

exterior, but the inside looked more than inviting to a wandering bird with no permanent roosting-place, and I entered.

The photograph was wiping glasses behind the bar. I called for soda water, or buttermilk, I forget which, and held my neck stiff while she scanned my frontal elevation.

"Aren't you Louis' friend?" she asked, after a guard inspection.

I admitted I was.

"How d'you do?" she said. "You look quite like—like yourself. Don't you think it was rather taking advantage of two trusting women to lend your photograph for base, deceptive purposes?" she enquired with severity.

I agreed, and camouflaged my confusion with a large glass of mixed seltzer.

"But perhaps you did it thoughtlessly, out of mistaken ideas of friendship," she suggested, softening a trifle.

"No doubt," I agreed, promptly.

"In that case," she added, "there is something to be said for you."

"Auntie!" she called. The inner door opened and about two hundred and fifty pounds of hoarded rations entered.

"Mrs. Louis Gray," said the younger lady, "formerly Miss Agatha Tompkins, and at all times—my aunt."

"Then the photograph you sent was really your niece's," said I, after shaking hands.

She admitted it was.

I turned to the younger lady. "Don't you think it was rather taking advantage of two trusting soldiers to lend your photograph for base, deceptive purposes?" I asked severely.

She nodded.

"But perhaps you did it thoughtlessly, out of mistaken ideas of friendship," I suggested.

She agreed.

"In that case," I added, "there is something to be said for you."

"Perhaps Louis' photograph had better stay to supper," said the younger lady. "I'm afraid he may do himself an injury with all that soda water."

What could I do? I am a forgiving person, and in the face of so much consideration for my welfare what could I do but remain?

FRED W. DAGLISH.



Slim: "Well, you never went through a battle like this in the Somme, anyway."
Old-Timer (13 kilos from the take-off): "G'wan, this ain't a battle—it's a rout-march!"