

Christmas with the Macdonald Boys at the Front.

The following are extracts from letters from the front throwing some light on the manner in which our fellows spent Christmas Day:—

PRIVATE A. R. MILNE:—

I wish to thank Class '17, one and all, very much indeed for the parcel which they sent me. It was good of all of you to remember us, and I hope that the next Christmastide will see us reunited at good old Macdonald.

We have seen quite a few fellows lately that we knew in other Canadian regiments. Among them were Charlie Wilson, "Spike" Roy, and "Dooley" Richardson. Spike was over to see us in billets, and so saw us all. Dooley was over the day before yesterday, but his regiment went into the trenches last night (Dec. 24). Dooley and Spike both got their parcels O.K., also their MAGAZINES.

We are up here doing fatigues, such as digging out fallen-in reserve trenches, draining them, etc. Mud—mud—mud wherever one goes. We will be some authorities on drainage when we return. We are billeted in wooden huts now, but up until yesterday we were in tents. We are having as enjoyable a Christmas as could be expected under the circumstances. The friends at home have been very kind, and we have been having some Christmas fare for about three weeks steady. We are hoping to have a Macdonald feed in the village to-night, and have all the fellows there.

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PRIVATE H. C. BAILEY:—

Just a line to express my thanks to Class '17 for the box of cigarettes which

I received a few days ago. Please thank the fellows all, and say how much I appreciate them. We are never more pleased than when we can get some news from any of you fellows, for old Macdonald is still to us everything that is dear and pleasant to think of.

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PRIVATE "DOOLEY" RICHARDSON:—

This is Christmas week, and we are doing our best to have as good a time as possible before we go back into the trenches. So far we have had a concert every night given by one of the companies of the Y.M.C.A. Our company feed comes off to-morrow, and you can guess how eagerly it is looked forward to.

The Macdonald bunch passed through the town where we were billeted on the way to a place two miles further on. They all look fit and I was certainly glad to see them. We are again in the trenches. Christmas day passed very quietly. There seemed to be a kind of truce on both sides which enabled you to stick your head above the parapet and get a good look around in front of you. It was soon brought to a close by the artillery, however, and although it remained quiet the rest of the day things livened up toward evening.

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PRIVATE PAT. ASHBY:—

We spent Christmas day here in this place. I was on duty most of the day, went over to see the rest of the Macdonald boys. Kelsall hunted all day for a place where we could cook something and all meet together and eat, but was