

ditions under which it was done; what the shell-fire was like, *and* what some of the casualties were like; the hours of their labour and the hours of their rest; how they had made their road with the shells smashing in at times as fast as it could be made; how a waggon of timber, six-horse team, and driver had been hit fair by a five-nine on the road, and how the wreckage (and nothing else that they could help) had been used to begin fill in the hole; what their daily pay was and what their rations were, especially on nights when a shell wrecked the ration-carrying party; and, finally, their total of killed and wounded in the one day, yesterday.

"Union is strength," he finished up. "But does their union at home help our strength here? What strength do we get when a strike wins and you get more pay—at 'ome, an' we're left short o' the shells or airypplanes that might save us gettin' shelled an' air-bombed in the ruddy trenches. Labour Conquers All! Does it? Tell that to a five-nine H.E. droppin' on you. Ask Black Harry an'