

February 2 we were inspected by General Mercer, and, if we do say so ourselves, made a pretty good turn out. Anyhow, the general didn't bowl us out badly, and the boys felt in a measure compensated for their hard work by the kindly speech he delivered after the inspection, and will no doubt profit largely by the fatherly advice he gave them.

By the way, the thanks of the transport are due to "B" company for the rush of volunteers that came forward as soon as they knew that we couldn't get our wagons washed in time for the inspection. Such kind consideration for an overworked section (?) is most gratifying.

Where does all the surplus baggage come from and where does it go to, and what will be its end? The writer knows two or three fine, commodious and unoccupied ditches in the neighbourhood.

We heard last week that Postmaster Ward had lost his brazier; but why on earth he should hit straight for our lines to look for it passes our comprehension. It's a cinch none of our section would steal it. (Curious how a brazier can walk to the N.C.O.'s tent.)

Did anyone notice the latest in noses? Go and see the sergeant's mare, it resembles a cross between a bull-moose and a rhinoceros. Funny work somewhere.

The N.C.O.'s of this section have for some three weeks' past been considering the possibilities of Flanders air as a medicine for fattening horses. After looking at the matter from every angle they have concluded that it is no good unless combined with a certain portion of straw.

We wonder who is getting the "forty-two's" extra hay and oats. They seem to think that it is us, but bless you, we have so much of our own that we don't need it.

Last week a most urgent call for chloride of lime came from the trenches, as all urgent calls do at 2 o'clock on a rainy morning. Thinking that someone had struck a graveyard, a team was hastily hitched up and an N.C.O. placed in charge of three drums of the precious "stink." They arrived at headquarters, and dug out a growling batman to receive the valuable freight. To

their joy they discovered nine drums and fourteen cans in the kitchen being used as tables, chairs, etc.; on leaving for home the N.C.O. asked the batman for a seat to sit on in the limber, and on arrival at stables found that he was sitting on a can of CHLORIDE OF LIME.

We are sorry to note that of late one of our N.C.O.'s has fallen a victim to the "fried chips" habit. He is fast becoming incurable, as is the case with all other habits. The victim stops at no means to obtain his fatal "dope."

Two days ago we were going to the dump for the rations and caught up to the coal team winding its thoughtful way to town, and—oh! well, never mind, everything else on the road was catching up to it, too.

For the last month or so our horses have been suffering pretty badly with the scratches. We also note some of the drivers suffering from them, too.

Did you ever have about a dozen horses that you couldn't sell, give away, or dispose of in any manner? The trials and tribulations of Corporal Young in this connection were sad to behold.

THE DREAM OF HOME.



HO has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream
of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon,
too fleet,
When far o'er land or sea we
roam.

Sunshine more bright may o'er us fall,
To greener shores we back may roam;
But far more bright, more dear than all,
The dream of home, the dream of home.

Ask of the sailor youth when far
His light bark speeds o'er ocean's foam,
What charms him most when ocean's star
Smiles o'er the wave:
The dream of home, the dream of home.
Fond thoughts of absent ones he loves
At that sweet hour around him come;
But far more bright, more dear than all,
The dream of home, the dream of home.

ANON.