

secondly, and most important, an almost absolute lack of horses and equipment—with which to pursue our advanced drills. For bear in mind that we are still Drivers and Gunners of the R. F. A.,* liable at any moment to be re-drafted into a Battery, and so amenable to the same rigour of drill and discipline as any other unit in the regiment.

Our removal to our present hut camp at "Pleasant Vale," however, which took place about a month ago, has swept away, as if by magic, practically every abuse and drawback that I have so vociferously and ineffectually described, and transformed us in a few brief weeks from a listless, grumbling, ill-disciplined assemblage into a happy, grumbling, well-disciplined force, ambitious to excel, eager for service, and almost as smart, if I do say it myself, as any of the Batteries with which we now come daily in contact.

In my last letter I described my old pal Nosworthy, with his bandolier, spurs and lanyard, trim-fitting riding togs, and a freshly inoculated right arm. Behold me, also, with bandolier, spurs (yes, and the much-coveted swan-neck variety!) and lanyard, trim-fitting riding togs—well, perhaps not quite so trim as Nosworthy's, as my figure differs somewhat from his in both height and circumference! Likewise, a freshly-inoculated right arm—at least so the records in my custody declare, and just to make sure they were correct, I checked them off myself.

I mentioned that we still grumble. What at? Better ask of the winds that far around bring ozone from the sea. Certainly none of the lads I have recently questioned can tell me, but if one were to ask why, I should hazard the opinion that it's because we are British soldiers, to whom grumbling, like smoking, is one of the prime necessities of existence.

"Look out for the bloke who doesn't grumble," said my friend Sergeant A—, the other day—or, as he styled it, "cribbing"—"I've often noticed that if I've had to put two chaps on some extra hard or dirty job, that the bloke who starts damning me the minute my back is turned is the one who eats up the work."

Really, I believe the Sergeant is right. Never in my life have I had a harder row to hoe than in the Orderly Room of the D. A. C., and certainly never have I worked and growled so assiduously. Possibly some highly-observant Courier reader may have noted this tendency in my letters, in which case I can but ask him in all solicitude to account it to me for righteousness.

*Your scribe, by the way, is now known as a Bombardier, by reason of his newly-acquired stripe.

What, then, are the chief features of our camp at "Pleasant Vale," about which I am so evasively enthusiastic? Open country air, commodious, sanitary huts, excellent food and abundance of it, splendid shower baths, reading-rooms, Y. M. C. A., and canteens, fair—indeed generous treatment from our officers—and arduous but not over-taxing drill. Out of an ill-disciplined body of recruits, lacking in nearly everything that goes into the making of a fighting regiment, from neat-fitting boots to esprit-de-corps, we have suddenly emerged a homogeneous force, fit for our humble, albeit important task of transporting ammunition, and ready—in many cases eager—for a more dangerous task should the opportunity occur.

Oh, yes, I have belittled my Column, but I shouldn't care to see anyone else try it! Barring two officers, whom I should like to interview in civilian clothes just for half a tick, and a few rascals and ne'er-do-wells, we are a tolerably plucky and pugnacious batch of men, and it has just dawned on us that events of great moment are in progress somewhere across the channel in which our services may be required. Not being given to much reading, and having a superfluity of personal grievances to settle, we had nearly forgotten the war.

(To be continued.)

Facts That Talk

PEOPLE in the United States who were worried over the possibility of German-Americans creating riots or civil strife welcomed Italy's entrance in the war. They say that there are enough Italians in the United States to take care of the Germans if they should get boisterous.

A PROSECUTION for perjury has been initiated against the German reservist who swore that he saw guns on the Lusitania. The United States secret service men found him hiding in Albany, and had him arrested and taken to New York for trial. President Wilson intends to nail that particular German lie, though things have come to such a pass that nobody would now believe a German on oath.

GERMANY, with five million men in the field, is supposed to have lost two million in killed, wounded, and missing. France, with four and a half million, has lost 1,300,000, of which 360,000 were killed. Adding the Belgian, British, Austrian, and Servian, the total losses must be nearly 6,000,000 men, of whom nearly 1,500,000 have been killed, died of wounds, or died from sickness and exposure. No

wonder mankind is uniting against the "bloody" Kaiser.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S note to Germany is more like the iron hand in the silken glove. Bismarck said of Lord Salisbury that he was a lath painted to look like iron. Wilson's messages have more than the appearance of iron. He is mild in language, but

DOMINION DAY RECREATED.

Canadian citizens of the Empire will find in pp. 6 and 7 of this issue a good feature to take out and fyle away in a scrapbook, or hang upon a wall somewhere. July 1st, 1915, will be the most significant Dominion Day ever celebrated. According to the official eye-witness with the Canadian troops, the new Canadian nation was born at the Battle of Langemarck. Pages 6 and 7 of this issue illustrate the new British point of view concerning the part this new nation is to play in the Empire.

he will undoubtedly maintain the position he has taken in the Lusitania argument.

MR. EMIL NERLICH, a prominent German-Canadian, gave ten dollars to help an exiled German officer in Toronto. The officer is interned, and it is said to have cost Mr. Nerlich \$25,000 to secure an acquittal on a charge of treason. It has cost some Britishers their lives to befriend German officers who excited their pity.

ROOSEVELT has announced that he intends to support President Wilson in the Lusitania matter because the President "is loyal to the traditions handed down by the men who served under Washington and the other men who followed Grant and Lee in the days of Lincoln." Roosevelt will soon be a popular hero again.

A WRITER in Cotton's Weekly, a Socialist organ published in Toronto, says: "Up to a few weeks ago we knew the German people to be kindly, industrious, and deliberate." We did nothing of the sort. We knew they were brutal, and that the citizen had no chance against the soldier. The only difference then was they confined their brutality within their own borders.

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST RAILWAY DISASTER FUNERAL



About 180 people, mostly soldiers, were killed near Carlisle, when two trains collided and a third ran into the wreck. This funeral took place at Leith, when 100 of the 7th Scottish were laid in a grave 70 feet long, 8 feet wide and 8 feet deep.