

Some Things We Should Like To See

(Après la guerre.)

Those Hydro street lamps, not afraid to blaze at nights.

The first arrival of that pension cheque.

The old alarm clock trying to sound Reveille.

Some of the "girls" who wrote us those "Letters to Lonely Soldiers."

Some of our sons, daughters, nephews, nieces, and grandchildren that have arisen depuis la guerre.

The old haversack and trenching tool in use on a holiday camping trip.

That dress suit we left hanging up in the clothes closet.

The contortions of some of the boys when struggling into an Arrow collar again.

Some of the battalion bombers having a "go" at the old "ball game for cigars."

The stake driving expert of the C.E.'s at the "Soak'er Kelly" game.

The Pay-Sergeant calling on us to collect that "old account."

The Q.-M.-S. soliciting our order for his Ready-made Clothing House.

The C.-S.-M. applying for a job in our store.

The Orderly Corporal asking us for a "recommend."

Some of the Second Division Vets., from "away back," sitting around the box stove in the general store, and telling the boys "How we took Mouquet Farm."

—PSMYTH.

Christmas in the Front Line

By "YARROVIAN"

"Christmas! Chri-i-s-s-maz! A blinking fine Christmas this is."

I could feel the Corporal swearing at my rear. "Fer Gawd's sake — fer Gawd's sake, get along with that blinking sack," he was mumbling wearily; "wot d'ye think ye're in, a blinking rest camp?" The air was blue with mutterings and star shells, and I, looking more like a wet moving day than a member of His Majesty's Expeditionary Force, cursing and groaning, splashed on through the soggy night.