

the recipient's corpse had exploded on one of Britain's ration dumps, destroying four cases of bully beef and two tins of biscuits."

Imagine the joy of said Hun's family upon receiving this coveted medal proving that Fritz served his fatherland until the bitter end! Can you not imagine it? The family sitting down to breakfast, the sausage fried to that appetising brown finish, and the folks reading in the morning paper about the honour conferred on one of the family! And who knows, O Ignatius, perhaps the "make-up" of the aforementioned sausage contained remnants of their dearly departed. What glory! What a wonderful "Bit"! What kultur! has never before been seen in the skies above, nor the seas below, nor yet on the face of the earth.

O gentle Hun, I a humble Canadian in King George's Army, pay you tribute for your patriotism.

Pte. HAL. B. DONNELLY, C.M.R.

Oh where, oh where is my poor Fritz gone?
He was dead when last he was seen;
But I know my Fritz will come back to me—
In sausage or glycerine.

A RECRUIT'S IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

Contributed by R. J. RENISON.

THE voyage was a quick and stormy one, and long before we reached the shores of England we had abundant reason to know that England's flag still flies in pride upon the ocean.

The fleet of great ships hurried through the danger zone like a herd of cows with the destroyers snapping like terriers at their heels. It made the heart beat high to see these glorious little ships throbbing with confidence and, sublimely daring, sweeping the blue waters for miles for sight of the serpent's head.

Even in war time the English railroads do not need any lessons from the C.P.R. Our train ran like a sewing machine at fifty miles an hour to London, and a stout old gentleman spoke of writing to the *Times* because the windows were not kept polished as in pre-war times.

The spirit of this country is wonderful. But you cannot get any Englishman to admit it. They are not proud of being efficient or heroic.