

from the table, and after scanning them shortly, he called out the first name—"Pte. Smith!" Smith hobbled over to the table looking as if the rest of his days were numbered.

M.O. :—"Well, Smith, what's up with you?"

Smith :—"Very weak, sir; have headaches and a bad cough, and haven't had any sleep for five nights, sir."

M.O. :—"Gee! all that! You're still alive, though."

Smith :—"Why y-e-ess, sir."

M.O. :—"Pain in your back, eh? When did your bowels move last?"

Smith :—"To-day, sir. The pain in my back is the worst."

M.O. :—"All right, belladonna plaster on his back, SOME opening medicine, SOME tonic pills, and SOME aspirin."

"Pte. Jones!"

Jones hops to the table and salutes smartly.

M.O. :—"What you got, Jones?"

Jones :—"Cut my hand, sir; getting it dressed here every day, sir."

M.O. :—"All right, go into the dressing-room."

"Pte. Jenkins!"

Jenkins steps mildly over.

M.O. :—"Well, what's the matter?"

Jenkins :—"I think it's my nerves, sir; I am not feeling good, sir."

M.O. :—"You belong to the Artillery, eh?"

Jenkins :—"Yes, sir; 6 Naval—and the noise of the guns sets me all off, sir."

M.O. :—"Where's your battery?"

Jenkins :—"Just up the ————— Road, sir; about fifteen minutes' walk from here."

M.O. :—"Have you any shell noses up there you can get me as souvenirs?"

Jenkins :—"Well, sir! Yes, sir! There is a German 4.2 dud up there, sir, I think you can have."

M.O. :—"You haven't got your kit with you, eh? All right, slide along and get your kit and bring some shell noses and that dud, and I'll send you down to the rest station for four or five days."

"Pte. McDonald!"

McDonald belongs to the Tunnelling Co. and from his name one would think he was a Scotsman. The Tunnelling Co., led by Corporal Scotty, formed a large part of the sick parade every day.

M.O. :—"What's wrong with you, McDonald?"