

AFTER MOPPING UP

OUR Guide brought us, after what seemed like interminable wanderings, through innumerable shell holes, to a trench, till recently held by Fritz, and said with an air of pride; "Here are your Headquarters, Sir." I dropped into the trench and discovered what looked like a flight of steps leading down into stygian darkness. My flash shed a little light on the scene and disclosed six steps leading down to a hole in the ground about 5 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 4 feet high. I crawled in and sat down; it was impossible to do anything else. Having sat, I dreamed. I saw grey-green, mole-like forms digging and burrowing, urged on by the Great Dread. Then came the shells; flocks of them of all calibres, effectively stopping work. My next picture was two huddled grey forms, cowering in the hole. One a

large well-fed looking country man, whose face, frozen with fear, reminded one of a sheep about to be sheared. The other, a small rat-faced man, who in normal times one could picture as having all the confidence in the world, but now swept at frequent intervals by waves of trembling, had in his eyes the starved look of the man without hope. They sat stunned and dazed by the concussion of the bursting shells. Then there was almost peace for a moment. A shadow fell across the entrance, a cheery voice from up above called out: "Come out you blinking saurkrauts, or we'll turn you out." Gladly they crept out into the air with peace offerings for their captors, gladly they faced their own barrage, knowing that on the other side of it lay peace, comfort and food.

L. F. P.



"L'Entente Cordiale." Canadian Battalion and French Infantry.