

building. Just as I was putting out with a lot of my stuff another came over and started a regular slide of tiles on the roof. I again got from under in lots of time as one never waits for the last moment without making up his mind beforehand. While this was going on our Sgt. Signaller told me that the previous night his stomach was rather upset and he could not get to sleep, but found next morning that it was a mouse that had crawled down his open shirt and found a warm bed there. I simply howled it seemed so awfully funny.

"We have all sorts of sports and competitions. We've a dandy baseball team, but the 90th beat us by bringing in a regular the other day and everybody lost money. At present the trenches we've just vacated are knee deep in water so we are pretty lucky to be out."

The following is a letter from LIEUT. J. S. WILLIAMS, formerly of the Winnipeg staff, dated 20th September, 1915:

"Well, at last we are in France. We crossed over about three days ago, and at present we are just behind the firing line, censorship forbids me to tell you exactly where. We have had some terrific marches with the most heavy packs, and we all feel that we would give the Germans 'What for,' if it were only to relieve our feelings on account of their being the direct cause of such training. However, that by the way. We are most comfortably situated here and the country round about is glorious, everybody around these parts so good and doing everything for us. Up to the present, the whole business has to me (being a 'sort of strange guy') been a sort of glorious picnic. Three nights ago, whilst sleeping very contentedly in a big field, I was wakened up by a horse that had strayed from its moorings and was patiently endeavouring to obtain nourishment from the top of my sleeping cap. I do not know who was the more surprised, the horse or myself, when I jumped up to shoo him away. Yesterday, I was a most interested spectator in an aerial duel between two aeroplanes. One hears the guns all day, although they are not deafening where we are. I am finding that my little stock of French is coming in very useful, although at times I have to use a sketch, but I do not think I shall be as bad as the English traveller who, before the war started, came over to Paris, and, not knowing the French for an egg, proceeded to draw one on a piece of paper for the benefit of the waiter, who looked at it and brought him a banana.

"I think, from all we hear, we will be in the firing line on Thursday or Friday, so by the time you get this I shall have had my first baptism of fire. The weather here is hot as blazes, and the nights as cold as ice. I see Curran is with the 27th here. I will write again, and expect the next letter to you will be a nice gory one. Did I tell you I went and got married just before leaving England."

The following are some extracts from a letter from GUNNER B. V. CAMERON, formerly of the Toronto branch, written from Otterpool Camp, 22nd September :