

closer. Our captain lit a flare, and we could make out a very small sailing vessel.

The boys greeted the pilot with a tremendous roar and cries of "Good old pilot!" "Good old wind-jammer!" "Where'd you find the tub?" "You're late on parade." "Take his name and number," and so forth. Before he had a chance to sign his papers they were shouting, "How about it" and "Let's go!"

At last we were under way again, and slowly the lights crept nearer. The brilliant lights of Halifax appeared quite suddenly from behind a hillock, and another roar went up from the forward deck. As we drew into the harbour there was a perfect babel of shouting and singing. Men scrambled and tugged to get a few inches higher and see a little more of the land which bound their hearts, the land which for so long had been but a proud memory and a vision. And now the barrier of peril and danger was removed at last, and they knew they really would see their dear ones again.

The "Baltic" did not dock, and another night had to be spent on board, so to relieve their pent-up energy the boys lay siege to the second-class deck, which was occupied by warrant officers, and with a thick shower of soft life-jackets they swarmed up the ladders and ropes, much to the amusement of the few civilian passengers.

'Tis hard to guess how many slept that night, but the deck was crowded early next morning to watch the docking operations. As we glided into the dock the band on the wharf noisily tuned their instruments, and then—"The Maple Leaf Forever," the tune which held such memories.

It seems strange to see big burly men with tears in their eyes; but I saw them, through the moisture of my own. It seemed an involuntary impulse of joy and gratitude. No one attempted to sing. The music brought thoughts which the words could not express, and even after the band had stopped there was a silence before anyone broke out with the customary "Good old band!" Then we eased ourselves with three hearty cheers.

The entraining at Halifax was carried out very satisfactorily, and each man on boarding the train received apples, chocolate, newspapers and cigarettes, apparently from the Red Cross Fund and the citizens of Halifax, whilst the Y.M.C.A. provided us with magazines, checker boards, and cards, and had a voluntary representative on the train to give us, as far as possible, any information we required. The train accommodation was very comfortable, and the food excellent. The citizens of Truro showed their generosity in giving us magazines and a large rosy apple each.

We rumbled across the new Quebec bridge late the next day, and felt mighty proud of it. The unavoidable delay at the clearing depot at Quebec was greatly relieved by the splendid arrangements such as billiard room, reading, writing and rest room, cafeteria system of eating, canteens, ample washing conveniences, and perfect heating and ventilation.

We had not been there many hours when some fellows brought in a case of so-called whiskey, which they had purchased in the city. I have never seen whiskey affect men as this stuff did. They shrieked and howled like wild animals. Within five hours nine of them were in hospital. Two died before the train pulled out. We had been warned on the train from Halifax of this dope and its fatal effects. Of course, if some fellows will take the chance, they bring the consequences on themselves, but it seems a pity that this weakness on their part, and their natural wish to celebrate, should rob them of the happiness of home-coming, when it is at last so near. Surely they could be better protected from the poison at this hour of

excitement and irresponsibility. I think a more diligent search for the criminals would be more effective than the mere announcement of high fines. There is enough money in the game to make it worth taking a big chance.

We had a fast run from Quebec with comfortable beds and good eats. As for our reception—well, anyone present knows how indescribable the intense individual emotions were. I hardly noticed anything until I had discovered that wee mother I left alone at Union Station three years ago. But I have recollections of a band and flags, and crowds, and Mayor Church and automobiles. Then Yonge Street and Bloor with all their old, old memories.

SAPPER G. O'L.

## Fun from the Front.

It was that hour in the Orderly Room when, the Adjutant having departed to lunch, the staff are free to relieve the tedium of official business with a little attention to the lighter side of things.

"I was out in a staff car the other day," said the Orderly Room Sergeant, borrowing a cigarette, "and we went so fast that the telegraph poles looked like a bunch of lead pencils as we flew past."

"Positively nothing at all," murmured the typewriter mechanic. "I was out on a borrowed motorcycle yesterday evening. I tore past fields of carrots, fields of turnips, fields of potatoes, fields where sheep and cattle grazed. I went so fast that the whole country looked like a tin of Maconochie."

Nick: "Where's Jones?"

Dick: "Head blown off, poor fellow."

Nick: "Well, where's his head? He was smoking my pipe."

"Do the French believe in reprisals?"

"Sure they do. Down at the prisoners' cage I saw an old Frenchwoman bat a Fritz over the sky-piece with her wooden shoe, just because her old man kicked about the war bread."

Having heard that a cushy job was coming up for a man with a knowledge of French and German, Private Frigid Feet decided to make application. When his turn for examination came, he replied more or less satisfactorily to a few general questions, and then was asked to give a sample of his French.

"Encore de la biere Anglaise, tout-de-suite, Madame," said the lad with the chilly soles.

"And German," said the officer.

"Mercy, Kamerad!" responded Pte Feet, and stuck.

"Well," said the officer, after a long moment's silence, "I don't see how we can spare a man like you from the line. Anyone with such abnormal nerve is simply invaluable in a fighting unit."

Draft: "Where did that one go to?"

Old Timer: "Never mind that one. Look out for the next."

Draft: "There's a Fritz plane above us. I guess that must be our Anti-Aircraft trying to bring it down. Can you see it?"

Old Timer: "I think so."

Draft: "But you're not looking in the right direction. The shell-smoke's just above us, and you're looking a mile away from it."

Old Timer: "Huh! You don't know our Anti-Aircraft."