

beautifully worked, and by the afternoon he was back three miles, and we had taken prisoners galore, officers and generals, guns and all sorts of stuff. The Canadian private had the time of his life. All sorts of souvenirs came into his possession: watches, caps, field glasses, etc., and the dug-outs yielded up lots of treasures. We took the Hun so much by surprise that some of them had no trousers on. I spent the afternoon sleeping in an officer's dug-out lighted by electricity, and on a comfortable bed that only a few hours before a commander had slept on. They even left us some fresh eggs, cases of soda-water and wine. It was a glorious day for Canada, and the boys thoroughly enjoyed it. We have had to pay for it, but not too heavily. Poor Mac was killed early in the fight. His batmen state that he remarked that he had been hit, but struggled on. Poor Archie Cornell, the brightest little sport in the battalion, was killed fifty yards from the final objective. Campbell, who played tennis in Calgary, a friend of Sheffield's, was killed early in the game; Kirkham was wounded. When the final objective was reached, two of us were left in my company—the O.C. and myself. He had been wounded twice but carried on until the next morning, when he went back to the Clearing Station, and I assumed command of the company—the only one left without a scratch. In the evening, when I led them back over the ground we had taken from the Hun, now covered with snow and dead, one of them remarked, 'Well, Mr. Jones, they said in Lethbridge that we of the 113th were a bunch of booze-fighters, but we showed them to-day what we could do.' And they certainly did; and a gamer bunch never donned the King's uniform.

"Well, I can hardly imagine that so many things have happened in such a short time, where the ground so short a time ago held by Fritz is now ours. It was wonderful to see our artillery push forward, and also our cavalry; I even saw the tanks go by, and, as for our air service—it was magnificent; it was 'some show,' and it is still going on.

"Poor Mac, good old sport, and the other lads, played the game to the end. We buried them to-day back in the village burial-ground.

"P.S.—Among the documents found on German prisoners was one from the General Staff, stating that they had received information that an attack would be made by the British, and that 'the troops opposite them were Canadians, first-class troops; they never had deserters from the Canadians.'"