

with all the various battalions they have come into contact with. They have been lined up alongside of some of the crack regiments of the Imperial Army, and have held their part of the front line and acquitted themselves as creditably as any other battalion. When one considers the many death-dealing appliances which are in use in this modern warfare, it can be easily understood that it is a severe strain on the nerves of those in the front line to wait and wonder what is coming next. It is wonderful how they endure their hardships, and marvellous the splendid heroism with which they perform their duty of defending the Empire and maintaining the prestige of Canadian arms. The dangers and risks of this appalling war are many. Even when they are in reserve or rest billets they are by no means immune from danger, as they are at all times within range of the enemy's shells. I remember one night, or early in the morning rather, when everything was comparatively quiet, we had a rude awakening by the heavy concussion of several bombs which had been dropped by an aeroplane and exploded quite close to our billets. As the battalions pass along the roads on their way to the trenches greetings and news are exchanged as they pass the others who are coming out with such cheery words as "Good luck to you, boys," and so on. You can see in the eyes of those who are coming out that haunted, tired look which is the result of sleepless vigilance and rigorous duty. They are covered with the muck and mire of the trenches, and ready for a well-earned and deserved rest. The vehicular traffic on the roads and through the small villages here is enormous. Motor lorries, wagons, and horse transports of all descriptions are continually passing to and fro. Officers and men, mounted and on foot, are everywhere and on all the multifarious duties that the organisation of an army in the field requires. Despatch riders on motor cycles make their way in and out of the stream of traffic daringly and untiringly, splashed with mud and dirt, carrying the messages which pass from the firing line to the brains that think and plan some distance behind. The traffic of the densest London street is not denser or thicker than it is on the roads and in the villages here at times. There are military policemen stationed at all important points, who control the traffic with an exactitude and authority only to be compared with a Metropolitan policeman in Tra-

falgar Square or Piccadilly Circus. Soldiers of many nationalities meet and mingle here in the most perfect comradeship, and with a loyalty to one another that is born of a common danger and of fighting and sacrifice for a common cause. It is gratifying to know that all ranks are filled with the utmost confidence that their efforts in this great struggle of right against might will ultimately be crowned with success and a glorious victory for the arms of the Allies achieved, and that the great and noble cause of liberty, freedom, and justice for which we are fighting, and so many have already sacrificed their lives, will eventually triumph and be the means of assuring the world of a lasting peace, which we may long enjoy.

P. MEEHAN.

ITEMS.

A marriage that interested everybody was that of R.S.M. Walsh. May 29 will be a day long to be remembered by him. We thought he had reached the years of discretion, but events have proved again that even the mighty sometimes fall. We are sure that for an Irishman the best is none too good. Everybody joins in good wishes to the jovial couple.

Major Palmer is chairman of the new Football Committee. Under his able direction, our hard-earned reputation will be well sustained. Sergeant Downton, as of old, is giving his best to keep the team up to standard and in trim.

Lieutenant A. W. Owen, Sergeant Dorway, and Private Barron have a first-class baseball team trained. It is a pleasure to see them playing. The old days of "Peanuts, Pop Corn, and Chewing Gum" return to mind, and the whispered encouragements of our friend Barron are worthy of Chesty Cox of the Twilight League.

Josh Billings, the great philosopher, has won some renown for his effusions, but the following is one which will compare favourably with any of his efforts:—"The average man spends nine-tenths of his life trying to accumulate enough money to enable him to spend the other tenth in comfort."