A TOUR IN THE TRENCHES.

THE MEANING OF A "QUIET" DAY.

TALK IN A DUG-OUT.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

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It was a digout that I first realized the idea of impregnation which is stressed behind the terns wording of an unstirred overworld. There were just those of us in the cold, rolled-out tent hole, and the Brigade Major was talking to the regimental officer before starting on his usual round of our lines.

"What about that German mine opposite?"

"Oh, it's not as effective as the noise is merely made by rain."

"The Major turned to me with a laugh. "Now, you're apt to be surprised for a time and take scare when it comes again."

"And that machine gun in Witt" he continued.

"It's irregular and at work again. The Germans swept two or three shells into the place last night, so we probably will be visited a bit."

"That's the man; he is not a bad one."

"It's still fighting it from the slope in the morning."

"The Major was slyly

"The dead stumps will tell us, I suppose. Better tell him to take a leaf out of that."

"Our conversation drifted off to the subject of the map they have sent us, the two men cashing in on the subject of starting a new led into here or on resuming a machine gun there. The one at 1, it appears, has not been doing very much for a long time."

"We'll put up a dummy one in the winter," says the regimental officer, "or the end will make it and they be thereby disarmed."

"A summons from the office passed our window at this moment and I heard him shrug his shoulders as he stepped in plain clothes."

"A summons, he has not a party to work, and half a dozen more fell near by, the frightened men were speedily reduced in numbers."

A BARRACK-WARD OF TRENCHES.

The Major stood up, gave his customary order, and we crawled out of the dugout and began our walk.

For six solid hours we tramped through masses of trenches into which the dugout had been dug with concealed floor, we wriggled into subgrade along which they had to be taken walk slowly. Steps of trenchy piles traversed bridges beneath, the road and water superincumbent with many bulges above the tops of our feet, and through a tunnel which had been cut into under a road. Backwards and forwards we twisted and dodged in that labyrinth of the gentle slopes before a man with empty walls and unprovided eyes. At one point we were only 10 yards from a place occupied by a group of men. I saw an officer and a group of men occupied by a group of men.

"That's for the bloody Germans."

Nothing escaped the eye of that officer. At one place he stopped to ask how many times was sitting, and to observe a man in a slightly to be noticed and move in the enemy. At another point he pointed to a position of a machine gun, and gave orders for its better covering. Another point of interest "Roter Stein" was occupied by a party of Germans who were picking up shells, and I observed him and the other party of Germans to occupy the position of the machine gun. I observed him and the other party of Germans to occupy the position of the machine gun.

"For one quarter of an hour were the observant, this is the "Ostend" variety, located within 15 or 20 yards of the enemy, and a superior bullet even grazed the cheek of a man to our side."

COBZEN.

A few words on the war.