

PRIVATE F. S. WALTHER, of the London, Eng., staff, who joined the London Naval Division last December, writes from the Dardanelles on 8th June, 1915, as follows:

"Thank you very much for your letter of good wishes which I received last Wednesday just before leaving for the firing line. Unfortunately I stopped a bullet with my left arm on Sunday and am now on board a hospital ship, recovering. I came off rather better than I might have done, as the bullet, which was fired by a sniper behind our trench while I was looking through a periscope, went through the upper part of my arm, cutting the artery and finished up by making a big dent in my cigarette case which I had in my left breast pocket. We arrived out here about a fortnight ago and have been under artillery fire all the time, which necessitated our entrenching ourselves as soon as we landed. However, we did not suffer much from this as we were not near the Red Cross depot, which seems to be the chief target. The Turks are in a very strong position just where we are and at least fifty thousand strong, but we are advancing a little every day and will have them out before long. The French artillery is fine and seem able to hit anything, while our own, backed by the fleet, give the enemy a pretty warm time. The Turks have lost very heavily, but seem to be innumerable."

MR. N. E. LAWSON, of the London, Eng., staff, writes under date of 13th June, 1913, as follows:

"We came down yesterday after our first spell in our new line of trenches. We were in a very peculiar position indeed. Situated in the grounds of an old chateau, we held the stables and half of the garden, and the Germans held the other half. Our section was in the chicken run. The worst part of it was the appalling stench, as the fighting had been very heavy round there. Our place was very bad; it may have been the dead chickens,—a wit said it was the coachman.

"There is a rumour out here that K's new army have decided to remain neutral. Is it true?

"There is a pretty little village quite near us, with a very fine church, but the Germans knocked the steeple off it last night and have rather spoiled the effect.

"Ypres was the town I told you was knocked to bits."

MR. E. L. STEWART PATTERSON, the Acting Inspector, writes as follows regarding a voyage on his way to London, Eng., in June:

"We had a very pleasant but uneventful voyage until we neared Liverpool, when, as you no doubt saw by the papers, we encountered two submarines. One of them we nearly rammed, but it took a dive and fortunately miscalculated our speed and instead of coming up on our broadside came up about a hundred