

"ALLIED"—continued.

me into a doorway and insisted on my coming in to meet the friends with whom they were rooming—they could speak English very well—and we should have our banquet here. We knocked and were admitted by a portly landlady, who explained that the others had gone to bed an hour ago. "Ah, comme c'est très malheureux." Then perhaps Monsieur would stay the night? No? Well, at least we must have his address and write to him from France. Now the adieus must be made, for Madame was anxious to retire. We exchanged hearty handshakes—the grips of old friends—and as I stood with my hand on the door, I called back to them "Vive la Belgique," and they replied, "Vive l'Angleterre! Vive le Canada!"

THE ENTENTE CORDIALE AND THE RETORT ADMIRABLE.

Scene: Leas Shelter. Time 8:30 p.m.; shaded lights; soft music; enter two Ser-

geants and occupy last seats in third row from back. One of them is a linguist of some renown—expresses himself equally well in French, Shorthand, or ocular Morse. His eyes roving casually over the assembled throng, light on two chic figures a couple of seats away—apparently demoiselles from across the Channel. They have already spied him. Glances meet—rougish glances. Sergeant takes his programme, scribbles on it an international note in shorthand, folds into a dart, and tosses across the aisle. It falls at their feet. They pick it up, read it, and, taking a hatpin, carefully prick out this message: "Après la musicale." The dart is returned. Sergeant reads, exhibiting satisfaction; studies a few moments, then writes a suave note—in French this time—with an ingratiating enquiry as to whether they really mean it, and a footnote—R.S.V.P. Maidens read the last one and reply this way: "Very sorry, Papa and Hubby waiting outside."

"Come on, Fergie, mine's a small Port."

B. H. HODGSON,

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