

deeply I appreciate all the kind thought for his welfare on the part of the staff at Moose Jaw, and the great kindness of the hospital staff, and of my friends who have visited him and came home, some of them, to tell us of his recovery.

"Accept my best thanks for your kind sympathy in the loss of my second son, and convey my thanks to your staff. We miss him sorely, for he was a good son and a devoted and affectionate brother. I had a personal letter from General Sam Hughes, in which he speaks of him as my splendid son, William H. Fowler, who, as 'a brave soldier, did his duty fearlessly and well, and gave his young life in the cause of liberty and the up-building of the Empire.' My eldest son, R. T. Fowler, of Edmonton branch, still fights with all that are left of the P.P.C.L.I. (120 men), and, save for an attack of dysentery contracted in the trenches last February, has so far escaped injury."

The following are extracts from a further letter from
LIEUT. R. E. N. JONES, dated 30th September, 1915:

"We have been luxuriating in these comfortable billets—a Nuns' School for children with a large unfinished hall annexed where the men of our Co. are billeted on an earthen floor. They are worked so little that they have time to write hundreds of letters which we platoon commanders have to read over and censor. It is quite a business too, if done properly.

"Yesterday with Young, Cameron and Martin, I visited the trenches on a tour of inspection prior to our taking them over, and we went through our baptism of fire without being very much disturbed. The sniping is constant and our men watch like Indians for a chance shot. While exploring towards the right of the line our Battalion will hold, the Boches began shelling Battalion Headquarters of the present incumbents, and one shell threw bullets so close to us, about ten to fifteen yards, that we turned about and retraced our steps and waited until the small storm was over. They sent eight to ten shrapnel shells into an area about 200 yards square when one of our guns suddenly opened on them, firing one shot only, and silenced their gun at once. Machine guns peppered at our lines at intervals, and you can bet the men keep well down below the parapet when they know looking glasses 1 inch by 2½ inches on the end of a bayonet are frequently smashed as soon as stuck up.

"The Germans have shouted over the trenches to our men here 'The ——— Battalion is no good. You can have our trenches on October 4th and go to hell.' It is also stated emphatically that they were distinctly heard to say 'The Kaiser can go to hell on October 1st. You can have these trenches after that, and you will be back in England again sooner than you expect.' It is hard to credit all these statements, but they make food for discussion."

The following is an extract from a letter from PTE.
A. H. WATERMAN, formerly of the Hastings and Cambie branch, dated 3rd October, 1915:

"We are all having just the time of our lives and seem to have made a name for the Battalion already. You know that generally fresh troops of