### FROM THE FRONT LINE.

SERGT.-MAJOR CANDALINE, of No. 3 Company, is in receipt of the following letter from the front line trenches which we publish with pleasure. The writer, Thomas Hornby, is well known in this district, especially among the lads of the loist battalion, of which he was a member.

" France, Nov. 12th, 1916.

" Dear Sergt.-Major-

"I have this morning heard from Sergt.-Major Bellamy that a number of my comrades and friends in your camp have got the idea that I am back in England. Nothing of the kind. I may say that I am in the front line and hope to be able to stay there, and shall be very pleased to give a hearty handshake to some more of my old rorst comrades. Give my best regards to McLelland and all the other boys who care to hear from me. I am pleased to hear that Major Munroe came over.

"I wrote a couple of weeks ago to Captain——. Will you be good enough to ask him if he received the letters. I have had no reply as yet, but of course our mail arrives

here somewhat erratically.

"One of the worst features of the trenches recently has been the mud. The French mud, after such hard rains as we have had lately, is a mixture between putty and slush.

"You will have been grieved to hear that the late rorst have suffered so severely. Many of the best men joined the "Last Roll Call." I may tell you that I am more content with life at the front—even with its dangers and hardships—than ever I was with life at McGregor, Sewell or where you are now. Any time you can spare a minute or two I shall be glad to receive a line. Meantime I am,

"Yours fathifully,
"THOMAS HORNBY."

#### ANOTHER FROM THE FRONT

THE following letter received last week by Lance-Corporal T. J. Hucker is self-explanatory and may give us an idea of the conditions with which the lads in the front line have to contend from day to day.

"France, Nov. 18th.

"Dear Father,-

"Just a few lines in answer to your most kind and welcome letter. I was very glad to hear from you. I am just out of the trenches for a rest. We are up to our knees in mud. I suppose you know that Big Heck got a piece of shrapnel in the leg. It was the first morning in and he was standing alongside of me when he got it.

"I got a parcel of cake from home yesterday. It went down fine.

"I am writing this in a dug-out, and as there is not very much light you will have to excuse this writing. I got six letters from mother the other day and have answered two of them. I will have to answer the rest to-day.

"I forgot to tell you that Percy Foster went to the hospital with trench feet. There is so much water in the trenches that they have had to give us rubber boots up to our hips. I guess this is all for this time—more next time.

"With the best of love from "Your son, "Tom."

Young Hucker is still remembered by many in camp here and all will be interested in the above letter.

#### BRASS BAND IN KILTS.

GREAT was the assortment of shaking knees which made their appearance on the parade ground one day last week when the brass bandsmen issued from their barracks clad in bright new Seaforth kilts. The morning was a peach for the new dress. A north-eastern wind was blowing with telling effect, and even liberal applications of talcum powder could not take the place of former puttees and warm clothing. Above the entrancing strains of stirring reveille music could be heard the clatter of shivering bones and it was with a welcome smile that the musicians were dismissed to their warm barrack room.

The kilts certainly make a difference in the appearance of the band, and they may now be truly said to present a Highland appearance.

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