

"The training is much more in earnest here than in Canada, as it is under Kitch. over here. We had a review for the benefit of the King and K. of K. on 22nd September: they both said they were enjoying good health.

"We rise at 5.30 a.m. (I don't remember before seeing that hour on my Ingersoll. Tents rolled and blankets folded by 6, stables (ahem!) 6 to 7, breakfast from 7 to 7.30, work from 8.30 to 12.30 and from 2 to 6.

"I was up in London two weeks ago and saw the Zepps. perform. The searchlights located one, and we could see the shells plainly breaking all around it. Only one shell hit the mark, but it did not do enough damage to bring the Zepp. down. They started a large fire within a few blocks of the Bank of England. We were down to see the ruins in the morning.

"We are in Kent County and our nearest city is Folkestone, a large summer resort, and a trip to the bathing beach in the morning is worth while—one piece suits only. I put in a morning there after being inoculated."

The following is an extract from a letter from LIEUT. R. E. N. JONES, former Manager of the Alexander Avenue branch, dated 28th September, 1915:

"We are still in comfortable billets marking time, but expect to be called to the trenches any day now. On the night I last wrote you I think we were off for the firing line; instead, we walked miles along cobblestone roads, through at least one shell-shattered village, to this Nuns' School for children, close to the local church and churchyard, with its many crosses of recent date—bearing some English Tommies' names, I see.

"After General Alderson's speech to us at our last billets, he called for the 'Maple Leaf,' then 'God Save the King,' which all sang lustily. Rain was falling, and the men were permitted to break off without reforming, after having surrounded the speaker in a great mass. Supper was soon served and kit got ready, and at 8.30 p.m. the regiment was drawn up on the muddy road opposite our huts. Major MacLeod brought out an acetylene gas lamp, and its bright light thrown on the long line of men, four deep, in dripping and shiny ground waterproof sheets, which they used as capes, made a picture never to be forgotten by some of us. Our Chaplain, Major Beatty, who was with the 1st Division before, addressed us in manly tones, called for a well-known hymn, which all ranks sang heartily, and then offered up a prayer. Roll call had been checked over before, and a moment or two after the goodbye address, etc., the whole regiment moved off into the darkness in absolute silence but for the tramping of feet on the muddy road, not even smoking being allowed. As we marched along, it seemed we came fairly close to the firing line at different points, as we could see star shells being shot into the air now and again not very far away (and heard intermittent firing as well), and they are, as a rule, only used in the front line trenches, I understand. We passed much transport en route, of course, motor and horse-drawn vehicles, and a large gun drawn by 6 heavy draft horses made us move to one side until its whole equipment passed, creating no little interest, as few, I am sure, could help wondering where it would likely be lodged in our rear.

"Yesterday, as I sat writing here, a man came to the door with an empty 13-pounder shell, and two *live* bombs, less the dangerous detonators, and,