

## A LETTER FROM HOME.

### SHORNCLIFFE CAMP, ENGLAND.

IT IS GOOD to be in dear old England, to smell the dewy freshness that comes up from the straits below this hill, and to know that you have ten hours before reveille. It is equally satisfactory to know that Channel watch-dogs are prowling up and down, torpedo boats and torpedo destroyers poking their ugly black noses into the darkness in search of submarines and lurking mines. Overhead floats the "Silver Queen," the periscope hunter of the air. Other flying craft, like monster birds of prey, circle, dip and skim, while Britain's merchant ships steam out to sea, proudly flying the Union Jack, and the tantalizing sign, "Business as Usual." Suddenly a signal is given, and the water prowlers slip their leashes to concentrate at the danger zone. Around and about them are the white hospital ships, the coastal boats, the transports and fishing craft. Here and there a neutral ship, screaming its nationality in flaming colors,