

UPON DISCOVERING "CHLORINE" IN THE MORNING COCOA

[*Note.*—The closest watch is maintained by the Army medical authorities over the water supply which Tommy uses in France. All water before it is used is treated with more or less copious quantities of chloride of lime (which Tommy invariably calls "Chlorine"). This adds anything but a pleasant flavour to the beverages and foods into the preparation of which the "doped" water enters. Chloride of lime is also used extensively in camps, in trenches, and on the battlefield, for purposes that will be readily apparent. Many are the supplications which reach the Battalion "M.O."—medical officer—urging him to omit "Chlorine" from the cooking water, but, invariably, he is adamantine.]

THOU art no maiden fair to see,
Chlorine;

Thou art no dame of high degree,
Chlorine!

And yet, and yet, who
canst forget
Chlorine?

By day I see thee at my
feet, Chlorine!

Were I at thine, 'twould be
more meet,
Chlorine!

You come, you go, like
driven snow,
Chlorine!

At meals I have my tea
with thee,
Chlorine!

Dost think I could forget?
Ah, me!

Chlorine!
With soup, with fish, with
ev'ry dish—
Chlorine!

Yet, while I'm faithful thus
to thee,

Chlorine!
Another claims thy con-
stancy,

Chlorine!
You love, I know, our fell
M.O., Chlorine!

Thou art his strength whate'er betide,
Chlorine!

Long since he claimed thee for his bride,
Chlorine!

Thou'lt at his side in death abide,
Chlorine!

Ah, wanton! when this war is o'er,
Chlorine!

I pray I'll never see thee more,
Chlorine!

That thou may'st grace some other place,
Chlorine!

C. L. ARMSTRONG.

France, 1916.



City Barber: "Little bay rum, sir?"

Canuck (on leave): "How about leaving out the 'bay'?"

By J. Hassall, R.I.