work like a nigger, get sweated up too. You wade to your dug-out to snatch an hour's rest, and dream of your home, far away in the West. But when you arrive at your sand-bag abode, your heart will cease beating, your blood will corrode. What you've been expecting at last occured, Your dug-out's collapsed, your curses are hard. But not a man will pay heed to your cursing, his heart is too full, his own trouble's nursing. So you sit on the firing step and manage to doze, tho' you're wet to the skin and your feet are half froze. You dream of a land without unpleasant smells, without sand-bags and trenches, sans bullets and shells, You dream of a maiden you loved long ago. Perhaps she is flirting with some civie beau. You dream of your home and the steaming hot tub, of the clothes you once wore and the mother-cooked grub. You've only just dozed when a Sergeant prods you and politely asks you "Awake and Stand To". Then you fully realize as you wake in a minute, there's a war on in Flanders and that you are in it.

The Austrians are slightly perturbed to find that the Russians are getting Hungary.

When you see the Editor pass his hand across his forehead, it may not indicate « inspiration » but « perspiration ».

One of the men who recently joined the Canadian Section was entirely ignorant of the existing orders regarding advertisments in the French News papers and put an advertisment in for a room.

This is the reply received:-

## MASTER,

I can to let to you, a comfortable bed-room, exposite at sun; electric light. The bed-room is at the first floor of the home.

The street Lemire is behind the place Carnot, between the street Lafayette, and the street St-Sever near the two bridges; and at five minutes of the theater of the Arts; and street Grand Pont.

You see my house is in the center of town; I hope it can to please yourself. For to visit, you can to come at home to day all the afternoon; Monday and Tuesday since ten hours until twelve and since five, until seven « On Sunday I am no at home ».

Received my sincere salutations.