

A "VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY"

By Pte FRANK DUNN.

WHEN the war is over and we are gathered around the home fires again what a spinning of yarns there will be! What a host of tales we will have to tell of the many strange things we have seen and heard and done while engaged in the "great adventure!" Some of these tales will be told with bated breath and a catch in the throat and some with indignation and wrath swelling in our breasts for, directly or indirectly, we have run the gamut of that most instructive and revealing experience of life—life at its worst and best—Active Service. But, happily for us, although many of us may not fully appreciate this at the present time, by far the greater number of our fireside recollections will have to do with the humorous side of war and, of these, had we the space and ability, we could collate a volume that would cause the shade of Mark Twain to walk out of sheer envy.

And in our moments of quiet musing what a flood of memories, rendered poignantly pleasant by the enchantment of passing time, will come surging upon us to carry us back to the days when, as one big family, squabbling and larking, as all really happy families do, we journeyed out into the world in quest of the great work we were destined to do! Who will ever regret that wonderful "voyage of discovery" through the highways and byways of the universe, the great centres of civilization and the backyards, so to speak, of wretched, unenlightened humanity? It is in one of the latter that we are located now, but the voyage is not yet completed and who knows what the future may hold in store?

MUCH TO COME YET

No, we have still many a ship and many a train to board, and much must happen, whether the war last a day or