

"I joined the 27th Light Horse at Shaunavon and was transferred to the 5th at Valcartier. After a lovely time in England, we went to France on 6th February and I was badly crushed by the caving in of a trench at Festubert on 24th May—the day nearly all our boys were hit. The force of the explosion of the shell that helped to bury me was so great that nearly all my clothes were blown off, and I was unconscious nearly continually for five days. My left side, right down, was paralyzed but except for the arm I am O.K. now.

"Poor Fowler got a bad one, both jaws smashed and all his teeth gone. However, he is doing well now. Mike Morrow was killed. It seems a shame as he was the only son of a widowed mother. However, it's what he would have wished and I almost envy him. Cameron, Manager at Shaunavon, was mortally wounded beside me. About six inches of his spine was smashed, but they kept him alive for ten days so that his mother had time to go from Glasgow to France to see him.

"Of the other boys I have no trace, but hope they are still going strong.

"How's Moosejaw? I'd give some to be back for a time. Remember me to the staff.

"Gott strafe der Kaiser."

The parties to whom Pte. Knott refers are Sergeant J. G. Fowler, late of the Moosejaw branch, Pte. F. D. C. Morrow, late of the Briercrest branch and Mr. H. Cameron, at one time Manager at the Shaunavon branch. We understand, however, that Pte. Morrow was not killed, as advised in the letter.

The following is an extract from a further letter from MR. A. C. CATON, of the London, Eng., staff, dated Belgium, 23rd August, 1915:

"Many thanks for your parcel. There is nothing more welcome than cigarettes and chocolate, especially the former, which we cannot get at all except from home.

"Since last writing I had to rejoin my regiment, and then learned that our division was to retake some trenches lost a few days previously, and that our brigade had to make the attack. We were in support to one of our other Regiments in a wood, but these men did so splendidly that we were not called upon to advance. A number of our men were engaged in carrying up bombs and ammunition, along communication trenches already half blown in by high explosives, and littered with dead and wounded. The German infantry on the whole showed very little fight, most of them put up their hands as soon as they saw our bayonets. At night we moved up to another trench, and were subjected to a terrible bombardment all the next day, as the Deutschers kept their artillery on us all the time, particularly on a certain crater, which we were still holding. We were relieved that night, and marched nine miles back to our hut, where we have been ever since. We are going up to the trenches again to-night, however, and I hope it will be a bit quieter this time.