

glides peacefully on its way. Yonder are the white cliffs of Boulogne, from whose heights battle-broken Tommies look wistfully across to dear old Blighty, so near and yet so far. Intermittently the British fleet cannonades the German trenches on the Belgium coast.

I'm dead fagged to-night, after a day on the ranges at Hythe, where we were put through gruelling firing exercises. We were cheated out of our sleep last night by a false Zeppelin alarm, that transformed Caesar's Camp from a peaceful tented city, into a cauldron of excitement. Every man dashed to his post for orders, that came in husky whispers, and every eye was trained heavenward for a glimpse of the midnight marauder that didn't come. After an hour shivering in the chilly night mists of the Kentish coast, we crept back to our tents and the comforting cigarette.

"Why can't the bloomin' Kaiser send 'is blawsted sausages nearer meal time, when we might get a chawnce to put a fork into 'em," growled an English Canuck, as he tossed aside his fag end and rolled into his blankets.

Hail to the Union Jack! A letter from Maple Creek, Canada. Uncle Steve must be bubbling over. What's this? "A nice mess you've made of your life. It's time enough for Canadians to think about