

CATHOLIC ARMY HUT.

As mentioned in the above, the Knights of Columbus in Canada and the members of the Catholic Women's League, working in concert, have enriched our camp with a beautiful new refreshment and rest salon in the shape of a vast tent. The C.W.L. labours and achievements are things too well known by men who have seen different camps in England and France for us to make any commentary. The tent, 100 by 30, is beautifully situated on the very outskirts of the camp, and flanked on all sides by thick hedges. Its position of retirement renders it most favourable to quiet reading and peaceful games. The novelty of the open-air luncheon lends another charm to the place. The work done by the C.W.L. ladies here is to be purely one of charity and bounty to the boys. All proceeds of sales, if proceeds there be, are to be given over to the sports' fund of the camp.

Let us just add one word of hearty thanks in appreciation of the kind labours of the C.W.L. workers among us, and let us wish them, forever and in all, prosperity and happiness.

LITTLE DANCERS.

The first entertainment to take place in the Catholic Church Hut was given by the little girls of Our Lady's Convent, Bexhill. The little ones called forth repeated and hearty applause by their grace of movement, in the various dances they performed, and their nimbleness of foot. Maypole dance, hornpipe, Irish jig, minuet, hesitation waltz, country dance, followed one after another in rapid succession, and were all executed without a hitch. Great praise and credit are due to the little ones, as well as their splendid tutors and guardians.

A CONFESSION.

Gentlemen—To-day, I must confess, I make a clean breast of it. For too long the shame of it all has been overpowering me. For too long have I awakened in the night, covered with a cold sweat, trembling with the fear that my horrible secret would be discovered. For too long, again, gentlemen, has the nightmare of such an act, which will fill you all with disgust, been following me night and day, torturing me, to the very depths of my soul, in broad sunshine; as well as tormenting me in the darkest hours of the night.

Yes, gentlemen, I will confess, and if I could not be true to myself then, I will brave your scornful looks in the future, and will take them as expiation for the most horrible of crimes, for the one unpardonable sin—*cowardice*!

In my extremity, I charge you all to be Judge and Jury, and should your verdict be *death*, the only atonement for such a crime, gladly shall I rid the world of such a one as I.

But, before you condemn me, gentlemen, please bear with me a little longer. Give me the same right as you give to the lowest of criminals, the right to at least put forth a few feeble excuses, and though I know that your stern sense of justice will forbid you to condone such an act, they may at least bring me your sympathy.

On the day when I was challenged, I was sick. I had been indulging during the past few weeks in frequent libations, and I was not the man I generally am. My nerves were overwrought, and though the fiery liquor, which had been coursing through my veins, caused me to accept the challenge, I could not carry it through. I could not poison myself as agreed in the challenge and as was luck's decree against me.

To enable those of you gentlemen who do not know the exact state of affairs to judge, with thorough impartiality, I shall lay down, as concisely as possible, the true facts of the case.

It was at dinner-time when my ex-friend stood up and dared me, and then . . . Oh! God, Why did you let me live to be covered with such shame. Why did you not help me in my last extremity and increase my capacity a little? . . . Gentlemen, please do bear with me a little longer. It is hard to say it. Oh God! . . . You and I alone know how hard it is. But, I must, though after this I must brave your ill-grace and your sneers. I saw . . . Oh God! how could you let such a thing happen to your faithful servant . . . I saw . . . my . . . glass full of Government Beer, and I could not summon up the courage to drink it.

—SERGT. HOSPREP.

DAY DREAMS.

We're B.3 to-day, and we're all feeling gay,

In the thought that we're all going home.

And we vow and declare and solemnly swear

That never again shall we roam.

We can see Maple trees and flowers and beer,

In the dreams we are dreaming to-day.

We can see the old cows and horses and ploughs,

And we long to be pitching the hay.

Oh! won't it be grand to shake Dad by the hand,

And to kiss dear old Mother once more.

It will sound like a lark to hear the dog bark,

When we knock on the back kitchen door.

But there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip,

And the ship that will carry us over.

And we'll find to our sorrow we'll be At to-

morrow.

And our ship will be sailing from Dover.

Private Leadswinger (entertaining new draft)
—"Wot! Was there much of an explosion when the mine went up—I should say so! Why, the sandbags was falling down ten minutes afterwards with snow on 'em."