and having listened to three minutes' unintelligible eloquence): "And 'ow does the chorus go?"



The Saint

That indiscriminating orb, the moon, gives Private Scattergood a saintly appearance, sadly out of keeping with his thoughts. He's filling 100 sandbags at 11 p.m.

“FRAGMENTS”

“FRAGMENTS *from* FRANCE” may now be had in the following styles and prices:—

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A selection of favourite “Fragments,” specially printed, suitable for framing. 32 pictures in handsome cover.

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LONDON, E.C.



Those Tubular Trenches

"Is this right for 'eadquarters?"

"Yes, change at Oxford Circus"



"How long have you got Fred?"

"LEAVE"



Initials add a personal note to these Cases. Prices:—6d. per Initial. 1s. 9d. Full Name. 2s. 6d. Names and Regiment.

A Soldier's Case to hold 30 Cigarettes

This is the Cigarette Case that is bought by Officers and for Officers, as it is built for Active Service use. No Officer's personal outfit is complete without one. It is a neat, strong, thin magazine to hold a full day's supply of cigarettes. Hitherto soldiers have found a difficulty in carrying enough cigarettes for the day in good condition.

The Case has two pockets. Each takes 15 cigarettes—30 in all. The pockets fold one over the other and are secured by a covering flap. When one pocket is empty the case is thinner by the diameter of a row of cigarettes. Every Soldier on Active Service should have this case—it is exactly what is wanted.



OFFICER'S CASE

special superior quality in fine pigskin, with pigskin lined flap. Very light and compact.

Size, 5½ in. x 3½ in. No. 1231.

15/-

SOLDIER'S CASE

same design and style as above. In pigskin, with flap lined in sheepskin.

10/6

Delivered Free in U.K. Registered Letter Post Abroad, 8d.

SERVICE LIST

Write for New List No. 2 of "CROSS" SERVICE GOODS. In this are illustrated and described an attractive variety of articles useful to the Soldier on Active Service.

MARK CROSS Ltd. 89 Regent St. London, W.C



THE INNOVATION TRUNK, AS ILLUSTRATED. Outside dimensions, 39 in. x 21 in. x 14 in.

Price £6 : 6 : 0

The trunk is light, yet strong. Fitted one side with series of drawers, the other side with the Innovation Fitment of Arms and Hangers to carry your complete suits.

INNOVATION INGENUITIES Ltd
30 CONDUIT STREET, : LONDON, W

INNOVATION

TRADE-MARK

WARDROBE TRUNKS

For Camp or Billet at Home

IN civilian life the Innovation Trunk is beyond question the best for the traveller. In military life its special advantages are even more valuable. It provides the Officer in camp or billet or barracks with a complete lock-fast wardrobe. Every item of wear—uniform and multi—together with articles of kit, books, papers, etc., is kept in apple-pie condition. No laborious packing. No unpacking to get what you want. It is easily transported, and will preserve the shape of clothes on the longest journey.



In the camp the great space-saving ingenuity and orderliness of the Innovation Trunk are a boon.



In billets the Innovation Trunk enables clothes to be carefully kept and easily got at.

LIFEBUOY SOAP



SHEEP SKINS AND HEALTHY SKINS.

SHEEP SKINS have proved a boon to our gallant soldiers during the winter months. **LIFEBUOY SOAP** is a boon all the year round.

The strong and manly physique needs protection from the germs and microbes of disease every bit as much as it needs protection from exposure. Lifebuoy Soap kills germs and microbes of disease.

It is more than soap, for it cleans and disinfects at the same time. It gives a beautiful lather, which is as beneficial as it is delightful. The mild carbolic odour you note in Lifebuoy Soap is the sign of its splendid protective qualities.

MORE THAN SOAP, YET COSTS NO MORE.

Send him a Tablet in his next parcel; he will appreciate it.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

187-06

STILL MORE BYSTANDER FRAGMENTS *from* FRANCE

No. 3



By

Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather.

1/- NET

He needs a "Swan" Pen

Is it not certain that when your soldier friend concludes his letter with the words "Excuse pencil," he would appreciate the gift of a "Swan" Fountpen? Send him one to-day. He will admire your forethought and you will better enjoy his letters, for they will be more readable—and longer.

THE SWAN FOUNT PEN

has no valves or levers to adjust—nothing to wear or get out of order. The reservoir holds a large supply of ink, and when fluid ink is unobtainable, it can be "loaded" with "Swan" Ink Tablets and water.
40 Tablets in Nickel Tube cost 6d.

OF ALL STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS

Safety Pattern, with Screw-on Cap.
May be carried in any position.
From 12/6 up.

Standard Pattern, with Slip-on Cap.
To be carried upright.
From 10/6 up.

MABIE, TODD & Co., Ltd., 79 & 80 High Holborn, W.C.
38 Cheapside, E.C.; 93A and 204 Regent St., W.; London; 3 Exchange St., Manchester;
Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c. London Factory—319-329 Weston St., S.E.
Associated House—Mabie, Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.

No war-time advance in prices of "Swan" Pens though other makes have been put up about 20% without, however, any change in the pens,—just 20% increase for nothing.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.



A dealer sending a "Swan" back for adjustment writes:—

"We send you a B2 "Safety Pen" which a wounded soldier has just brought in. We shall be glad if you will have it put right for him, as he has a great esteem for the pen, and declares that he would not part with it for ten pounds, as it is the only thing he carried through the Gallipoli campaign and brought back with him in a whole and sound condition.

Size 1 Standard Pattern, slip-on cap, with clip, 11/6

Size 2 Safety Pattern, full covered rolled gold, 35/-

Size 20 Safety Pattern, with screw on cap, 12/6

Size 1 with two 18ct. rolled gold bands, 14/6



STILL MORE
FRAGMENTS
FROM FRANCE

By
CAPTAIN
BRUCE
BAIRNSFATHER



Vol. III

PUBLISHED BY
"THE BYSTANDER"
TALLIS HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, & 190, STRAND
LONDON

FOREWORD.

By the Editor of "The Bystander."



THE War has now become the normal business of every man's life. Even his hurried and slight relaxations are tinged with it. He has little to laugh at. But still he laughs. A nation that can take Food Dictators and Manhood Power Boards with a laugh will take its attenuated pleasures with a roar.

And among its pleasures are the "Fragments." Those who have enjoyed the first two volumes of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's "Fragments from France" will enjoy this, the Third Volume, even more. It is every bit as good as the others—it could not, of course, be better! Again, "Old Bill" and "Our Bert" and "Alf," seriously comical and comically serious, fill the pages with their humour—always dry, be their surroundings never so wet. Their jokes never fail to hit the mark. And the pictures—!

Captain Bairnsfather's pictures are "the real thing." They have ceased to be merely a household word—they are a stage-word, and a street-word. They possess the magical power of investing monotony of theme with endless variety of incident. They make the Old Army laugh. They make the New Army laugh. They make civilians laugh. They make the Press Bureau laugh. They—but what's the use of saying more? Everybody knows Bairnsfather and his "Fragments."

Now turn over the pages,
and —

Laugh!



Camera Portrait.

Swayne.

CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

-
- "BAIRNSFATHER." A few Fragments from his Life. Fifty Original Sketches. Post free, 4/-
 - "BULLETS AND BILLETS." Bairnsfather's Life at the Front. Forty Original Sketches. Post free, 5/6.
 - "FRAGMENTS" PLAYING CARDS. Many Subjects. Per Pack, post free, 1/9.
 - "FRAGMENTS" POST CARDS. A new set every month. Per set of Six Cards, post free, 8d.
 - "FRAGMENTS" Edition de Luxe. Specially suitable for presentation. Post free, 5/6.
 - "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE." Volumes I and II. Post free, 1/3 each.

All the above can be obtained from the Publisher, Tallis House, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., or "The Graphic" Gallery, 193, Strand, London, W.C.



There are times when Private Lightfoot feels absolutely convinced that it's going to be a War of Exhaustion



Real Sympathy

"I wish you'd get something for that — cough o' yours. That's the second time you've blown the blinkin' candle out!"



Entanglements

"COME ON, BERT, IT'S SAFER IN THE TRENCHES"



The Whip Hand

Private Mulligatwamy (the Australian Stock-whip wonder) frequently causes a lot of bother in the enemy's trenches.



Christmas Day : How it dawned for many



Chat on 'Change

"You owes me two francs and I owes you one that's got into the lining of me coat ; that makes it right, don't it ?"



Overheard in an Orchard

Said the Apple to the Plum : " Well, anyway, old man, they can never ask us what we did in the great war ! "

The Sort of Film

General Sir Frampton Prendergasp
R.S.V.P. P.T.O. S.O.B. a rising and successful
general, who is plotting an offensive



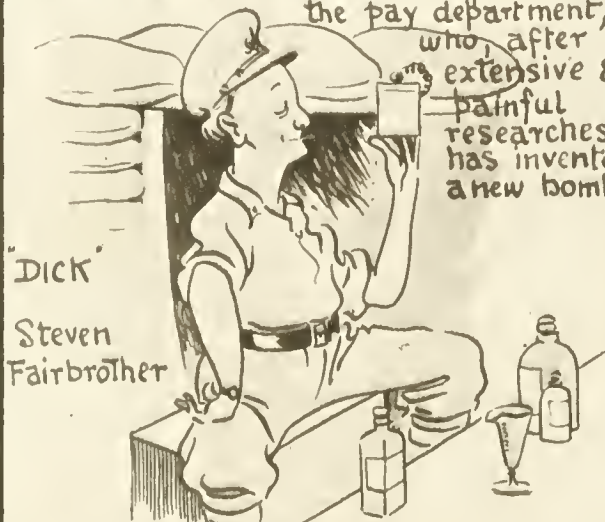
The General Cyrus Moffat

Nancy Prendergasp, his daughter,
who has gone
in for nursing,
unknown to
her Father.
She is in love
with —



Featuring Miss Sybil Fan

DICK MANVERS a lance Corporal in
the pay department,
who, after
extensive &
painful
researches,
has invented
a new bomb



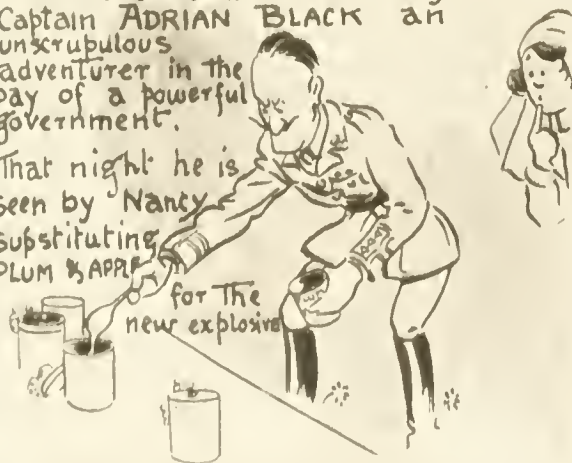
"DICK"
Steven
Fairbrother



Dick shows his new bomb to the General
who decides to use it in the offensive

But is overheard and seen by
Captain ADRIAN BLACK an
unscrupulous
adventurer in the
pay of a powerful
government.

That night he is
seen by Nancy
substituting
PLUM & APRICOT
for the
new explosive



END OF PART I

PART II

WILL FOLLOW
IMMEDIATELY

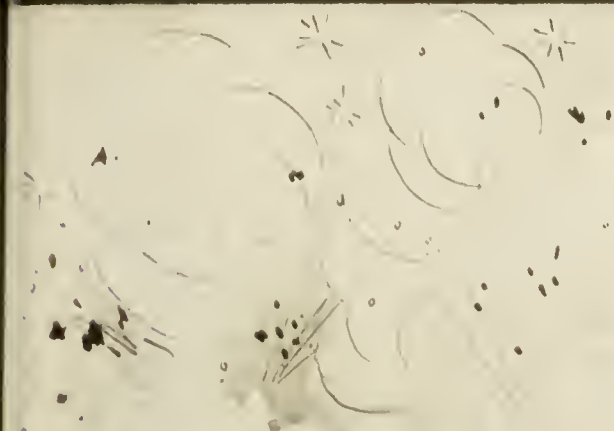
Flanders Film Mfg Co

Milwaukee, Wisconsin. U.S.A.

HOW DICK MANVERS

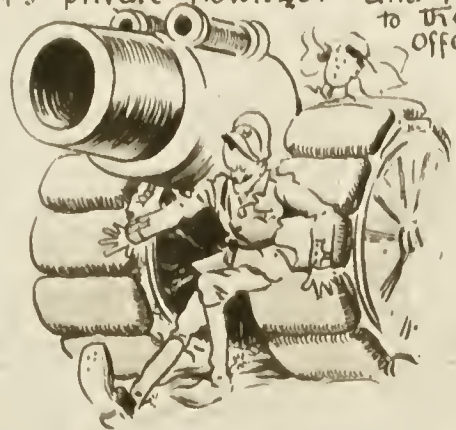
Every familiar feature of the Film is happily caricatured by Captain Bairnsfather in his amusing page of pictures. The hero, the heroine (with smile), the villain, the heavy father, all of the most approved pattern—everything down to the meticulous inaccuracies

We'll Have for Years



The Offensive begins. The new bomb is found to be equally explosive in spite of Captain Black's dark deed

Nancy, who fears disaster, steals her Father's private Howitzer and races to the offensive

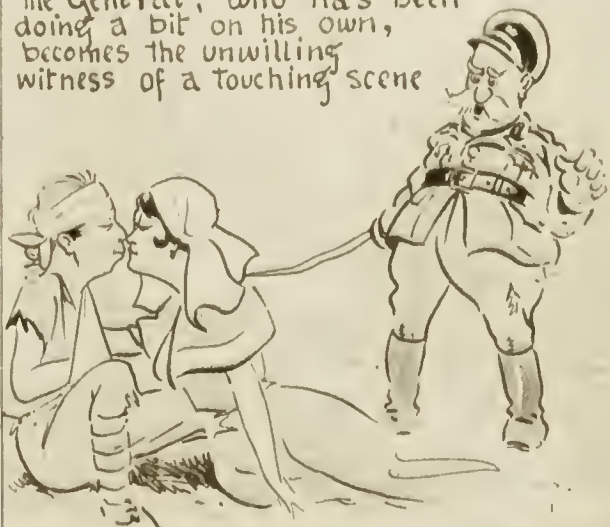


Black throws every obstacle in her way

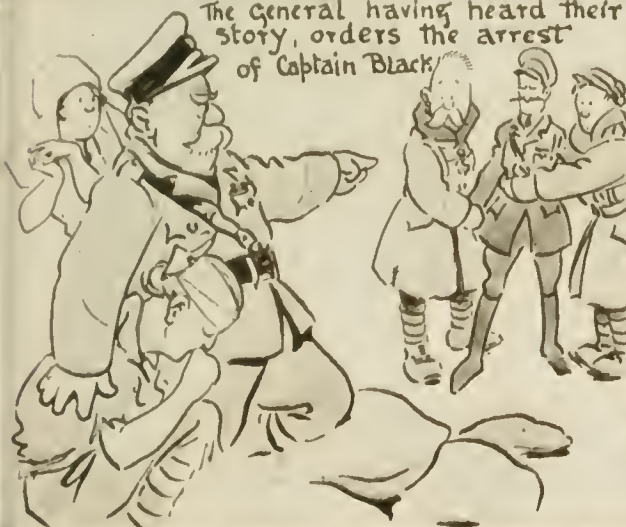
"Don't you know me Dick?"



The General, who has been doing a bit on his own, becomes the unwilling witness of a touching scene



The General having heard their story, orders the arrest of Captain Black



Bruce Bairnsfather

GOT HIS STAR

characteristic of the American film in matters of detail, is shown with the good-natured sarcasm befitting a master of satire as well as of humour, while the story tells itself with breathless enthusiasm



"Under the spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands"



Augusts Three
To each year its type.



“The Imminent, Deadly Breach”

“Mind you don’t fall through the seat of yer trousers, ‘Arry!”



Two minds with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one

Telepathy

"Two minds with but a single thought."

LEARN TO FIGHT

Anyone with a taste for Fishing, or Moth Collecting
can learn to fight.

Anyone can put a hook in a worm, or a pin in a moth.
WE DEVELOP THAT INSTINCT, and by our Postal Course of
Instruction, will help you to earn big money by fighting.

Subjects Taught:- Bayonet work, bombing, & asphyxiation.

This sketch shows the
work of a former pupil.
Try this exercise yourself
on a friend, and tell us the
result. We will at once
tell you your chances
of success.



A Lieutenant writes:-
Unfortunately I had not
got as far as your
chapter on Upper Cuts;
or I feel sure I should
not be where I am now

Yrs truly

Clearing Station
GezainCourt.

The demand for fighters exceeds the supply
write today

The Asphyxobomb School of Instruction
HOOGE.

[ADVT]

Tips for Tommies

Now that the war has become a world business, we must at any moment expect the appearance of this sort of thing in our papers.



Whilst the preliminary bombardment is on, one gets the idea that this is what's happening to the enemy machine guns.



Bruce
Painstalker

yet somehow or other, when one starts for that 220 yds handicap across the turnip field, it feels something like this.

The Offensive.

What it looks like—and what it feels like.



"Where do yer want this put, Sargint?"



Coming to the Point

"Let's 'ave this pin of yours a minute. I'll soon 'ave these winkles out of 'ere."



Trouv

"Tell 'er to 'op it, Bert. I



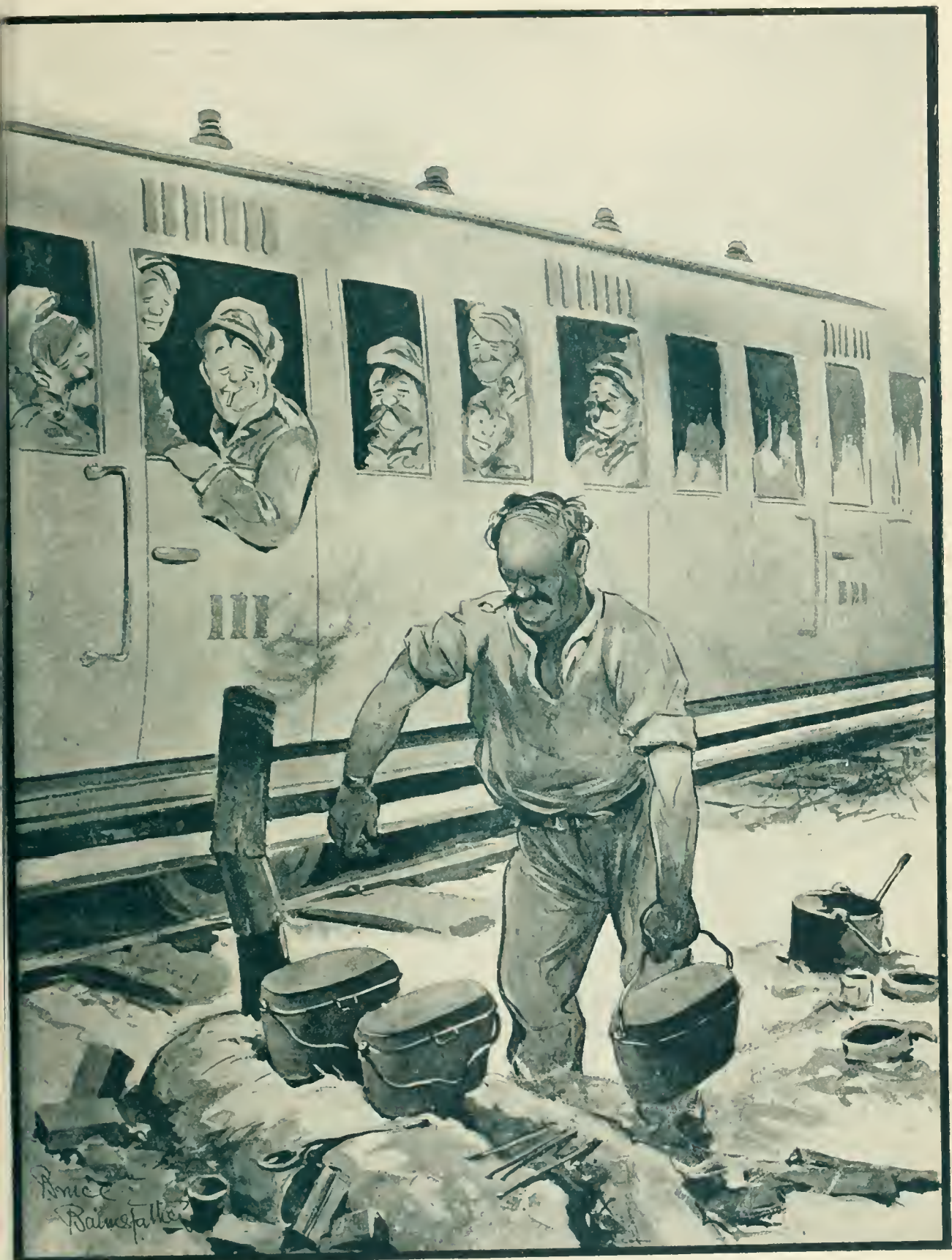
sur-Somme

in' on a bit o' shell or somethin' ”



Omar the Optimist

"Here with a loaf of bread beneath the row,
A muttered curse, but ne'er a whine, and thou—
Beside me, singing in the wilderness,
The wilderness is Paradise enow."



In Dixie-Land

"Well, Friday—'ow's Crusoe?"



Alas! Poor Herr Von Yorick!

Fricourt—July, 1916



A Castle in the Air

"A few more, Bert, and that there chateau won't be worth livin' in."



The Freedom of the Seas

"I wish they'd 'old this war in England—don't you, Bill?" (No answer)



Urgent

"Quick, afore this comes down!"

That tin hat feels something like this on the way to the
offensive



And about like this when you get there



My Hat!

Helmets, Shrapnel, One.



Those Signals

THE VIGILANT ONE: "I say, old chap, what does two green lights and one red one mean?"

RECUMBENT GLADIATOR (just back from leave): "Two crèmes de menthe and a cherry brandy!"



His Christmas Goose

"You wait till I comes off dooty!"



"Old Moore" at the Front

"As far as I can make out from this 'ere propheey-book, Bill, the seventh year is going to be the worst, and after that every fourteenth!"



Supra-Normal

Captain Mills-Bomme's temperature cracks the thermometer on seeing his recent daring exploits described as "On our right there is nothing to report" (He and his battalion had merely occupied three lines of German trenches, and held them through a storm of heavy Lyddite for forty-eight hours)



The Candid Friend

"Well, yer know, I like the photo of you in your gas mask best"



The Long and the Short of It

UP LAST DRAFT: "I suppose you 'as to be careful 'ow you looks over the parapet about 'ere"

OUT SINCE MONS: "You needn't worry, me lad; the rats are going to be your only trouble"



Natural History of the War

THE FLANDERS' SEA LION (LEO MARITIMUS)

"An almost extinct amphibian, first discovered in Flanders during the Winter of 1914-15. Feeds almost exclusively on Plum and Apple Jam and Rum. Only savage when the latter is knocked off"



Things that Irritate

Private Wm. Jones is not half so annoyed at accidentally falling down the mine crater as he is at hearing two friends murmuring the first verse of "Don't go down the mine, Daddy."



Tactical Developments

Private 9998 Blobs has always thought a machine for imitating the sound of ration parties (and thus drawing fire) an excellent idea, but simply hates his evening for working it



That "Out Wiring" Sensation



That Provost-Marshal Feeling

A sensation only to be had at a Base—in other words, a base sensation



Blighty!

A NEW BAIRNSEATHER "FRAGMENT" EVERY WEEK IN THE "BYSTANDER"

A Splendid workaday Pen Second only to the "Swan"



With Pocket
Clip, 5/6

*Recommended for Soldiers,
Sailors, Students and Clerks.*

Because the price of the now famous "Blackbird" Fountain Pen is 5/- only, some regard it as a boy's or youth's pen—one that may be ill-used without much loss. This is true, and yet it is also a pen for hard work—strong, lasting and serviceable. It is issued to meet a want, and to cultivate the fountain pen habit. Every user of a "Blackbird" will some day own a "Swan," which is the highest standard of fountain pen quality—the pen by which all others are judged.

THE "BLACKBIRD" FOUNT PEN

MADE BY THE "SWAN" PEN PEOPLE.

The "Blackbird" at Anzac and France.

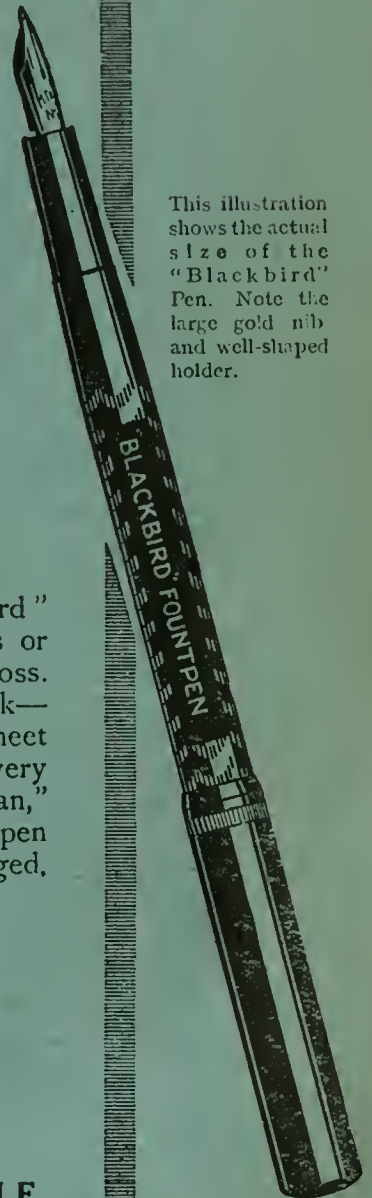
A Corporal writes (August, 1916)—: "While on leave in Cairo, I decided to buy a pen, so walked into a stationers' shop. They recommended a 'Blackbird.' I discovered it was a Mable Todd, so bought one. That was over twelve months ago, and it has never given me the slightest trouble. It writes as it did when purchased."

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS & JEWELLERS WHO SELL "SWAN" PENS

Or by post from the Makers.
In United Kingdom 3d. extra. To Expeditionary Force,
and Imperial Postage, 4d. extra.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

MABIE, TODD & CO., Ltd., 79-80, High Holborn, London, W.C.
38, Cheapside, E.C.; 95A and 204, Regent Street, W., London; 3, Exchange Street, Manchester;
Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c. London Factory—819-829, Weeton Street, S.E.
Associate House—Mable, Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.



This illustration shows the actual size of the "Blackbird" Pen. Note the large gold nib and well-shaped holder.

Stocked with the following nibs:
Fine, Medium, Medium Broad, Broad, Oblique, Turned-Up.



"SWAN" INK TABLETS.

One to a penful of water. 40 in Nickel Tube, 6d. Larger Tube, 1/-

LIFEBUOY SOAP



EFFICIENCY DEPENDS ON HEALTH.

TRAINED as lads to a high state of physical fitness, British Tars cheerfully endure the incessant strain and fatigue conveyed in the order "Carry on."

The maxim of the Navy is to do everything as well as it can be done, and Jack, when washing, shows his appreciation of the rule by using Lifebuoy Soap. He hasn't too much time to spare but health and cleanliness must be maintained, so Lifebuoy Soap suits him exactly—it cleanses quickly—it promotes health.

Whilst those at home can never quite grasp the full meaning of the words "Carry on," one and all can carry on the good work of promoting health and cleanliness with Lifebuoy Soap. Wash face and hands with it—bathe with it—shampoo with it.

MORE THAN SOAP, YET COSTS NO MORE.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

L 150-06

NUMBER FOUR

The Bystander's
FRAGMENTS
from **FRANCE**



"Keep away from the 'Ive, Berr; 'e's goin' to sling yer."

By

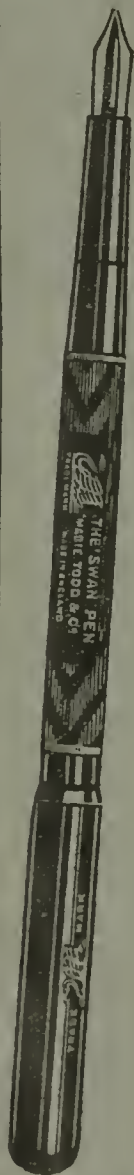
Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather.

1/-
NET



When he writes home—

The world is brighter, hearts are happier. And in his mind kind smiling faces are pictured as he writes. Opportunities for writing at the Front are fleeting. Many are lost for want of an every-ready pen. So a happy suggestion is, send him a "Swan" Fountpen.



"SWAN"
FOUNTPENS

best stand the racket of Active Service. Simple and quick to use. No mechanism to wear or get out of order. Can be "loaded" with "Swan" Ink Tablets and water when fluid ink is unobtainable.

SOLD EVERYWHERE BY STATIONERS & JEWELLERS.

From **10/6** up.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD.,
79 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.
38, Cheap-side, E.C.; 95A and 204, Regent Street, W., London;
3, Exchange Street, Manchester; Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c.
London Factory—319-329, Wootton Street, S.E.
Associate House--Mabie, Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.



Extract from a letter from the firing-line:
"I have had the pen in constant use ever since the early days of the war; that it stood the rough usage without ever failing me, and was as smooth in writing at the end as when I first had it, bears evidence of 'Swan' excellence and utility for the soldier at the front."



FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE

By
CAPTAIN
BRUCE
BAIRNSFATHER



Vol. IV

PUBLISHED BY
"THE BYSTANDER"
LONDON : TALLIS HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, E.C. 4,
AND 190, STRAND, W.C. 2

“FRAGMENTS from FRANCE”

Foreword to the Fourth Volume

By the Editor of “The Bystander”



YES! MORE OF THEM!

Just as, umpty years ago, people used to look forward with an almost greedy anxiety to the day when the next monthly part of the “Pickwick Papers,” in its green paper cover, was due to appear, so now they worry the bookstall newsvendors to know when the next volume of FRAGMENTS will be ready.

Bairnsfather’s pictures they want to have always by them — and they can’t very well carry a file of THE BYSTANDER about with them. *Bairnsfather in a handy form is what they want.*

And here they have it.

That much-ried trio, “Old Bill,” “Alf” and “Bert”—as immortal through Bairnsfather’s pencil as other “Soldiers Three” are through Kipling’s pen—are here again to be found indulging in every variety of objurgation, but always recognising the ludicrous side of their *soi-disant* lamentations.

And since they can laugh at their labours, they make us all laugh with them.

They have their place in the gallery of the grotesque; but they have their place also in the hearts of their countrymen. For it is owing to them that their countrymen *have* a country.

And it is just because Bairnsfather has seen in them the simple man caught in the vortex of a war of unaccustomed complexity, and shown them to us in proof that human nature and humour survive in the heart of horrors, that, as in the three former volumes of “Fragments from France,” so in this, the fourth, lies the key to the proper understanding of the men who are beating the Boche.

So, if you want that key, you have only to turn the pages,



Camera Portrait.

F. O. Hoppé.

CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



Still Keeping His Hand In

Private Smith (late Shinio, the popular juggler) appreciably lowers the protective value of his section's shrapnel helmets by practising his celebrated plate and basin spinning act



Those — Mouth-Organs

"Keep away from the 'ive, Bert; 'e's goin' to sting yer!"



Modern Topography

"Well, you see, here's the church and there's the post-office"



“ There Was a Young Man of Cologne ”

(I've forgotten the rest of the poem, but it's something about “a bomb” and
“If only he'd known”)



France. La the
war

Those Raiders at the Seat of War

"I wish the 'ell you'd put a cork on that blinkin' pin of yours, Bert!"



Romance, 1917

"Darling, every potato that I have is yours" (engaged).



That Periscope Sensation

" I wonder if I oughtn't to tell the captain about that thing sticking up in the sea over there "



At the Brewery Baths

"You chuck another sardine at me, my lad, and you'll hear from my solicitors"



In the Support Trench

Old Bill has practically decided to get Private Shinio (the ex-comedy-juggler and hand-balancer) transferred to another platoon



It's the Little Things that Worry

What is so particularly annoying to Private Lovebird is, that he would not have had this bother with his dug-out if his leave had not been postponed



If Only They'd Make "Old Bill" President of Those Tribunals

"Well, what's your job, me lad?"
"Making spots for rocking-horses, sir"
"Three months"
"Exemption, sir?"
"Nao, exemption be ——d! Three months' hard!"



The Stargazers

—and their return to earth



A Miner Success

"They must 'ave 'ad some good news or somethin', Alf; you can 'ear 'em cheerin' quite plain"



Birds of Ill Omen

"There's evidently goin' to be an offensive around 'ere, Bert"

"Yes, you are, one pound nineteen
and elevenpence overdrawn, and
that includes next month's pay"



Rouce Rainsfather
(one who's 'ad some)

Cox's

When one feels rather in favour of floating a War Loan of one's own



This M

"These 'ere staff cars do splash



Eddy War

“t, don't they Bill?” (No answer)



Down at the Ration Dump

"Call me a Tank again, my lad, and I'll knock yer — 'ead off!"



The Glorious Fifth

"'Ere, Guy Fawkes—buzz off!"



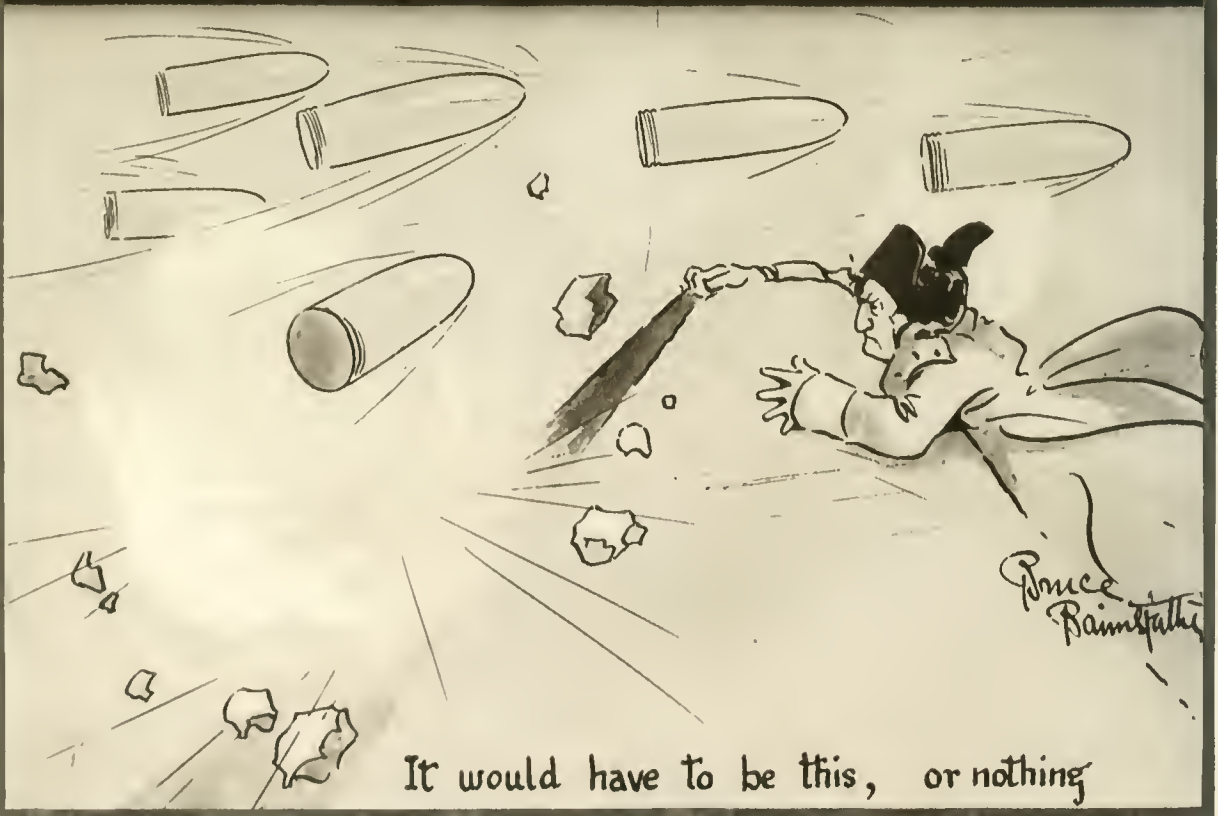
Unappetising

Moments when the Savoy, the Alhambra, and the Piccadilly Grill seem very far away (the offensive starts in half an hour)



That "Leave" Train

One often hears the question :—
 "what could Napoleon have
 done in the Great War?"
 He could certainly not have
 gone in for this »————»



It would have to be this, or nothing

Other Times—Other Manners



The Tourists, 19...?

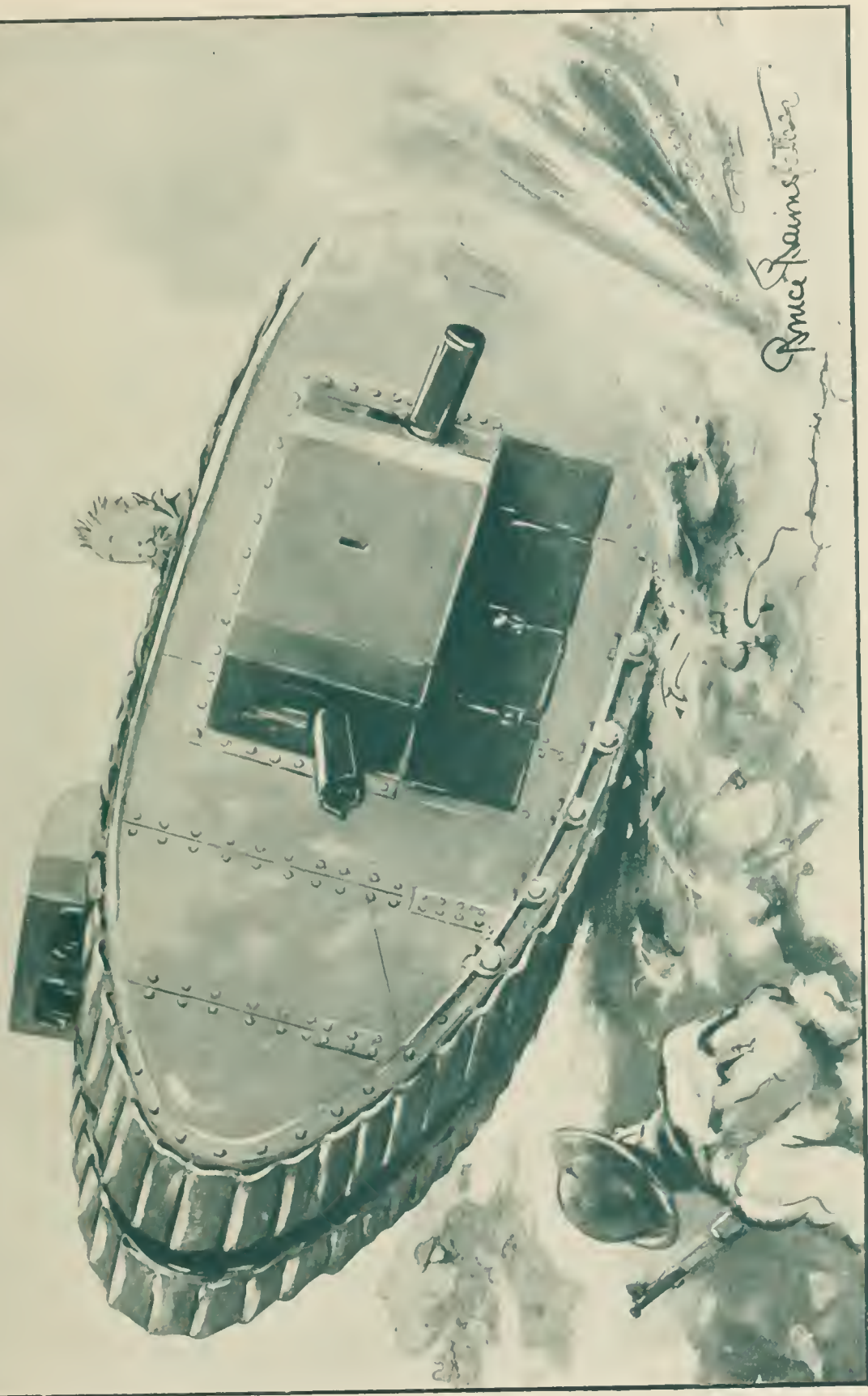
"Remember this place, Bert?"

"Yes, it's where we used to chuck the fish to you, ain't it, Bill?"



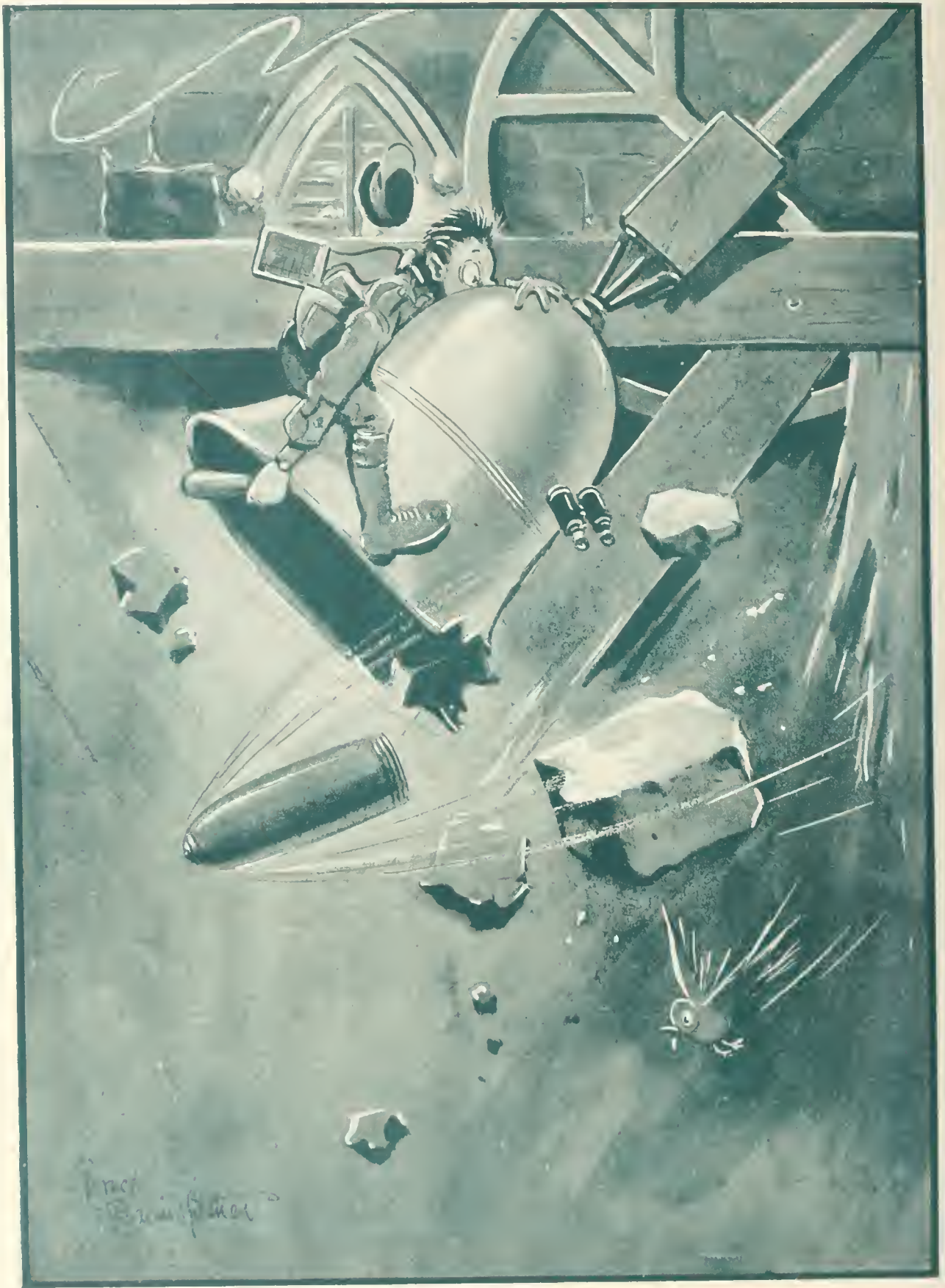
Alas! My poor Brother!

(In this cartoon Captain Bairnsfather refers to the report that the corpses of German soldiers fallen in battle were utilised in a Corpse-Conversion Factory for the purpose of providing fats for the Fatherlana)



Can - Tank - erous

“ ‘Ere ! Where the ‘ell are ye comin’ with that Turkish bath o’ yours ? ”



Curfew

What particularly annoys Lieutenant Jones, R.F.A. (who thought he could get a better view from the belfry), is that irritating prediction which keeps passing through his head, "The curfew shall not ring to-night"



On the "Leave" Train

You will never quite realise how closely we are bound to our French Ally until you have had the good fortune to travel on one of those "leave" trains —six a side, windows shut, fifty miles to go, and eighteen hours to do it!



Getting the Local Colour

In that rare and elusive period known as "Leave" it is necessary to reconstruct the "Atmosphere" of the front as far as possible in order to produce the weekly "Fragment."



The Ghost of Dead Pig Farm—19 . . . ?

At midnight, an indignant, husky voice is heard to say: "B——— these blinkin' sandbags'



George versus Germany

Should Mr. Robey be at any time called upon to go to the Front, he must be careful how he does this: "I'm surprised at you, Ludendorff!"



A Puzzle for Paderewski

"It's a pity Alf ain't 'ere, Bert; 'e can play the piana wonderful"



“Substitutes” in the Field

“I thought you said your uncle was a sending you an umbrella”

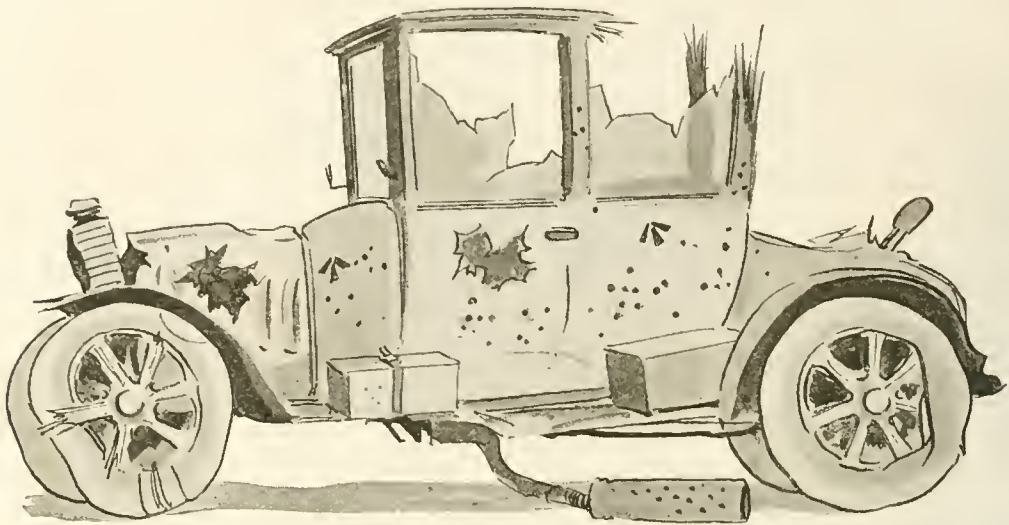


Leave

Dep. : Paddington 2.15. Arr. Home 4

Merely a Warning

To those who may be contemplating picking up a Government car cheaply after the war. Insist on seeing photograph. Don't be satisfied by just reading the advertisements.



Bruce Barnfather

ROLLS-DAIMLER, 1917.—Four-seated Coupé body (très coupé). Hardly been used, beautifully finished (almost completely). One dickey seat (*very dickey*), detachable rims (two already detached). Only driven 10 miles (Albert to Gommecourt). Excellent shock absorber (has absorbed any amount). In exceptional condition. £650 (or good bath chair). **BARGAIN.**—Captain Somepush, No. 2, Red Cross, Rouen.



You dirty dog

Bruce Barnfather



**A Good
Pen at a
Low Price.**

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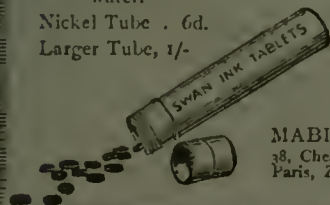
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