

his nightie, for he wants his soldier to take care of him while he is asleep."

After the Bantam came the Chaplain, Doctor and Soldier, and each explained how much he had made. The plain, elderly Nurse blushed when she confessed that twenty cents was all that she was worth, while her little blue sister could get fifty cents, but the Queen smiled and said as long as we did our best that was all that could be expected of us.

When everyone of the committee had been greeted, and either shaken hands with or been patted by the King and Queen, then the chairman, Lord Kitchener, asked permission to read a statement setting forth what the "Woollies" Committee had accomplished for their Majesties' loyal and brave soldiers, now prisoners of war in an alien land. The "Woollies," you see, liked long words, and thought "alien land" sounded better than "Germany."

"On August 21st, 1915, the Khaki Soldier began the work of providing food for the prisoners of war, and was by degrees joined by the rest of the 'Woollies.' During the last seven months your loyal subjects have not been idle, and by their exertions have earned a sum of just \$2,000, which your Majesties no doubt know, is more than 400 pounds. We hope, after the honour of this visit, to return home again and continue our work as long as it is needed.

"God save the King."