

"Bean is missing and Cruickshank is in England wounded. Fraser is well. We have the Germans going here at R———. The Old Guards say our lads are fine and helped our boys back over the parapets of their trench when we were being relieved."

The following is an extract of a letter from PRIVATE A. P. GLASGOW, a former member of the staff of the Wadena branch, dated 27th May, 1915:

"Thanks very much for your letter, etc. I have had some exciting times about since I last wrote you, a bayonet charge being the most stirring. We captured a trench from the Germans in it, but they unfortunately could not pluck up nerve enough to wait for us, and the gleam of our bayonets in the moonlight and our Indian yell caused them to beat it in a most undignified manner, leaving only a few wounded and "Landsturmern" behind them. They made a couple of very vicious counter attacks next day, but we managed to keep them out with heavy loss to themselves. Fortunately I came through the whole thing without a scratch, though the reaction afterwards left me with nerves somewhat shaken. We are back having a rest now, and I am thankful to get away from those guns for a while. The German artillery is deadly, but their infantry is a comparative joke. I have seen Goodale several times. His regiment went into action the night we left. I hope he came through all right."

TROOPER T. L. GOLDEN, of the Strathcona Horse, formerly of the Wetaskiwin branch, writes an extremely interesting letter from France dated 30th May, 1915. It is quoted in full:

"I am going to give you a few impressions of my first few days in the trenches. As you know, we volunteered to go in as infantry, pending arrival of reinforcements of Canadian Infantry. After two weeks of marching all over the north of France we at last went into the reserve trenches on Saturday, 22nd May. The reserve trenches consist of a very strong wall of sacks filled with sand, and behind are bomb-proof shelters and dugouts. The Germans shelled the place for all they were worth until well on Sunday, when they ceased for awhile. They did no damage however. About noon on Sunday our troops got orders to go down to the front lines in a very shallow communication trench and to bring down boxes of ammunition and bombs. When we were in the communication trench they shelled us. I thought my end had surely come. We were all lying down flat. Several of the boys were killed and wounded around this place. My head was between the feet of the man in front of me, whose right foot was almost blown off by a fragment of a shell. All that was left of the troop (10) went forward and after various little experiences arrived at the front trench and delivered our goods. It was on my way here that I saw the Germans deliberately turn a machine gun on four fellows who were carrying out a wounded man. I am afraid I called those Huns some very impolite names at that point. At noon we found we had to repair about two hundred yards of communication trench that had been blown away in the morning. Before starting this we decided to have dinner, so we