

Carlyle would have called a chimney smoking, but nevertheless they did endure hardships—the nature of the struggle was different—they were far from their base—there were not the facilities nor the devices for the care of the wounded—the wide and rambling nature of the country told against speedy treatment. To-day it is what you might call motor-car warfare—field soup-kitchens. Imagine—to give but one example of modern warfare—imagine being able to read your letters and Old Country newspapers in the thick of the firing-line, only a day late! But this is rambling, and I want to take you for a trip with the Transport. It is already getting dark, and everything is packed and ready for the journey. Compared, of course, with what they went through at Ypres and Festubert, the journey is uneventful. For the first mile or so there is little to record. The first time you realise there is danger is when you pass through field upon field of rich crops which you know will never be garnered. The flares from the enemy's lines seem to come nearer, and the whizz of stray bullets gives warning. "By jove, that was a near shave," you hear someone shout, but we reach our destination in safety. The supplies are unloaded, and the fatigue party carry them to the safety of the trenches. The same dangers confront you on the homeward journey, but there is the feeling of satisfaction that you have accomplished what you set out for. A tame trip,

compared with Ypres or Festubert, but important, nevertheless.

The way back was round the village of —, much stricken and battered. For weeks it had been bombarded, and the Cathedral with its beautiful façade is now an utter ruin. The destruction was made complete by fire, and all that stands to-day is the four walls and the altar rails. By dodging the police, I was able to go through this village by daylight, and by dodging the Transport and running the risk of orderly-room, I viewed it by moonlight. Do you remember the words of Sir Walter Scott on Melrose Abbey?—

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

It would repay you to see this deserted village at night; by moonlight the sense of utter loneliness and destruction becomes more acute—it was worth my risk. Doors ajar, empty hearths, broken windows, gables knocked in revealing smashed furniture, beds with the bedclothes still on them, everything testifies to hurried flight. At the far end of the village a few country-folk still cling to the place, but in daylight the only living things to be seen in what was once a thriving busy little town, are a cat and a boy playing a hoop. But what of the Cathedral? Less than a year ago it was thronged with worshippers, for it served as a tabernacle for miles around. Thoughts crowd themselves upon you, and the absolute silence haunts you—the silence that is almost a

voice. But the destruction is even more complete and more horrible in the surrounding cemetery. The very thing that nations, civilised and uncivilised, hold dear—the sacred dead—are held in brutal disregard by the Huns. It is without parallel. Smashed to atoms, these monuments to the dead seem to cry aloud for vengeance, and long after the war has been brought to its inevitable end, they will stand—a most terrible indictment. The enemy has violated the most elementary instincts which distinguish civilised men from the savages—one is almost tempted to say, from the brute beast. Oh! if one could only take these "peace at any price" cranks and show them some of the revolting sights I have witnessed, they might realise something of the saying, "I came not to bring peace by a sword." At the judgment seat of humanity Germany is condemned as a State outside the pale. It seems impossible to understand that brutal type of mind, and it seems more impossible to try to follow the sophistries by which it salves its conscience.

But this will not take me back to the Transport. The day's work is over—the horses are unyoked, and the men go to rest, satisfied in the fact that if the morrow brings fighting, the men will not fight on empty bellies.

To the *Canadian Scottish* we owe an apology for reproducing the above article. In thanking the Editor we also extend compliments for the able manner in which he has prepared it.—THE EDITOR.

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