

not very healthy as the enemy had lots of artillery and trench mortars in this sector, and the whole place was undermined and full of mines ready to blow up at any moment.

We relieved the 10th Battn. about midnight, and I established my Regimental Aid Post in a railway cutting, about 200 yards behind the front line.

August 12th.—At 8 a.m. the enemy commenced a severe bombardment with heavy artillery and trench mortars which lasted four hours. Of course we replied, and gave him more than he gave us.

The front of my Aid Post was hit and I was sealed up tight. When they dug me out I was rather afraid that it would be a German face that I would see. Happily, however, it was a Canadian. They opened a hole and started passing wounded in to me. We had a hard time. While we were sealed up I kept Sgt. Toye busy lighting candles, for we were in the dark. No sooner would he light them than a shell would come and the concussion would put them all out. He used two boxes of matches.

August 13th.—The enemy opened up on us again, and buried many of our men. We had a terrible time with partly asphyxiated and partly shell shock cases.

One of our Stretcher Bearers was badly wounded by a shell, while helping to carry back a wounded man on a stretcher—the dirty Huns could see them. One morning I had to go out under shell fire to attend a poor chap with a hole in his chest the size of one's fist. I could not save him and he died on the way to the Dressing Station.

August 16th.—We were relieved at Hill 60 by the 52nd Battn. and I was not sorry as we had had during this tour 150 casualties, including 24 killed. Among them was Lieut. Arthur King and, as he was being dressed in the trench, a passing party of men halted so as not to disturb the operation. He said, "Carry on, boys, I'm only a casualty." He died soon after.

We now went into Brigade Support at Railway Dugouts. Here we were quite heavily shelled one day, and a man was killed.

August 20th.—I was relieved by another medical officer and re-

ceived orders to report in London to the D.M.S.

I was glad to get away, for I felt played out, but at the same time I hated to leave the boys, and I felt sorry for them, as they had to return to Hill 60 that night.

August 23rd.—I reported to D.M.S. in London, having travelled from Hill 60 by way of Kruisstraat, Transport Lines, Poperinghe, Boulogne and Folkestone.

During the six months I served with the Sixtieth Battalion in France and the Ypres Salient we had the following casualties,—

Officers	21,	killed	8
Other ranks	697,	killed	108

Total	718	killed	116
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H. L. Pavey,
Major, C.A. M.C.

A Warning To Others.

The soldiers met by accident in the market-place of a French town. They had been to a little concert and were not quite so clear headed as they might have been.

The second found the first gazing up at a lighted window on the top floor of a tall building.

Said the first: "There's something peecooliar about the moon to-night, aint there 'Arry?"

"That's not the moon," said the second; "it's the sun!"

"Get out!"

"Corse it is—the moon ain't up yet."

They argued the point for some little time, each convinced that he was right. Eventually a third man entered on the scene.

"Ere," said the first; "'ere's another bloke; let's ask him."

On being asked, the third man stared, puzzled at the light, and then shook his head doubtfully.

"Sorry, chum," he said, "I haven't the faintest idea—you see, I'm a stranger in these parts!"

Heard In The Y. M. C. A.

"And what can I do for you?" said the motherly lady behind the counter.

"D'ye keep tooth brushes?" asked the big trooper.

"Yes."

"I'd like one, please."

"Certainly! — and what kind would you like, a soft-haired one or a stiff one."

"Bless you, Ma'am," replied the soldier, "I don't want to use it—it's for kit inspection."

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