

how I looked at that time. "All same dead chicken not killed right and kep' long time."

Here those who were not so badly wounded were marched on, but there were ten of us so badly hit we had to go very slowly. Percy Weller, one of the boys from Trail who enlisted when I did, was with us, and when we began the march I was behind him and noticed three holes in the back of his coat; the middle one was a horrible one made by shrapnel. He staggered painfully, poor chap, and his left eye was gone!

We passed a dead Canadian Highlander, whose kilt had pitched forward when he fell, and seemed to be covering his face.

In the first village we came to, they halted us, and we saw it was a dressing-station. The village was in ruins — even the town pump had had its head blown off! — and broken glass, pieces of brick, and plaster littered the one narrow street. The dressing was done in a two-room building which may have been a store. The walls were discolored and cracked, and the windows broken.

On a stretcher in the corner there lay a Canadian Highlander, from whose wounds the blood dripped horribly and gathered in a red pool on the dusty floor. His eyes were glazed and his face was drawn with pain. He talked unceasingly, but without meaning. The only thing I remember hearing him say was, "It's no use, mother — it's no use!"

Weller was attended to before I was, and marched