

The Sergt. in charge of Tractor Repair Depot has now a complete foundry, machine shop, and electric power plant, and is kept busy by the F.E. with "dud" tractors. A new "Inventions" branch, in charge of Corpl. Haynes, has been inaugurated, and some surprises in this direction are anticipated in the near future.

The Company possesses a "ranch" of considerable size, and a good crop of "spuds" and cabbages is anticipated. The S.M. and his dog are personally responsible for the satisfactory progress made in this direction.

The Imperial Colonel, who mistook Lieut. Dingwall for a "padre," must have been misled by the cut of his hair and his interest in social conditions.

The Staff Sergt. of C Section has invented a new gymnastic for use at rest camp parades. It is "Backwards fall, and say 'Shun at the same time.'" We hope he will bring it to perfection.

The "Dings."

D.R. Sergt.: Any junk to go back to the column this morning?

Corpl. Grouser: Yes, my motor-cycle.

He was in a hurry, carrying a special to advanced Brigade. It was moonlight, and the old bus was rambling as if it realised that the fate of the Canadian Corps depended on it. All went well until Fritz moved a house on the roadside, so close to Mac that he took a header. Some Tommies immediately shouted for some stretchers on the double.

Mac, however, lost no time in evacuating to a "previously prepared position," further up the line. Imagine the surprise of the S.B.'s to see their casualty disappearing in a cloud of dust, and with the throttle wide open. Needless to say, Mac delivered the special, but only in pieces, as the bumps had proved too much for "Johnnie," who has the reputation and still going strong.

A Spring Push.

Behind the lines—a very little way behind—and within sound of the grey guns, the greatest push of all is going on.

It is the Spring push.

A silent, slow and determined movement, with a definite objective, that no power of frightfulness can gainsay or defeat.

An old, old woman told me about it in an estaminet; a woman so old that she could barely walk; so old that her skin was wrinkled like leather, and her hands twisted with labour; a woman who was too tired to laugh, but whose eyes could not help laughing. She had seen so much evil that she believed in good.

"Listen, m'sieur," she said, as she put down my eggs and tartines, "hear les alluettes, the sky-larks, mon Dieu, how they sing. It is the spring."

With a sigh I indicated the blasphemous devastation of the war to be seen from the window.

The wonderful light of unshaken faith grew in her old eyes. "Ah," she said, "le printemps, c'est plus puissant que la guerre."

The war was a mere episode to her, the spring was eternal—and I went out to see the spring.

A few weeks earlier the whole earth had been one scarred mass of open sores; pitted with torn holes that left the impression of a vast and irremediable corruption.

To-day it is different. A luxury of young green things fills every hole, and fringes the ridges between; the celandine, the burdock, and the dandelion are starting life afresh, with a sprinkling of daisies and lots of little low growing pink things.

Low bushes that have escaped fire are crowned with a coronal of green mist that will soon be a glory of leaves.

Out on the roads where one looks for the broken skeletons of battered trees throwing their pathetic arms to heaven, one sees that a life which is denied the ordinary framework of twigs whereon to express itself, is forcing through rents in the bark, and little shoots of new twigs surround the parent trunks like fur.

And everywhere the larks sing. Thousands of larks, unafraid of the roaring guns and the little brown men in khaki, make their nests, sing their mating songs, and rear their little ones just as if nothing unusual was going on.

In a ruined village on the side of a hill are the most marvellous roses in the world. From hundred-year-old gardens, far below the heaps of rubbish and brickwork, and fragrant with the loves and sorrows of generations of patient toilers, they force their tenderly tipped fingers to proclaim aloud to the world the indestructibility of joy and life.

Daffodils, too, yellow queens of spring, daintily petticoated in green, wave their old-fashioned heads in the queerest places. They have been blown out of the ground by high explosive shells and deposited in the wet earth far from their wonted homes. And where they have fallen they have taken root, and thrown their annual grandeur of bloom, unaffected by war and unafraid.

Everywhere, while the long grey guns are booming the hate of nations into the hearts of men, there is life. Life abounding and boundless, stronger than death, stronger than sorrow, stronger than man himself: the true servant and companion of God.

Life is making its spring push in the home of death, calm and clear eyed—and knowing no doubt of the issue.

"Le printemps est plus puissant que le guerre."

Anonymous Letters.

An anonymous letter is one of the meanest products of civilization; it is particularly so when it comes from a soldier.

We have received several during the last few months, and each of them has registered a kick that the writer has not the pluck to put his name to—even for the private use of the Editor.

They have been destroyed.

All letters addressed to the Editor for publication must be accompanied by the writer's name and number: not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith. A "nom de guerre" may, of course, be added for public use; and the correspondence will receive proper consideration.