

one striking the billets of « C » company, killing two men and wounding three others. We held these trenches with periods of relief for one month, and during this time received our baptism of shell fire, no doubt with the intention of holding us in our trenches while the British commenced the first attack of what was afterwards to be known as the « Battle of Neuve-Chapelle ».

We had quite a few casualties this trip in, but evidently not as many as were expected, for on visiting the village cemetery (a place of great curiosity) after being relieved, what was my shocked surprise to find two large newly dug graves capable of containing fifty bodies each, one with a sign marked « Imperials » the other with a sign marked « Canadians ».

We enjoyed a well earned rest in the town of Estairies, and it was in this town that we held our first bath parade, and never was water so welcome to a lot of tired, dirty, men. We also received a change of clottrng, some of which, I am sorry to say, contained as much live stock as that which we handed in. We also had our first experience of aircraft in this town, a Taube paying us a visit one morning, and dropping a couple of bombs, which, however, did no damage.

By this time, there are no more shining morning faces on parade, Our khaki is dirty and stained, and our packs are heavy, but our rifles are always clean and well oiled, and our baytrets are brightly polished, as we plod along the road for our spell in. Our faces are red, and the rain drips from our bonnets and runs down our cheeks or drips from our noses. We don't look like a bunch of « bleeding'eroes » but we are not at all downhearted. We now commenced a long march to the famous town of Ypres, through Wieltje and St. Julien, both behind the German lines now, and no matter which way we turned our heads we could see the German star shells. We entered this town with drums beating and pipes skirling, crowds of children and civilians at our heels.

The town at this time as far as we could see then, was not badly damaged, although the effects of shrapnel could be plainly seen; business was still being done. We did not stop in the town, but marched through and out into the country to our billets, which proved to be a big rambling barn.

It was during the second day of our stay here, that the Battle of Hill 60 commenced, and a more glorious sight I never witnessed in my life. The noise of the firing was thunderous, and German seventeen