

his sole judge, but he has to do his duty towards the Unit to which he is attached. He has to keep before him always the following imaginary conversation:—

"Hullo, where have you been?"

"Oh, in the hospital," is the usual reply

"Which Ambulance were you with?"

"So and so—and they're a pretty rotten outfit."

Now what gives him that impression? Why, simply that, perhaps, the few orderlies with whom he has come in contact have treated him badly in one way or another. It is very hard, sometimes, to control one's temper and be tactful, especially when one is a little "under the weather," or when one's nerves are a little frayed by overwork or worry, but it must be done. Authority must be exercised, and yet there must be no hint of the "mailed fist," even though one has the satisfaction of knowing that the "Powers that be" are behind one.

Peter Pan.

Oh, Peter, the pestering Piper,
Oh, man with the clarion call,
Oh, would that the morning were riper
Before the reveille you call.

For I was just kissing my Mary,
I was thousands of miles from the morn;
Oh, Pete, I was back on the prairie,
When you blew the tempestuous horn

The echo has scarce left your trumpet,
When the hut fills with terrible din,
And some nervous recruit shouts "Jump it!"
The bugler is sounding "Fall in!"

Then we double out shivering and cross,
And line up as well as we can;
Of my kiss I'm still grieving the loss,
And I'm blaming the bugler man.

But after two calls so unwelcome,
Comes one that makes us less sore,
For now with your bugle you yell, "Come."
Oh, come to the cook-house door!"

Then we smile at the bacon adorning
Our porridge, three slices plus one;
Thus passes each early morning—
So they will, till the War is done

Oh, bugler, with tones so strident,
Be good to the boys if you can,
See that night into day has widened,
Ere you call any soldier man

Spring Fever

(May, '18).

Springtime has ever been the busy season. In Canada it is the seeding-time, and the mere mention of Spring calls to mind great stretches of rolling prairie over which mighty forces toil to prepare and seed the virgin soil. It is the constructive period, as it were—the days during which is planted the great golden harvest of the West. In France, Springtime has come to be considered the fighting season, and "Spring Drive" is a universal and immortal term. Consequently, the Spring months necessarily form a destructive era, but they are also, in a sense, the season of the sower—the time when are sown the seeds of a righteous conquest, which must eventually produce the priceless harvest of free democracy and world liberty. And in this year, 1918, just as Canada is planting a record crop of foodstuffs, so the British and French troops here in France are fighting the record battle of the War.

The other great characteristic of Spring is the superb loveliness with which she fashions and adorns all nature. She showers her wealth of colour generously, recklessly, until the lowliest herb acquires a grace of its own. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." Hence the tendency of this first season of the year to dispel all care and gloom from our midst. How pleasing to leave the grim, shell-torn waste with its stuffy dug-outs and close confines, and spend a few weeks back amid Nature's beauties of rural France at this spring-tide! Certainly there is no greater balm to the tired body, mind, and soul. A delightful drowsiness creeps over us as we lazily stretch ourselves on some grassy turf beneath the shade of ancient trees these sunny, sunny days. Our thoughts travel backward to the days of long ago, when, as care-free children, we romped in the cool meadows of our own or our Motherland.

Oh, the joys of these fresh, clear mornings, when reveille drives us from our cosy, straw mats in some spacious, well-aired "écurie." Less and less grudgingly do we listen to this call of morning; for to the great majority it is this early hour which gives a glimpse of the real joy of living. The roll-call on the green, the race down the cobbled-stone highway, the dismiss, the cold dash of sparkling water drawn with the old oaken bucket, the simple morning meal beneath the trees—surely such a programme of health must be the envy of many. And then the morning parades, the afternoon sport and pleasure, the evening strolls and solitudes—these mingle delightfully together to fill up the days which one loathes to leave.

From the scream of shells to the music of the birds, from the shattered grey soil to the smooth green meadow, from the hell of the battlefield to the paradise of Nature—only those who have experienced such an ascent can realise the resultant joy.