

sprite, as willing hands assisted the recumbent sergeant, "every Nelson expects every man to do his duty, it seems. Next, please. Look at our cosmopolitan over there. French, yet in the Maple Leaf crowd." "But," objected Jane, "his name sounds as though he had something to do with the land of the Shamrock." "Well," replied the little fellow, slyly, "wasn't the 'Shamrock' Sir Tommy Lipton's all-prize yacht, he—he," and he squealed in evident enjoyment of a private joke." Jane pondered, "I think I miss the point," she said. The sprite laughed more, "probably, but Conny won't!"

"What is that book the boy with the nice dark eyes is reading?" asked Jane. "S——n? Ah, that's the umpteenth edition of Smith's autobiography, 'Every Bit of Khaki's got a Little Bit of Fluff,' or 'Why I am Interested in Cathedral Cities.'"

"That tall one looks contented, I wonder why?" asked Jane. "That," said the sprite, "is our champion lady-killer, he causes them many heart-byrneings, bless them."

Presently Jane's head began to nod, and her eyes felt as though the sleepy dustmen were pouring bags of sand on to the lids. "I—I think I'm sleepy," she said. "Thought so," laughed the sprite.

"Close your peepers again, and you'll soon be alright." Jane closed her eyes, when—Hey! Presto! there she was, back in her own little bed, and Mother kissing her "Good Morning."

"Gracious," thought she, "was it really all a dream?"

I wonder! *D'you* think it was.

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## Good Luck Wishes

On the third anniversary of the declaration of war, the boys of the 3rd Field Ambulance unit, who are presently stationed at the Granville and Chatham House, took occasion to wish Private (now Corporal) Harry Reid and his young wife a life time's happiness and Good Luck, at the same time making the presentation of a pretty timepiece, with a suitable inscription marking the occasion of their wedding. Corp. Reid desires to thank his many friends and well-wishers for their kind thoughts and expressions, and for the substantial gift of the mantle-clock. The *Hospital News* joins in the hearty wish for Corporal and Mrs. H. Reid—"Up the Line of Life with the Best of Luck."

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While on their trip to Edinburgh they boarded a crowded tram car, the pretty young wife whispered to her khaki-clad husband—"I think we can squeeze in here, Harry. don't you?" He flushed with pleasure, and gave her arm a gentle pinch. "Better wait till we get home, don't you think?" he whispered.