

into my other ear was ground Caruso in Pagliacci. We sat with our friendly Canadians awhile. They offered us drinks, gave us more gramophone, asked us for news. The nearer you get to the front the more you are begged by the people who belong there for information about it. The Major commanding put us some searchingly personal questions too. He was politeness itself. But if you wander near the lines with an artillery map and a note book, wear what uniform you will, you must expect to be asked your business.

We satisfied him, I think; inquired on our parts if any more civilians lurked about. There were two women, it appeared, on a farm still further on across the fields. Yes, it was quite safe to go if we followed the hedge. We found the women, the farm was wrecked around them. They were living in the cowshed, their household stuff that remained piled in the middle of it. They received us politely and protested perfect health.

Next evening I was taking another and a final stroll in front of those outworn, unused fortifications of Dunkerque.

I. It's a fine work you do. But speaking callously, these wretched people ought to be cleared out by force from what remains to them of their miserable country, and the armies left undisturbed to the job of getting it all back for them. Then four-fifths of your work wouldn't have to be done at all.

MY PARTICULAR FRIEND. I agree. But there are difficulties in the way. And anyhow, it isn't