

one of my men brings down one which goes to enrich my dinner at night. It comes as a welcome addition to our rations, and I have an excellent cook who turns out a five-course dinner for me.

"I live while in the line in a nice dugout. It is quite strong and safe and well boarded all round. While resting behind the line we have all the comforts of home in a decent house, good beds, fires and easy chairs—regular lap of luxury, in fact.

"I have come through some fearfully stiff fighting, and sometimes I pinch myself to make sure I am still alive. I have seen some sights which I shan't forget in a hurry. I have had my share of narrow escapes, too. War is a wonderfully interesting game, and one doesn't have much chance to be bored—except by a bullet. The destruction and desolation in some places is deplorable; whole towns and villages have been blotted cleanly off the map.

"The other day I was standing in a particularly hot spot when a large shell dropped thirty yards away, completely disintegrating an officer and a sergeant-major, and wounding two men. It was Friday, 13th, so I had 'the wind up' for the rest of the day and it was some day. They shelled us unceasingly with large stuff and finally gassed us that night. But we have the preponderance in artillery and in everything else, in fact, and we give them twenty shells to their one. How they live through our terrific bombardments is a wonder to me. I used to get two hours' sleep per day, and that was in a little funk-hole much too small. The other twenty-two hours were taken up with fighting and work. We stuck this for ten days and then we had a rest—some rest. It was simply lying down as we were in the mud, after a six-mile march through a continual stream of thin mud, in the dark. We found next morning we were sleeping in a small soldiers' graveyard. My men were wonderful. Never a grumble or a groan, but actually an undercurrent of humour ran through all our miseries. In spite of all our trials we are a wonderfully cheery bunch.

"We smell victory in the air and we go into the fight with increasing confidence. I fire sometimes 40,000 rounds a day into Herr Fritz with the hope of thinning out his numbers. I have a very scientific job at present and I am going back to the base soon for a month's higher course. This will mean a nice change from the eternal din of artillery and bullet."

The following is a letter dated 17th October from
SECOND LIEUT. W. E. BRUGES, late of the London, Eng.,
branch, and now with the Royal Field Artillery:

"At last I have unfortunately landed myself at hospital and am at present in the 5th Canadian. I got malaria, kept going down, eventually becoming weak as a fly.

"Campaign out here has been very unlike what it is, or was, reputed to be on the western front. All through the summer the sun has as much if not more power than in most tropical countries. Living in bivouacs and moving continually at a moment's notice is the routine. In England if you