

what steps we descended, and what stairs we climbed, what passages we traversed, and what doors we passed through. Compared to that intricate journey a night trip up the Zillebeke communication trenches was quite a simple affair.

When I recovered my sense of spacial relations I found myself confronted by the towering shelves of the Hospital Linen Store. Ah! those blues again! I no sooner begin to feel myself reinstated soldier and to become complacently accustomed to my gold stripe, than I have this recurring red, white and blue loan thrust upon me. I am loyal to the old flag, I consider, but khaki is so much more pleasing to the eyesight—and the thirst.

After signing another sheet, which will doubtless serve to condemn me later, and limping up and along all the remaining stairways and hallways of this a-mazing building, I was brought up before a bed whose geometrical planes and angles I knew I should never be able to reproduce in the morning. I had the bed number formally conferred upon me, and, gloomily pulling on a short legged pair of blue trousers and a long sleeved jacket of a somewhat more faded shade of blue, I threw myself upon my new bed, hoping to forget the hospital world and its hospitality.

Ah! No peace for the patient! Once more I heard a sergeant's voice at my side:

"Get up there! You are not allowed to lie on your bed during the day."

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I am feeling somewhat better now after a hearty sardine supper. And at the table I met a fellow from my battalion who told me I should like the Granville when I got used to it. I am hoping it won't take too long.

Yours patiently, BLUE STREAK.

Some Moments We Look Forward To.

Out turn to be invited to "waltz in" to the Examining Board Room.

"Coronation Day," when we receive our double crown.

When we'll find it raining like the deuce at 6.30 a.m.

When the O.C. has finished his "personal inquiries" on Inspection Day.

The last expiring moments of the "Blues."

The hour she promised to meet us on the Prom.

When the Gym Sgt. calls "Class hand in your tickets now"

When we get back with ours, and get ours back at Fritz—down on the Somme.

When Kaiser Bill himself will shout "Kamerad!"

"Après la Guerre finit."