

volunteers are mixed with older soldiers at first until they are confident under fire, but the 29th went straight in alone and held the line like seasoned troops—quite an unique performance—and when the timers called for it, every man stood up head and shoulders over the parapet and blazed away. There isn't a man in the tribe who gives a hoot for bullet, shrapnel or coal-box. During one day, when I was in a trench with George Everitt (a customer of Hastings and Cambie) a couple of whizz-bangs just slid over the roof of our dugout and burst not ten yards behind us, and then the cap of a shrapnel shell sang past nearer still.

"We have with us J. K. Simpson, Daniel, Davis (W.W. and D.), all Commerce men, and I have met Olive, Andrew Campbell and T. C. G. Mahon from Main Office, while last night I was with a Commerce man from another Battalion who wished to be remembered to you—J. Dodge of Winnipeg and Saskatoon districts. You may know that we left Myers in England with the Base Company, and he was naturally very much upset at the idea of staying behind."

The following is a further letter from LIEUT. J. S. WILLIAMS, formerly a member of the Winnipeg staff, dated 3rd October, 1915:

"Well, I've been through it and out of it again. That is to say, I have just had five days and five nights in the front line trenches, and am back a little way for a five days' rest. It was pretty much what I imagined it to be. The first hour to me was uncanny, because it seems so incredible to think that only fifty yards off were men aching to get a glimpse of my devoted head to put a bullet through it. After that, I only felt indifference. It really is most extraordinary what one can get accustomed to. Whiz—Bangs, and bullets were flying about at the time, and when you found that they missed *you*, you began to feel, at any rate I did, that they would never hit you. But the real 'corkers' are those 'Jack Johnsons,' or 'Coal Boxes.' You hear the brute coming a long way off, with the noise of an express train. It's no good hiding anywhere, because you would only be buried by the debris, so you sit tight, hold your breath, and pray to God it won't hit you. Then when it lands (away from you) a most appalling explosion takes place, shakes the earth all round, and then . . . you breathe once more. It certainly is a delightfully indescribable feeling, waiting and wondering where they are going to drop.

"My dugout in the trench had other occupants, things with lots of legs and things, also swarms of rats and mice, so you didn't feel at all lonely. I think I have slept in every conceivable place of filth there is now, and the most extraordinary thing is that you do sleep. I did not have my clothes off my back for the whole time I was in the trenches, and it rained the whole time. We were all wet through. The excitement counteracted the chill. I had a most delightful bath this morning in a . . . convent!!! The Nuns filled the bath with hot water in their place, and just when I was beginning to get anxious, they gracefully retired. I do not think any of my Commerce friends would have recognized the walking pillar of mud, that disentangled