

## PREFACE

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The cordial manner in which previous issues of this pamphlet have been received on all sides encourages us to issue further numbers. We have again prefaced the letters by a completely revised list of those who have taken up military duty, together with a revised Honour Roll and list of casualties.

The task of selecting suitable excerpts from the material furnished to us has not been an entirely easy one. Letters dealing with events of large general importance are of course not frequent and much of great interest that writers might include in their letters is doubtless withheld because it would not be acceptable to the censors. We think, however, that the letters do convey much of the "atmosphere" of life at the front and this together with personal touches which will be of interest to relatives and friends of the writers, is perhaps as much as any series of letters such as this one can hope to attain to.

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## CASUALTIES

### WOUNDED

Pte. J. P. Baston	South Hill	First Contingent
Lieut. R. S. M. Beatson	Vancouver	" "
Pte. T. W. Bourns	do	" "
Pte. F. S. Bowker	Kamsack	" "
Pte. W. B. Clendinning	Elbow	" "
Pte. L. C. Coffin	North Battleford	" "
Pte. F. L. Connon	Claresholm	Second Contingent
Sgt. J. Creighton	Montreal	First Contingent
(Now out of danger)		
Pte. J. D. Cruickshank	Winnipeg	" "
Pte. F. F. B. Darley (Seriously)	Prince Rupert	Second Contingent
Pte. W. D. Deans	Montreal	First Contingent
Lieut. H. B. de Montmorency	Winnipeg	" "
Pte. J. R. Denning	Montreal	" "
(Reported recovered)		
Pte. F. Fernie (Seriously)	Innisfail	" "
Sgt. J. G. Fowler	Moosejaw	" "
Pte. D. E. Gordon	Saskatoon	" "
Pte. E. Hamilton	Princeton	" "
Pte. F. N. Hardyman	Sault Ste. Marie	" "
Pte. A. D. Harris	Vancouver	" "
Corp. H. B. L. A. Hillyard	Rivers	Enlisted in England
Pte. R. A. Hornby	Winnipeg	" "
Trooper C. Johnson	Vegreville	First Contingent
(Recovering)		
Pte. J. A. C. Kennedy	Summerland	Second Contingent
Pte. N. E. W. Lawson	London, Eng.	Enlisted in England
Pte. H. G. Leigh-Bennett	Gerrard & Pape	First Contingent
Toronto		
Pte. F. J. Little	Lloydminster	" "
Pte. J. E. Lockerby	Vancouver	First Contingent
Pte. A. E. S. Morrison	Youngstown	" "
Pte. D. A. McQuarrie	Kelvin St., W'p'g.	" "
Pte. J. McQuoid	Phoenix	Second Contingent
(Reported recovered)		
Pte. B. G. Oldaker	Brandon	First Contingent
Pte. G. Olive	Vancouver	" "
Corp. W. G. O'Neill	Victoria	" "
Pte. J. C. Orr	Ladysmith	First Contingent
Pte. V. Patman	Sutton	" "
Trooper E. K. Picken	Calgary	" "
Pte. D. P. Pyke	Saskatoon	" "
Lieut. C. W. F. Rawle	Inspector's Dept., Head Office	" "
Pte. L. Sadler	Montreal	First Contingent
Pte. I. B. Savage	Montreal	" "
Pte. J. K. Simpson	Victoria	Second Contingent
Pte. N. V. Taylor	Hanna	First Contingent
Pte. F. S. Walthew	London, Eng.	" "
Pte. J. W. O. Weir	Watrous	First Contingent
Lieut. J. S. Williams	Winnipeg	" "
Pte. J. P. Winning	Bengough	Second Contingent
Trooper H. Wright	Fort Frances	First Contingent

### MISSING

Pte. F. D. C. Morrow . . . . . Briercrest . . . . . First Contingent  
 Pte. H. Wilbraham-Taylor . . . Fernie . . . . . " " "

### PRISONERS OF WAR

Lieut. G. N. Gordon . . Stratford . . . . First Contingent . . Gefangenenlager,  
 (Badly wounded) . . . . . Crefala  
 Pte. J. H. Leach . . . . . Outlook . . . . . " " . . Paderborn  
 Sgt. T. S. Ronaldson . . Fort Frances . " " . . Dusseldorf  
 Pte. J. Taylor . . . . . Fort Frances . " " . . Munster

### ILL

Pte. J. A. Davin . . . . . Macleod . . . . First Contingent . . Sick from gas fumes  
 Pte. R. T. Fowler . . . . Edmonton . . . " " . . Suffering from severe  
 heart strain  
 Lieut. E. Ryrie . . . . . Spadina & Col- . . . . . Seriously ill (Appendicitis)  
 ledge, Toronto  
 Pte. A. Sattin . . . . . Calgary . . . . . " " . . Suffering from shock  
 Lieut. A. G. A. Vidler . . Vancouver . . " " . . Seriously ill  
 Pte. W. M. Watson . . . . Bengough . . . " " . . Seriously ill  
 Corp. D. A. Wilson . . . . Montreal . . . . Enlisted in England. Since recovered



FIRST CONTINGENT—continued

Pte. T. R. Lawrie . . . . . The Pas  
Trooper C. Johnson . . . . . Vegreville  
Trooper W. L. Donald . . . . . Vermilion  
Pte. W. H. Goodale . . . . . Wadena  
Pte. J. W. O. Weir . . . . . Watrous  
Sgt. T. L. Golden . . . . . Wetaskiwin  
Pte. D. Woodcock . . . . . "  
Capt. O. R. Lobley . . . . . Winnipeg  
Pte. H. Morrison . . . . . "  
Pte. J. Low . . . . . "  
Pte. J. D. Cruickshank . . . . . "  
Pte. G. W. A. Fraser . . . . . "  
Pte. L. M. Bean . . . . . "  
Lieut. H. B. de Montmorency . . . . . "  
Pte. J. R. Purdy . . . . . "  
Pte. A. H. Bankart . . . . . "  
Pte. H. E. Illingworth . . . . . "  
Col.-Sgt. A. I. Brander . . . . . "  
Lieut. J. H. Lovett . . . . . Alexander  
Avenue, Winnipeg  
Pte. B. H. Kewley . . . . . Elmwood,  
Winnipeg  
Lieut. Hedley Hill . . . . . Fort Rouge,  
Winnipeg  
Pte. D. A. McQuarrie . . . . . Kelvin Street,  
Winnipeg  
Pte. H. V. Spankie . . . . . N. Winnipeg  
Trooper C. L. Inkster . . . . . "  
Trooper D. Scully . . . . . "

Trooper A. L. Miller . . . . . N. Winnipeg  
Pte. M. Whyte . . . . . Youngstown  
Pte. A. E. S. Morrison . . . . . "  
Pte. F. F. Barnes . . . . . "

PACIFIC COAST DISTRICT

Pte. H. Wilbraham-Taylor . . . . . Fernie  
Gunner J. C. Orr . . . . . Ladysmith  
Pte E. Hamilton . . . . . Princeton  
Pte J. P. Baston . . . . . South Hill  
Pte. A. D. Harris . . . . . Vancouver  
Lieut. D. H. Bell . . . . . "  
Lieut. R. S. M. Beatson . . . . . "  
Pte. I. F. Mactavish . . . . . "  
Pte. F. S. Stevens . . . . . "  
Pte. J. E. Lockerby . . . . . "  
Lieut. A. G. A. Vidler . . . . . "  
Pte. R. J. Jeffares . . . . . "  
Pte. C. W. Lipsham . . . . . "  
Pte. T. W. Bourns . . . . . "  
Pte. G. Olive . . . . . "  
Pte. C. R. Miles . . . . . "  
Pte. J. Cramp . . . . . E. Vancouver  
Pte. J. M. G. Bell . . . . . Victoria  
Gunner C. T. Balderston . . . . . Pandora &  
Cook, Victoria

LEFT BRANCHES TO ENLIST OR REJOIN REGIMENTS  
IN THE OLD COUNTRY

Corp. D. A. Wilson . . . . . Montreal  
Pte. W. A. G. Mackenzie . . . . . Prince Arthur  
& Park, Montreal  
Lieut. H. W. Harrison . . . . . Niagara Falls  
Pte R. D. Arden . . . . . New York  
B. G. Brooke . . . . . Edmonton  
Lieut. A. B. Thorne . . . . . Gilbert Plains  
Corp. H. B. L. A. Hillyard . . . . . Rivers

G. T. Brooke . . . . . Strathcona  
Pte. A. Hornby . . . . . Winnipeg  
Capt. A. A. G. Harlow . . . . . Alexander  
Avenue, Winnipeg  
Lieut. G. H. Armstrong . . . . . Peace River  
Crossing  
Pte. F. Black . . . . . Elfros

ENLISTED FROM LONDON, ENG., BRANCH

Asst. Paymaster G. M. Ingmire  
Lieut. A. C. Caton  
Lieut. W. D. Hopkinson  
Lieut. G. Legh-Jones  
Pte. J. D. Palmer  
Pte. N. E. W. Lawson  
Pte. E. L. Yeo

Lieut. P. S. C. Glover  
Pte. D. H. Miller  
Lieut. F. R. Hutson  
Pte. W. E. Bruges  
Pte. P. W. Blackwell  
Pte. N. D. Dalton  
Pte. H. J. Benson

Pte. P. M. Alexander

SECOND CONTINGENT

ONTARIO AND MARITIME PROVINCES

Pte. A. Cockeram . . . . . Brockville  
Pte. R. M. Ferguson . . . . . Kingston  
Pte. R. Sheard . . . . . Ottawa

Lieut. G. S. Bowerbank . . . . . Sarnia  
Pte. C. R. Gilmour . . . . . S. Porcupine  
Pte. C. H. Barnes . . . . . Toronto  
Corp. N. A. Wheadon . . . . . Market,  
Toronto

SECOND CONTINGENT—continued

Lieut. F. G. Newton... Windsor, Ont.  
Sgt. H. G. Raymond... St. John, N.B.

CENTRAL WESTERN DISTRICT

Pte. H. M. Turner... Athabasca  
Pte. O. Blackler... "  
Pte. J. P. Winning... Bengough  
Lieut. J. T. Hoare... Biggar  
Sgt. T. A. Christie... Broderick  
Capt. J. C. Macpherson... Calgary  
Corp. H. P. Morgan... "  
Lieut. E. R. Leather... First St. West,  
Calgary

Pte. R. D. Miles... Carmangay  
Pte. F. L. Connon... Claresholm  
Pte. L. E. Callaghan... "  
Pte. E. deWind... Edmonton  
Pte. A. R. McFarland... "  
Pte. J. A. McKenzie... "  
Pte. J. Williamson... Hanna  
Trooper D. L. Bethell... Herbert  
Pte. J. A. Caw... Langham  
Pte. W. S. Short... Medicine Hat  
Pte. D. J. M. Campbell... "  
Pte. A. R. T. Harrigan... Nokomis  
Corp. F. E. Dodge... Outlook  
Lieut. T. deC. Falle... Pincher Creek  
Pte. J. Cagney... Provost  
Pte. J. M. Apperson... Radisson  
Trooper J. M. Walton... Saskatoon  
Trooper J. Shaw... "  
Trooper C. B. Smillie... "  
Lieut. D. Thomson... Shaunavon  
Pte. W. Reed... Stavely

Trooper J. J. Lambkin... Swift Current  
Pte. A. G. Armit... Vermilion  
Lieut. F. C. Biggar... Virden  
Pte. A. P. Glasgow... Wadena  
Pte. R. Houston... Winnipeg  
Pte. J. Lowther... "  
Lieut. W. H. Chawner... "  
Lieut. R. E. N. Jones... Alexander  
Ave., Winnipeg  
Pte. N. C. Watson... Alexander  
Ave., Winnipeg  
Trooper G. E. Bain... Youngstown

PACIFIC COAST DISTRICT

Pte. A. E. Browne... Dawson  
Pte. C. S. Cameron... Fernie  
Pte. G. B. Grieve... Greenwood  
Pte. R. Anderson... Nelson  
Pte. E. Fittin... "  
Pte. R. M. Clarke... "  
Lieut. J. C. E. Walker... New  
Westminster  
Pte. J. McQuoid... Phoenix  
Pte. F. F. B. Darley... Prince Rupert  
Pte. E. Ibbotson... Revelstoke  
Pte. A. Purdon... Rock Creek  
Pte. E. H. Exshaw... Salmon Arm  
Pte. J. A. C. Kennedy... Summerland  
Pte. E. H. Daniel... Vancouver  
Pte. D. D. Sharp... "  
Lieut. C. R. Myers... E. Vancouver  
Pte. A. H. Waterman... Hastings &  
Cambie, Vancouver  
Pte. J. K. Simpson... Victoria  
Sgt. T. W. L. Mutch... "

THIRD CONTINGENT

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC

Pte. B. S. Anderson... Guelph  
Pte. A. C. Burgess... Montreal  
Lieut. S. B. Simpson... "  
Pte. E. F. Simpson... Sault Ste.  
Marie  
Pte. J. Ross... "  
Lieut. A. Wilson... West End,  
Sault Ste. Marie  
Pte. C. E. Young... Tillsonburg  
Lieut. H. G. Barnum... Toronto  
Lieut. J. A. Davison... "  
Pte. R. D. Borrette... "  
Lieut. G. E. Scroggie... Walkerville  
Pte. D. J. Macdonald... Inspector's  
Dept., Sherbrooke  
Pte. R. E. Thompson... Sherbrooke  
Div. Qrnr. Sgt. S. deB.  
MacLean... "  
Reg. Qrnr. Sgt. J. S.  
Gifford... "

CENTRAL WESTERN DISTRICT

Lieut. A. P. MacMillan... Supt's Dept.,  
Winnipeg  
Pte. T. R. Rogers... Bawlf  
Pte. R. Paton... Biggar  
Pte. H. M. Gibson... Blaine Lake  
Pte. R. L. Webster... Calgary  
Lieut. J. K. Patterson... First St. West,  
Calgary  
Pte. I. P. Falkner... Elbow  
Pte. K. R. M. Morrison... Fort William  
l.ce.-Corp. G. C. Proctor... Lloydminster  
Pte. J. Munro... Moosejaw  
Trooper G. S. Shepherd-  
son... Moosomin  
Pte. E. W. Newland... Pincher Creek  
Pte. J. M. Kent... Regina  
Pte. F. M. Morton... "  
Pte. C. L. McCarthy... Shaunavon

### THIRD CONTINGENT—continued

Pte. A. M. Gunn. . . . . Watrous  
 Lieut. A. G. Mordy. . . . . Winnipeg  
 Lieut. V. Curran. . . . . "  
 Lieut. W. H. Doré. . . . . "

#### PACIFIC COAST DISTRICT

Pte. W. J. Taylor . . . . . Golden  
 Pte. D. M. Pittendrigh. . . . . Phoenix  
 Pte. A. D. Golden . . . . . Prince Rupert

Corp. W. A. Paterson . . . . . Prince Rupert  
 Lieut. C. K. B. Mogg . . . . . Seattle  
 Lieut. A. R. Mackedie. . . . . Vancouver  
 Lieut. T. Steele . . . . . "  
 Pte. C. W. Wilson. . . . . E. Vancouver  
 Pte. C. O. Burbidge. . . . . Powell Street,  
 Vancouver  
 Pte. M. M. Lupton . . . . . Victoria  
 Trooper R. E. Arnold . . . . . "

### SUBSEQUENT CONTINGENTS

Adjutant (Capt.) R. M. Watson. . . . . Smith's Falls, Ont.  
 Captain H. C. Duncan . . . . . Collingwood, Ont.

### ADDITIONAL ENLISTMENTS

F. S. J. Adams . . . . . London, Eng.  
 J. M. Adams . . . . . Simcoe  
 W. P. Adams . . . . . Lennoxville  
 W. E. Ainger . . . . . London, Eng.  
 J. W. Aitken . . . . . Winnipeg  
 A. M. Alexander . . . . . London, Eng.  
 G. F. Allan . . . . . Calgary  
 A. H. Allen . . . . . Saskatoon  
 N. A. Anderson . . . . . Bengough  
 J. L. G. Annett . . . . . Campbellton  
 H. Arnold . . . . . Winnipeg  
 C. W. H. Atkinson . . . . . Crossfield  
 N. A. Austin . . . . . Granby  
 A. C. F. Baker . . . . . Oak Bay Ave.  
 Victoria

A. G. Baker . . . . . Langham  
 C. H. Baker . . . . . Lethbridge  
 F. C. Barry . . . . . London, Eng.  
 W. R. Bartram . . . . . Taber  
 P. R. Beamish . . . . . Swift Current  
 L. Beaton . . . . . Grandview  
 G. Beckett . . . . . Montreal  
 F. R. W. Belford . . . . . East Angus  
 H. N. Bennett . . . . . Macleod  
 H. R. Berrow . . . . . Supt's Dept.,  
 Winnipeg

W. R. Berwick . . . . . London, Eng.  
 J. A. Bethune . . . . . Brandon  
 A. W. Bevan . . . . . N. Winnipeg  
 J. F. Black . . . . . London, Eng.  
 J. M. Black . . . . . Langham  
 F. P. Blacklay . . . . . Delisle  
 R. D. Blott . . . . . Dunnville  
 W. M. Blott . . . . . Moosejaw  
 J. Blue . . . . . Hafford  
 M. H. Bluethner . . . . . Stratford  
 R. M. Bond . . . . . Toronto  
 P. E. O. Booth . . . . . London, Eng.  
 F. C. J. Brake . . . . . Vancouver  
 V. M. Bray . . . . . Ottawa  
 Sgt. H. L. Breakey . . . . . Revelstoke

Lance-Corp. J. A. Brice. . . . . St. John, N. B.  
 C. A. Brown . . . . . Granby  
 E. K. Bruce . . . . . West Toronto  
 F. T. Brydon . . . . . Dundas  
 A. H. Buckland . . . . . Toronto  
 R. Buckley . . . . . Neepawa  
 E. F. Burchell . . . . . Sydney  
 C. E. Buzzell . . . . . Winnipeg  
 B. V. Cameron . . . . . Toronto  
 Capt. H. C. Campbell . . . . . Wychwood  
 (Paymaster) Toronto

R. M. Cantlon . . . . . First St. West  
 Calgary  
 A. H. Carmichael . . . . . N. Victoria  
 C. Carmichael . . . . . Hamilton  
 R. S. Carroll . . . . . Toronto  
 H. A. Chaddock . . . . . Dunham  
 Capt. H. R. H. Challenor. Bloor & Duf-  
 ferin, Toronto  
 E. P. Charles . . . . . Langham  
 G. Charles . . . . . Toronto  
 Lieut. J. M. Child . . . . . Oak Bay Ave.  
 Victoria

Lieut. T. G. Chisholm . . . . . Queen and  
 Bathurst, Toronto  
 W. G. Chisholm . . . . . Saskatoon  
 G. E. Clarke . . . . . Walkerton  
 W. L. Clarke . . . . . Gleichen  
 D. R. Cleland . . . . . Port Arthur  
 N. Clement . . . . . Gleichen  
 W. V. P. Clery . . . . . First St. West  
 Calgary

C. A. Cleveland. . . . . Waterville  
 G. Cockburn . . . . . Shellbrook  
 W. Cockeram . . . . . West Toronto  
 W. T. Cook . . . . . Grand Forks  
 W. Cooper . . . . . Champion  
 I. B. Corey . . . . . Bedford  
 J. W. Coultis . . . . . Ingersoll  
 E. M. Cowling . . . . . Montreal  
 Lieut. H. G. Cowling. . . . . East Angus

ADDITIONAL ENLISTMENTS—continued

J. M. Cram .....	Briercrest	G. A. C. Forder .....	Lethbridge
A. T. Croft .....	Windsor, N.S.	J. C. M. Fowler .....	Fort William
C. H. Crone .....	Wadena	Pay Sgt. W. A. Fowler .....	Montreal
E. W. A. Cronhelm .....	Fort Frances	C. J. Fox .....	Edmonton
R. E. M. Crotty .....	Grand Forks	E. S. Fox .....	Elbow
A. R. Cunningham .....	Winnipeg	J. A. C. Fraser .....	Kindersley
C. F. Currie .....	Prince Albert	J. Freeman .....	Outlook
Lieut. M. Currie .....	Calgary	O. K. J. V. Frijs .....	Hafford
R. H. Curtice .....	Winnipeg	A. Gaine .....	Keremeos
W. J. Dalton .....	Toronto	J. H. Galbraith .....	Langham
R. J. Darcus .....	Medicine Hat	R. Garden .....	Head Office
D. B. Darley .....	Nelson	A. J. E. Gibson .....	Red Deer
D. Davis .....	Hastings & Cambie, Vancouver	R. B. Gibson .....	Sherbrooke
A. Davidson .....	Edmonton	W. A. Gilbert .....	Dauphin
C. W. Davison .....	Montreal	V. A. Gillespie .....	Monitor
J. V. Davison .....	Gerrard & Pape, Toronto	J. F. Glenn .....	Kamloops
Adjutant (Capt.) H. W. deGuerre .....	Toronto	C. Gordon .....	Calgary
F. H. deMontmorency .....	Watrous	B. F. Gossage .....	Bloor & Yonge, Toronto
R. S. Deuel .....	St. Johns, Que.	A. F. Graves .....	Nelson
Lieut. G. H. S. Dinsmore .....	Inspector's Dept., Head Office	R. Greacen .....	Langham
G. O. d'Ivry .....	St. Catherine & City Hall, Montreal	T. Greacen .....	Elgin
Corp. R. A. Doiron .....	Antigonish	W. F. Griffith .....	Lloydminster
J. J. Doiron .....	Windsor, N.S.	J. K. Grover .....	Parksville
F. D. Donkin .....	Delisle	G. R. Hales .....	Radisson
John C. Dow .....	Revelstoke	R. L. Hamilton .....	Prince Arthur & Park, Montreal
P. C. Drake .....	London, Eng.	R. N. Hanna .....	Bassana
G. Duff .....	Alberton	Lieut. A. G. Harrington .....	Windsor, N.S.
J. Duncan .....	Yellowgrass	C. A. Harris .....	London, Eng.
W. S. Duthie .....	Saskatoon	C. D. Harrison .....	Vancouver
A. Edmonds .....	"	Lieut. A. K. Harvie .....	Supt's Dept., Winnipeg
N. J. Egan .....	Wellington Street, Sherbrooke	H. Hasenflug .....	Waterloo, Ont.
W. A. Elderkin .....	Blaine Lake	Lieut. R. E. Heaslip .....	Cayuga
G. Elliott .....	Ottawa	M. R. Heffernan .....	Strathcona
W. D. Ellis .....	Supervisor's Dept., Head Office	Lieut. J. L. Henderson .....	Queen East, Toronto
G. M. Emerson .....	Windsor, N.S.	W. Henderson .....	Portage la Prairie
F. L. Emmerson .....	Moncton	H. M. Henry .....	Middleton
Signaller G. N. Emtage .....	Mansonville	R. G. Henry .....	Paris
I. C. Falconer .....	San Francisco	R. I. Henry .....	Shellbrook
H. F. G. Findlay .....	Rivers	L. C. Herne .....	E. Vancouver
J. M. Findlay .....	Swift Current	R. S. Hicks .....	Gleichen
K. C. Findlay .....	Retlaw	J. A. D. Higgs .....	S. Porcupine
I. M. Fisher .....	Monitor	H. E. Hill .....	Toronto
S. E. Fisher .....	London, Ont.	R. Hilliard .....	Toronto
K. L. Fleming .....	Vernon	S. Hodge .....	Winnipeg
F. G. Flower .....	Prince Arthur & Park, Montreal	R. J. J. Hogg .....	Mt. Pleasant, Vancouver
Lieut. T. C. Floyd .....	Supt's Dept., Winnipeg	Lieut. G. K. Holland .....	Market, Toronto
E. G. Foley .....	Melville	J. E. Holmes .....	Toronto
J. A. M. Forbes .....	Humboldt	W. F. Holmes .....	Bengough
R. J. Forbes .....	Medicine Hat	H. R. Honeyman .....	Waterville
H. A. Ford .....	Seattle	G. A. Hood .....	E. Vancouver
J. Ford .....	Watrous	G. F. Horspool .....	Cranbrook
		I. H. Huehn .....	Market, Toronto

ADDITIONAL ENLISTMENTS—continued

R. P. Hughes	Edmonton	G. Martin	Lake Saska- toon
J. Hunter	Penticton	A. Martin-Davey	Kitsilano Vancouver
R. H. Hunter	Lethbridge	F. M. Mathias	Mexico
S. J. Hunter	Crossfield	J. H. Matkin	Kindersley
W. A. T. Hunter	Gilroy	J. R. Mawhinney	First St. West, Calgary
A. R. Ingram	Toronto	A. C. Maxwell	Wetaskiwin
W. Irvine	Head Office	J. C. Mayrs	Innisfail
G. James	Winnipeg	Lieut. E. C. Mee	Edmonton
J. R. Jessop	Alexander Ave., Winnipeg	Lieut. J. N. Mee	Peace River Crossing
S. R. E. Jolley	Provost	Capt. H. I. Millar	Wetaskiwin
H. A. Jones	London, Eng.	D. Miller	St. Catherine and Metcalfe, Montreal
M. F. Keeping	New Glasgow	P. W. Miller	Thedford
A. Kirkwood	Montague	R. B. Miller	Mexico
G. Knight	Head Office	A. Milligan	London, Eng.
Sgt. W. M. Knowlson	Inspector's Dept., Head Office	D. Milne	Peace River Crossing
Lieut. G. H. Kress	Forest	G. C. Milne	Lougheed
Hon.-Capt. T. C. Lamb	Walkerville	Lieut. V. Mitchell	Prince Arthur & Park, Montreal
M. P. Lane	Revelstoke	J. R. C. Moffatt	Supt's Dept., Winnipeg
P. C. Laurie	Crediton	K. B. P. Montizambert	Beebe
E. G. Lawrence	Amherst	F. J. Montle	Sherbrooke
H. S. Lawrence	Sherbrooke	J. R. Moore	Yonge & Queen, Toronto
F. K. Lefroy	Yonge & Eglinton, Toronto	T. Moore	Salmon Arm
Major W. Leggat	Montreal	W. G. Moorhead	Elbow
J. M. Leighton	Danville	C. Moreton	Thedford
G. E. Leishman	Queen and Bathurst, Toronto	Lieut. A. G. Morris	Elgin
F. I. Lewis	Orangeville	W. M. Morrison	Vancouver
G. T. Lewis	Winnipeg	Lieut. A. E. B. Morton	Windsor, Ont.
F. J. Little	Lloydminster	W. R. Mountain	Acton Vale
R. M. Livingstone	Champion	F. C. Murray	Moncton
A. B. F. Lloyd	New West- minster	H. G. Murray	London, Eng.
St. G. O. Lloyd	Winnipeg	R. V. Murray	Fredericton
C. D. Llwyd	Halifax	D. McBride	Montreal
W. B. Logan	Kamsack	W. A. McBride	Pincher Creek
J. Lunan	Briercrest	A. C. McCarthy	Elbow
Lieut. K. H. C. Macardle	San Francisco	J. A. B. McClure	Winnipeg
J. Macaulay	High River	Lieut. T. W. McConkey	Fort Rouge, Winnipeg
E. C. MacCallum	Winnipeg	R. W. McConnell	Vermilion
W. B. MacDuff	Gleichen	E. D. McDonald	Moosejaw
V. L. MacIlroy	Milestone	J. W. McFarland	Strathmore
E. M. Mackay	Vancouver	Lieut. T. C. McGill	Kingston
W. B. Mackay	St. Thomas	J. A. McGregor	New West- minster
Lieut. T. P. Mackenzie	Inspector's Dept., Head Office	W. J. McGregor	Lake Saska- toon
E. T. MacMahon	Watrous	S. J. McGuffin	Portage Ave., Winnipeg
N. Macphee	Danforth and Broadview, Toronto	A. R. McIver	Parksville
R. H. Macpherson	Amherst	G. G. McKeough	Chatham
H. A. Macrae	Winnipeg	C. H. McMillan	Milk River
M. MacRae	Kindersley	J. L. McMurray	Moosejaw
F. J. Maginn	Marcelin		
G. R. A. Maitland	Gleichen		
G. E. Manners	Calgary		
Lieut. G. L. Marshall	Head Office		
J. Marshall	Edam		

ADDITIONAL ENLISTMENTS—continued

H. McNiece.....Winnipeg  
 C. McRobert.....Toronto  
 T. G. McTaggart.....Portage Ave.,  
 Winnipeg  
 H. P. Neil.....Blake Street,  
 Winnipeg  
 Capt. R. H. Neilson .. Orangeville  
 P. H. Nesbitt.....N. Vancouver  
 C. R. S. Nicol.....Winnipeg  
 J. E. Nixon.....Sherbrooke  
 W. J. Noblett.....Kindersley  
 J. W. Norsworthy.....New York  
 R. C. Notman.....Woodstock  
 I. L. K. Nuttall.....Strathcona  
 H. Oag.....Keremeos  
 R. R. Oliver.....Bloor &  
 Yonge, Toronto  
 W. M. Oliver.....Calgary  
 Corp. W. G. O'Neill.....Victoria  
 G. J. O'Rourke.....Strathcona  
 S. W. Orr.....Barrie  
 D. E. O'Sullivan.....Macleod  
 A. M. Parsons.....Charlottetown  
 F. S. Parsons.....Moosomin  
 H. D. Parsons.....Sherbrooke  
 G. F. Paterson.....San Francisco  
 N. T. Paterson.....Vermilion  
 N. E. Patton.....St. Catharines  
 F. B. Pearson.....Stratford  
 M. A. Pearson.....London, Ont.  
 F. R. Perron.....Wellington Street,  
 Sherbrooke  
 H. E. Petipas.....Moncton  
 E. J. Peto.....Central Butte  
 H. Phillips.....Yonge &  
 Queen, Toronto  
 Lieut. H. W. Pope.....London, Eng.  
 H. Porrior.....Alberton  
 H. C. Powell.....Yonge &  
 Queen, Toronto  
 H. E. Pratt.....Nokomis  
 D. P. Pyke.....Saskatoon  
 S. H. Rapson.....Toronto  
 Lieut. C. W. F. Rawle. Inspector's  
 Dept., Head Office  
 S. T. Read.....Saskatoon  
 C. H. Reed.....Blaine Lake  
 A. A. Reid.....Stony Plain  
 A. G. Reid.....Nelson  
 A. P. Reid.....Goderich  
 C. A. Richards.....Red Deer  
 W. L. Richards.....Montreal  
 T. Richardson.....Sydney  
 A. C. Rigsby.....Toronto  
 E. S. Rippingale.....Alexander  
 Ave., Winnipeg  
 W. Ritchie.....Hafford  
 B. H. P. Robinson.....Vernon  
 E. L. Robinson.....Walkerton  
 J. Robinson.....London, Eng.  
 J. S. M. Robson.....Nelson  
 G. Rogers.....Calgary  
 Lieut. H. E. Rose.....Collingwood  
 Lieut. G. H. Ross.....Hanna  
 R. S. Ross.....Supt's Dept.,  
 Vancouver  
 Pay Sgt. W. T. L. Ross.Winnipeg  
 A. T. Roy.....Richmond  
 G. Rubery.....Rainy River  
 Lieut. J. E. Ryerson .. Wychwood,  
 Toronto  
 Lieut. E. Ryrie.....Spadina &  
 College, Toronto  
 M. V. Sadleir.....West Shefford  
 L. A. Sands.....Moncton  
 G. C. Saunders.....Grouard  
 W. Saunderson.....Stavely  
 F. H. B. Saxon.....Sault Ste.  
 Marie  
 S. R. Say.....Vancouver  
 A. C. Scott.....Innisfail  
 C. V. Scott.....Regina  
 J. R. D. Scott.....Vancouver  
 C. G. Seddall.....Calgary  
 G. F. Sinclair.....Toronto  
 G. F. Skelton.....Vermilion  
 C. G. Slaker.....Pandora &  
 Cook, Victoria  
 C. S. Smith.....Rockyford  
 L. D. Smith.....Alexander  
 Ave., Winnipeg  
 Sgt. L. P. Smith.....Dunham  
 M. H. Smith.....Neepawa  
 N. D. Smith.....Kamloops  
 R. C. Smyth.....Kincaid  
 Lieut. J. C. Smythe.....Montreal  
 D. H. Sneddon.....Milestone  
 W. H. Snyder.....E. Vancouver  
 J. Somerville.....Nutana  
 W. F. Sprague.....Prince Arthur  
 & Park, Montreal  
 R. C. Sproule.....Taber  
 E. Stainton.....London, Eng.  
 H. M. Stairs.....New Glasgow  
 J. W. Stanway.....Cudworth  
 A. W. Stephens.....Swift Current  
 G. H. Stevens.....Crescent &  
 St. Catherine, Montreal  
 H. F. Stewart.....Hanna  
 H. J. Stewart.....Moosejaw  
 T. E. W. Stewart.....Montreal  
 W. J. Stewart.....Hanna  
 S. H. Stockwell.....Richmond  
 A. T. Stoner.....Creditor  
 G. Strange.....Innisfail  
 F. H. Striker.....Prince Arthur  
 & Park, Montreal  
 G. A. Stubbins.....Langham  
 G. W. Suter.....Collingwood  
 W. J. Symon.....Walkerton

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**ADDITIONAL ENLISTMENTS—continued**

G. D. Tainsh.....	Pincher Creek	Lieut. J. S. Watson ....	Peterboro
P. K. Tandy.....	Winnipeg	P. B. Watson.....	Blaine Lake
Lieut. J. A. Tannahill...	Charlottetown	Lieut. W. L. Watson ...	Strathcona
N. C. O., F. I. Tanner ..	Briercrest	A. M. Watt.....	Nanton
A. H. Taylor.....	Fredericton	Lieut. F. J. Watt.....	Galt
A. H. Templeton.....	Virden	L. J. Wells.....	Dresden
W. L. Thayer.....	Granby	N. L. Wells.....	Regina
David S. Thompson.....	Niagara Falls	R. D. West.....	Winnipeg
Douglas S. Thompson ..	Moosejaw	W. C. West.....	First St. West
J. H. Thompson.....	Bassano		Calgary
E. Thorne.....	Head Office	Lieut. C. D. Whaley....	Delisle
C. W. Thornton.....	Winnipeg	G. Whitehead.....	Penticton
M. H. Thursby.....	Herbert	C. G. Whittaker.....	Market,
S. E. Tidy.....	Mount Royal,		Toronto
	Calgary	Lieut. E. R. C. Wilcox..	Melfort
C. C. Tripp.....	London, Eng.	A. P. Williams.....	Cowansville
Lie.-Corp. W. Tucker ..	St. John's, Nfd.	H. P. Williams.....	Grouard
S. Turk.....	Mt. Pleasant,	Lieut. J. S. Williams ...	Winnipeg
	Vancouver	Alex. Wilson.....	Melville
N. M. Turnbull.....	Tugaske	D. E. Wilson.....	Barrie
C. O. Tweedy.....	Saskatoon	J. W. Wilson.....	Cranbrook
E. F. P. Tydd.....	Strathcona	E. I. Winnall.....	Bedford
W. J. S. Tydd.....	Hardisty	A. C. Wittet.....	Lethbridge
Capt. H. E. Tylor.....	St. Thomas	A. R. Woods.....	Calgary
J. P. Van de Water.....	Calgary	D. B. Woolley.....	Earls court,
N. W. Vidler.....	Rivers		Toronto
H. K. Vipond.....	London, Eng.	E. J. Wray.....	Edmonton
H. C. Walcot.....	Winnipeg	W. L. Wray.....	Prince Albert
H. StJ. Walkden.....	Watson	H. G. Wyld.....	Halifax
J. V. Walker.....	Strathcona	Lieut. W. D. Wynne....	Mount Royal,
F. S. Walthew.....	London, Eng.		Calgary
R. J. Ward.....	Lethbridge	R. G. V. Yarrow.....	Nanaimo

**OFFICERS WHO HAVE BEEN DISCHARGED FROM THE ARMY AS PHYSICALLY  
UNFITTED FOR FURTHER MILITARY SERVICE AND WHO HAVE  
RETURNED TO DUTY WITH THE BANK**

Pte. C. O. Burbidge....	Powell St., Vancouver....	Third Contingent
Pte. W. B. Clendinning..	Elbow.....	First Contingent
Pte. A. Hornby.....	Winnipeg.....	Rejoined Regiment in England
Pte. L. Sadler.....	Montreal .....	First Contingent

## NOTES

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The number of officers of the Bank who have taken up military duty to date now exceeds 740.

We are advised that Mr A. A. G. Harlow, late of the Alexander Avenue, Winnipeg, branch, who returned to England to enlist, secured a commission in the Army Service Corps and was promoted to the rank of Captain in June.

Pte. J. H. Leach, formerly of the Outlook branch and who is now a prisoner at Paderborn, was, we hear, badly wounded in the leg and foot. He has recovered sufficiently to be removed to a detention camp but is still badly crippled.

We are advised that Pte. J. K. Bailey of the First Contingent, late of the Sault Ste. Marie branch, was not wounded as previously reported. According to latest reports he is a stretcher bearer of the Second Battalion 1st Brigade.

Mr. T. de C. Falle of the Second Contingent, formerly of the Pincher Creek branch, has obtained a commission in the 4th Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, and expected, in November, to leave shortly for the Dardanelles

Mr. C. D. Whaley, formerly of the Delisle branch, left to enlist in England and was attached for some time to the Queen's University Officers' Training Corps, Belfast, but is now a second Lieutenant in the 12th Battalion Welsh Regiment.

Mr. J. H. Lovett of the First Contingent, formerly of the Alexander Avenue, Winnipeg, branch, is, we hear, taking a cadet course and is obtaining a commission.

Pte. W. J. Gray of the First Contingent, formerly of the Edmonton staff, has been promoted to the rank of Corporal.

Mr. J. S. Williams, formerly of the Winnipeg staff, is now a Lieutenant in the 28th Battalion. His name has already appeared in the casualty list as accidentally wounded. There are some very interesting letters from Mr. Williams in this issue.

We are advised that Messrs. C. Johnson, formerly of the Vegreville staff and F. Fernie, formerly of the Innisfail staff, both of the First Contingent, are now in the Pay and Record Office, London, Eng.

Pte. R. H. Whittaker of the First Contingent, formerly of the Toronto branch, has now been promoted to the rank of Sergeant.

Mr. D. H. Bell of the First Contingent, formerly of the Vancouver branch, is now a Lieutenant in No. 3 Company, 16th Battalion.

Mr. J. Somerville, formerly of the Nutana branch, who left last July, and joined the P. P. C. L. I., is now applying for a commission.

Staff-Sergeant James Still of the First Contingent, formerly Manager of the Highland branch, has been appointed Paymaster to the Canadian Convalescent Hospital, Woodcote Park, Epsom, Surrey, Eng. He is, however, applying for a transfer to France.

We are glad to learn that Mr. J. H. Matkin, formerly of the Kindersley staff, who was advised in the second pamphlet as killed in action, is since reported to be unhurt.

Messrs. W. B. Clendinning, L. Sadler, C. O. Burbidge and A. Hornby, all of the First Contingent, have been discharged from the army as incapacitated for further service, and have resumed their duties with the Bank.

We are advised that Mr. H. B. L. A. Hillyard, formerly of the Rivers branch, who enlisted in England, joined the East Kent Regiment and was shortly afterwards promoted to be Lance-Corporal. He was badly wounded in the second battle at Ypres but has since recovered and has been recommended for a commission.

We are advised that Mr. R. T. Fowler of the First Contingent, formerly of the Edmonton branch, is now in hospital in London, Eng., suffering from severe heart strain after ten months fighting with the Princess Patricias. Mr. J. G. Fowler, his brother, also of the First Contingent and formerly of the Moosejaw branch, is convalescing from serious wounds which he sustained in May. These two officers are brothers of Mr. W. H. Fowler of the Herbert branch who was killed in action. We understand that the fourth and last brother of the family has recently obtained a commission in the Leinster Regiment. There is an interesting letter from the father of these officers in this series of letters.

Mr. A. A. G. Vidler, who was wounded in the head at Festubert has pulled through an operation of trepanning and is taking out a commission in the "Royal Sussex".

In reply to requests for changes of classification of officers not correctly designated we may explain that our terms "First (Second, third,) Contingent" and "Additional Enlistments" are in some cases arbitrary and for convenience of record it is preferred not to make changes from the last named class to any one of the former in such cases.

A very interesting affair was a dinner given on the 19th October to fifty or sixty of the officers of the Bank, out of the hundred or more members of the staff who are at present in training at Shorncliffe. The dinner took place at the Royal Pavilion Hotel, Folkstone, under the presidency of Major G. W. Marriott, formerly Manager at Edmonton, now of the Headquarters Staff Canadian Training Division. Among others present were: Captain O. T. Loble, formerly Assistant Accountant at Winnipeg, Lieutenant West, Lieutenant Drummond-Hay, and Lieutenant H. R. Aird, formerly of the Eaton Machine Gun Battery, Toronto, but now of the Royal Navy Aviation Service, younger son of the General Manager, and the following further members of the Bank's staff:

Regtl. Q. M.-Sergt. J. S. Gifford (5th Canadian Mounted Rifles), Staff Q. M.-Sergt. S. B. MacLean (5th Canadian Mounted Rifles), Sergt. J. Shaw (32nd Reserve Battalion), Sergt. A. P. Reid (C.A.M.C., Moore Barracks Hospital), Goderich, Ont.; Sergt. C. W. H. Atkinson (A.D.M.S., Subordinate Staff, Moore Barracks Hospital), Crossfield, Alberta; Corpl. Hector Phillips (26th Battery, 7th Brigade, C.F.A.), Toronto; Lance-Corpl. R. E. Thompson (5th Canadian Mounted Rifles), Sherbrooke, P.Q.; Private F. J. Guy (11th Reserve Battalion), Saskatoon; Private J. O. Weir (32nd Reserve Battalion), Yorkton, Man.; Private J. E. Nixon (5th Canadian Mounted Rifles), Sherbrooke, P.Q.; Private M. A. Pearson (C.A.M.C., Moore Barracks Hospital), London, Ont.; Private A. D. Golden (48th Reserve Battalion), Prince Rupert, B.C.; Private L. Lyon (Royal Canadian Regiment), Kitscoty, Alberta; Private Mac E. Fisher (C.A.M.C., Moore Barracks Hospital), London, Ont.; Private A. Purden (48th Reserve Battalion), Rock Creek, B.C.; Private E. C. McCallum (78th Battalion, Winnipeg), Sapper N. McNiece (Canadian Engineers), Winnipeg; Private G. N. Muirhead (78th Battalion, Winnipeg), Private A. U. Barlow, Private W. H. Smith, Private A. G. Vidler (Lord Strathcona's Horse), Vancouver; Private G. T. Lewis (78th Battalion, Winnipeg), Private R. B. Gibson (5th Canadian Mounted Rifles), Sherbrooke, P.Q.; Private W. A. Paterson (48th Reserve Battalion), Prince Rupert, B.C.; Private L. D. Smith (78th Battalion, Winnipeg), Gunner B. V. Cameron (26th Battery, 7th Brigade, C.F.A.), Toronto; Private D. M. Pittendrigh (48th Reserve Battalion), Nanaimo, B.C.; Private G. B. Grieve (48th Reserve Battalion), Greenwood, B.C.; and Private H. P. Neil (78th Battalion, Winnipeg).

## LETTERS FROM BANK OFFICERS AT THE FRONT

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The following is an extract from a letter from CORP. R. J. JEFFARES, late of the Vancouver staff, dated "Somewhere in France," 18th August, 1915:

"We are playing cricket, baseball and football and giving concerts every week. I was just thinking last night what a queer thing life was out here. I was lying on the cricket field about 7 o'clock, looking towards the town, which is a very old one, and it was a lovely night with a magnificent sunset, the old round tower standing up against the sky was like a scene from the 'Arabian Nights' and for the modern side of life, all around us the Germans were shelling our aeroplanes. Almost overhead there was a duel going on between a British biplane and a German Taube. You could see the sparks of flame from the machine guns and our fellows must have hit him for he turned and ran for home and as he was much faster than our machine, got clear away from it, but was hit by our 'anti-aircraft' guns and had to descend in our lines. A duel in the air between British, French and German planes is the most exciting and the prettiest sight I've ever seen. As a kind of side show at the same time that the duel in the air was going on, the Germans were making a hideous row dropping 'coal boxes,' otherwise shells, big ones, in a village half a mile away trying to locate one of our heavy batteries."

The following is a letter from LIEUT. HEDLEY HILL, formerly manager of the Fort Rouge (Winnipeg) branch, dated 5th September, 1915:

"We are at present out of the trenches and having an elongated rest. Last time we were in the trenches we were (that is Headquarters, the Colonel, Adjutant, Doctor and myself) stationed at a farm building or rather what was left of it, between our front line and reserve trenches. One afternoon they started shelling but as they only knocked down one part of the wall at the end of the building we slept there that night and remained until next afternoon, that is Davis, the Adjutant, and myself. At about 5 o'clock one shell came over our roof and landed on the other side of the farm. The R.L.M. and myself retired in good order to the cellar 'holding our line intact' as the Russians say, and awaited the rest as it was too late to take a chance of getting to the dugouts. We had rather a hot time for about half an hour as every shell that hit blew in the doors and let in bricks and dirt and as the hits weren't more than about 12 feet away on the outer wall, we weren't holding our stock any too high. However, they set fire to the roof so we had to beat it and start to collect our Orderly room stuff which was still in the farm

building. Just as I was putting out with a lot of my stuff another came over and started a regular slide of tiles on the roof. I again got from under in lots of time as one never waits for the last moment without making up his mind beforehand. While this was going on our Sgt. Signaller told me that the previous night his stomach was rather upset and he could not get to sleep, but found next morning that it was a mouse that had crawled down his open shirt and found a warm bed there. I simply howled it seemed so awfully funny.

"We have all sorts of sports and competitions. We've a dandy baseball team, but the 90th beat us by bringing in a regular the other day and everybody lost money. At present the trenches we've just vacated are knee deep in water so we are pretty lucky to be out."

The following is a letter from **LIEUT. J. S. WILLIAMS**, formerly of the Winnipeg staff, dated 20th September, 1915:

"Well, at last we are in France. We crossed over about three days ago, and at present we are just behind the firing line, censorship forbids me to tell you exactly where. We have had some terrific marches with the most heavy packs, and we all feel that we would give the Germans 'What for,' if it were only to relieve our feelings on account of their being the direct cause of such training. However, that by the way. We are most comfortably situated here and the country round about is glorious, everybody around these parts so good and doing everything for us. Up to the present, the whole business has to me (being a 'sort of strange guy') been a sort of glorious picnic. Three nights ago, whilst sleeping very contentedly in a big field, I was wakened up by a horse that had strayed from its moorings and was patiently endeavouring to obtain nourishment from the top of my sleeping cap. I do not know who was the more surprised, the horse or myself, when I jumped up to shoo him away. Yesterday, I was a most interested spectator in an aerial duel between two aeroplanes. One hears the guns all day, although they are not deafening where we are. I am finding that my little stock of French is coming in very useful, although at times I have to use a sketch, but I do not think I shall be as bad as the English traveller who, before the war started, came over to Paris, and, not knowing the French for an egg, proceeded to draw one on a piece of paper for the benefit of the waiter, who looked at it and brought him a banana.

"I think, from all we hear, we will be in the firing line on Thursday or Friday, so by the time you get this I shall have had my first baptism of fire. The weather here is hot as blazes, and the nights as cold as ice. I see Curran is with the 27th here. I will write again, and expect the next letter to you will be a nice gory one. Did I tell you I went and got married just before leaving England."

The following are some extracts from a letter from **GUNNER B. V. CAMERON**, formerly of the Toronto branch, written from Otterpool Camp, 22nd September :

"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 many 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,

being nearest officer to the door, I had to accept the *live* bombs, it being the rule that all such dangerous explosives must be carried to the *nearest* officer when they are found. The other officers of our Co. permitted me to take the things to headquarters without showing any signs of envy, needless to say."

The following is a letter from MR. J. B. FOWLER, the father of three members of the staff who took up military duty with the first contingent. They are :

PRIVATE R. T. FOWLER, Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry (late of Edmonton branch).

PRIVATE W. H. FOWLER, 5th Battalion (late of Herbert branch) (killed in action).

SERGEANT J. G. FOWLER, 5th Battalion (late of Moose Jaw branch) (wounded).

The letter reads as follows :

"It was on the 24th May that my son Gerald was wounded somewhere near Ypres, where his brother William was killed just a month before. On the 25th he wrote: 'I have been admitted to hospital, wounded, and am being sent down to the base.' On 2nd June he wrote me a long letter from the Anglo-American Hospital, Winieroux, near Boulogne, and in this he stated that a shrapnel bullet had entered his head underneath the temple and came out farther down the right side of his face, after breaking his jaw and four or five teeth. He had then, for some time, to live on liquid nourishment, and made light of his wound, but I had a letter from the Chaplain and from a friend in the Army, who visits him twice daily, and, from what they say, the wound must have caused him much suffering, while he himself says that it was 'just a bit uncomfortable.' Since then, he has undergone three operations, and is under the care of one of the best surgeons in France, who says he will not allow him to leave hospital until he has made a proper job of the jaw. We hear from him frequently, and his letters take but two days in the post. In his last, dated 28th July, he says :

'I had a lovely afternoon yesterday. One of the nurses gave a picnic in my honour, and Lady Hadfield, who finances this hospital, very kindly lent her motor car for the occasion. We went about five miles into the country, and had our meal in a very nice spot. I am feeling ever so much better, and all the bandages have been taken off, but my face is still swollen, and I don't suppose it will go down for some time. When I came here, I was under the impression that only my lower jaw was smashed, but since I have found out that it was both upper and lower, also the roof of my mouth. This all sounds much worse than it really was. I don't think it will be very long now before they send me to England.'

"This quotation will tell you more than I can, and, therefore, I give it for the information of the staff in consideration of their concern for my poor lad. I have sent on your kind message to him, and I cannot tell you how

deeply I appreciate all the kind thought for his welfare on the part of the staff at Moose Jaw, and the great kindness of the hospital staff, and of my friends who have visited him and came home, some of them, to tell us of his recovery.

"Accept my best thanks for your kind sympathy in the loss of my second son, and convey my thanks to your staff. We miss him sorely, for he was a good son and a devoted and affectionate brother. I had a personal letter from General Sam Hughes, in which he speaks of him as my splendid son, William H. Fowler, who, as 'a brave soldier, did his duty fearlessly and well, and gave his young life in the cause of liberty and the up-building of the Empire.' My eldest son, R. T. Fowler, of Edmonton branch, still fights with all that are left of the P.P.C.L.I. (120 men), and, save for an attack of dysentery contracted in the trenches last February, has so far escaped injury."

The following are extracts from a further letter from  
LIEUT. R. E. N. JONES, dated 30th September, 1915:

"We have been luxuriating in these comfortable billets—a Nuns' School for children with a large unfinished hall annexed where the men of our Co. are billeted on an earthen floor. They are worked so little that they have time to write hundreds of letters which we platoon commanders have to read over and censor. It is quite a business too, if done properly.

"Yesterday with Young, Cameron and Martin, I visited the trenches on a tour of inspection prior to our taking them over, and we went through our baptism of fire without being very much disturbed. The sniping is constant and our men watch like Indians for a chance shot. While exploring towards the right of the line our Battalion will hold, the Boches began shelling Battalion Headquarters of the present incumbents, and one shell threw bullets so close to us, about ten to fifteen yards, that we turned about and retraced our steps and waited until the small storm was over. They sent eight to ten shrapnel shells into an area about 200 yards square when one of our guns suddenly opened on them, firing one shot only, and silenced their gun at once. Machine guns peppered at our lines at intervals, and you can bet the men keep well down below the parapet when they know looking glasses 1 inch by 2½ inches on the end of a bayonet are frequently smashed as soon as stuck up.

"The Germans have shouted over the trenches to our men here 'The ——— Battalion is no good. You can have our trenches on October 4th and go to hell.' It is also stated emphatically that they were distinctly heard to say 'The Kaiser can go to hell on October 1st. You can have these trenches after that, and you will be back in England again sooner than you expect.' It is hard to credit all these statements, but they make food for discussion."

The following is an extract from a letter from PTE.  
A. H. WATERMAN, formerly of the Hastings and Cambie  
branch, dated 3rd October, 1915:

"We are all having just the time of our lives and seem to have made a name for the Battalion already. You know that generally fresh troops of

volunteers are mixed with older soldiers at first until they are confident under fire, but the 29th went straight in alone and held the line like seasoned troops—quite a unique performance—and when the timers called for it, every man stood up head and shoulders over the parapet and blazed away. There isn't a man in the tribe who gives a hoot for bullet, shrapnel or coal-box. During one day, when I was in a trench with George Everitt (a customer of Hastings and Cambie) a couple of whizz-bangs just slid over the roof of our dugout and burst not ten yards behind us, and then the cap of a shrapnel shell sang past nearer still.

"We have with us J. K. Simpson, Daniel, Davis (W.W. and D.), all Commerce men, and I have met Olive, Andrew Campbell and T. C. G. Mahon from Main Office, while last night I was with a Commerce man from another Battalion who wished to be remembered to you—J. Dodge of Winnipeg and Saskatoon districts. You may know that we left Myers in England with the Base Company, and he was naturally very much upset at the idea of staying behind."

The following is a further letter from LIEUT. J. S. WILLIAMS, formerly a member of the Winnipeg staff, dated 3rd October, 1915:

"Well, I've been through it and out of it again. That is to say, I have just had five days and five nights in the front line trenches, and am back a little way for a five days' rest. It was pretty much what I imagined it to be. The first hour to me was uncanny, because it seems so incredible to think that only fifty yards off were men aching to get a glimpse of my devoted head to put a bullet through it. After that, I only felt indifference. It really is most extraordinary what one can get accustomed to. Whizz—Bangs, and bullets were flying about at the time, and when you found that they missed *you*, you began to feel, at any rate I did, that they would never hit you. But the real 'corkers' are those 'Jack Johnsons,' or 'Coal Boxes.' You hear the brute coming a long way off, with the noise of an express train. It's no good hiding anywhere, because you would only be buried by the debris, so you sit tight, hold your breath, and pray to God it won't hit you. Then when it lands (away from you) a most appalling explosion takes place, shakes the earth all round, and then . . . you breathe once more. It certainly is a delightfully indescribable feeling, waiting and wondering where they are going to drop.

"My dugout in the trench had other occupants, things with lots of legs and things, also swarms of rats and mice, so you didn't feel at all lonely. I think I have slept in every conceivable place of filth there is now, and the most extraordinary thing is that you do sleep. I did not have my clothes off my back for the whole time I was in the trenches, and it rained the whole time. We were all wet through. The excitement counteracted the chill. I had a most delightful bath this morning in a . . . convent!!! The Nuns filled the bath with hot water in their place, and just when I was beginning to get anxious, they gracefully retired. I do not think any of my Commerce friends would have recognized the walking pillar of mud, that disentangled

itself from muddy surroundings and wended its weary way to the rest camp here, as the only immaculate bank clerk !!!

"It is perfectly true that the Germans and English converse from their various trenches; the remarks are not fit for drawing-room publication, but they are very humorous.

"There is a big cemetery in this place, right in the middle of the town, most depressing. The people who live all round here are about 1,000 years behind the times, and even then do not use the smallest grain of horse sense in laying out their little villages, or even farm houses. They have their refuse pits bang up against the pump, and all that sort of thing.

"We had eleven casualties during our stay in the trenches."

The following is a further letter from PTE. DUNCAN H. MILLER, of the London, Eng., staff :

"Since last writing to you we have been having a pretty rough time out here. The weather, on the whole, has been far from good, and consequently, as you can imagine, the condition of the ground has been pretty bad. I regret to say that we have suffered heavily in the way of casualties. As you doubtless saw in the paper recently, we lost four of our officers. They were all in a dugout together when a large shell burst right in the doorway and killed them all.

"Recently I transferred from D Company to the Grenadier Section. Bombing is very interesting, and, I believe, will be *the* thing during the remainder of the war. Last time up, our bombers had a most exciting time, although we were unfortunate enough to have three of our men sniped.

"Lawson was wounded recently and went down. I do not know whether he got home to England, but trust he did.

One of the four officers mentioned above was Lieut. Ommundsen, who was my bombing officer. His death was most unfortunate, as he had just formed the Grenadier Section, and it was our first time in action as a separate unit. What Mr. Ommundsen did not know about bombs and rifles was not worth knowing. He was considered the world's best shot, having won the King's prize at Bisley on several occasions. One of his feats of firing is rather interesting. With his sights ranged at 1,000 yards, he fired from 1,000 yards to 100 yards and hit the bull every time."

The Lawson to whom reference is made is Mr. N. E. Lawson, who has apparently since sufficiently recovered from his wound to call on the London Manager.

The following is from a further letter from LIEUT. R. E. JONES, dated 6th October, 1915:

"I am sitting in my own special little dugout, the walls of which are lined with sand bags. There are two small tables about two feet by two feet square, made of rough pieces of board and parts of boxes, and my door has even got an old fashioned handle and bolt, the latter on the outside and workable from the inside as well. The window is about two feet by eight inches

wide and simply a hole. The roof is well covered with corrugated iron sheets, on top of which sandbags are piled, then dirt, and the whole supported by four stout timbers, none squared except the front one. The space I have inside is about four feet by seven feet and mostly taken up by a six feet by two feet bed. I am in charge of a 'Keep' for the support of the front line trenches and am well off indeed, the only danger being from shrapnel, 'Jack Johnsons' and stray bullets. They shell our immediate surroundings frequently, and while one bombardment was going on in response to an awakening our guns gave the Gerboys, I wrote a couple of letters indoors the while listening to the big fellows whistling and half wheezing and shrieking as they passed. It was most uncomfortable at times too, as one could not help wondering where, say, that one just this moment which is hovering hesitatingly, it would seem just overhead, would land. The very big ones come up something like steam engines and make an awful row when they crash to earth scattering steel, mud and twigs in every direction. The first day I spent in the front line I saw a tree cut as clean as one could wish by a small shrapnel shell. Most of the men seem to like trench life better than the huts or dugouts in rear, from which they have to come down here as fatigue parties often when they would sooner rest up.

"What amazes me now is how easily we get used to it all. My desire now is to get out over a front line parapet and crawl along between the lines in search of annoying snipers. Others have done it and are doing it every night and meeting with success occasionally, when there is much rejoicing. It is a far safer operation too than you can imagine owing to the well known undulations of ground that are always likely to occur between lines 35 to 300 yards apart."

The following is a letter from LIEUT. W. B. FORSTER, at one time a member of the First Street West, Calgary, branch, now attached to the 31st Battalion :

"Very many thanks for your welcome letter, which I received safely; you know my address and can answer when opportunity offers; paper being scarce I have to make the best of what is available, as you see we are now in the midst of it.

"We arrived safely in France after a good voyage across the channel: the marching however on this side was very heavy, as all the roads are cobbled, which tires a man very much, especially when he carries a big pack. Our boys, however, stood it fine and have made quite a name for themselves already by their staying powers.

"We journeyed up in easy stages to the firing line as the marching was so hard. However, out here we take everything as it arrives, the system is marvellous, everything seems to go like clock-work, we receive our mail regularly no matter where we may be, and letters we write are always taken away promptly to be posted. There is never any delay with our rations no matter what may happen. The Government gives a weekly issue of cigarettes and tobacco, which is highly appreciated. The incoming mail is always the event of the day, the men crowding around for their message from home. It is also pathetic to see those who are not lucky turning away sometimes with

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tears in their eyes. However, those who receive letters read them to those who don't, which helps along.

"It seems too bad that the Germans make such a mess of all the beautiful little villages around; they seem to take a delight in knocking the church steeples over first and then through daily shellings finishing the job at their leisure. It is a rather nervy piece of business moving up the roads at night to the trenches, never knowing when the enemy will open fire; they seem to get good ranging on the roads and you pass great holes where the shells have hit. The other day we dug a deep trench and filled it with the brand of gas the Germans use; some of our boys put on a new style of helmet we have and walked through it. The test was highly satisfactory, so we have not much fear in that direction. We are constantly guarded by aeroplanes and the enemy shell them at every opportunity. However they seem to be a very hard target to hit. It is just like a great fireworks display; our airmen are very daring and show no fear.

"It is wonderful the way the poorer classes remain here in the villages which are being constantly shelled. The life a short way behind the firing line is very much like our Canadian life in the bush, everybody rustles for himself. The country round about is very pretty with lots of trees. My ideas of the trenches were sadly shattered. I imagined a barren country with broken trees and bare ground with lines and lines of trenches; instead of that the country looks just as usual with fields, hedges and trees, the trenches being so cunningly concealed that they are hard to detect—as for the artillery no one knows where they are except those immediately concerned.

"The system for taking away the wounded is splendid, noiseless motor ambulances running hither and thither. It is a little hard at first trying to sleep with the chances of being shelled at any time. The shells make a terrific noise, more than anyone could imagine. Of course we have dugouts to get into, but if the shell hits the dugout 'Good night.'

"The boys in our battalion are fine. I could not wish for a better lot, happy as the day is long and always ready to turn out. Some have been taken away for special work and this almost broke their hearts. We are just like one huge family; we have all the officers we left Calgary with, no additions and they are doing fine. I am telling you this as I fear that some person whom I should judge is afraid to do his bit, has been spreading a rumor that only three of us retained our commissions. We have all retained them and the sooner the lie is wiped out the better.

"It has rained quite a little lately and we are up to our knees in mud, some nights when we are moving we sleep in our great coats, and when that happens it is rather damp. However, we never seem to get ill.

"Rats seem to abound in the trenches, where they come from nobody seems to know, and when they run along the parapet they frighten one more than the bullets. We have just had a joke—one of our officers rummaging around discovered a tin which he presumed was pepper; with this addition we ate our lunch with great gusto, when suddenly our cook made his appearance and informed us that the tin contained *Keatings Powder*—you can imagine our feelings.

"It is hard to say anything as to the duration of the war as we see only a little bit of it. The Germans seem to be a very scary lot, as when we are quiet at night they are continually sending up flares to see what we are doing.

Their sniping, however, is good as they conceal themselves in trees, old chimneys, etc., and use I should judge telescopic sights. Whenever they are located short work is made of them."

The following is an extract from a letter from SERGEANT T. L. GOLDEN, Lord Strathcona Horse, formerly of the Wetaskiwin branch, dated Belgium, 6th October, 1915.

Mr. Golden enlisted as a private, was promoted Corporal shortly after crossing to France and has since been made a Sergeant :

"Four nights ago I was in the front line, about seven miles south of here. About 7 p.m. volunteers for patrol to reconnoitre a position between the lines were called for. Nick Carter and I were the chosen ones, and along with a lieutenant we set out at dusk in front of our wire and through the long grass. The expedition had somewhat of a savour to it, as the last patrol who tried to reconnoitre the place a couple of nights before got all shot up. After taking an hour to crawl a few hundred yards and forty-five minutes to negotiate the last twenty feet of the journey, we found ourselves about fifteen yards away from a small pent-up shack, with the door and windows facing us. The shack had its back to a hedge, behind which was a trench, we believed. We distinguished the voices of about three men here, and heard every word they said, even though they spoke in whispers. Then Nick, without any instructions from the officer, went on his belly right up to the door, peered in and crawled back. Meanwhile I had gone about ten or fifteen yards further in, to look after a spot in the hedge which we suspected as being their listening post. I was just in time to hear the patrol being relieved. They spoke in whispers first, then one fellow seemed to tread on another's toe, for there was a volley of (what I thought was) swearing for a second. Then I heard one of them stumble into the hedge from the cracking of sticks. I may tell you here that it was a cold frosty night and the grass was covered with half frozen dew. I had left-off my serge in order to be able to move more freely. I was wet through and nearly frozen—lying absolutely motionless for a couple of hours in this condition was not the most comfortable thing in the world you can well imagine. Then to crown matters, a great rat came along and started in to gnaw at my right leg, evidently thinking that I was a dead one; quite a compliment to the immobility which I was practising. It got on my nerves and not being able to resist the temptation I gave the rat a swat and sent him scurrying away through the grass. The Germans also smelt a rat at this time, for they opened up with their rifles. It grew rather exciting when the bullets tore the earth all around us, and splashed clay in our faces. Luckily no one was hit. I figured there were at least ten of them. When they quit, one of them started crawling out in the grass, right straight for me. I covered him and let him come. Just at this point I thought I'd sure give the show away. I was leaning partly on my left side, and my old heart started a thumping like the engine in that old Overland of yours. Then the humor of the thing struck

me. In my own mind I said to that German 'By Jove old son, you've a damn poor chance of living if you come any further.' Then I figured out that the danger was not too great, the odds being in my favour, and found myself smiling through the peepsight of my rifle. By now my heart had gone back to normal behaviour. I was just going to indulge in that squeezing motion that Sergeant Major Collins used to teach us in Wetaskiwin, when the thought struck me that if I fired, it would give the show away, and nine men entrenched in a hedge were too long odds on three of us lying in the open, and forebore for the moment. Brother Fritz remained about ten feet away from the muzzle of my rifle, when he either got cold feet or decided that everything was O.K., for he turned around and went back to his kennel. I wasn't the least bit sorry. Meanwhile I'd made my own reconnaissance and had a good plan of the place in my head. In about ten minutes the officer gave us the signal to get back to our trenches, which we did in safety. We compared notes, drew plans and sketches and went to bed. The C. O. pronounced the work as very successful. We had every scrap of information that was wanted and a little more.

"I almost forgot to tell you that Nick saw three Germans and one machine gun in that shack."

The following is a further letter from LIEUT. R. E. N. JONES, dated 9th October, 1915 :

"After dinner last night as the band, which had dug up its instruments, began to play, heavy cannonading commenced, large guns near us speaking up about ten minutes later. An awful din accompanied the Regimental March and tunes that followed. The sensations one experiences in the midst of such a strange and, as it has since been learned, rather awful an occasion, are very difficult to bring out in anything like enlightening language. Camp fires were burning all around one, and we moved about or sat still listening and smoking. A pocket flashlight would occasionally flare up; then the voice of a motor cycle a few yards away would break in on one's peace of mind, for the din at the front and round about us was continuous and increasing, the German 'coal boxes' announcing their arrival not far away every few seconds, to be responded to by the reports of our heavy guns hidden all through this district. As I strolled from the Orderly Room to our tent, our bombing officer passed me on the road looking a little pale and nightly earnest; then our scout officer hurried past at the run. Something seemed about to happen, I thought, and as I stepped through the gap in the hedge near our tent, I saw an Orderly, or rather a man in full fighting kit, pass our tent door hurriedly and disappear towards the Sergeant Major's quarters. Suddenly there was a shouting all through the lines of huts, dugouts and tents where our men were quartered, of 'stand to.' Our Captain poked his head into our tent and said, rather too excitedly I thought, 'stand to, boys, quick.' Then there was a scramble for proper fighting equipment, some of which was, of course, buried in our straw floor. The heavy cannonading had increased, if anything, meanwhile; also machine gun and rifle fire. The men were all lined up when I got over with the other officers, and the Sergeant recognizing me, anticipated my query by 'all present and correct, sir.' We

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.

"It has been foggy the last two days, and early yesterday morning and last night the Bosches began shouting across to us. As I called to a nearby man in the next bay to where I stood to pass the word to 'stand to' at 4 a.m., he shouted it out so loudly that the Gerboys called back, over a distance of at least 200 yards, 'shout a little louder.' There had been some bandying of words previously, but under special control of an officer on our side."

The following is a copy of a letter from LIEUT. V. CURRAN, formerly of the Winnipeg staff, to the Winnipeg Manager, dated 17th October, 1915:

"Just a few lines to acknowledge your extremely interesting letter received a day or so ago. It is indeed pleasant to receive such cheering intelligence of things 'Canadian' from such an authority as yourself, and, I assure you, is a treat to me, as it seems to keep me in touch, somehow, with the dear old C. B. of C. One really only realizes when away from it how fortunate are those in its service, and taking the story revealed in the list of names contained in the pamphlet the Bank printed as a basis, I would venture the assertion that they have certainly done their duty in a manner one would expect from such an institution. Their treatment of the members of the staff was generous, and no doubt enabled many to step forward and do their duty who might otherwise have to stay behind. I never had an opportunity of placing on record my appreciation of the action of the Directors in granting me leave of absence with pay for six months, and venture now to ask you to be good enough to do this for me. I am glad to be considered as a member in good standing, and trust I may yet have an opportunity of working under your able direction.

"As I write I am sitting in my dugout until an artillery duel now in progress ceases. We are doing our second spell in the trenches, and so far have been extremely fortunate, few casualties and splendid weather, although beginning to get chilly at night. Our first spell was quite strenuous, as the Germans treated us to bombs, machine guns and shrapnel, as well as a few coal boxes, but they didn't fize on the boys, and now we are all feeling pretty much like veterans. The men are a splendid lot, as you know, and I am sure you will be interested in their doings here as you were in Tuxedo. I am in the Grenadier Company, so am really back home again. The other officers, Major Kitson, Capt. Meredith, Harold Riley, Carter and Ken Patton, are splendid fellows, and I certainly consider I am fortunate.

"Chawner stayed behind in England, and has obtained a commission in an Irish Regiment stationed in Cork. Lowther is with us here, but R. Houston is with Capt. Lobley in London, who also has Cruickshank; Lovett is near us somewhere, but I haven't seen him so far. Mordy is now with the 16th Battalion, I believe, who are also quite near us."

The following is a copy of a letter from CAPT. J. C. MACPHERSON, 31st Battalion, formerly Assistant Accountant at the Calgary branch, dated 20th October, 1915:

"Just a line to let you know how we are getting along here. We have been in the trenches for about a month now, and are getting well seasoned to it.

"The Commerce boys are certainly holding their own, and are second to none in my opinion. Those in my Company, Corporals Gordon, Morgan and G. F. Allan, all from Calgary office, are doing good work, and taking things as they come. Two Commerce boys in the Battalion, Nuttall and Callaghan, have been killed, and a boy, Connon, badly wounded.

"Life in the front line trenches is bearable as long as the weather is good, but when wet——. There we live in dugouts, which are not always too large or the flavour too pleasant, but one can usually fix them up fairly comfortably. Rats of a large size are in abundance, but, owing to more pressing things, we take little notice of them. We had a rather severe bombardment the other day, but our Battalion stood it well, and my own Company was very fortunate, although others suffered more severely. One of our officers, Mr. Tofit, was killed, but I don't suppose you know him, although he is an old-timer in the West.

"I do not think that anyone will be sorry when this war is over, as it is by no means a picnic, and sometimes one feels the strain after a spell in the front line."

The following is a letter from PTE. J. H. LOVETT, formerly Accountant at the Alexander Avenue Branch, Winnipeg, dated Belgium, 25th October, 1915:

"I am at present in the second line of trenches, coming in last night in the rain and mud. However, in spite of the moist weather I am in the best of health and feel like a new recruit again as I had my seven days' leave to England about ten days ago and returned quite resolved to make the best of a winter campaign. The nights now are long and quite chilly and unless one is of a hardy disposition it makes things a little disagreeable.

"My name has appeared in orders to attend the school for officers at the base in two weeks' time, and I hope with an effort on my part to have a commission before Christmas. The month's course at the base will be quite a rest and appreciated as it seems I have been doing trench warfare now for several years.

"Mr. Mordy came with a draft last week to our Regiment and is now attached to us along with several other 43rd officers.

"We did not take much part in the recent offensive except to make a sham attack to cover the main advance and with the result that we had some very lively shelling. This morning our guns brought down a German aeroplane. It tumbled almost headlong until quite near the ground. I was almost directly below it and made a hasty retreat to my dugout, secured my rifle and found in the meantime that the pilot had righted himself and soared along the ground, again falling, the machine turning upsidedown, the pilot was wounded and the observer was killed—both very young officers—sixteen to eighteen years old. The Germans realizing the machine was down opened up a terrific fire to destroy the machine. Fifty-nine shots

were sent over before they hit it and naturally the surroundings were very warm for us for a while.

"It is very inspiring to learn so many of the boys from the Bank enlisted. After ten months in the trenches here I realize more fully the fact that we are taking part in a great work which will require the individual and supreme effort of every Briton to assure us of ultimate success.

"Mr. Cruickshank, who was wounded at Ypres, is now with Mr. Lobley in the Pay Office in England, quite well again."

### LIEUTENANT J. S. WILLIAMS, formerly of the Winnipeg staff, writes as follows :

"Received your cheery letter a few days ago. Many thanks for congratulations. I have told my wife so much about Canada and all the charming people there that she is very keen on coming over there when this war is over and there are no more Germans in the world!

"I have had some tastes of war as it really is since I wrote you last. These German sausage-eaters managed to sap a mine under part of our trench and blew about fifty yards of it up and about thirty men with it. Some of the bodies of the men were found about twenty-five yards away from the place that was blown up. Immediately they blew it up they hurled all the shells possible into us and their machine guns simply hammered our parapet. It was dank inferno. However, we held the line and had all sorts of nice things said to us about it afterwards by the S.O.C. They dropped some big shells into the section held by my platoon and buried ten of them. I dug out three dead—the rest are all more or less injured. One of the dead was a man named Dodge (F. E.) who, by the way, was in The C. B. of C. at Outlook or thereabouts. My batman had his head blown off. It's extraordinary, really, what one can stand when ones put to the test. Now, before I came here I had never seen a dead person in my life before, and yet I do not seem to feel badly about it. I was with another man in my platoon until he died.

"There are millions of rats and mice running all around the trenches and one sleeps with the beasts running all over one. Now, in the olden time if I stayed in a house, digs I mean, and I found out that there was a poor little mouse in the bedroom, I never could rest until he was caught and slaughtered. I revel in mud, I am always caked from head to foot. It has its uses, keeps one warm and saves extra clothing.

"We are in the trenches for six days and six nights and then out for a rest for six days, although that generally means fatigue all day long so the rest part is more or less a joke. I think myself that it is, however, a good thing, keeps the men from brooding and does not give time for depressing conversation between them.

"I shall never be able to look a bathroom in the face again I think, although there is a convent here and the nuns are simply wonderful. They provide baths for the officers and meals. The men of course have their own divisional baths where they perform their ablutions and have a suit of clean underwear after. The King was so overjoyed when he saw us at Shorncliffe that he insisted on seeing us again!! He reviewed us again

yesterday. Expect he wondered where the mud came from that had collected on us since he saw us so spick and span at Shorncliffe."

The following is an extract from a further letter from LIEUT. R. E. N. JONES, Dated 25th October, 1915:

"Enclosed is a parody much circulated over here. It absolutely reflects the impression and feelings of the men, and officers as well, in my opinion. The creepy and crawling things are horribly in evidence in the trenches. So far bugs have not bothered many, if any at all; no actual cases have come to my notice as yet, some say it is only a matter of time though."

*Parody*

SING ME TO SLEEP

Sing me to sleep where bullets fall,  
Let me forget the War and all,  
Damp is my dugout, cold are my feet,  
Nothing but bully and biscuits to eat.  
Sing me to sleep where bombs explode  
And sharpnel shells are a-la-mode.  
Over the sandbags (or parapet) helmets you find,  
Corpses in front of you, corpses behind.

Far, Far from Ypres I long to be  
Where German snipers cannot pot me,  
Think of me crouching where the worms creep,  
Waiting for someone to sing me to sleep.

Sing me to sleep in some old shed,  
The rats are running around my head,  
Stretched out on my waterproof  
Dodging the rain drops through the roof.  
Sing me to sleep where the camp fires glow  
Full of French bread cafe au lait,  
Dreaming of homes and nights in the West,  
Somebody's overseas boot on my chest.

Far from the starlights I long to be,  
Lights of old London I'd rather see,  
Think of me crouching where the worms creep,  
Waiting for someone to sing me to sleep.

We give below a letter from MR. J. D. PALMER of the Royal Naval Air Service, formerly of the London, Eng., staff, dated 29th October:

"Very many thanks for your letter and the copy of 'Letters from the Front,' which I found most interesting. I understand that Lawson went back to France, but is now home again to take up a commission. It is good news

to hear that Mactavish is all right; according to what I heard from Legh-Jones he was cut off and given up for lost, but managed to get back again. I have been doing quite a lot of flying lately, and had almost come to the conclusion that flying thrills were mythical, until one day when we were up to 4,000 feet the pilot treated me to a series of fancy evolutions, including very steep banks and vertical spirals. The effect of a steep bank is most extraordinary; the earth seems to rear itself up on end and one gets the impression that one is flying along the side of it, as if it was a very high wall.

"On this particular occasion I didn't get the full benefit of the exhibition as I was busy working my instruments, but I have had similar experiences since and found them extremely interesting and enjoyable. To give you an idea of how well screened the passenger is I may say that I frequently go up without cap, coat and goggles and don't feel the slightest bit cold except in coming down, when, of course, the machine is tilted with the tail up, with the result that the wind catches one rather fiercely."

The following is a further letter from LIEUT. R. E. N. JONES, dated 29th October, 1915:

"Our first morning in the trenches this time was made interesting by the bringing down of an enemy aeroplane not long after breakfast. I was on duty and chatting with some of my men when the familiar buzz of a flying machine made me reach for glasses and look heavenwards in several directions. After searching about for a moment or two I suddenly discovered a plane of unfamiliar design (since I learned an Albatross) heading towards the right of our battalion line from directly in our rear. There was suddenly a bursting of anti-aircraft shells near it and one seemed so close under it that we expected to see the plane drop. On it came though, and then to our surprise we saw another plane swinging around behind and below it, and as they came closer there was the popping of a machine gun in place of the bursting of shells. It was not until we had decided in our own minds that a British machine was catching up to it and firing at an enemy that I made out the iron cross on the lower wings of the leader which was not more than a mile from us and probably 2,000 feet up only. Machine gun fire is such a common sound and so difficult to locate along the front, in the daytime especially, one is usually little impressed by its occurrence, and so few enemy aeroplanes are seen over this section of the line, we seldom pay more attention to flyers that to identify them as a matter of principle. Hence our surprise and deep interest in the sudden battle which was on before our very eyes. The British plane steadily overhauled keeping well below and popping away at short intervals, and to our delight the enemy began to show something was seriously wrong within and began to gradually descend, finally landing within the 3rd Battalion lines on our right. The pilot was killed and the observer, a lad of seventeen, escaped by a miracle, as in addition to having gone through our own fire, the plane on descending was fired upon by the enemy with a view I suppose to destroying it completely. They are brutes without a doubt."

The above is apparently the same incident as is referred to in the letter from LIEUT MORDY which follows.

The following are extracts from a letter from LIEUT. A. G. MORDY, formerly Accountant of the Winnipeg branch, written from France :

"The four months I spent in England outside of my military life was like one long holiday. We had a wonderful golf course only one mile away and I played there every Sunday I was not on a motor bus trip to some interesting place.

"We arrived here at noon, having left Shorncliffe the preceding evening, and as the battalion was going into the trenches the same night I found myself in the front line twenty-four hours after leaving England. We marched from billets to the end of the communicating trench and then I was guided by my sergeant through what seemed miles and miles of trenches with my platoon sweating along behind, until we finally arrived in the fire trenches. The process of relief then takes place and the relieved battalion then marches out. There is a certain schedule laid down whereby each battalion of the brigade spends so many days in different localities, one of which is divisional reserve where we do nothing but loaf and eat. We are there now and I was fervently thankful when we arrived here the night before last ; we were soaked to the skin. We had a rotten turn in the trenches and going in we went overland as the communicating trenches were so muddy. It is risky, but rifle bullets and machine gun fire bother us like bees or mosquitoes. It is the shell fire that gives us the funk though. Our dugouts were very wet and for five days I got about three hours' sleep. Coming out it was pouring rain and as we came over land it was quite exciting. I was relieved at 8 o'clock and started down with my platoon by a new route as certain improvements were under way which made the old one impossible. The night was pitch dark and Fritz was firing a lot but fortunately none of us were hit. Twice I fell into a trench about eight feet deep and my pack weighing, it felt to me, about a ton and I wallowed in the bottom until I got out again. The men all did likewise at one stage or another and then as soon as we got on a flat piece of ground a flare would go up from the German lines, machine guns open fire and we would stick our noses in the ground until the excitement subsided. We finally arrived on the main road and my men who had cursed continually and with a vocabulary that was astounding up till that time, thereupon commenced to sing and chaff. I cannot begin to adequately express my admiration for men who have been through the mud of Salisbury, the fighting of Ypres and the drudgery of the trenches for months and get wet from head to foot carrying 75 pounds weight, no food for seven hours and yet sing at the start of a six mile march in pitch darkness in pouring rain. I only hope that they get what is coming to them when they return to Canada.

"I saw a wonderful sight when we were last in. A German aeroplane was observing over our lines and a British plane got after it. They were exchanging shots and were hidden at times by the clouds, when the German started descending. Little puffs of smoke floating near indicated that the anti-aircraft guns were firing but they never seem to do any damage. When the Germans got within about 1,000 yards from the earth, the British, who had followed him, made away as the German artillery started up. The German was immediately overhead and as the trenches at that point are about

500 yards apart, we could see he was doing his best to make for his own lines. However, he came to earth about fifty yards behind our front trench and then Fritz put over 96 big shells in quick succession in order to destroy the machine. This was after they got the range, and the occupants had time to get out. The pilot was killed and the observer turned out to be lad of 18, quite gentlemanly, who had received a commission from the ranks and held an iron cross of the second grade. He was quite upset over the death of his comrade and he evidently expected to be shot immediately and had to be reassured on that point. That night I saw a casualty being brought away from that vicinity and recognized a former Commerce boy named Blacklay, who had been shot, dying almost immediately while doing duty beside the aeroplane. I remembered his coming into our orderly room at Winnipeg to enlist and being told that the battalion was filled up. I arranged to have him taken on. This war is a cruel, dirty, dastardly, useless business and no Hell eternal can be devised sufficient to expatiate the suffering and sorrow caused by those responsible.

"I was fortunate enough to be selected for some rather daring reconnaissance work extending over three days and nights in company with another officer and 'The excitement was intense' to quote a well worn phrase. Our orders direct from the Brigadier-General were to get all necessary information. My companion, who is very hot-headed, and I found ourselves about fifteen yards from a German listening post and he proposed rushing it. I argued against it, having that Head Office fear of disobeying instructions and he called me a damned fool. This resulted of course in hot words which the Germans heard and for once I blessed my brevity of form as I had to lie pretty close to the ground for a while. After the firing stopped we found they were firmly unconcerned behind their barbed wire so it turned out my caution was the better course. I enclose you a copy of a letter the Brigadier gave me addressed to him from the General Officer commanding 1st Division, not for the purpose of 'tooting my own horn,' but as I know you will be pleased at any slight token of merit any of your staff receive.

"I have run across quite a number of Commerce boys over here, in fact I officiated at a banquet in Shorncliffe the night before I left at which there were 60 bank men, of whom 40 or 45 ex-Commerce. The Bank may have made undue sacrifices but I can assure you the need is great. Lovett was in my platoon here but is now taking a cadet course and I am glad to say is getting a commission. Young Fraser, one of our ledger-keepers, is in the orderly room here. I have heard about the brave death of poor old John Low and little Bean, and my C.O. but needs to know that a man is from the Commerce to feel assured that any promotion concerned is warranted."

Letter enclosed from G.O.C., 1st Canadians, A. W. CURRIE, Headquarters, France, dated 29th October, 1915, referred to in the foregoing :

"I have read with much pleasure and interest, the truly excellent reconnaissance report on the area of . . . and . . .

"I wish to congratulate you and all concerned.

"Will you please extend to Lieuts. Morly and McLaurin, 16th Battalion, my thanks for and appreciation of their work."

The following is a letter from PTE. E. DEWIND, formerly of the Edmonton branch, but now attached to the Machine Gun Section of the 31st Battalion, written 1st November, 1915, from "Somewhere in France":

"This is just a few lines from the Front to let you know that we are all settled down to our new surroundings, and so far no casualties among our old Edmonton staff bunch.

"I am now in the Machine Gun Section of the 31st Battalion and like the work very much, and we have an awfully nice willing bunch of fellows in it. We have been in first and second line trenches for over a month, and at present are having a week's rest in an old farm house near a village. Our buildings are pretty well intact, but it is awful to see this country—village after village wrecked hopelessly, roads injured, farms wrecked and miles of trenches and sand-bag parapets all around. It will be two or three decades after the war before things are in any sort of good shape. It is a beautiful, rich mixed farming country, but a good lot of rain and fog in the fall apparently. 'Sunny Alberta' will look mighty good again to those of us who are lucky enough to pull through.

"The Balkan crisis will probably add several months to the war, but I think the German combine is showing signs of breaking up a bit. The Allies are well off for munitions now, though I must say our Canadian troops would welcome the sight of any of the new machine guns which are ready in Canada.

"We are all very well, and are being splendidly equipped this year with skin coats, rainproof capes, rubber waders, heavy boots, etc., and food is generally very good and plenty of it."

The following is a letter from LIEUT. C. G. DOWSLEY, 2nd Artillery Brigade, First Canadian Division. Mr. Dowsley was formerly a member of the Herbert, Sask., branch. He writes from France, under date of 3rd November, 1915:

"The staff of the Bank does seem to have responded well to the call for men. I am continually running across Commerce men. Four, together with myself, left the Herbert branch with the 1st Division. Two have been killed, one wounded and the other is still in the 2nd Battalion, and I see and hear from him regularly. I have not yet been hit, fortunately. The Artillery is not so dangerous a job as the Infantry, as you will have noticed from the Casualty Returns. The Artillery has lost only 30/35% of their strength in killed and wounded, but our percentage of killed to wounded is much greater than any other arm. Practically all our losses are from shell fire—very few from rifles and machine guns. Depending on the nature of the country, guns are situated 2,000/4,000 yards in rear of the first line trenches. The Forward Observing Station, one to each battery, and manned by a subaltern, look-out man and telephonists, is situated either in the front or support line of trenches, or on a vantage point behind the trenches and in front of the guns. It must command a view of all targets likely to be engaged

by the battery. We have telephonic communication with the company and battalion commanders in the trenches which we cover, but the communication is usually broken as fast as we can repair it during the bombardment. In that case we resort to signals by way of lights of different colors by night, and smoke balls, colored, by day. Since the end of September we have been fairly quiet, but for the daily artillery duels, of which you hear so much. We were not actually engaged in the attack of 25th September, but bombarded for two or three days and made feint gas and smoke attacks, endeavouring thereby to hold the German reserves in front of us.

"During the battle of Ypres and Festubert, I was in the 2nd Brigade Ammunition Column and was responsible for the supply of small arm ammunition, lights, etc., to the 2nd Infantry Brigade. At the best it is a very 'dirty' job—as the Germans make it a point to shell every yard of road between the trenches and the maximum range of their guns. Many a time we have lost our horses, escaping ourselves without a scratch.

"During Givenchy and since, I have been in the 7th Battery. I was unfortunate enough to have been sent to hospital in Bailleul on 2nd October, where I was kept for three weeks. I had 'trench fever'—a name given to the ailment which is very prevalent among the Canadians during the wet weather.

"We expect to be here all winter, though there is a rumour that we will go to Serbia, but hardly think it. To sum up, we have only taken a fall out of the Germans, single handed, and I think they will let us have a victory some day. The 2nd Division are now holding up their end on our left—my elder brother is among them, while my young brother expects to be sent over shortly.

"I have never heard of Jim Still out here. Do you know when he came over, and with what arm and unit? You, of course, heard that John Low died of wounds received in the attack on the wood to the west of St. Julien, on the night of 22nd April, when they recovered the previously captured battery of 4.7 guns, which had supported us. That was not a Canadian battery as so many believe—but were British guns detailed to support us. They were to our left rear, behind the French Colonial troops who, you remember, broke before the gas."

The following letter from LIEUT. R. E. N. JONES is dated 6th November, 1915 :

"We have been busy, as usual, furnishing fatigue parties every day, and the weather has been simply terrible. Our trenches are needing attention, of course, under the circumstances, and Fritz can be seen working away at his just as hard, and, we hope, harder. A 28th officer tells me that, when the usual morning fog lifted the other day, one of his men, who was out in front, found himself a few yards from a German, who said: 'You had better go back, or I shall have to shoot you.' One of our Brigades in this neighbourhood, it is said, during the very bad spell this past week, was not molested while at work on parapets, and returned the compliment, allowing the enemy to work undisturbed and in full view. Is it not absolutely absurd? One would think there was no war some days, about breakfast or dinner time, as not a shot is fired by either side for sometimes an hour or so."

The following is a letter from CAPTAIN J. C. MAC-PHERSON, formerly Assistant Accountant at the Calgary branch, dated 8th November, 1915:

"We are at present in the front line trenches, and, for a change, are having dry weather. Last time we were in the front line we had rather a miserable spell. My Company held a section of trench in a salient, the nearest point to the Huns being about thirty yards. During the period we occupied this section it rained all the time, and the mud was awful, over the boots everywhere, and other places almost impassable. One day the Germans insisted on bothering us with trench mortar bombs (awful things which explode like a large shell), and succeeded in knocking down part of our parapet, and destroying seven dugouts, which had not caved in during the wet weather. Next morning we gave them a few back, and some rapid artillery fire, which shut them up in great style. When the trenches are close, rifle and hand grenades, bombs, etc., are used a lot, and instead of the proverbial stoop occasioned by continued ducking, one gets the opposite with looking up all the time. We were very glad to get out for our rest that trip.

"We have a better section at present, but Fritz has been worrying us to-day with whiz-bangs, and prevents us from doing a lot of necessary work. However, he usually gets two back for every one, and ours seem to have a greater effect.

"Our casualties have not been very heavy. I think I told you that two Commerce boys in our Battalion were killed—Nuttall and Callaghan, both very nice boys. Cannon, also a Commerce boy, was wounded by shell fire, but I believe is progressing well, though I understand his nerves are pretty well shattered, and I don't blame them. Rogers, who was third messenger in the Bank, is now in my Company, having come over with a draft from the 56th. We are breaking him in this week, and probably by this time he knows what war is.

"Arbuckle just dropped in to see me. He is in the next section, and on night duty, and looking fit. This is his first tour in the front line, having just recently joined the Battalion from the base. He is taking to it well.

"I am writing this in my dugout, but it is just about time I had a trip down the line to see how things are, and my Sergeant-Major is waiting for me.

"You must excuse the paper, also the pencil, but it is about all we can get. The Y.M.C.A. supplies the paper, and the representatives of that institution are a Godsend to any Battalion, and the way they look after the boys will always be remembered."

The following is a letter from LIEUT. A. G. A. VIDLER, at present attached to the Royal Sussex Regiment, and formerly a member of the staff of the Spadina and College, Toronto, Branch:

"It was very good of you to send me those H.O. lists. I find them most entertaining and am forwarding one to a Commerce man in my old

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Regiment, Strathcona's Horse, who is still at the front unscratched after seven months, lucky man!

"You ask me for my experiences. Well I am afraid that they are disappointingly brief. When the 1st Contingent Infantry went out in February, we of the Cavalry Brigade were held back in Sussex occupying the mansion and grounds of a German Count (according to a local report a most charming man—they all are) who for the good of his health had retired for a season. Then when the infantry got cut up so badly in April, at Hill 60, General Seely (our Brigadier) took us out dismounted. The web equipment and short rifles were flung at us at three days' notice but we soon got accustomed to the cobblestones and footslogging, and after being held in reserve at Ypres for a few days, were marched down to Bethune and straight into the front line trenches in the middle of the Battle of Festubert from 17th to 26th May, I think it lasted. Anyhow, we were then at the extreme right of the British Line, and except for one British regiment, were in touch with the French. Well that was the line the British were so short of ammunition on and we fairly got peppered with shrapnel. The third day (25th May) I went across a communication trench to a German trench the 5th Battalion had taken in the morning. There were fifteen of our "B" Squadron carrying cases of bombs and it was an awful job getting across as the trench was choked with dead and wounded and we were being shelled all the time. It took about half an hour to do 100 yards. We got our bomb cases across all right but the shrapnel got so thick we couldn't get back, so all one could do was to lie along flat with your face and body against the parapets at the rear of the captured trench. I started to crawl around on my hands and knees and found Johnson of our Vegreville branch with his arm and leg shockingly cut up. I wanted him to get inside the trench but as he couldn't move I crept on and saw Golden (Wetaskiwin, the place seemed full of bank men). He was all right and is so still; seems to have had wonderful escapes. A little later I got hit on the head and shoulder, so my day's work was completed for some months. Fernie from Stony Plain and W. L. Donald also got hit the same day. The Bank of Commerce representatives in Strathcona Horse were sheer out of luck on 25th May. When I was returned from hospital to the Casualty troop in the Cavalry Barracks at Shorncliffe I met dozens of our men, particularly from the West and Pacific Coast branches. I was at the dinner on 19th October, in Folkestone and many men who couldn't get there I saw, notably Olive, Mahon and Harris from the 72nd Seafords at Vancouver and a number of men in the 49th. They appeared to be sending wounded men back to Canada whether fit for duty or not, so I made haste to get a commission in the Sussex, as I want to see the job through. I expect to be out again in January; we are under orders now. Johnson and Fernie are now in the Pay and Record Office in London, and from what I understand from them the C. B. C. hours and work are infinitely preferable."

The following is a letter from LIEUT. W. H. HOPKINSON, formerly of the London, Eng., branch, dated Chakdara Camp, India, 17th November, 1915:

"I arrived in Bombay on 26th September. Off Malta a French destroyer came racing out to us, and warned the Captain of the 'Medina' that four hostile submarines were waiting for us, but by a very clever ruse on the part of the Captain we managed to escape them. We found it very hot indeed going through the Red Sea, and when we arrived at Aden there was a small battle in progress on the land.

"After hanging about Bombay for five days we got our postings. I was posted to the 90th Battery at Chakdara. This is merely a camp about 18 miles over the Frontier, situated in a deep valley, and one sees nothing but filthy sand and the flies are terrible. We are not far from the Khyber Pass and are camped on neutral territory, populated by hostile tribes, who have proved themselves to be very fine fighters. These men have some very objectionable customs, one of which is to cut up into small pieces any European they take in a fight, especially 'Officer Sahibs.' The camp has been attacked twice by several thousand of these tribesmen, but after a severe bombardment by the artillery they have been compelled to retire with great loss. They have adopted a system of sniping which is very irritating. For this reason all tents are dug in about three feet below the ground. They have been quiet for the last few weeks, but we are awaiting events.

"I was carted into hospital after I had been here a week, having caught sand fly fever, and was attended by Major Bates, a resident of Wimbledon. I am feeling fairly fit at the present time, but I have a very strong objection to the dust and flies."

The following extracts are from a further letter from  
LIEUT. R. E. N. JONES, dated from the Trench Warfare  
School, 25th November, 1915:

"Since last writing we have had rotten weather and the trenches have been in an awful condition. The communication trenches have been so bad up until recently that we have had to go and come from the front line overland, quite a ticklish trip I can assure you. The Company Major and I both lost our batman about eight days ago behind the lines on the very grounds over which we go and come when relieved.

"There are exciting times almost every day in the trenches of course, and when we have to get out in front at night to do a bit of diggin' or a bit of wire fixin', the star lights, and zing and swish of stray bullets, keep us very much on the alert. The last time we came out everything was lovely until we reached a village the Gerboys frequently shell with high explosives, i.e., 'Jack Johnsons', Coal Boxes or Black Marias. Just as about two-thirds of my company were leaving the outskirts I heard the unmistakable express-train like sound of an H.E. coming our way. The wind was with it fortunately. I was at the end of our line which was 'in single file, and just had time to shout 'flat,' and I verily believe we all went down together. The shell dropped about a hundred and fifty yards behind us, right on the road we had followed and only a very few yards in front of the head of one of our companies in the rear. Four more H.E.'s came over in quick succession and we dropped on three occasions altogether, the last two shells not sounding close enough to make men with mighty heavy packs on think it worth while to wallow in

mud for a bit only to have to struggle to their feet again. I had to visit guards over a huge area, necessitating a walk of about six miles, and next day as I passed the village church around which dozens and dozens of British soldiers are buried, I saw that three of the H.E.'s we had heard the night before had fallen in the pretty churchyard and ripped open probably eight to ten graves."

The following is a letter from CAPTIAN J. C. MAC-PHERSON, formerly of the Calgary branch, dated Belgium, 27th November, 1915:

"I received the other day a copy of "Letters from the Front" part two. It is greatly appreciated by us all, and we are greatly interested in it. We all think a lot of it and the way it is gotten up.

"At the time of writing we are in the front line doing our little bit. For a change we have had two fine days, but the mud everywhere is very bad. My Company has a decent bit of trench this time, although fairly close to Fritz, at one point very close—It is only thirty yards from the Germans. We occupied the section referred to very recently and got a warm reception. It was there that a company—the 28th Battalion—got blown up with some sixty casualties two days after we left it. One is in greater danger from bombs, hand and rifle grenades, trench mortars, etc., than from artillery fire, as owing to the proximity there is the danger of shells falling in our own lines. I have seen German shells, and big ones at that, falling in their own front line trenches.

"There have been several heavy bombardments on our front recently, but apparently Fritz has something up his sleeve as he keeps very quiet. We have witnessed some very exciting air fights during the last few days and there is something very fascinating about them. Up to the present, I have seen two planes brought down. It is wonderful how they get through—sometimes a single plane will have several hundred shrapnel shells sent after and over it, and not one will hit. Of course they are all shrapnel and burst in the air around the planes."

The following is a letter from LIEUT. F. C. BIGGAR, formerly Manager of the Virden branch, dated 28th November, 1915:

"It is a very long time since my last letter to you, but many things have interfered. For nearly two months our Company was extremely short of officers, and this meant very heavy duties for those we had; and afterwards, when we filled up our establishment, I was acting as second in command, and this kept my nose pretty close to the grindstone.

"The interval has not been very full of incident. We worked away on our section of the line digging trenches, both firing and communication, until we were told that we had made it one of the strongest bits of the British line. We were still there, though, at the time, back in Divisional Reserve billets, when the big Loos attack came off. For several days we would hear the continuous roar of guns, both from there on our right and from Ypres

on our left. We slept with one eye open, for we knew we might be called on to move at any time, and, indeed, we fell in one morning about 5 a.m. at 15 minutes' notice, all ready to move off, but found this was only a test, and we were dismissed.

"When we got to the new place we found it consisted of a single line of trenches, really two, but so close together that they were no better than one. Besides they were only from 50 yards to 100 yards from the enemy who kept one from brooding by throwing over grenades and trench mortar bombs

"Our first turn there was rather costly because we could not get bombs to retaliate, but when our supply did arrive we threw three for every one of theirs and they soon tired.

"About this time the second in command was made adjutant and the sub senior to me being away taking a course, I acted in that position. We moved to the new sector about the beginning of October and very soon after the wet weather began. The soil is very light and as no revetting had been done by our predecessors, some territorial battalion, we began to have caves-in daily. Dugouts, parapets, parados and traverses came tumbling down, stopping drainage and making our trench alternate lakes of knee deep water and hillocks of mud, which almost dragged one's boots off. Our men worked like trojans and kept a fairly clear way to move until one night's downpour lasting an hour, during which fourteen bays out of the twenty-two which our Company held, caved in. Making rounds that night on duty was an experience for it was pitch black and one was alternately walking almost at the height of the parapet and then down on the trench level, while the communication trenches were so hopelessly blocked that the only thing to do was to get back to the support line on the surface. In the support trenches the water rose to from one to three feet in depth and all the dugouts were flooded so that eventually we had to move out of it altogether.

"Too much cannot be said for the men who, in spite of twelve to fourteen hours' sentry go and work during the day, wet beds (when they can turn in) and wet clothes all the time, are always cheerful and willing—a finer lot would be impossible to find.

"About two weeks ago Major Mills, our Quarter-Master, was called back to Canada to take command of a new battalion, and I was appointed in his place, so that for the present my days of living in a dugout are over. It seems peculiar to be so far back, but the Transport Officer and I ride up nightly with the rations so keep to a certain extent in touch.

"During the winter, arrangements have been made to relieve each brigade for a fortnight and allow them to go back to rest billets. I understand our turn comes just before Christmas, so we will be able to spend the festal season a long way from the sounds of war.

"Did I tell you that at one G.O.C. inspection here, when he reached me he said 'You have a platoon of fine big men. Where do they mostly come from?' I threw my chest out another couple of inches and said 'All from Western Canada, sir.'

"In spite of the black, or at least drab, outlook in Serbia, I think everyone over here is feeling optimistic, and that we have now got the campaign in hand both in men and munitions. It will, no doubt, take at least six months to finish it, but the end is certain. We are all fed up with war, but will only quit on our own terms."