

has not been satisfactory in some respects, it has given me the opportunity to see a great many more sides of this terrific business than an ordinary battalion rank would have furnished me with.

"After putting in my lick in the front line trenches with the 3rd Battalion, I was instructed to report at Harfleur to see the plan used by the British forces on the Rest Camps there, and report on same. I had a very interesting journey through the north of France, including the far-famed Normandy, which was not, however, 'In Apple Blossom' at the time. After a short stay there gathering data, I was finally brought back to England and instructed to organize and open up the Canadian Discharge Depot at Prior Park, Bath. This, also, is most interesting work, being the small end of the funnel; all men who have been through hospital and convalescent home, and declared medically unfit, are gathered together here, their necessary documents completed, gone over by the Pensions and Claims Board, and then as soon as a boat is ready, they are sent from here to Liverpool to embark for home.

"Needless to say, some of the cases which we receive are very sad, but the majority, although in many cases badly mutilated, keep up an excellent spirit of cheerfulness. It is wonderful what endurance the human frame has, and what it can go through and still retain a cheerful smile.

"My adjutant is Lieut. A. I. Brander, who was formerly a messenger in our Winnipeg branch, and came over as sergt.-major in the 11th Battalion, and has since received his commission for good work done."

The following is a letter from LIEUT. W. H. DORE, of the Royal Flying Corps, formerly of the Winnipeg staff, dated France, 13th June, 1916:

"Our Squadron is composed of the fastest two seaters and scouts used in the war. They are very small machines and very sensitive in the air. During the eleven fine days I have averaged over two hours per day and one day did five and a quarter hours on the lines. We don't often see the enemy machines (Huns) while up, but when we are all down they come over and our scout goes after them, driving them home, or better still, doing them in. One is continually shelled when over on the lines and very often the machine is hit but seldom is unable to get home. Our Squadron is called the 'Guards' of the R.F.C. because we have machines superior to the Huns and all pilots are especially trained for the flying of our machines. My Flight Commander in England recommended me for the job and I learned to fly them at the Central Flying School, Upavon, but here flying is a difficult proposition and to land in our small aerodrome was not an easy task at first, and not too easy for me yet. There is not very much that I may tell you about our work and machines, but may say that I am well pleased with both. Our quarters are very fine, we live in Armstrong huts put up around a nice green field surrounded by those big French trees, under which we lie on hot days after we have done our jobs or work. Although we can hear the guns from our quarters we are never shelled and lose no sleep. We get an off bomb but they invariably miss the mark by 1,000 yards or so. We have discovered a