

with a gentleman who had befriended him before he came to Murdstone.

The remains of poor Kitty were found buried in a thick mound of frozen snow, just outside the lych-gate. The face, they tell me, was awful to look upon—I had seen it in my "dream." The funeral will never be forgotten in Murdstone.

The good doctor never recovered from the shock and died within a month of the terrible discovery. Poor George, broken in health and mind, took my advice and went to South Africa, where he still is, a changed and saddened man.

How did it affect me? Look at my hair—changed from jet-black to silver in a night. Surely that speaks for itself?

Do I believe in ghosts? Can you ask me after that?

MARRIAGE.

Private C. A. Russell, of 15 Platoon, "D" Company, of "Ours," was married to Miss Florrie Hetty Bond, daughter of H. Bond, Esq., of the Royal Navy, at the Registry Office, Folkestone, on September 25, 1915. We wish the happy couple the very best of luck and every prosperity.

She: "This is the fourth time you have proposed to me. How many times do you want me to refuse you?" He: "I think three times quite sufficient."

Pupil: "Teacher, may I be absent this afternoon? My aunt's cousin is dead." Teacher: "Well—yes—I suppose so; but really I wish it was some nearer relative."

"This stone is covered with hieroglyphics," explained the curator. "Why don't they have the board of health exterminate them?" asked the woman from upstate.

"I reckon," said Farmer Corntossel, "as how mebbe barbed wire ought to be counted as one of the most useful inventions of the age." "For what reason?" "When there's a lot o' work to be done barbed wire makes it impossible fur a feller to sit on the fence an' look on."

Friend: "Why don't you enlist?" Pugilist: "What! Me fight for a shilling a day? I'd lose my reputation."

OUR "SING-SONGS."

A large, roomy barn in that elusive "Somewhere in Flanders"—in fact, a dirty barn, cold, draughty, and littered with straw and the débris that gathers round those ancient places used as the quartermaster's stores, the signalling station, the post-office, and the sleeping quarters of many men. About a hundred of us are gathered here, some sitting round glowing braziers, with one side of their anatomy very warm and the other side very cold, others lying and sitting about in the straw, nearly all of us wearing greatcoats, for outside it is freezing to-night. A few guttering candles, with their lives fast ebbing away as though in drunken debauchery, are set up along the beams, and shed a soft, uncertain light over the scene and dimly outline the recumbent forms of the transport men in the "gods," peering down into the "stalls" below—cow stalls. A few rats play hide-and-seek along the rafters. Twelve overcoated members of the band sit in two lines with their instruments, looking somewhat chilly. Less than three miles away the trenches, with the flare lights, the rattle of the rifles and machine guns, comrades being wounded, and some killed, while we sit here listening to the music and enjoying ourselves.

It's the first time we've had any such enjoyment since we came here, for we've been out on working parties and fatigues most of the time, often coming back to our billets with wet and sodden clothing. But when we hear the music and listen to the songs and jests, and join in the rollicking choruses, we forget any little discomforts and our thoughts dwell on pleasanter things. Our minds go back to the bright, sunny days in Alberta, when we used to go gaily marching out behind the band to the tunes we are hearing now, marching with the pride that every man feels when first he dons the King's uniform.

Now the band has stopped playing, and we're listening to some mud-stained boys just up from the trenches, singing and jesting. Everything is applauded, encores are called for, and a fine spirit prevails. Now and then the concert is stopped while the signallers take down despatches. In the pauses we can hear the rumble of the