

Or the Church of St. Adrian, cut in the chalk,
 Where the would-be-wives on a Sunday walk,
 Put pins in that cushion, kept in the church
 With fond hopes of obtaining the husband they search,

Then the trip to La Bouille, that quaint little town
 And the places you pass when going down,
 Robert's Castle is one of the interesting things,
 It was built by a father of England's Kings.

Or describe the women you sometimes, have met,
 With that quaint Norman head-dress of hand-mate net.
 You will see them on Sundays, on Rue de Carmes,
 They come from some nearby village or farm.

These are only a few of the things you could say,
 Now write her a letter, write it to-day,
 For of all the blessings that fall to your lot,
 There is only one mother, the mother you've got.

T. B. P.

WHAT SILLY PEOPLE SAY TO THE UNFORTUNATE ONE ON LEAVE.

(AND HIS ANSWER.)

- Dear me, it has done you a lot of good, you look so flourishing.
- I hear that you are preparing a great advance.
- I saw in the paper that the Germans have only salted rats left to eat.
- How you must laugh in the trenches.
- My cook's sister's young man says that they will be quite done for before the end of February. (Lets get La Vie out first, Ed.)
- It must be hot in those dugouts under the earth.
- The wounded in the hospitals here, all ask to be sent back. They do get so tired of doing nothing, poor dears.

And He if French, answers rather evasively, but still politely notwithstanding.

And if Canadian his inner thoughts are best left unsaid, as for one thing no Printing machine could bear the strain, and for another, everyone is aware of the shortage of paper.
