

we saved in our water bottles—'dead man soup' we called it. Well, anyway, after various narrow escapes (they say that 'the devil takes care of his own'), I got hit in the back with shrapnel. I had three pieces taken out of my back and shoulders, and one piece in my neck—which the doctor decided to let stay.

"I am at present employed in the quartermaster's stores. The work is not heavy, and, above all, quite 'bomb-proof.' The Q.M. store is, in a way, the mother of the regiment or battalion, and we handle everything from bully beef to tent pegs, and from needles to crow-bars. All the drafts proceeding to the trenches remain a day or so here for equipment, finishing touches in their training, etc., as well as the men who have been wounded, or who are coming down with sickness. I met George Otto and Walter Gordon the other day. Gordon has managed to get across to England, but Otto has gone up the line. He has, I understand, a pretty good job (i.e., 'bomb-proof') in building huts, etc., back of the line.

"I don't know whether I ever told you, but John Muir was killed alongside of me at Festubert last May. We both got hit when we went over the 'bags' on the 24th. Poor fellow! he was in mortal agony, and, after administering morphine, died unconscious. He was badly hit in the thigh, and the bullet had run up into his abdomen. I saw Capt. Milne, McGovern and several of the 28th Battalion officers a week or so before the racket started—we were out for a rest at the same time—and they subsequently came up to relieve the 3rd Division, after Fritz had come over on 1st June. Port Arthur has lost heavily.

"Well, I heartily wish it were all over, and I were back in Canada. However, what's the use of wishing? We've got to teach the Bosche his lesson first, and we are hard at it now. Our guns are hammering it into him every day, and I think he is beginning to learn. He's singing a different song from what he was last year, and we're all hoping to notice a far bigger change before long.

"I think when I come back I'll have to go for a month's outing in the woods. Oh! just to get away from soldiers and soldiering for a while—forget form fours, etc., wake up when one wanted, go to bed when one wanted, and generally be one's own master.

"I wonder if I could slip into the Bank and commence work. I'm afraid the Branch Clearings would keep me guessing, and the H.O. Instructions and arrangements with other banks would be great mysteries indeed. I think I could still figure up a sterling or Hong Kong draft, but would the Chink sting me?"

The following are extracts from a letter from SERGT. A. C. SCOTT, of the 46th Battalion, Canadian Infantry, formerly of the Innisfail branch, dated France, 8th September, 1916:

"Just received a copy of 'Letters from the Front,' and it has succeeded in making me rather homesick for the office and rattle of the typewriter and adding machine and the old routine. Anyway, it took my mind off chasing the 'Wily Hun,' and took it back to the old days.