

"There is a 'bon mot' going its round through the trenches at present, It used to be "Berlin or Bust," and now it is 'Blighty or Nearer My God to Thee.'

"A very generous minded Bosche came over to our trenches just before the mix-up at St. Eloi to tell us that they were going to attack. He was very obliging, but he wasn't obliging in time for us to be fully ready, although of course we are always ready for 'em.

"I am in the pink of condition myself, although I have great difficulty in keeping cool in this weather. It has been most oppressively hot the last two weeks, although that does not seem to interfere with the 'scrapping' going on.

"I am just off to the trenches for eight days."

The following is a letter from LIEUT. A. G. A. VIDLER, formerly of the Vancouver branch, dated 26th May, 1916:

"Just a few lines to say I am still alive and kicking. I went out to France again last February with the Sussex, and had another turn at Fritz in the trenches. They got busy on us in billets as well, and put a lot of my platoon to sleep, but this time I only got a chunk of brick in the back. However, early in April, some broken bone left in my head from last year's wound got mixed up with the brain, and I had to be sent down to Etaples and trepanned again, which leaves rather a big hole in the skull. I met Donald Davis, of our Hastings and Cambie, Vancouver, branch there; he is a lieutenant in the 2nd Pioneers. His cousin, W. W. Davis, of the same branch, had returned to England some weeks earlier with a souvenir in the shoulder. I forget whether I told you that Beatson, of Vancouver office, has a commission in the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, after being wounded with the 1st contingent last spring.

"I've almost forgotten what 'branch clearings' mean, though 'cash short' is not unfamiliar at times.

"I got two months' sick leave to pull myself together, and expect to rejoin the regiment about mid-July. The weather is lovely at the sea just now; it is hard to realize what's going on across the Channel; it seems like a weird dream, in which you are bound to wake up.

"I met C. Johnson (Vegreville) in London. He is still in Strathcona's and had been to Dublin to see friends there, and got mixed up in the riots. He managed to pot a Sinn Feiner with a machine gun, who did a high dive stunt on the pavement. F. Fernie, another C. B. of C. man, is going to Salonica shortly. He was wounded in France last year."

The following letter is from MAJOR G. W. MARRIOTT, formerly Manager of the Strathcona branch, dated Prior Park, Bath, 31st May, 1916:

"Personally, I have run up against many angles of the military life since leaving home, as, owing to my old unit having been broken up for reinforcements, the senior officers were used for all sorts of jobs, and, while it