

MUSTARD GAS AND DUDS.

"It's coming over, boys, duck."

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Though it's hot, it's not the shell variety; it will get you all right but you'll enjoy the sensation. Wait for it.

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Unnecessary words are not required when a Tommy invites a "Wack" to visit. The following conversation was overheard when they met on Tipperary Ave. last Sunday afternoon:—

Tommy: "Shallus?"

Jennie: "Lets."

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While the "Hard-Tack" is Tommy's favourite(?) biscuit, Fritz usually offers "Mene-wafers" to any visitors in the front line trenches.

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"—————" is the regimental call of the Canadian Labour Pool. Does this mean that the men attached to that unit are hopeful of an early ending of the war?

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Heard at the Canadian Medical Board some time ago:—

M.O. (much annoyed): "If you were in civilian life would you think of coming to me with such a complaint as that?"

Private: "No, sir; I would go to a doctor."

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Speaking of dogs of war, presumably the submarine sailor is the under-dog.

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A Canadian Forestry Corps in England has started a "piggery."

By remaining in Blighty they figure to save their bacon, of course.

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A New York vaudeville house is featuring "Hitchy-Koo." You don't need to tell the average Tommy anything about "Itchy-Coo," as he is very well posted on the subject.

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Officer: "Define camouflage."

Private (who came over with the first contingent): "Canada leave for three months."