

and even the press agent of the Big Show ever attempts to use, there was a big van with "Cakes and Pies" printed upon its liberal covering. The commissariat is the defence of the defenders. The spirit may be willing; but if the stomach is weak—woe betide the supply of fervor with which you start upon the long, long road.

The D.A.A. and Q.M.G. took me next to the canteen, for which God and a bevy of ladies are to be praised. Some of them come down at seven in the morning to pour coffee for the boys. It is in the Dairy Building. Instead of cold storage there is good warm cheer; a reading room, bunting with heartening, home-reminding letters on it; and still the greenery and other dressings of Christmas.

Grapefruit in the Canteen.

Maybe, hidden here and there were sprigs of mistletoe, to remind sundry of the boys of what had been and to tease them with visions of what may yet be accomplished. In the reading room the future Lessards were going through the mortalities that beset officers' examinations. Behind the first counter stood a lady with whom the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. shook hands, gallantly, as if she might have been in Government House. Behind a screen was a table spread with bewitching napery; and on a sideboard—or what did efficient duty for a sideboard—a regiment of grapefruit in waiting. This, I was told, by one who knows—the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. was chatting with the lady—was an effect of a drawing towards Sparta for some of the officers who do not agree that the plainest living need be started before—well, you know, what is the use of meeting trouble half way?

Which, being interpreted, means that the allowance of something over a dollar a day for the simple sustenance of the officers had been cut down to the rational frugality of thirty cents per diem—one cute young lieutenant always put the emphasis on the *di* when he thought of living on ten cents a meal. The order to get into the thirty cent entrenchments had come unex-

pectedly; so that the table behind the screen had come rather suddenly, too; and was only a makeshift, grapefruit and all.

If you are curious about such things, you may care to know that General Lessard, who is an organizer to the last hair of his head, directed that the accounts of all the extra-military bodies which minister to the temporal and spiritual needs of the men inside the camp, be audited by professional auditors, so that all the profits go back to the soldier in some form or other, after the immediate transactions are closed.

Covers For a Thousand.

From the voluntary canteen with its half-hidden grapefruit to the refectory of the twentieth battalion was only a few yards. Covers were laid for a thousand. You know the manner of the lumber camps—graniteware crockery, laid upside down—(that's a double bull, for the ware was white); no tablecloths; serviettes at a distance; impending appetite over all; a kitchen full of a sweet smelling savor; piles of loaves; everything as it should be; with a squad of uniformed servingmen snugly disposed around the stove till the bugle should sound.

Across the way, under the grand stand, we saw the most valuable shooting range that has ever been set up in the western hemisphere. Fifty targets, all in a row. Between each two targets a steel shelter for markers, who can slide the bullet-broken target into safety for repairs, while the other is pushed out for the marksman. Behind the targets a board wall, shot into a hole where the bullseyes are; and behind that a quarter-inch steel wall against which the bullets driven from cartridges that carry little powder flatten and fall harmlessly to the ground.

At first it seemed that perfect French winter conditions had been produced as an aid to accuracy. The building, with the grandstand for a roof, was in a mist, and you could hear water dripping everywhere—it reminded you of a fine winter morning on the Clyde. But the spectacle of a Scotch mist was quite unintentional—the frost above