

all stood easily for an hour say, during which the men sang different part songs, each Company having its own special group of singers aided by choruses. The dying camp fires, the singing—the band had stopped immediately the call to arms came—the clash of “coal boxes” and loud jarring reports of our guns, not to forget the distant continuous rattle of small arms, was something I shall never forget. My own special prize Highlander, Neil Campbell, broke a short spell of silence in our immediate neighbourhood by saying in a serious, rather grumbling way, ‘and my bayonet is dull, too.’ The word came along in about an hour to dismiss, the din having died down a bit meanwhile, and everyone went to bed for a good night’s sleep—if they followed my example.

“The cause of it all, I hear, was the exploding of a mine—German or ours—between the lines, when the enemy poured an awful hail of shrapnel, bombs, etc., into the front line at one point, causing loss of life and wounding quite a few, I hear it said.”

We quote below a letter from PTE. W. G. CHISHOLM, formerly of the Saskatoon branch, written from Shorncliffe, under date of 10th October :

“I have just returned from six days’ leave which I spent in Scotland, and which I fully enjoyed, only it proved too short. The disagreeable part is the coming back, and it always takes a few days to settle down again.

“Pyke (Saskatoon staff), who went with the second Universities Company, is in England somewhere, wounded in the foot ; but Edmonds (Saskatoon staff) is still with us. Shaw and Guy (Saskatoon staff) are here and I see them quite often. The other night there was a banquet in Folkestone of the C. B. of C. boys, numbering about 100, and we had a very good time.

“I am thinking of taking out a commission in a Highland regiment.”

The following are extracts from a further letter from LIEUT. R. E. N. JONES, dated 16th October, 1915 :

“No, my little hunt for a sniper was not nearly as dangerous an undertaking as you apparently imagine. First, you must remember that a one night experience in the trenches is quite enough for the average man of any sense to realize that “heads down” is the rule on *all* occasions, unless a duty *has to be done* which means exposure. My hunt was for tracks or traces of snipers who work at night—very occasionally too, we now know here—and, with one of my best shots nearby, I had ample support had there been any danger to anticipate outside an occasional stray bullet from the front. Civilians have been suspected, and none have dared practice during daylight, when so many men are about working in the labyrinth of communication trenches, and ever watchful with eyes, and ears that have been trained to sound for months. Were a man shot in our rear during the day or night, the ground would be covered at once by a host of keen hunters, day and night, because news of such a deed travels very fast indeed. A night hunt after snipers between the lines is really exciting, and a man needs much nerve and great patience if he is to succeed.