

needn't look up the casualty lists yet, however. I am pretty well back to my old financial position now. We are paid a dollar a week out here.

"Later:—Came out of the trenches last night and am enclosed in a practically bullet-proof casing of mud."

A letter from CORPORAL J. C. MATHESON of the 10th Battalion, formerly Accountant at Medicine Hat branch, gives some interesting first hand information respecting operations of very recent interest. The letter is dated 10th May and is quoted at length:

"To begin with I might say that I have experienced, in no small measure either, that war is 'hell'. You have no doubt read many detailed accounts of the recent fierce fighting in which the Contingent has played a very prominent part. I am proud to say that the trusty old 10th Battalion delivered the goods too, in true historical fashion. I am not permitted to say much on account of the severe censorship. However, the following is a brief account of the most desperate action we took the initiative in. On the afternoon of 22nd April we were hurriedly called out. We were told that the enemy through the use of poisonous gases, etc., had broken through the line held by the French and that we were to go out as supports only. However, after marching out about four miles we halted and lay down awaiting further orders. About 10.30 word came along that the 10th Battalion were commanded to take a line of trenches also a wood in rear at all costs. The whole thing was to be done in silence at the point of the bayonet. About 11.30 p.m. the Battalion was formed up in two lines, one in rear of the other, and the 16th Battalion was formed up in the same way about thirty yards in rear of us. Then came the order to advance. Believe me there was some excitement in the ranks. We didn't seem to realize what we were up against. However, we kept on going. When we got within a hundred yards of the trench the 'Huns' opened fire on us. The wood seemed to be literally lined with machine guns, and they played these guns on us with terrible effect. Our men were dropping thick and fast. However, those remaining sailed right ahead and cleared the wood with a vengeance. A few 'Huns' were taken prisoners, but damned few. We had enough to do to take care of ourselves and our own wounded to bother about prisoners. Our Battalion was sadly cut up by the time we got to the far side of the wood, so badly in fact that on account of day breaking and the small muster we were ordered back to hold a trench alongside of the wood. The consequence was that the wounded and dying and killed were left in the wood. All day long we had to stick to our posts in case of a counter attack, and believe me it was more nerve-racking than the bayonet charge itself, as all around you were the dead and wounded. All day we stood and all through the night, and at daybreak on Saturday the 10th Battalion were ordered out of the trench to reinforce the 8th Battalion, who were about four miles away on our left hand and were being terribly pressed by the enemy. 190 men represented our Battalion as reinforcements. Of course there were a few more men scattered elsewhere that we couldn't get in touch with. From then on we were continually under fire day and night until the Wednesday morning