

At the Morning Sick Parade

Sometimes civilians come in on the morning sick parade, as there are no doctors up here. After diagnosing a case the following conversation may take place:—"Deux; kat-hours, you compree dat?" "No compree" (wiggle two fingers). "Two, deux (four fingers) kat, four oors." "Ah, oui compree, merci bein, good afternoon, m'sieu."

The first man complains of sore throat. On examination the M.O. finds he has tonsilitis. But he remembers having sent in a diagnosis of tonsilitis (correctly spelt) before, and getting



OUR S/M ON CHURCH PARADE.

a flare-back two months later from Capt. (re marginally noted) S— at the Base, wanting to know "which tonsil it was, right or left? Was it follicular, phlegmonous or oedematous? Congenital acquired or accidental? Loose or natural?" He turns up his nomenclature and finds that Heartburn goes, so he treats him for tonsilitis, and marks him heartburn, for art is long and time is fleeting.

Sergt. calls up the next man.

M.O.: "What do you complain of?" "Sciatica, sir." "Where is the pain?" "It runs up my leg." "Which leg?" "Left sir." "Does it run up you back?" "Yes, sir." "Over your shoulder?" "Yes, sir." "You have a devil of a long sciatica nerve. Next time you get some one to coach you, learn your lesson better. M. & D. for you."

Next man has a broken bridge. On examining his mouth you find the bridge was made by a dentist or a jeweller, not by the engineers. You can always tell a native-born Canuck by the gold in his mouth. It is all lit up like the Royal Mint. He is referred to the Dental Officer with the Field Ambulance, who is one of the busiest men in the Division.

Private S— says he has rheumatism. He can't have rheumatism because it is not in the book. Rheumatism in the army died of overwork. He has no temperature, but a little stiffness in the right shoulder joint, so he is given Arthritis, medicine and two days light duty. He goes out wondering why his mother ever raised her boy to be a soldier.

"Private Murphy? What's the matter with you?" "Phits, sur." "Fits, did a medical officer see you in a fit?" "No, sur." "Well, don't do it again." "What do you mane, sur?" "Don't throw another fit, it gets to be a bad habit. Take this." Sergt. gives him castor oil, which he gulps down. "Thank ye, sur."

The Labor Battalion is left till the last to give the boys as much time to rest as possible, and sit by the stone and drink hot bovril, if

its cold. Also they act on the M. O. like a Chinook among the foothills. His frosty exterior melts away, and what is genial about him comes to the surface. They are the only ones who can put anything over on him. Some day a man will make his name by writing a book about the Labor Battalion.

They are a hard-riden, hard-bitten lot of old fellows past the age limit, but anxious to do their bit. They have roamed the Rockies, fought grizzlies, and mined from Mexico to the Yukon. They have roughed it all their lives, but the regularity, the rotten weather and the monotony of trench warfare get their goat. More than anything else is the lack of warmth, for it's a long cry from a Quebec heater to what masquerades as a stove in France, and Belgian beer is no bon.

They pal up to Jack Johnson and Minnie Wurfer, but their old foes rheumatism, bronchitis, and sclerosis get them. They are brought in by a lance-corporal, who is an old soldier, and as proud of his one stripe as any General of his cross-swords.

The first man who comes up no questions need be asked, as he is coughing the cough that would carry anyone off but a sour-dough.

Next—As he comes up the M.O. is looking him over, and the first thing that strikes him is that the pupil of one eye is dilated. He has memories of an interesting brain lesion he saw, what seems many years ago before he became an army doctor. But when he goes to evert the lid—"That's a glass eye, sir."

"M.O.: "So it is, and a damn good one, too."

The next man has a few red spots on one arm. "Does it hurt you?" "Just when I work, sir." Here the Corporal steps up, salutes, asks if it will be necessary to isolate him. He is assured it is not necessary.

They think a whole lot of the M.O., and his word goes with them. One was carried in on a stretcher the other day. He walked out and carried the stretcher with him.

"Private M?" "Here, sir."

M.O.: "How old are you?" He whispers in the M.O.'s ear, who looks amazed and thinks the patient is sure a direct descendant of the old geezer mentioned in the Good Book.

M.O.: "How did you get here?" "Well, sir," he says, "the people of B— paid my way to the war. If I'd something for my back, I'd be right as rain."

M.O.: "Right-o, up you go, and good luck to you." Corporal curses them into line and marches off at their head like an old bell wether with his flock.

(To be continued).

FAMOUS SAYINGS.

Sergeant-Major McIntosh.—"Get your hair cut."
Staff-Sergeant Paterson.—"Is your father angry?"
Sergeant Matthews.—"Put up or shut up."
Sergeant McLaughlin.—"Open wide."
Staff-Sergeant Keith.—"Encore, s'il vous plait."
Sergeant Rogers.—"I don't know."
Sergeant Samuels.—"What do I see in the offing."
Sergeant McKay.—"Tout suit."
Quartermaster-Sergeant Rogers: "When was your last issue?"
Sergeant Field.—"Do you want any coke?"
Sergeant Thom.—"Lend me a franc."
Staff-Sergeant Watts.—"Is there salt in the porridge?"
Sergeant Perley.—"Do you want me to re-model your face?"
Sergeant Neff.—"My man, it's quite obvious."
Sergeant Stewart.—"I'm not dead yet."
Staff-Sergeant Page.—"I coom frae Lancashire."
Sergeant Brown.—"When I was in the R.C.R.'s."
Staff-Sergeant Hurst.—"Where's my putty knife?"
Sergeant Rowe.—"I want to go home."
Sergeant Holland.—"I can fix it."
Sergeant Bach.—"Mein Gott."
Staff-Sergeant McGernon.—"Hooray for ould Oireland."
Sergeant Shadwell.—"Give me an order."

Scene.—The Dental Clinic.

Hour.—Noon.

Mons. Gadsby-Smith (flying to luncheon) encounters officer at the entrance to the Chamber of Horrors.

Officer: "Is the dentist in?"

Mons. Gadsby-Smith (springing to attention): "Yessir! My co-workers are in, but as the hour of noon approacheth their manual labours have ceased until I return."

What We Would Like to Know

Has a certain N.C.O. found the wish bone of the rabbit yet?

If Dick Calder was captured by the Huns, who could run the Pack Stores?

What relation is Corporal Kells to the ham that vanished so quickly from the A.D.S.?

Can he give us any information as to its whereabouts?

We are tickled to death to see the reinforcements coming up to join us, but how many will there fall out for the band?

What is the nature of the new duties which Sergeant Neff is likely to be called on to perform in the near future?

Perhaps Sergeant Perley will explain.

Who are the married men who are receiving the "Lonely Soldiers'" parcels?

And if their wives are aware of the fact?

How much did it cost "Crappy" for the souvenirs he is taking with him on pass?

And what tale will he tell about them?

Who is the late member of our unit at present in hospital in England who causes much amusement to the nurses of his ward during the peaceful midnight hours relating his many experiences during the period he was with us in France?

What time does the balloon go up?

Who was the Sergeant on the journey from Boulogne to Folkestone who was requested to put the cigar out and was not smoking?

Whoever heard of a locomotive 180 feet long? For particulars see the "MICKADO."

N.Y.D.

A certain Lance-Corporal of No. 2 would like to know if the 10th Canadian Battery went through the battle of Mons?

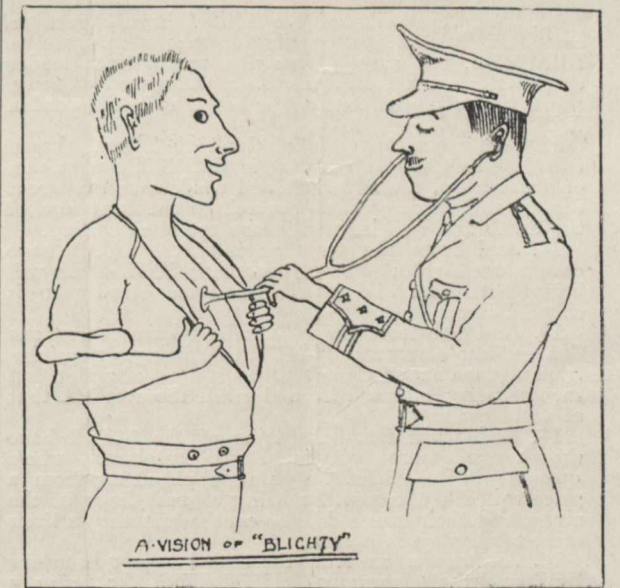
We are unable to give you the necessary information as our war adviser, Private Bowler is laid up in hospital.—(Editor.)

Who is the Staff-Sergeant who plays the title rôle, "Are you a Mason?"

Who are the Infantry Staff-Sergeants attached to this unit?

What Sergeant Perley does for his "Ducks Disease"?

How did "Molly" put it over Staff-Sergeant Hurst the other day? And where was his lasso?



Why do they call the game which is quite popular in the Sergeants' Mess "Rum," when the ultimate result is always "Beer"?

When is the big "bombardment" coming off, as Staff-Sergeant Page was heard to remark that they had been uncovering the guns for the past two weeks? Perhaps Sergeant Neff will explain.

Where did Sergeant Matthews get hit while at the A.D. Station?

And what struck him?

Who are the two gunners in "C" Section?

Is it true that the new officer in charge of the transport wished the men to clean the horses' teeth each morning, and if the boys think him Jake?