

The bread will not keep and cheese is sometimes a trifle high this warm weather. Very many thanks for money orders sent, but I can manage now with so many good parcels sent weekly; also other necessities, as we saved nothing but the clothes we stood in.

If I get work this will find me, and all letters, etc., will be forwarded. I will acknowledge all parcels through you, as we can only write two letters and two postcards a month.

Do not worry about us now; with letters and parcels time flies. Cheer up and look forward to our meeting, which I trust will be in the near future, etc., etc.

The following is an extract from a postcard written by Lieut. O'GRADY, at Paderborn :

"Your parcels are most welcome to the officers and a regular godsend to the men."

Of course, the treatment of the prisoners in the various camps varies a great deal. Giessen is by far the most comfortable, etc., of them all. We are continually receiving requests for "smokes" to be sent, as well as food, and as up till now we have had no special provision for this, we were very pleased to hear of Staff-Sergt. Crean's plan of starting a special fund to supply the prisoners regularly with tobacco and cigarettes.

Storyette.

WHY ?

PRIVATE JONES was hauled up before the Captain with whom was an angry civilian.

"Jones, this gentleman accuses you of killing his dog," said the officer, sharply.

"A cruel thing to do," snorted the bereaved owner. "You have done to death a defenceless animal, who never harmed anyone in his life."

"Dunno about 'armless," said Private Jones, heatedly. "'E bit pretty deep into my leg when I was on sentry go, so I ran my bayonet into him."

"Rubbish," retorted the dog's master. "He was such a gentle little animal. Why didn't you drive him off with the butt-end of your rifle?"

"Why didn't 'e bite me with 'is tail?" countered Jones, with suspicious meekness.