

another long avenue of trees. The white walls of an isolated mansion stood out in the distance against the black-green of the forest, and the fading purple of the evening sky. The grounds about it were enclosed by a high pointed iron fence; it looked a veritable prison.

After tramping another mile we emerged into an open space between the trees and the rolling sand dunes of the coast, and saw before us a large limestone building, three storeys in height and almost surrounded with broad, glass-enclosed balconies. The tracks of a disused tramway ran to the gate, and the rust upon the rails spoke more forcibly than ever of desolation and desertion.

We passed through the stone gateway and crossed the snow-covered lawn. Everything was as dark and dreary as the grave. Surely no one was within! We mounted the steps and rang the bell. Its peal reverberated strangely through the empty halls. After a few moments, however, a light appeared and a solitary man entered the rotunda; he turned the electric switch, flooding the room with a bright light. He came to the door, unlocked it, and rolled it back slowly upon its wheels.

"Gut evening, zhentlemen," he said in English, but with a peculiar Franco-German accent, difficult to diagnose. "It iss fery kolt, iss it not?"

We acknowledged the fact.

"You are from the Canadian Hospital?" he queried.

"You were evidently expecting us?" I replied. "We are the advance party from that hospital."

He pushed the door wide for us to enter. We didn't debate as to whether we should accept the hospitality of a German, but marched in at once.

"Your dinner vill be retty in a leedle while. I vill haf Alvred ligh'd you the grate, und you soon fery comfortable vill be."

"Show me to the kitchen first," I asked him, "and let me see what ar-

rangements you have for supper for the men. When they are made comfortable, it will be plenty of time for our dinner."

He piloted us into a large room with red tiled floor. There was good accommodation for the men, and the kitchen ranges were close by. They had their cooks and rations with them, and as soon as we had seen that everything was satisfactory, and had chosen their sleeping quarters, we returned for our own dinner.

In a commodious room, just off the rotunda, a roaring coal fire was blazing on the hearth. Big easy-chairs had been conveniently placed for us, and Burnham and I fell into them and stretched our tired feet toward the fender upon the rich red Turkish rug. The table was spread close by, and we noticed the fine linen, the sparkling cut glass, crested silver and Limoge china. The scent of delicious French cooking was wafted to us past the heavy silken hangings of the door. Presently our German host appeared once more:

"Vat vine will the zhentlemen have mit zehr dinner?" he inquired politely.

Burnham threw himself back into his seat and laughed aloud. "Holy smoke!" he chuckled, "and we are at the war!"

"What wines have you?" I inquired tentatively.

"Anyzing you wish to name, zir," he responded with a certain show of pride.

I thought I would put him to the test.

"Bring us a bottle of 'Ayala', vintage '04," I commanded.

"Mit pleasure, zir." And he bowed and retired to get it.

Burnham slapped his knee and burst out:

"Am I awake or dreaming? We walk four miles through a stark forest on a winter night, enter a deserted hostel, are received by a German spy and fêted like the Lord Mayor. I expect to fall out of the balloon any