

"MY BELOVED POILUS"

counting infirmiers and men that work about the hospital — they are soldiers who have been in the trenches for nearly two years, or been disabled through wounds or sickness, or exchanged prisoners from Germany unfit for military service. They call the hospital "le petit Paradis des blesses" and are so glad to be sent here. A man was brought in here the other day who was wounded for the second time, but he did not mind in the least about his wounds, he was so glad to get back. He is delighted because he will not be well enough to leave before Christmas.

We sent to England for some pop-corn, and to-day the men have been like a lot of happy children stringing the corn for the tree. They had never seen it before and were much interested. We made quite a successful popper out of a fly screen and a piece of wire netting.

The other night we were talking over