

FROM "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

(From "The Critic," February 28, 1917.)

A well-known citizen has brought to the Committee a letter received by last mail from his son, from "Somewhere in France." This soldier said, *inter alia*:—

"I have just come out of the trenches after being there for three days up to my waist in cold mud all the time—no sleep. I was lucky to get out so soon, but some reinforcements happened to come along in time. I have known men twenty days in the trenches under almost similar conditions, who could not be relieved because there was no one to send to fill their places. Send us all the men you can; it will end the war sooner and save many persons' lives. You people in Australia don't seem to realise this. You don't seem to realise either that **our reinforcements can only come from men you send from the Commonwealth**, for the British battalions have to be reinforced by the chaps enlisting in 'Old Blighty,' and they can't help us. It is wonderful how cheerful the boys are. So long. Send us a junk of sunshine if you have any to spare; anyway, send more men!"