

PREFACE

THE Author, in relating these experiences, declares them to be true. He is a resident of Winnipeg, and will verify any statements here made, if necessary. Having told something of my experiences verbally to a wide circle of friends, they assure me that my story would prove interesting reading to the general public. Thus I have decided to make a record of them in permanent form.

Friday, 7th May, 1915, will be with me, as long as life shall last, a blot so big, so dense, so truly awful, and irradically imprinted on the walls of memory. So real is the horror of it all that I am tempted to say: "God give me the grace of forgetfulness."

In the hope that expression will bring relief, and that the healing touch of "Time's kindly hand" may soothe, in a measure at least, my over-wrought brain and nerve-racked body, I proceed to tell my story.