unsuccessful. Christmas mails were delayed so we got none to speak of.

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PRIVATE A. R. JONES:-

Eight days ago (the letter was dated Dec. 27) we left our nice comfortable billets in barns and moved to this place. We are living in tents surrounded by mud on every side. From here working parties go out each day to work up at the trenches—putting in drains, putting up barbed wire, laying tracks for a small railway, and numerous other things. The days are usually cloudy and misty so that we are able to work fairly close to the German lines without being seen. To-day it was clearer than usual, and one of our parties went a little too close, so the Germans got the range on them and put a few shells over. Our fellows at once took shelter in a disused trench close by, and luckily came out all right.

Around three weeks ago I transferred from No. 4 Company to the snipers. The work is going to be far more interesting here, I think, as besides being snipers we are the battalion scouts and guides.

Christmas day was very quiet here, and everybody enjoyed a good rest.

PERSONAL.

G. Brock Walsh has just recovered from an attack of diphtheria, and is now in England on a furlough for the winter months.

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"Scotty" Rankin, when last heard from, was expecting to get a general commission, and after putting in his four months at the Inns of Court Officers' Training Corps should beturned out a full-fledged officer.

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Charlie Wilson even at the Front has heard of Chic Hyndman's moustache, and states for Chic's benefit that a girl once told him that kissing a man without a moustache was like eating an egg without salt. He also gives some paternal advice about the proper rearing of Chauvin: "Shun the Clarendon, Chauv.; it has been the cause of more than one good man's downfall."

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Cecil Bradford says that he believes that they would go crazy if they were let loose on the skating rink, just for once. The ice in France is, unfortunately, in the state of a liquid.



SERGEANT-MAJOR SHARPE