

Paris Leave.

It is much regretted that Paris leave is suspended, but in the hope that by the time that this issue appears it will be open again. I am giving you the benefit of my experience in Paris, hoping that it will save you a few hours of your play-time, of which we have so few.

The museum of the Invalides is open every other day to the public, and is worth a visit. See Napoleon's tomb, the museum and the collection of war trophies in the courtyard.

The Bois de Boulogne has a fine park and lake, where one can rent a rowboat for the afternoon.

The view from Sacre Coeur Cathedral is very fine, overlooking Paris and surrounding towns.

Notre Dame Cathedral is worth a visit. I understand it to be almost a duplicate of Rheims Cathedral, now destroyed.

The Garden of the Tuileries and Garden of the Luxembourg are fine promenades, and very beautiful.

The Place de la Concorde is also worth seeing, not forgetting the obelisk in the centre.

The church of the Sorbonne contains the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu, which is very finely and elaborately carved of white marble, and is worth a visit if one cares for such things.

Also along the Seine near the Hotel de Ville and Notre Dame are statues of Charlemagne, Henri IV., and Admiral Gaspard de Coligny.

There is no need of describing the boulevards, as you will not miss them.

Along the Seine there are barges where, on the last four days of every week you can get hot and cold baths.

If you want to buy anything you will find large department stores where you can get almost anything that you want. They are Aux Galeries Lafayette, Au Printemps, Magas in du Louvre, and La Samaritaine.

If you want to stop at a place like the Maple Leaf Clubs in London, you will find the Hotel Moderne on the Place de la Republique.

The Y.M.C.A. at 130, Rue Montmartre, near the Boulevard des Italiens put up a very good luncheon and dinner at less than two francs, and also have a small canteen.

If you want a comfortable place for recreation and 5 o'clock tea I can recommend "A corner of Blighty in Paris, Place Vendome," which is staffed by ladies of the British Colony in Paris, and supported by voluntary contributions. As one of the boys remarked "they haven't anything like it in Blighty."

I had a very good room, centrally located, and the best coffee I ever tasted, with eggs as I like them, and bread and real butter at Hotel du Continent, 30, Rue du Mont Thabor.

I had what we know as a "business man's lunch," and some excellent beer at Restaurant le Meunier, Rue de la Chausse d'Antin, opposite Galeries Lafayette. And for a perfect dinner I can recommend the Restaurant Espagnole, opposite the Hotel du Helder on Rue du Helder, near the Place de la l'Opera.

By the way, you will find as a rule, that "Cafe" means drink only, while "Restaurant" means a meal with drink.

Taxicabs are quite cheap and numerous, but unless you are sight seeing or with a "petite amie," you will find the Metro (underground), and trams (surface), both cheap and speedy.

You may think a trip in the Ferris Wheel interesting and it costs about sixpence. The Eiffel Tower is closed during the war, as are most of the Art Galleries and Museums.

PAUL.

A la France.

O France, en m'approchant de ton sol maternel,
Il me semble que je vais commencer à vivre,
Et qu'en l'air pur dont à l'avance je m'enivre,
Je respire déjà ton grand coeur éternel.

Je me sens heureux de répondre à ton appel
Et d'ajouter un humble effort à ce beau livre
De gloire sainte, ou les fiers combats que tu livres
Vont redorer ton nom d'un éclat immortel.

C'est comme un sang nouveau qui coule en mes artères,
Quand je pense que sur la plus noble des terres
J'ai rai l'honneur de te servir, ô grand-maman.

Car mon fidèle coeur a gardé souvenance
De tout ce qu'il te doit, mère-patrie, ô France,
Et je ne vis que pour t'aimer infiniment.

CAPT. ADRIEN PLOUFFE, C.A.M.C.

16 juillet, 1917.

Hill 70.

To the laurels of the premier division (in which we share) is added that of Hill 70, a notoriously hard nut to crack. As a German strong point, and for observation purposes, Fritz had put a lot of work into it, and remembering September, 1915, it was openly stated that the odds were against us. But the Old First turned the trick, and we shared in the praise that followed.

In this all the unit had their share, and probably neither the horse transport who brought equipment, supplies and patients through the shelled area, the M.T. who went ever farther for patients, for days at a time, the tent divisions who bandaged the wounded and fed the hungry in canvas tents and frail dugouts, nor the stretcher-bearers who "toted" from the front line to the dressing stations, would trade jobs with one another, and when the man from the battalions watch the bearers they says, "Let George do it, or Fritz if he's handy," and stick to their shelters.

PAUL.

A story is told along the line which really needs a misty morning at the zero hour to appreciate.

Two Irishmen were enlisted in Canada, and told that they would get five dollars for every German killed or captured.

One morning in the front line at the hour before the dawn Pat, who was on duty, called to Mike: "Wake up, Mike, the Germans are coming."

Mike: "How many?"

Pat: "About five thousand."

Mike: "Thank Heaven, our fortune is made."