

A SURGEON IN ARMS

rowing deeper and deeper in each other's direction. At the end of the burrow or tunnel we place charges of dynamite to blow each other out into the open. The fear that your enemy may succeed in doing it to you first, and that some fine day you may awaken to find yourself sailing about in the heavens with no support but the explosion which sent you there, makes many a man on a dark night hear imaginary tappings, causing him to report that he fears the enemy are mining underneath us. More than once out of the pitch darkness has come into my dugout some lonely sentry to tell me that he has heard mysterious hammering underfoot, and only when we had located the real cause as something other than he thought, did his—and perhaps our—nervousness disappear.

On one occasion a non-commissioned officer came hurrying into the H. Q. dugout of a certain Canadian battalion. With hair standing on end he reported that an augur had actually come through the bottom of the trench in which he had been standing. The colonel insisted on investigating this himself, and found