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PLEASE TELL US.

Is it true that Freddie Harbidge has resumed his bombardment of "Lill"?
Why Sergt. Major Carpenter persists in holding a football till someone else kicks it?
How he feels when they miss the ball and he substitutes for one?
How many holidays Sammie really did want?
If Staff-Sergt. Collins is dying or just becoming a shareholder in a dyeing concern? Does he like the business or is there some other attraction?

Was Mac heard to say that he had a good winter house in view?
When one of the Canadian Ambulance drivers will next be seen delivering blouses in the vicinity of Dove Holes?
How Sergt. Sills felt when, passing rude remarks about other people, he was asked to look at himself?

How the night orderlies felt when they were told that their duties would continue till the end of the month?
How much abuse the night orderlies had to take while passing out the linen on Saturday night?

War Capt. Thurgar angry last Saturday night, or was he just trying to keep from smiling?
What kind of a mixture Pte. Porter thought he was trying to compound when he was found mixing carbolic acid and milk?

How Hallibuton enjoyed his vacation?
If it is true that Corpl. Anderson has taken to using a powder puff since shaving off his moustache?
If Sergt. Martin has to borrow relatives, and does he make a speciality of Aunts and Uncles?

If "Dad" really could kick the eye out of a mosquito with those new shoes of his?
If the night orderlies dared go into a patient's room last Saturday night, unless "Tiny" was close behind them? Was it "Tiny's" personality or size that gave them such confidence?
Has Reggie "Dark Eyes" given up patrol duty for a permanent post these cold nights?

Who is the private on the staff that shows such a great liking for school teachers? Is he going back to schooldays? Does Pte. Orr know?
Did the night Chef buy the curling tongues to curl his moustache?
If Scottie Well thought he was giving orders on a battleship?

Or was he just trying to wake the dead, by yelling at the top of his voice on Monday night? Did he do the submarine act when the Staff-Sergt. started after him?
Why Sergt. Bennett carried a fur around in his pocket? Where did he get it?

How Staff-Sergt. Turner liked his bouquet which he received on Wednesday? Did a V.A.D. nurse send it?
Why Sergt. Isherwood was not skating on Thursday? Had he not quite recovered from the bumps received the day before?

Why Lance-Corpl. Hooker preferred to walk in the Gardens on Tuesday, and where was the dear little dog?
How Sergt. Isherwood enjoyed his first skating lesson and the bumps that went with it?
Where are the blind pigs, and who are the suckling ones?

How Sergt. Quigley likes putties; does he consider that he looks smart about the legs?
Who blacked the girl's face at the cafe? Does the Staff-Sergt. know?
Whether the Sergt.-Major and the Staff-Sergt. are learning dentistry, now that they have the dental parlor?

What is the attraction for the masseurs at Burbage? Can Ptes. Turner and Cairns tell us?
If Staff-Sergt. Turner will let them know beforehand, the next time he is going to the V.A.D. they will make it a point of seeing that "the certain young lady" is in evidence?

When does Sergt. Turner's lease expire in the A1 duty room?
How Staff-Sergt. Morris likes playing tag with the youngsters at the skating rink?
Why does "Dad" go up to the Fairfield Road so much. Can the little lady in the fruit store tell us?

What Pte. Waddington said when the Italian showed him his best girl's picture?
Who was the civilian who lost his girl in the dark under the bridges? Does Syd know?
What Pte. Purser would think if he knew the young lady knew he was married, and her also?

Who was the Sergeant who soaked his watch, and what did he want with the money?
Who were the two girls who were criticising Sergt. Scott, on the way from the concert on Monday night, not knowing that he was one of the party?

Who are the drivelling idiots who try to entertain bed patients while passing through the hallways by singing, whistling and loud talking?
Who are the heavy-footed, likewise heavily-booted individuals who come in at all hours of the night and make as much noise as possible while the patients are trying to sleep?
How long does it naturally take Corpl. Gooch to see through a joke?

Who is the "Very Special" lady friend of a private who telephoned for a pass to go to the opera, and did he enjoy the company of the four young ladies?

EXPECTATION!

The mails from home had just been received by a certain regiment. Not only were there letters, but many parcels from relatives and friends at home for lucky soldiers. One of the Tommies received a large box addressed to himself, and with a triumphant yell he rushed off to his company's lines and gathered them round him to share in the eagerly anticipated contents of his box.
"Smokes, lads," he cried, as he undid the wrapping. "From the old man; I know it. An' there's sure to be a bottle or two of Scotch."

He opened the box, gave one look at the contents, and collapsed in a heap.
"What is it?" cried his comrades, pressing round.
"It's from old Auntie Mary," groaned the disappointed warrior. "Bandages an' ointment an' embrocation an' splints, an' a book on 'Ow to Be Your Own Surgin'!"

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Many people scoff at "calf love," and its duration is held up to derision; yet some whose names will linger for all time fell in love at first sight with the objects of their adoration. Gainsborough, the painter of beautiful women, passed on his way heart-whole until chance awoke him for once and all. He was painting a landscape near Sudbury, engrossed in his art, when a shadow was cast across his canvas. He looked up, and met the innocent gaze of the lady who afterwards became his wife.
John Opie, well known for his portrait paintings, was of very humble origin, and never cared to acquire the finishings of a higher class of society. Yet the lady of his choice was a very wealthy and gifted woman. When Opie first saw her, her hair, which was very beautiful, hung in long tresses over her shoulders, and his artistic eyes revelled in the picture she made. That very night the artist became her avowed lover.
Lovable Robert Burns gained his early poetical inspiration from one of Scotland's bonnie lassies. He fell in love at sight, and with her, he says, "began the love and poetry of my life."

HOW ALSACE WAS LOST TO FRANCE.

It is just over forty-six years ago that the city of Strasburg, the key of Alsace, capitulated to the Germans in the Franco-Prussian War. It was on August 9th, 1870, that siege operations were commenced against this city of vital importance, and it must be admitted that the Germans had no very difficult task before them, for the fortifications were extremely old, the citadel having been constructed nearly two hundred years before. Nevertheless, the garrison, numbering 17,000 men, under General Ulrich, held out with remarkable heroism, despite the continual bombardment and a scarcity of provisions, for the long period of seven weeks before surrendering.
After the general bombardment of the city, during which the assailants did not trouble to avoid shelling the beautiful cathedral, a determined attack was launched on Lunette 53, which was carried.
The ditch protecting Lunette 52, however, was a more formidable proposition, being sixty yards in width, and from 6ft. to 9ft. deep. From a neighbouring brewery the Germans obtained a number of casks. A soldier swam across in the darkness and fixed a cable; then the casks, filled with saddles to form piers, were boomed out along the line of the cable. In two hours, and before the besieged French were aware of what was happening, the bridge was finished. It was only when the troops were crossing it that the alarm was given, and the French poured a fire on the Germans that cost them about fifty men.

SAFETY IN THE AIR.

Is an aeroplane the safest place for a soldier in war? The question would appear to be answered in the affirmative in view of the following facts.
It was reported some time ago that an officer of the Royal Flying Corps had applied to be allowed to rejoin his regiment in his former capacity. When inquiry was made as to his reasons he replied that he could not bear to see his brother officers running all the risks of the trenches while he himself was in safety flying in the air above them.

When the Royal Flying Corps was organized in 1912, it was estimated that in case of war the entire personnel would have to be renewed every six months—that that period would represent the average life of an airman in active service. In the first five months of the present war, however, during which the corps was almost continuously engaged in scouting and raiding expeditions, the total loss was six airmen killed by the enemy, five killed accidentally, five wounded, and five missing or prisoners—a total disablement of less than three per cent. of the airmen on active service.
While no exact figures, either of losses or of the number of troops engaged in the field, have been made public by any of the Powers engaged in the war, it is certain that the percentage of losses in land fighting, both of officers and men, has been very much larger than this in each of the armies.
While admitting that recent casualties in the R.F.C. have been much heavier than during the first few months of the war, it must be remembered that this fact also applies to the men in the trenches.

GARDEN OF SERPENTS.

There is a garden in Brazil which is very repulsive to the lay visitor. Maintained purely for scientific purposes, it is located at Butanta, and occupies about seven hundred acres. There are laboratories which produce serums for the cure and prevention of snake-bites. The snakes used in preparing the serums are kept in a small park, containing numerous dome-shaped shelters, which is surrounded by a wall and a ditch filled with water. Other specimens are kept in a similar park near the main building, in order that their habits, favourite food, the divers venomous properties of various species, and the best methods of escaping their attacks may be studied.
The hot and moist forests of Brazil contain many venomous serpents, but the slightest noise alarms the peaceful and timid reptiles, which attack only those persons and animals that tread on them or destroy their lairs. Tubes of serum, with hypodermic syringes, are sent gratuitously from the laboratories to hospitals, municipalities, and poor patients. Others are sold at low prices or exchanged for live snakes.

THEN SILENCE REIGNED.

One of the best stories in F. Lauriston Bullard's "Famous War Correspondents" is one concerning the late Bennet Burleigh.
It was the night before the battle of the Atbara River, and Burleigh spent the time visiting the various troops lying out in the open.
"It was whilst walking softly," he wrote, "so as not to disturb light sleepers, that I overheard a sentimental Seaforth Highlander say to his comrade:
"Ah, Tam, how many thousands there are at home across the sea thinking o' us the night!"
"Right, Sandy," replied the chum, "and how many millions there are that don't care a damn. Go to sleep, ye fool!"
"And silence again fell upon that corner of the square."

IRRESISTIBLE.

A party of workmen were engaged in repairing the roofs of a block of houses. One of them during the morning was found to be missing. At last he was discovered near one of the chimney-stacks, and appeared to be embracing a chimney-pot.
"Here, Bill, wot are you up to?" called out one of the men.
"Come here and I'll tell you," answered Bill, not moving an inch.
Curiosity seized the inquirer, and he made his way over the various roofs until at last he was beside Bill.
"Well, wot is it?" he asked.
"Ain't the smell o' fried steak and onions just luv'ly?" answered Bill. "Come an' ave a smell," he added, as he again glued his blackened nose to the fascinating chimney-pot.

AGED KING'S GALLANTRY.

A delightful story is told of King Nicholas of Montenegro during his visit to the Western Front. There was one village upon the King of Montenegro's route to the French front where there are yet children; they range up as one passes and ask for pennies. "Gimme pennv, please—one penny, please." One little girl held out her hand as the King and his suite went by, and piped her request to one of the English officers. The King stopped. "What was she saying?" The officer laughed and explained, and would have walked on, but not the King. "No, bring her here," he commanded. She was brought. It is part of the business in life of good kings to live up to the story-books, and Nicholas of Montenegro was equal to the demand upon him. He produced a louis—not a billet de banque such as one pays mere bills with, but the real thing, the authentic gold—and handed it to the little girl.

LADY MARJORIE'S HINT.

The beautiful Marchioness of Anglesey, who recently gave birth to a daughter at Castleknock, where she and her husband have been staying since the latter's important Irish appointment, was before her marriage Lady Marjorie Manners, the eldest of the Duke of Rutland's beautiful daughters.
She is one of the most brilliant hostesses in society, and is interested in all kinds of sport.
Once, when a schoolgirl, Lady Marjorie went to a small local lecture. For a time she listened attentively, but the lecturer was rather long-winded, and soon her attention strayed to the reporter of the local newspaper, who, she discovered, was furtively watching her sister and herself. Taking a piece of paper from her bag, she scribbled a note and made as though to pass it to her sister; then, apparently changing her mind, she let it drop on the floor. At the close of the lecture, as the hall was emptying, the reporter, scenting "copy," made a grab at the paper. "If that man doesn't wind up soon," he read, "I shall have to take off these tight shoes."

WORLD'S BIGGEST WARSHIPS.

The dimensions of the proposed new battle-cruisers for the United States Navy, bids for the construction of which have been called for, stir the imagination. These mammoth warships will be 850ft. long, whereas the length of the largest American super-Dreadnought today is only 600ft. They are to have a speed of from thirty-two to thirty-five knots. The fastest European battle-cruisers, so far as is known, have never exceeded twenty-eight knots. The displacement will be 35,000 tons. The displacement of the huge super-Dreadnought Pennsylvania is 31,400 tons, that of the British warships of the Queen Elizabeth type and the largest battle-cruisers being 27,500 tons.
Each of these fast-going battle-cruisers will carry ten 14in. guns, and the cost of each, armoured and equipped, will be about £4,000,000. In short, they will be the largest naval vessels yet projected, representing the superlative in dimensions and speed.

NOT ENOUGH TO DO.

As illustrating the Irishman's ready wit Mr. Runciman recently told this story concerning a certain colonel, a neighbour of his who, requiring a manservant, inserted an advertisement in the local weekly.
It was specified that applicants must be above military age, and as a matter of fact the only individual to come after the job was an Irishman of nearly seventy.
"What I want," explained the colonel, "is a useful man—one who can cook, drive a motor, look after a pair of horses, clean boots and windows, feed poultry, milk the cow, and do a little painting and paperhanging."
"Excuse me, sor," said the applicant, "but what kind of soil have ye here?"
"Soil?" snapped the colonel. "What's that to do with it?"
"Well, I thought if it was clay I might make bricks in me spare time."

TRIFLE DANGEROUS.

The scene was a wrecked village a few miles behind the British lines in Northern France. It had been fought through and probably under the impression that troops were billeted among the ruins, the Germans dropped shells on the miserable place at frequent intervals.
The village, however, only contained a score of natives and a Red Cross motor detachment, who found shelter in the cellars and slept indifferent to the work of the Kaiser.
The invariable morning question, relates the "Motor," addressed to the old lady who presided over this underground hotel was: "Sas there been much doing during the night?"
"Ah, monsieur," she replied, "the Prussians dropped 200 shells on our town last night. I really think we shall have to move from here. This war is beginning to be dangerous."

PERSONAL MENTION.

N.S. Smith left on Monday for transport duty to Canada.
Pte. Halliburton returned on Tuesday from six days' leave of absence in Scotland, and reports having a very enjoyable time.
Pte. Jones left on Tuesday on escort duty to Shorncliffe.