

Extract from letter dated at Belgium, 26th August, 1916, written by GUNNER C. W. DAVISON, formerly of the Montreal branch :

" The right and left sections of our battery are separated by about two miles, Capt. W. Leggat (C. B. of C.) being in charge of this section. At times when I have been called to repair lines between here and the other section, I have stepped in to find Lawrence, Dalton and McBride doing splendidly.

" I must say my work out here is somewhat different from that of receiving deposits in ' D to K ' box at Montreal, yet the life is a great health builder, and those of us who return will be better able to discharge our duties than before."

Letter written about the end of August by SERGT. J. A. CAW, 11th Battalion, formerly of the Langham branch, from where he left to join the Second Contingent. Mr. Caw has been wounded twice :

" Well, as you may know, we had quite a flare up on our part of the line in the early part of June, and as my battalion moved into the front line trenches on the last day of May, we came in for the full blast. On June 1st the racket started, if I remember correctly at about nine in the morning. Fritz simply swamped our trenches and supports with shells of every size, not to mention rifle grenades, trench mortars, sausages and the like. He continued this for about five or six hours, blew up a mine and then came over on our left. Of course as soon as he left his trenches the bombardment ceased, and then we started to get our own back. All the boys who had any sporting instinct at all were out of the trench in a twinkling, sniping at the Bosches from shell holes, etc. We had him where we wanted him : half way up a slope, no cover, and digging himself in, in full view in broad daylight, range about six hundred yards. Three years ago anyone who would suggest that I could take delight in firing at a human being with intent to kill—I would have called him something. But, nevertheless, I took a fiendish delight in it on June 1st, and, for excitement, man-hunting has all other kinds of hunting beat a mile. I could not say how many I nailed, but I'm sure of three. The boys with the telescopic sights had an advantage, as Fritz showed himself as little as possible, and was most inconsiderate as he would not keep still to give us a chance to get a good bead on him. From June 1st to June 13th it was a matter of attack and counter attack. During the day, a man could get no sleep or peace for the shelling, and at night every man was required for patrol-working parties, etc. Gas alarms were the thing of the day, and, believe me, it is not pleasant business to ' stand to ' with gas helmets on for a matter of two hours or so, every minute expecting the Bosches to come over. They gave us all kinds of tear gas, and at the end of a week my eyes began to feel as if they were stuck on the end of poles like crabs' eyes. I was as deaf as a post and as dirty as a tramp. Water was very scarce, that is, good water; even the tea tasted of dead men. What was left over from breakfast