

"The noise of our own big guns all around gave one more of a scare than Fritz's guns. Those big fellows shake the ground under your feet almost, and the detonation is deafening. First you hear one gun of a certain battery shoot three rounds in quick succession; then another battery starts up behind you, another to the left, and all around you. Big doings, old man. Makes you feel proud to think that you are doing your bit for the cause; nevertheless, it is with a sort of relief that we get away as fast as we can when we have unloaded.

"I always understood that bands were not used over here, but such is not the case. For instance, when a certain Scots regiment went up to help take back our lost trenches, they marched in to the sound of the pipes. We were not out that particular night, and we listened with a certain awe to the Scottish going in. The pipes—about eight of them—with three drums, could be heard quite some distance. They were playing 'The Campbells are coming,' and the step was as lively as could be. No wonder the Scottish can fight well with the sound of the pipes cheering them on. Of course, they do not play right into the trenches, but they march from their billets to the sound of them.

"The air duels are rather interesting to watch, although one soon gets tired of it. For a time a couple of Fritz's machines came over every morning at 4.30. The noise of our anti-aircraft guns used to bother me, but not so now. I am often too sleepy for a little noise like that to waken me."

Letter from LIEUT. A. G. MORDY, formerly accountant at Winnipeg, dated from Hope Lodge, Moffat, Scotland, 15th June, 1916:

"My correspondence has got quite beyond me the last few months, and I will begin at the middle of March, when I was unlucky enough to get some sort of trench fever. After lying around our transport for a few days, I was sent to a rest camp. From there I got to the casualty clearing at Baillail and they put a yellow ticket on me, labelled 'paratyphoid,' and sent me via hospital trains to Boulogne. It took us fourteen hours to get twenty-five miles, and with a big train of wounded it wasn't exactly pleasant. I was sent to England three weeks later, and was discharged from hospital there after ten days. I was granted one month's sick leave which I spent in Wales, but, unfortunately, jaundice broke out in my system, and I had to go back to hospital for two weeks. I was at a very fine place in Wales, and we had every amusement one could wish for—shooting rabbit, wood pigeon, etc., riding, motor-golfing, billiards and everything that goes with a big country estate. The local gentry vied with each other in entertaining us.

"The last few days I was in hospital in London I was allowed out in the afternoon, and from the number of Winnipegers I met, one would think the city had moved over *en masse*. The front and London are common meeting grounds, and it also happened that some of my friends in the 16th were over on leave, so we saw some of the city in a limited way. After leaving hospital, I went down to Bromley, in Kent, for a few days and had some very fine golfing; that is, the course was fine, not my play. My next move was up to Scotland to stay with some friends, and I am returning to London to-night,