

Santy Clause's Wife.

"Say, Elise, do you know Roland?"

"Roland who? Be more precise, please."

"Roll and butter, yah, got yer honey."

"Oh, how feeble. Have you seen the hoe?"

"What hoe?"

"She bumps—now we're square."

"Oh, mean! I don't know all your weird places in England."

"How should you? I don't know any of your weird places in Canada. Anyway, do you know Lena?"

"Lena?"

"Lean agin me."

"Oh, stop, Angus, we can be just as funny if we want to, you know."

"Oh no you can't, you can't put one original over me."

Elise thought hard; she had England's reputation for fun to uphold. In despair she laughed out at him, "Do you know Isaac?"

"No, no," doubtfully.

"I sick, get a doctor!"

"Hah, ain't that awful; any more?"

"No, I can't think of anything else."

"Well, here's one for you. Do you know Michael?"

"Michael who?" amiably.

"My calling card. Wow, wow!"

"Help, help!"

"Oo was saying 'elp? Can I not 'elp, m'selle?"

"Oui, m'sieu, you can. Please drown Canada there, he's boring me" (this very nonchalantly).

"Boring how? you say boring. Was m'sieu Canada rude to m'selle?" (very fiercely).

"He only pulled my leg."

Horrorstruck, M'sieu Alphonse looked fiercely at Angus. Anyone even mentioning a lady's leg in France—

"Say, now don't let that cut any ice with you, Frenchy, she's only jollying you."

"Joli, jollying; what's that? Moi je ne comprends pas. Pretty? Oui, mon dieu, she's pretty," and M'sieu Alphonse bowed deeply from the waist to Elise. Elise flushed. She never could get used to the Frenchman's suave politeness; she understood the Canadian's "jollying" better.

The guns boomed continually throughout their banter, a veritable danse Macabre, with a leit motif of light comedy running as a golden

thread in the warp and woof of sinister sound.

Elise shook the little straying curls back from her eyes as she listened and gave back light answer to light banter.

"Meet me to-night at the same spot," whispered Angus, flicking the last crumbs off his kilt, while the Frenchman strolled away.

"No, no, I can't," she answered back.

"You know we've had quite a penny lecture about our meeting outside on off hours, and I'm going to do as I'm told for the sake of all the others. They say we women have no esprit de corps! I'm going to try and help show them we have, if I can."

"Phew, what a long speech; and so our meetings are off?"

"'Fraid so," she answered, airily.

"'Fraid," huffily. "You don't care or you'd come."

"Would I? Well, I'm cultivating 'esprit,' so can't—Santy Claus."

"Why Santy Claus? You've called me that twice lately; the other day when I had to rush off, and now."

"Oh, I'll tell you some day. Cut off now, I'm on duty."

"What was that darned Frenchman doing here again, anyway? He's always coming here at this time."

"So do the others. He has a right to, you know."

"All right, don't rub it in. Don't you think we could have just one little time alone?" (persuasively).

"Not till this show's over, anyway."

"Perhaps I shall get killed."

"Now who's mean?"

"Oh, all right, I am," and Angus flung out of the building, enraged with the girl he loved, the world at large, and Frenchmen in particular.

Elise looked sadly after him. The war was really a hard taskmaster. But the Com-mandant had raised every bit of latent enthusiasm she had in her anatomy to maintain discipline, and everything must go by the board. She was going to help to make the quaint name of W.A.A.C. resound throughout the world as a definite standard of honour and chivalry among women. If Angus really loved her—but she was not afraid of that.

But the fates were not working for her, and the fact that she was waylaid by Alphonse on her off hours until she had positively to