

longer flies off No 2's tunic and past the officer's ear with a singing hum: No 2 trembles, the Officer looks amazed but passes on:

Inspection is over; everything has been satisfactory and the sergeant and orderlies are wreathed in smiles, the Sergeant explains that he's ever their friend, but discipline must be maintained. At length I am able to settle down to my morning's business—the newspaper.

Pte. O'CONNOR.

My Dear Herbert.

Once again I take up the festive quill to let you know how I am getting along. I was warned to appear at the Examination Room yesterday—queer place, the Examination Room! Some patients call it the "Chamber of Horrors", others "The Star Chamber", others again "The Condemned Cell." It consists of an outer chamber, where you wait—and wait—and continue waiting—for your name to be called by Important Personage, who ushers you in after many hours to an Inner Shrine or Hall of Mysteries.

I didn't get in at all during my first morning wait, but I saw many strange things happen while in the Suspense Room, and I had the advantage of the company of an "old hand" who explained many things: for instance, he taught me to read in the expressions of the faces as they came out from the ordeal precisely what had been their fate. Thus, according to my informer, unqualified jubilation signified a trip to Canada: satisfied complacency, permanent base duty: tempered urbanity, three months light duty: abysmal dejection, dug-outs and bully: and so on.

He also shewed me many wondrous things in the men waiting. There was the Canada Crouch, the P.B. Limp, the Charly Chaplin Shuffle, and the C.A.M.C. Swing. I don't understand it all yet, but hope to complete my education on the next visit.

Yes, its a mysterious place—some go in sad and come out glad: others, vice versa: some go in with crutches and sticks and come out walking, serenely unaided: others (let me whisper it, my dear Herbert) go in and don't come back at all—and mystic tappings and curious whirrings going on all the while—Oh! its a queer place!

As Ever, My Dear Herbert,—KRITICOS.

Orderly Officer—"Any complaints"?

Patient—"Yes Sir. This soup's full of sand"

Orderly Officer—"You're always complaining; do you call that serving your Country"?

Patient—"I am always ready to serve my Country, Sir, but I'm hanged if I'm willing to eat it"

Sister—"What are you doing out of bed after lights out?"

Pat—"Shure now, Sister, Oi only got out to tuck mesilf in"