

at daybreak when we were relieved, but we still had to hold ourselves in readiness in reserve trenches. We lost a lot of men right there too.

"It is impossible for me to adequately describe the scene or the fierce fire, both of rifle and heavy shells and bombs. Out of twenty-three days our Battalion were twenty days in the trenches, and for the five days of the fiercest fighting were without sleep altogether and practically no food or water. How in hell I have ever come through is a mystery to me. With the exception of being hit by a rifle bullet on the cheek and a piece of shrapnel in the side, I am still fit. I got hit on the cheek in the charge and the other I received on the Saturday but I never left the field. I eventually got fixed up when I got back to Battalion headquarters by our own doctor, who, poor devil, was hit five days ago and has since died of wounds. I have bullet holes in my hat, equipment and clothes, but evidently I am slated to do some more evil in this world yet. I have seen two or three accounts in the papers, and in each case it says that the 16th Battalion led the charge. This is wrong, all honour due to the 16th Battalion, but the 10th Battalion led and drove home the charge with the gallant support of the 16th Battalion.

"I was a proud boy when the Brigadier-General in addressing the remaining few of the Battalion said that the 10th Battalion were the very first of all the Canadian forces to actually encounter the ruthless foe, and he was glad to say with terrifying effect."

The following letter from DR. CROZIER, of Port Arthur, a medical officer, dated 12th May, 1915, while not from a member of the staff, is so interesting that it has been decided to include it in this series of letters, and it is quoted at full length. (Dr. Crozier's partner, Dr. MacGillivray, to whom this letter is addressed, is a brother of the Halifax Manager.)

"The last few weeks here in France have been full of stirring events. The stand the Canadians made at Ypres is the talk of the whole army. Their reputation as an effective fighting unit has been made solid. The British army, both officers and especially the men, are unstinted in their praise. Conceive a blend of French audacity of imagination, American ingenuity and British doggedness; instil with this a twenty-five per cent. solution of tincture of the devil and you have them partially described. After that fight I was shot back to report to hospital, and was busy for two weeks operating and dressing wounds.

"The German gas is rotten—a rotten proposition. The poor fellows were brought in in an endless procession of stretchers, with pale, ashy faces—very quiet. When you looked very closely you noticed that their respirations were thirty-five to forty per minute. Their eyes were closed with an intense conjunctivitis, and they were simply gasping for breath like tired children.

"The wounds were eighty per cent. shrapnel, trench mortar and high explosive shell. I had three marquees or tents to look after. In one tent of forty men there were three compound fracture of femur, and you know how troublesome they are to attend to but all the wounds are terrible.