

through a lot since we left Ottawa last August. Our great loss was Colonel Farquhar; I think we all felt he was our personal friend. He was very strict on parade, and if you were up before him in Orderly Room he looked right through you, and you knew there was no good trying to work off the best-thought-out fairy tale, so we just took our medicine. He used to dole out punishments with a smile, and often reminded us that if the medicine did not effect a cure he would have to change the treatment, and most of us were cured first time. After a man had done his punishment, he never held it against him for promotion. He used to come down to the trenches at night and discuss with us how the ditches they called trenches could be improved, and he always liked us to suggest schemes. I think if we had met the Germans the night he was killed we would have left our mark, and the same spirit is still with the regiment. I remember on the night of May 7th an officer saying to his company, when he lined them up to occupy a new trench: 'You may expect a bad day to-morrow; if you get your chance, don't forget the men over there killed our Colonel.'

"The regiment left Ottawa, in August, 1,180 strong, and 34 officers; we have had drafts amounting to 612 and 28 fresh officers. On the 6th we had 140 casualties in the same trenches, but we held our ground. Sir John French had sent the Division word the day before, that at all cost the ground must be held. His report to us afterwards is worth reading, and to those who have lost relations it should be a consolation, as no praise could be stronger, and British generals are pretty stolid fellows, I hear, and not given to saying things they don't mean unless it is bad language, and they must often have an excuse.

"I think we will all be better men for our experience. We are a cheery lot, often a rowdy lot and you might think devil-mc-care and hard sort of fellows, but I think the real secret is that each of us always wants to buck the other chap up, and I know every one of us is constantly mindful of the comrades who have taken their long leave. When my Company Sergeant-Major Dames was instantly killed by a high explosive, I heard a lieutenant—badly wounded by the same shell—say: 'I would willingly have taken his share.' This officer has since died of wounds. Such experiences as these must make men of the worst of us, and the word MAN has taken on a different meaning, and is not the man as I used to know him; often liked him, was generally indifferent to him, frequently disliked him, reasonably hated him, and generally turned out to be a fool if I trusted him. In this war I have come to know a new man, to admire him, follow him, and always trust him; perhaps he does not know himself, and wonders, and I wonder, if this can be man as we thought we understood him a year ago. I only hope that nothing will ever happen to change him back to what we