

on our left. We slept with one eye open, for we knew we might be called on to move at any time, and, indeed, we fell in one morning about 5 a.m. at 15 minutes' notice, all ready to move off, but found this was only a test, and we were dismissed.

"When we got to the new place we found it consisted of a single line of trenches, really two, but so close together that they were no better than one. Besides they were only from 50 yards to 100 yards from the enemy who kept one from brooding by throwing over grenades and trench mortar bombs

"Our first turn there was rather costly because we could not get bombs to retaliate, but when our supply did arrive we threw three for every one of theirs and they soon tired.

"About this time the second in command was made adjutant and the sub senior to me being away taking a course, I acted in that position. We moved to the new sector about the beginning of October and very soon after the wet weather began. The soil is very light and as no revetting had been done by our predecessors, some territorial battalion, we began to have caves-in daily. Dugouts, parapets, parados and traverses came tumbling down, stopping drainage and making our trench alternate lakes of knee deep water and hillocks of mud, which almost dragged one's boots off. Our men worked like trojans and kept a fairly clear way to move until one night's downpour lasting an hour, during which fourteen bays out of the twenty-two which our Company held, caved in. Making rounds that night on duty was an experience for it was pitch black and one was alternately walking almost at the height of the parapet and then down on the trench level, while the communication trenches were so hopelessly blocked that the only thing to do was to get back to the support line on the surface. In the support trenches the water rose to from one to three feet in depth and all the dugouts were flooded so that eventually we had to move out of it altogether.

"Too much cannot be said for the men who, in spite of twelve to fourteen hours' sentry go and work during the day, wet beds (when they can turn in) and wet clothes all the time, are always cheerful and willing—a finer lot would be impossible to find.

"About two weeks ago Major Mills, our Quarter-Master, was called back to Canada to take command of a new battalion, and I was appointed in his place, so that for the present my days of living in a dugout are over. It seems peculiar to be so far back, but the Transport Officer and I ride up nightly with the rations so keep to a certain extent in touch.

"During the winter, arrangements have been made to relieve each brigade for a fortnight and allow them to go back to rest billets. I understand our turn comes just before Christmas, so we will be able to spend the festal season a long way from the sounds of war.

"Did I tell you that at one G.O.C. inspection here, when he reached me he said 'You have a platoon of fine big men. Where do they mostly come from?' I threw my chest out another couple of inches and said 'All from Western Canada, sir.'

"In spite of the black, or at least drab, outlook in Serbia, I think everyone over here is feeling optimistic, and that we have now got the campaign in hand both in men and munitions. It will, no doubt, take at least six months to finish it, but the end is certain. We are all fed up with war, but will only quit on our own terms."