

OFFICIAL VIEWS OF CANADIANS IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND



Back from the fury of Ypres under bombardment, to the quiet of English lanes, this party of Canadians is out for a constitutional. Their wounds are numerous, but they are all happy. They helped hold Ypres against recent Hun assaults.

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McHarg and Major Odium rolled into a shell-hole near by, and Lieut. Mathewson took cover in a ditch close at hand. It was then that Major Odium learned that his Commanding Officer was seriously wounded. Major Odium raced up the hill under fire in search of surgical aid, leaving Lieut. Mathewson with the wounded officer. He found Captain George Gibson, medical officer of the 7th Battalion, who, accompanied by Sergt. J. Dryden, went down to the shell-hole immediately. Captain Gibson and the sergeant reached the cramped shelter in safety in the face of a heavy fire. They moved Colonel Hart-McHarg into the ditch where Mathewson had first taken shelter, and there dressed his wound. They remained with him until after dark, when the stretcher-bearers arrived and carried him back to Battalion Headquarters; but the devotion and heroism of his friends could not save his life. The day after he passed away in a hospital at Poperinghe.

It is a fitting climax to the story of the Canadians at Ypres that the last blows were struck by one who had borne himself throughout gallantly and resourcefully. Lieut.-Colonel Watson, on the evening of Wednesday, April 28th, was ordered to advance with his Battalion and dig a line of trenches which were to link up the French on the left and a battalion of the Rifle Brigade on the right. It was both a difficult and a dangerous task, and Lieut.-Colonel Watson could only employ two companies to dig, while two companies acted as cover.

They started out at 7 o'clock in the evening from the field in which they had bivouacked all day west of Brielen, and made north, towards St. Julien. And, even as they started, there was such a hail of shrapnel, intended either for the farm which served as the Battalion's Headquarters, or for the road junction which they would have to cross, that they were compelled to stand fast.

At 8 o'clock, however, Colonel Watson was able



In the circle below is a Canadian army "post-master and his post-office." Observe where the letters are posted—and the rifles stacked against the wheels.

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Own Scottish Borderers. Through this line Colonel Watson and his men had to pass, and on every side were strewn the bodies of scores of Ghurkas, the gallant little soldiers who had that morning perished while attempting the almost impossible task of advancing to the assault over nearly 700 yards of open ground.

When the Battalion reached the place where the trenches were to be dug, two companies were led out by Colonel Watson himself, to act as cover to the other two companies, which then began digging along the line marked by the Engineers. And if ever men worked with nervous energy, these men did that night. From enemy rifles on the ridge came the ping of bullets, which mercifully passed overhead, although, judging from the persistency and multitude of their flares, the enemy must have known that work was being done.

It was two o'clock in the morning before the work was finished, and the Battalion turned its back upon about as bad a situation as men have ever worked in.

to move on again; and, as the men marched north, terrible scenes en route showed the fury of the artillery duel which had been in progress since the Battalion had moved out of the firing line on the morning of the 26th.

At the bridge crossing Ypres Canal, guides met the Regiment, and the extraordinary precautions which were taken to hide its movements indicated the seriousness of its errand.

The Battalion had suffered heavy losses at this very spot only a few days before, and a draft of five officers and 112 men from England had reinforced it only that morning. And the officers and men of this draft received an awful baptism of fire within practically a few hours of their arrival at the front. High explosives were bursting and thundering; there were shells searching hedgerows and the avenue of trees between which the Battalion marched, and falling in dozens into every scrap of shelter where the enemy imagined horses or wagons might be hidden. Slowly and cautiously, the march continued until the Battalion arrived behind the first line trench held by a battalion of the King's

In the days before the battle (Ypres), when the Canadians lived for the most part in and about Saily, whence one saw, as I have already written, the German trench-flares like Northern Lights on the horizon, Honorary Captain C. T. Costigan, of Calgary, was the paymaster, and lived, as the paymaster must, decently remote from the firing line. Then came the attack that proved Canada; and the German flares advanced, and advanced, till they no longer resembled flickering auroras, but the sizzling electric arc-lights of a great city. Captain Costigan locked up his pay-chest and abolished his office with the words: "There is no paymaster." Next, sinking his rank as honorary captain, he applied for work in the trenches, and went off, a second lieutenant of the 10th Canadians, who needed officers. He was seen no more until Monday morning, when he returned to search for his office, which had been moved to a cellar at the rear and was, at the moment, in charge of a sergeant. But he had only returned to inveigle some officer with a gift for accounts into