

again, the sputtering of their exploding cartridges.

"Hurray," shouts one of the boys, "the chaps are at it over there. Hear 'em?" We listen for a second or two: then the hollow reverberation of an exploding bomb strikes our ears. Then another and yet another. "Bp Jove! they're making it lively for the Hun" is our comment. The enemy's shell fire intensifies, until the smoke almost hides us from each other. We wonder if they will send over gas, but a hasty look around shows that the wind is not favorable, at which we rest content. We feel our rifles heating and, though our rifle bolts were well oiled, they do not work with the same rapidity. We therefore start individual fire, which, although not so concentrated is still more or less rapidly continuous.

"There goes the rocket," shouts one. We look and see a multi-colored rocket (the signal that all is over) bursting in the air. After emptying our magazines we cease fire, feeling heartily glad that it is over. Our artillery has quietened down and at last the Germans cease also, so that we are able to move with safety. Picking our way up the trench we hear the bullets of the enemy whistling over our heads, but they are too late. On examination all the men are found uninjured, but trembling, one or two of them, with the nervous strain. Our rifles are cleaned once more and we re-load them. The night affair is over. The result?

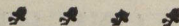
A few prisoners taken who yield useful information: many of the enemy put "hors de combat": many more suffering from nerves, and much of their trenches and many dug-outs rendered useless until the patient labour and industry of the Germans has been largely expended on them. On our side five men (four of whom were bombers) have sustained injuries, mostly slight. Two machine guns have also been damaged and part of our trench wrecked through shell fire. Such has been the result of a simple night affair.

Five minutes later cigarettes are alight and soothing shaking nerves, sentries are looking away across No Man's Land, waiting for the dawn—and the trench has assumed its normal aspect.



There are two bugle calls that every man in the camp knows, They are "cook house" and "angels' whispers."

## Personal Notes of Interest



We noticed around the lines the other day, Lieut. J. C. Lithgow. Every Nova Scotia boy in camp knows the popular officer. If they do not, they have never taken any part in athletics, for he was the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of the sporting kingdom of the maritime province.

If any of you see Dick Burbidge floating around the camp, ask him who owes a former corporal of his company "two and six." Then Dick will remember that it was at Nyttchatt that he had such a jolly time.

By the way, you might intimate to him that Lieut. Curry has received another box of fudge. Too bad, Richard, that you are not acting batman without pay at the present time.

We must congratulate the O. C. of the miniature range on the way he has fixed it up. The rest of the boys in the brigade are taking his work as an example.

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