

manufacture a doll while one of them started to work on a grotesque jumping-jack. Maloney got the sugar ration and taking his canteen he went to the cooks' fires to make candy. Everything prospered and by sundown all had been completed. The candy was rather rough-looking and contained considerably more sand than is to be found in the civilized article. The jumping-jack would throw up its arms and legs when a string was pulled in great style, but it lacked the brilliant colors with which Santa Claus usually endows that interesting article.

But *par excellence* here was a wonderful doll, and even Worth never turned out a more gorgeous dress nor fitted a more remarkable figure; the doll glared at the beholder with a pair of bright nickel eyes taken from the ends of two bullets. The nose consisted of a strip of brass off a cartridge case, while the mouth was artistically worked with some red yarn from one of the boys' socks. The dress was made of pieces of blue and yellow handkerchiefs, the trimmings of almost every color. The question of conducting the presents to the little girl now came up for discussion and the following plan was finally determined on. Albert, Harold and myself were to dress up in full patrol order with our bandoliers full of cartridges; we were to start at about twenty minutes after eleven having first found out, if possible, what the countersign for the night would be, Malony promising to attend to this part of the work. We were then to proceed down the track and whenever we met pickets to pass ourselves off as special patrols. Maloney after a little difficulty succeeded in finding out the countersign for the night which was "Saskatchewan."

Amid all kinds of whispered advice we quietly slipped from the tent with our trusty rifles in our hands on that never-to-be-forgotten Christmas Eve. We first struck out to the rear of the camp and watching our chance slipped past the sentry on guard there and making a wide detour turned our backs on the streaming pencil of fire which was flashing ceaselessly across the northern sky from the beleaguered city of Kimberly and set our faces towards the distant farm house lying beneath the Southern Cross. After