

McDonald :—"Last night, sir, I wis gaun up tae the trenches an' I fell aff the tail-board o' the waggon. I landed right there, sir, and it hurts me tae sit doon. It's gey sair, an' I wid jist like tae git something tae rub it wi'."

M.O. :—"All right; give Scotty some liniment to rub himself."
"Pte. Wall!"

Wall is a tough-looking Australian attached to the Tunnelling Company.

M.O. :—"Australian, eh! And what's your trouble?"

Wall :—"I've had severe diarrhoea for four or five days now, sir, and though I've taken quite a few of those little brown pills, they did not do me any good."

M.O. :—"The pills didn't do you any good, eh! What work are you doing now?"

Wall :—"Well, sir, I have been—I have been working on the supply dump lately."

M.O. :—"When are you going up the line?"

Wall :—"In about a week, sir, I think."

M.O. :—"Well, say! Can you get hold of any souvenirs for me when you go up?"

Wall :—"Why yes, sir, I think I can. In fact, I have a pretty nice German shell nose now."

M.O. :—"Well you don't want that, you can't carry it around with you. Bring it along. Brandy and port wine for this man. I will excuse you duty for the next three days." (Wall returned the next day on sick parade with the empty bottle ready for a further supply and also the shell nose.)

"Pte. Green!"

Green seemed very stiff and weary.

M.O. :—"What's wrong with you?"

Green :—"All in, sir."

M.O. :—"All in! How d'ye mean?"

Green :—"Well I'm very sore all over, sir, and have headaches and don't feel fit for anything."

M.O. :—"Take this man's temperature."

The temperature was taken and indicated 99.5.

M.O. :—"All right. SOME opening medicine, SOME tonic pills, and SOME aspirin."

Just at this juncture the unmistakable whistle of a German shell was heard, followed closely by the bang of the explosion. From the door of the main building a voice was heard energetically calling "Inside! Inside! Come along! Move smartly! Double up there! Inside! Inside!" Everyone was finally got inside the main building,