

Of the airmen, some more daring than the rest would jump out, rush into the room, greet a friend here and there, dash out and vault into their seats again, cracking their whips and shouting in their glee. Presently there cometh the Orderly Room Expert, to be hereinafter known as the O.R.E. He spent a deal of his time and mine too in making notes of my case, and had his stenographer to write a full family history of myself and relatives, taking care to impress me that he came from Toronto, and knew all about the mountain at Hamilton and the Young St. Bridge. After much research work, he informed me that the ossification was bad, but the hippo-campus was dambad. He then called upon Count Ludenberg and Prince Hindendorff to administer the anaesthetics. "Certainly," said the Prince, dashing the ash off his immaculate evening dress and lighting a fresh cigarette.

Soon I began to see the roof of the theatre going higher and higher till I remember no more.

Coming to, in the bell tent, I could faintly hear the sounds of revelry which were rife and perfect in my listening ear.

Suddenly, three whistles, and my attendant dashed out, showing, as he threw the tent flaps aside, many searchlights streaking the night.

Then the unmistakable sound of the double-engined Gotha. "Fritz is up," I heard various people say. There was no alarm, only curiosity, as to where the first one would drop.

They did not have to wait long. Jerry seemed to be right over my tent when I heard the well known whistling of a descending bomb.

It struck the tent fairly, and I was immediately blown to pieces.

The above story is very typical of the condition of "shell-shocks" on the first onset of that fell disease.—Ed.

BISHOP FALLON IN CAMP.

The afternoon of June 24th saw a little commotion in our quiet little domain, the peace of which is seldom broken by other noises than such as are now and then wafted on the breeze from the baseball diamond and the golf links. The reason of the bustle on this particular day was the visit to the camp of His Lordship, Mgr. Fallon, O.M.I., Bishop of London, Ontario, who, during the past week or two has been touring the Canadian camps and billets in France and England, with the purpose of bringing a word of cheer, greeting and encouragement to the boys, from their beloved homeland across the pond.

A goodly crowd assembled in the vast cinema tent newly erected on the camp grounds, under the direction of the Catholic Women's League, and generously financed by the Knights of Columbus of Canada.

Bishop Fallon, whose eloquence and easy flow of language are so well known and appreciated in the Dominion, addressed the boys in terms both familiar and genial. His Lordship opened his address by relating in what way the Canadian Government had called upon him to visit the Canadians in England and France, and how pressing circumstances led him to start in France. In glowing words, he told of the magnificent spirit of the Canadian Forces, its co-ordination, energy and unity of command. The words spoken by an Imperial Major-General, he said, made his heart beat high, and never before did he feel so proud of being a Canadian. "Our war effort," continued the speaker, "is marvellous. Not many years ago, when questioned as to what effective of men Canada could furnish at the call of the Motherland, did not Lord Roberts state ten thousand as a maximum. But we now see his error."

His Lordship had a word of praise for all the various branches of the Army, and said that the thing that struck him most during his tour was the astonishing cheerfulness of all the boys in hospitals.

"I had a little chat with the Canadian Corps Commander in London the other day," he said, "and he told me that he was the proudest man on the earth, but not the happiest. The proudest, for to command such a corps is an incomparable honour; but not the happiest, for he knew that his men must go into battle soon again, and faithful to their past records they would achieve or remain."

"Many of you," the Bishop added, "will return to Canada soon. The more the better, for we need you. On your return your country expects from you the same loyalty, the same good citizenship, of which you gave proof in pre-war days. When the Canadian Army returns it will receive its due—justice and generosity—from its just and generous people. The army, on its return, must build up the country. A corps with such extensive and admirable organization, such a sense of responsibility, will do in peace things so great that those they have done in war will pale before them."

His Lordship concluded his little confab by congratulating the generous workers of the C.W.L., to whose care the new hut has been confided, and extended to them, as to all the other "angels of mercy," who exercise so "blessed an influence" in all camps and billets, Canada's most sincere thanks.

Harry (just "out"): "Listen, Bill! Sounds like ole Fritz comin' over in the mud—squish squash—squishsquash."

Bill: "That's orl right—that's only the American boys further up a-chewin' their gum rations."