

thought he was, and the few of us who are left to go back to Canada will be the better for it—but what a price we will have paid to find each other out !”

### “ A POISONER IN GERMANY ”

FLANDERS.  
July 1st, 1915.

Some of the sayings of the men are very funny. One man writing to his wife said : “ You will be glad to learn that our son is not dead, but is a *poisoner* in Germany ! ” Another tells of the Germans shooting from the ends of our trenches and says : “ I think they call this *invaliding* fire,”—not far wrong either, is he ?

During a long, weary march, one man was running to catch up, having dropped out to fix his puttee ; immediately a voice told him to “ stop that galloping on the hard road,” this having been a stringent rule when we had our horses.

### HEAD DOWN AND SPIRITS UP

BELGIUM.  
July 11th, 1915.

Thank you so much for the mouth organs, they were simply great.

The day they arrived we were leaving for the firing line, and had music all the way. They were divided among the platoons, so each had its own band. In the trenches it is a case of keeping your head down and your spirits up. Needless to say, the mouth organs you sent were almost entirely responsible for our splendid spirits during our stay in the front line, and sure it would have made you very happy to know you are partly responsible for the cheerfulness of our boys. Thank you for them and for myself very, very much.

Heard a pretty good thing the other day. One of our men was writing home, and he started like this : “ I am alive, and so is my shirt.” I am sorry to say that means me, but they help to pass away the time. “ It’s an ill wind,” etc., etc. Am writing this in my dug-out, a very comfortable one, only you have always to be ducking your head. Have had quite a lively time for the last week, but thankful to say our company came out without a casualty. Am sorry to have to tell you C. and F. have both gone to hospital, so our original family is dwindling gradually.

We are holding the line where one of the largest battles was fought ; sorry I can’t tell you where it is, but perhaps you can guess.

Saw Major H. the other day, he seems quite fit. Lots of rumours about our going back to England to reorganise, but am afraid they are not true.