

"MY BELOVED POILUS"

A stationary balloon that is not far from here, used as a Belgian observation post, was struck by a bomb from an aeroplane and we saw it fall in flames. The men who were in it jumped out with parachutes and both escaped without injury.

Broterl, the famous French sniper and poet, came the other day to sing for the soldiers. He is wonderful, and sang all sorts of songs that he had composed in the trenches. The men were enchanted, it does such a lot of good, for it makes them forget for a time.

One of our orderlies has just got word that one of his brothers has been killed at the Somme, another is dangerously wounded in the head, and a third has lost his leg — he has six brothers, all at the front.

One of the men in my ward got word of the death of his brother also. He was a stretcher bearer and was helping a