

on kissing a sergeant who was watching them go by. My dugout was blown in twice, but both times I was outside. I was also buried a few times, but beyond that I had nothing to worry about. I said that not thinking, as we had so many of 'them'—I mean rats and lice.

"Lieut. R. S. Ross from the Superintendent's Department at Vancouver, who was our bombing officer, was very active in the trenches, and was unhurt and well when I saw him last.

"The Canadian troops have made an excellent name for themselves at the Somme and still go on gaining ground and have Fritz properly scared. He calls over from his trench, 'Are you God-blime's or God-damn-you's?' The former means Imperial troops; the latter means Canadians, and if they are Canadians he generally knows soon enough."