

A SURGEON IN ARMS

ries full daily for each mile of front, this means indeed an earthquake.

We stood on the hillock at the "zero" hour, and on the stroke of three, shells began to burst on the skyline. Some, high explosives probably, caused those immense black upheavals of earth which, except for their color, remind one of nothing so much as the spouting of a whale at sea. Others bursting higher in the air, shrapnel very likely, left large, white, fleecy clouds just above the skyline, and a third type burst with a flash of flame, and left brown clouds of smoke in their wake.

Higher in the air, all along the front, some near, some far, some ours, and others the enemy's, hung nine immense observation balloons; and soaring in and out among them were twenty-one aeroplanes by actual count at one moment. Some of them were being shelled, for fluffy clouds of smoke were about them showing the bursting shells from anti-aircraft guns, and while we watched two machines engaged in one of those ever-interesting air duels, out of which one of them came nosing down into the earth. Whether it was our machine