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## PREFACE

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We are again prefacing the letters by a completely revised list of those who have taken up military duty, also a revised Honour Roll and list of casualties. It is our intention to follow this practice with each succeeding pamphlet.

These pamphlets are being distributed to many outside the ranks of the Bank's staff, and to these some of the letters will, doubtless, fail to carry the interest which we hope they will convey to those who are personal friends of the writers and consequently interested in their smallest doings.

We continue to receive interesting letters from time to time, and trust that the supply will be kept up.

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## CASUALTIES

### WOUNDED

Pte. J. P. Baston.....	South Hill.....	First Contingent
Pte. J. K. Bailey.....	Sault Ste. Marie.....	" "
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.....	" "
Sgt. J. Creighton.....	Montreal.....	" "
	(Now out of danger)	
Pte. J. D. Cruickshank.....	Winnipeg.....	" "
Pte. F. F. B. Darley (Seriously)	Prince Rupert.....	Second "
Pte. W. D. Deans.....	Montreal.....	First "
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. 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.....	" "
Lieut. C. W. F. Rawle.....	Inspector's Dept., Head Office	
Pte. L. Sadler.....	Montreal.....	First Contingent
Pte. I. B. Savage.....	Montreal.....	" "
Pte. N. V. Taylor.....	Hanna.....	" "
Pte. F. S. Walthew.....	London, Eng.....	Enlisted in England
Pte. J. W. O. Weir.....	Watrous.....	First Contingent
Pte. J. P. Winning.....	Bengough.....	Second 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)  
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. A. Sattin . . . . . Calgary . . . . . " " . . Suffering from shock  
Pte. A. G. A. Vidler . . Vancouver . . . . . " " . . Seriously ill  
Pte. W. M. Watson . . . . . Bengough . . . . . " " . . Seriously ill  
Corp. D. A. Wilson . . . . . Montreal . . . . . Enlisted in England. Since recovered

## MEMBERS OF THE STAFF WHO HAVE TAKEN UP MILITARY DUTY

### FIRST CONTINGENT

#### ONTARIO, QUEBEC, MARITIME PROVINCES AND ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

Lieut. W. N. Galaugher...Chatham  
 Pte. J. H. Knill .....Dundas  
 Capt. H. A. Duncan....Hamilton  
 Pte. A. B. Wilkinson....Kingston  
 Pte. W. D. Deans .....Montreal  
 Pte. J. R. Denning....."  
 Pte. S. V. Woolley....."  
 Pte. L. Sadler....."  
 Pte. I. B. Savage....."  
 Pte. F. B. Cameron....."  
 Sgt. J. Creighton....."  
 Pte. R. Stott.....Prince Arthur  
 and Park, Montreal  
 Capt. A. L. Hamilton...Quebec  
 Pte. G. H. Jackson....St. Catharines  
 Pte. G. Stewart Patterson " "  
 Corp. L. Playne.....Sarnia  
 Pte. J. K. Bailey.....Sault Ste. Marie  
 Pte. F. N. Hardyman... " "  
 Lieut. G. N. Gordon...Stratford  
 Lieut. R. D. Briscoe...Strathroy  
 Lance-Sgt. F. Harrison..Toronto  
 Pte. H. S. Sheppard... "  
 Pte. R. H. Whittaker... "  
 Pte. A. E. Kinghan..... "  
 Sgt. A. S. Houston....Bloor & Duff-  
 erin, Toronto  
 Pte. G. M. LeThicke...Danforth &  
 Broadview, Toronto  
 Pte. H. G. Leigh-Bennett.Gerrard &  
 Pape, Toronto  
 Pte. T. W. Newdick....Queen & Bath-  
 urst, Toronto  
 Pte. W. K. M. Lea'ler...Queen East,  
 Toronto  
 Sgt. N. H. Ricketts...Spadina &  
 College, Toronto  
 Pte. G. M. Pirie.....Yonge &  
 Eglinton, Toronto  
 Pte. N. A. Gillespie...Yonge &  
 Queen, Toronto  
 Capt. C. deFallot....St. John, N.B.  
 Signaller F. A. Graham ..Sydney  
 Trooper W. A. L. Nickerson  
 Windsor, N. S.  
 Gunner V. E. McLeod... " "  
 Pte. V. Patman.....Sutton  
 Pte. F. H. Knight.....St. John's, Nfld

#### CENTRAL WESTERN DISTRICT

Band Sgt. T. W. James. Supt's Dept.,  
 Winnipeg  
 Pte. W. M. Watson.....Bengough

Pte. W. Hill.....Bengough  
 Pte. B. G. Oldaker....Brandon  
 Pte. F. D. C. Morrow...Briercrest  
 Pte. W. H. Findlay....Calgary  
 Trooper E. K. Picken.. "  
 Pte. A. Sattin..... "  
 Pte. A. N. Simpson.... "  
 Pte A. L. Bruce.....Carman  
 Pte. S. Badley.....Edmonton  
 Pte. F. C. Coleman.... "  
 Trooper W. J. Gray.... "  
 Lance Corp. N. F. Sinclair " "  
 Pte. C. T. Baldwin.... "  
 Pte. R. T. Fowler..... "  
 Pte. J. J. A. King..... "  
 Pte. W. B. Clendinning. Elbow  
 Pte. H. Wright.....Fort Frances  
 Pte. James Wood..... " "  
 Pte. J. Taylor..... " "  
 Sgt. T. S. Ronaldson... " "  
 Pte. N. V. Taylor.....Hanna  
 Pte. H. Crosbie..... "  
 Lieut. C. G. Dowsley...Herbert  
 Sgt. J. R. Keith..... "  
 Pte. W. H. Fowler.... "  
 Chief Clerk J. Still, Gr-  
 master's Dept., Highland  
 Lance-Corp. E. C. W. Mockler  
 Humboldt  
 Pte. F. Fernie.....Innisfall  
 Pte. F. S. Bowker....Kamsack  
 Pte. L. G. Lyon.....Kitscoty  
 Pte. J. A. Davin.....Medford  
 Actg. Corp. J. C. Matheson  
 Medicine Hat  
 Corp. F. A. Day.....Mirror  
 Pte. E. C. Templeton...Moosejaw  
 Pte. J. E. Jarvis..... "  
 Sgt. J. G. Fowler.... "  
 Sgt. J. Stewart..... "  
 Pte. L. C. Coffin.....N. Battleford  
 Pte. A. J. Reid..... " "  
 Pte. F. H. Walton.... " "  
 Pte. J. H. Leach.....Outlook  
 Pte. W. S. Edgar.....Portage la  
 Prairie  
 Sgt. N. J. Macdonald... " "  
 Lieut. F. C. McKenna... " "  
 Pte. L. H. Barnard....Prince Albert  
 Pte. C. K. McRorie....Regina  
 Pte. H. W. Cruickshank "  
 Pte. F. J. Guy.....Saskatoon  
 Pte. D. E. Gordon.... "  
 Pte. N. Rothwell.....West Side,  
 Saskatoon  
 Pte. A. W. Aitchison...Shaunavon  
 Pte. E. C. M. Knott.... "

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FIRST CONTINGENT—continued

Major G. W. Marriott . . . Strathcona	Trooper D. Scully . . . . . N. Winnipeg
Pte. T. R. Lawrie . . . . . The Pas	Trooper A. L. Miller . . . . . " "
Trooper C. Johnson . . . . . Vegreville	Pte. M. Whyte . . . . . Youngstown
Trooper W. L. Donald . . . . . Vermilion	Pte. A. E. S. Morrison . . . . . "
Pte. W. H. Goodale . . . . . Wadena	Pte. F. F. Barnes . . . . . " "
Pte. J. W. O. Weir . . . . . Watrous	
Trooper T. L. Golden . . . . . Wetaskiwin	
Pte. D. Woodcock . . . . . " "	
Lieut. 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 . . . . . " "	
Pte. 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 . . . . . " "	

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
Pte. D. H. Bell . . . . . " "
Lieut. R. S. M. Beatson . . . . . " "
Pte. I. F. Mactavish . . . . . " "
Pte. F. S. Stevens . . . . . " "
Pte. J. E. Lockerby . . . . . " "
Pte. 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	G. T. Brooke . . . . . Strathcona
Pte. W. A. G. Mackenzie . . . Prince Arthur	Pte. A. Hornby . . . . . Winnipeg
& Park, Montreal	Lieut. A. A. G. Harlow . . . Alexander
Lieut. H. W. Harrison . . . Niagara Falls	Avenue, Winnipeg
Pte R. D. Arden . . . . . New York	Lieut. G. H. Armstrong . . . Peace River
B. G. Brooke . . . . . Edmonton	Crossing
Lieut. A. B. Thorne . . . . . Gilbert Plains	Pte. F. Black . . . . . Elfrs
Corp. H. B. L. A. Hillyard . . . Rivers	

ENLISTED FROM LONDON, ENG., BRANCH

Asst. Paymaster G. M. Ingmire	Pte. P. S. C. Glover
Pte. A. C. Caton	Pte. D. H. Miller
Pte. W. D. Hopkinson	Lieut. F. R. Hutson
Lieut. G. Legh-Jones	Pte. W. E. Bages
Pte. J. D. Palmer	Pte. P. W. Blackwell
Pte. N. E. W. Lawson	Pte. N. D. Dalton
Pte. E. L. Yeo	Pte. H. J. Benson

Pte. P. M. Alexander

SECOND CONTINGENT

ONTARIO AND MARITIME PROVINCES	Lieut. G. S. Bowerbank . . . Sarnia
Pte. A. Cockeram . . . . . Brockville	Pte. C. R. Gilmour . . . . . S. Porcupine
Pte. R. M. Ferguson . . . . . Kingston	Pte. C. H. Barnes . . . . . Toronto
Pte. R. Sheard . . . . . Ottawa	Corp. N. A. Wheadon . . . Market,
	Toronto

SECOND CONTINGENT—continued

Lieut. F. G. Newton... Windsor, Ont.  
Lance-Corp. 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  
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  
Trooper 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... "  
Pte. 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. Fitton... "  
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... "  
Sgt. 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  
Lieut. J. C. Macpherson... Calgary  
Pte. H. P. Morgan... "  
Pte. R. L. Webster... "  
Lieut. J. K. Patterson... First St. West,  
Calgary  
Pte. I. P. Falkner... Elbow  
Pte. K. R. M. Morrison... Fort William  
Lce.-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. G. 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. Pittendigh . . . . . Phoenix  
 Pte. A. D. Golden . . . . . Prince Rupert

Corp. W. A. Paterson . . . . . Prince Rupert  
 Lieut. C. K. B. Mogg . . . . . Seattle  
 Lieut. A. R. Mackenzie . . . . . 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 . . . . . "

### ADDITIONAL ENLISTMENTS

J. M. Adams . . . . . Simcoe  
 W. E. Ainger . . . . . London, Eng.  
 J. W. Aitken . . . . . Winnipeg  
 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

C. H. Baker . . . . . Lethbridge  
 F. C. Barry . . . . . London, Eng.  
 W. R. Barram . . . . . Taber  
 G. Beckett . . . . . Montreal  
 H. R. Berrow . . . . . Supt's Dept.,  
 Winnipeg

W. R. Berwick . . . . . London, Eng.  
 A. W. Bevan . . . . . N. Winnipeg  
 J. F. Black . . . . . Lloydminster  
 J. M. Black . . . . . Langham  
 F. P. Blacklay . . . . . Delisle  
 F. C. G. Blandford . . . . . Toronto  
 R. D. Blott . . . . . Dunnville  
 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.  
 A. H. Buckland . . . . . Toronto  
 R. Buckley . . . . . Neepawa  
 E. F. Burchell . . . . . Sydney  
 C. E. Buzzell . . . . . Winnipeg  
 B. V. Cameron . . . . . Toronto  
 R. M. Canton . . . . . First St. West  
 Calgary

A. H. Carmichael . . . . . N. Victoria  
 R. S. Carroll . . . . . Toronto  
 H. A. Chaddock . . . . . Dunham  
 E. P. Charles . . . . . Langham  
 Lieut. J. M. Child . . . . . Oak Bay Ave.  
 Victoria

Lieut. T. G. Chisholm . . . . . Queen and  
 Bathurst, Toronto

W. G. Chisholm . . . . . Saskatoon  
 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  
 E. M. Cowling . . . . . Montreal  
 A. T. Croft . . . . . Windsor, N.S.  
 C. H. Crone . . . . . Wadena  
 E. W. A. Cronhelm . . . . . Fort Frances  
 R. E. M. Crotty . . . . . Grand Forks  
 A. R. Cunningham . . . . . Winnipeg  
 C. F. Currie . . . . . Prince Albert  
 Lieut. M. Currie . . . . . Calgary  
 R. H. Curtice . . . . . Winnipeg  
 R. J. Darcus . . . . . Medicine Hat  
 D. B. Darley . . . . . Nelson  
 D. Davis . . . . . Hastings &  
 Cambie, Vancouver

A. Davidson . . . . . Edmonton  
 Lieut. G. H. S. Dinsmore . . . . . Inspector's  
 Dept., Head Office

G. O. d'Ivry . . . . . St. Catherine  
 & City Hall, Montreal

Corp. R. A. Doiron . . . . . Antigonish  
 F. D. Donkin . . . . . Delisle  
 John C. Dow . . . . . Revelstoke  
 G. Duff . . . . . Alberton  
 J. Duncan . . . . . Yellowgrass  
 W. S. Duthie . . . . . Saskatoon  
 A. Edmonds . . . . . "  
 N. J. Egan . . . . . Wellington  
 Street, Sherbrooke

W. A. Elderkin . . . . . Blaine Lake  
 G. Elliott . . . . . Ottawa  
 G. M. Emerson . . . . . Windsor, N.S.  
 H. F. G. Findlay . . . . . Rivers  
 J. M. Findlay . . . . . Swift Current  
 K. C. Findlay . . . . . Retlaw  
 S. E. Fisher . . . . . London, Ont.  
 K. L. Fleming . . . . . Vernon  
 E. G. Foley . . . . . Melville  
 R. J. Forbes . . . . . Medicine Hat

ADDITIONAL ENLISTMENTS—continued

G. A. C. Forder ..... Lethbridge  
 Pay Sgt. W. A. Fowler ..... Montreal  
 C. J. Fox ..... Edmonton  
 E. S. Fox ..... Elbow  
 J. A. C. Fraser ..... Kindersley  
 O. K. J. V. Frijs ..... Hafford  
 A. Gaine ..... Keremeos  
 J. H. Galbraith ..... Langham  
 A. J. E. Gibson ..... Red Deer  
 R. B. Gibson ..... Sherbrooke  
 W. A. Gilbert ..... Dauphin  
 J. F. Glenn ..... Kamloops  
 C. Gordon ..... Calgary  
 B. F. Gossage ..... Bloor &  
 Yonge, Toronto  
 A. F. Graves ..... Nelson  
 R. Greacen ..... Langham  
 T. Greacen ..... Elgin  
 W. F. Griffith ..... Lloydminster  
 C. A. Harris ..... London, Eng.  
 C. D. Harrison ..... Vancouver  
 H. Hasenflug ..... Waterloo,  
 Ont.  
 Lieut. R. E. Heaslip ..... Cayuga  
 H. M. Henry ..... Middleton  
 R. I. Henry ..... Shellbrook  
 L. C. Herne ..... E. Vancouver  
 R. S. Hicks ..... Gleichen  
 R. Hilliard ..... Toronto  
 R. J. J. Hogg ..... Mt. Pleasant,  
 Vancouver  
 Lieut. G. K. Holland ..... Market,  
 Toronto  
 W. F. Holmes ..... Bengough  
 H. R. Honeyman ..... Waterville  
 G. F. Horspool ..... Cranbrook  
 I. H. Huehn ..... Market,  
 Toronto  
 R. P. Hughes ..... Edmonton  
 J. Hunter ..... Penticton  
 R. H. Hunter ..... Lethbridge  
 S. J. Hunter ..... Crossfield  
 W. A. T. Hunter ..... Gilroy  
 A. R. Ingram ..... Toronto  
 G. James ..... Winnipeg  
 J. R. Jessop ..... Alexander  
 Ave., Winnipeg  
 S. R. E. Jolley ..... Provost  
 H. A. Jones ..... London, Eng.  
 A. Kirkwood ..... Montague  
 W. M. Knowlson ..... Inspector's  
 Dept., Head Office  
 Hon.-Capt. T. C. Lamb ..... Walkerville  
 M. P. Lane ..... Revelstoke  
 Major W. Leggat ..... Montreal  
 G. E. Leishman ..... Queen and  
 Bathurst, Toronto  
 G. T. Lewis ..... Winnipeg  
 F. J. Little ..... Lloydminster  
 R. M. Livingstone ..... Champion

A. B. F. Lloyd ..... New West-  
 minster  
 StG. O. Lloyd ..... Winnipeg  
 C. D. Lwyd ..... Halifax  
 Lieut. K. H. C. Macardle ..... San Francisco  
 J. Macaulay ..... High River  
 E. C. MacCallum ..... Winnipeg  
 W. B. MacDuff ..... Gleichen  
 V. L. MacLroy ..... Milestone  
 E. M. Mackay ..... Vancouver  
 W. B. Mackay ..... St. Thomas  
 N. Macphee ..... Danforth and  
 Broadview, Toronto  
 R. H. Macpherson ..... Amherst  
 H. A. Macrae ..... Winnipeg  
 M. MacRae ..... Kindersley  
 F. J. Maginn ..... Marcellin  
 G. E. Manners ..... Calgary  
 Lieut. G. L. Marshall ..... Head Office  
 J. Marshall ..... Edam  
 G. Martin ..... Lake Saska-  
 toon  
 A. Martin-Davey ..... Kitsilano  
 F. M. Mathias ..... Mexico  
 J. H. Matkin ..... Kindersley  
 J. R. Mawhinney ..... First St. West,  
 Calgary  
 Lieut. E. C. Mee ..... Edmonton  
 Lieut. J. N. Mee ..... Peace River  
 Crossing  
 D. Miller ..... St. Catherine  
 and Metcalfe, Montreal  
 A. Milligan ..... London, Eng.  
 D. Milne ..... Peace River  
 Crossing  
 Lieut. V. Mitchel ..... Prince Arthur  
 & Park, Montreal  
 J. R. C. Moffatt ..... Supt's Dept.,  
 Winnipeg  
 T. Moore ..... Salmon Arm  
 C. Moreton ..... Thedford  
 Lieut. A. G. Morris ..... Elgin  
 W. M. Morrison ..... Vancouver  
 H. G. Murray ..... London, Eng.  
 W. A. McBride ..... Pincher Creek  
 J. A. B. McClure ..... Winnipeg  
 R. W. McConnell ..... Vermilion  
 E. D. McDonald ..... Moosejaw  
 J. W. McFarland ..... Strathmore  
 Lieut. T. C. McGill ..... Kingston  
 J. A. McGregor ..... New West-  
 minster  
 S. J. McGuffin ..... Portage Ave.,  
 Winnipeg  
 A. R. McIver ..... Parksville  
 J. L. McMurray ..... Moosejaw  
 H. McNiece ..... Winnipeg  
 C. McRobert ..... Toronto  
 T. G. McTaggart ..... Portage Ave.,  
 Winnipeg

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 C. R. S  
 J. E. N  
 W. J. M  
 R. C. N  
 I. L. K  
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 H. Phill  
 H. Porr  
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 D. P. P  
 S. H. R  
 Lieut. C  
 S. T. Re  
 A. G. R  
 A. P. Re  
 A. C. Ri  
 E. S. Ri  
 B. H. P  
 J. Robin  
 J. S. M  
 G. Roge  
 Lieut. H  
 Pay Sgt.  
 G. Ruber  
 Lieut. J  
 E. Rylie  
 G. C. Sa  
 W. Saunc  
 F. H. B  
 S. R. Say  
 A. C. Sco  
 C. V. Sco  
 J. R. D. S  
 W. G. Sco  
 C. G. Sed  
 C. F. Sinc  
 G. G. Sla  
 C. S. Smit  
 L. D. Smit

ADDITIONAL ENLISTMENTS—*continued*

H. P. Neil .....	Blake Street, Winnipeg	Sgt. L. P. Smith .....	Dunham
P. H. Nesbitt .....	N. Vancouver	M. H. Smith .....	Neepawa
C. R. S. Nicol .....	Winnipeg	N. D. Smith .....	Kamloops
J. E. Nixon .....	Sherbrooke	Lieut. J. C. Smythe .....	Montreal
W. J. Noblett .....	Kindersley	J. Somerville .....	Nutana
R. C. Notman .....	Woodstock	R. C. Sproule .....	Tabar
I. L. K. Nuttall .....	Strathcona	E. Stainton .....	London, Eng.
R. R. Oliver .....	Bloor & Yonge, Toronto	J. W. Stanway .....	Cudworth
Corp. W. G. O'Neill .....	Victoria	A. W. Stephens .....	Swift Current
G. J. O'Rorke .....	Strathcona	H. F. Stewart .....	Hanna
A. M. Parsons .....	Charlottetown	H. J. Stewart .....	Moosejaw
F. S. Parsons .....	Moosomin	T. E. W. Stewart .....	Montreal
N. E. Patton .....	St. Catharines	W. J. Stewart .....	Hanna
F. B. Pearson .....	Stratford	A. T. Stoner .....	Crediton
M. A. Pearson .....	London, Ont.	G. Strange .....	Innisfail
F. R. Peirson .....	Wellington Street, Sherbrooke	F. H. Striker .....	Prince Arthur & Park, Montreal
E. J. Peto .....	Central Butte	G. A. Stubbins .....	Langham
H. Phillips .....	Yonge & Queen, Toronto	G. W. Suter .....	Colingwood
H. Porrior .....	Alberton	G. D. Tainsh .....	Pincher Creek
H. E. Pratt .....	Nokomis	P. K. Tandy .....	Winnipeg
D. P. Pyke .....	Saskatoon	N. C. O., F. I. Tanner .....	Briercrest
S. H. Rapson .....	Toronto	A. H. Taylor .....	Fredericton
Lieut. C. W. F. Rawle .....	Inspector's Dept., Head Office	A. H. Templeton .....	Virden
S. T. Read .....	Saskatoon	W. L. Thayer .....	Granby
A. G. Reid .....	Nelson	David S. Thompson .....	Niagara Falls
A. P. Reid .....	Goderich	M. H. Thursby .....	Herbert
A. C. Rigsby .....	Toronto	S. E. Tidy .....	Mount Royal, Calgary
E. S. Ripplingale .....	Alexander Ave., Winnipeg	C. C. Tripp .....	London, Eng.
B. H. P. Robinson .....	Vernon	W. Tucker .....	St. John's, Nfld.
J. Robinson .....	London, Eng.	S. Turk .....	Mt. Pleasant, Vancouver
J. S. M. Robson .....	Nelson	C. O. Tweedy .....	Saskatoon
G. Rogers .....	Calgary	E. F. P. Tydd .....	Strathcona
Lieut. H. E. Rose .....	Collingwood	W. J. S. Tydd .....	Hardisty
Pay Sgt. W. T. L. Ross .....	Winnipeg	Capt. H. E. Tylor .....	St. Thomas
G. Rubery .....	Rainy River	H. C. Walcot .....	Winnipeg
Lieut. J. E. Ryerson .....	Wychwood, Toronto	H. St. J. Walkden .....	Watson
E. Ryrie .....	Spadina & College, Toronto	J. V. Walker .....	Strathcona
G. C. Saunders .....	Grouard	F. S. Walthew .....	London, Eng.
W. Sanderson .....	Stavely	R. J. Ward .....	Lethbridge
F. H. B. Saxon .....	Sault Ste. Marie	Lieut. J. S. Watson .....	Peterboro
S. R. Say .....	Vancouver	P. B. Watson .....	Blaine Lake
A. C. Scott .....	Innisfail	A. M. Watt .....	Nanton
C. V. Scott .....	Regina	N. L. Wells .....	Regina
J. R. D. Scott .....	Vancouver	R. D. West .....	Winnipeg
W. G. Scott .....	Toronto	W. C. West .....	First St. West Calgary
C. G. Seddall .....	Calgary	C. D. Whaley .....	Delisle
G. F. Sinclair .....	Toronto	G. Whitehead .....	Penticton
C. G. Slaker .....	Pandora & Cook, Victoria	C. G. Whittaker .....	Market, Toronto
C. S. Smith .....	Rockyford	Lieut. E. R. C. Wilcox .....	Melfort
L. D. Smith .....	Alexander Ave., Winnipeg	H. P. Williams .....	Grouard
		J. S. Williams .....	Winnipeg
		Alex. Wilson .....	Melville
		J. W. Wilson .....	Cranbrook
		E. I. Winnall .....	Bedford
		A. C. Wittet .....	Lethbridge



**ADDITIONAL ENLISTMENTS—continued**

D. B. Woolley.....	Earlscourt, Toronto	H. G. Wylde.....	Halifax
E. J. Wray.....	Edmonton	Lieut. W. D. Wynn.....	Mount Royal, Calgary
W. L. Wray.....	Prince Albert		

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## NOTES

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We are glad to say that Lieut. Glen N. Gordon, formerly of Stratford, who was some time previously reported killed in action, is now reported a prisoner of war in Germany.

Mr. J. K. Patterson, formerly of the First St. West (Calgary) branch, has secured a commission in the Royal Fusiliers, 15th Battalion.

Mr. E. H. K. Macardle, formerly of the San Francisco branch, has secured a commission with the 14th Service Battalion, Manchester Regiment.

Mr. A. G. Morris, formerly of the Elgin branch, has secured a commission with the 4th Gordon Highlanders.

Mr. C. W. F. Rawle, late of the Head Office staff, has secured a commission with the 9th Worcestershire Regiment and has been engaged in the Dardanelles operations. We have since received advice that Mr. Rawle has been wounded but is doing well.

Mr. V. Mitchel, late of the Prince Arthur and Park (Montreal) branch, has secured a commission in the 12th Royal Inniskillen Fusiliers.

Mr. G. H. Armstrong, formerly of the Peace River Crossing branch, has secured a commission in the 10th Norfolk Regiment.

Mr. H. P. Williams, late of the Grouard branch, is taking out a commission in the Inns of Court, Officers' Training Corps, Birkhamstead.

Mr. E. C. Mee, late of the Edmonton branch, has received a commission in the 4th Battalion, Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

Mr. J. N. Mee, formerly of the Peace River Crossing branch, has secured a commission in the 31st Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Forces.

Mr. H. W. Harrison, late of the Niagara Falls branch, has received a commission in the 3rd Battalion Lincolns.

Mr. H. B. de Montmorency, formerly of the Winnipeg staff, has received a commission in the Border Regiment, 6th Battalion, and is engaged in the Dardanelles operations.

Mr. T. C. Lamb, late of the Walkerville branch, has received a commission as temporary Paymaster and Honorary Captain in the Princess Patricias.

Mr. W. D. Wynne, formerly of the Mount Royal (Calgary) branch, has now received a commission in the 3rd Reserve Battalion of the Royal Irish Regiment.

Mr. J. M. Child, late of the Oak Bay Ave. (Victoria) branch, has secured a commission in the 13th Durham Light Infantry.

We are glad to have received advice that Pte. James Wood, who was advised among the list of casualties in the first pamphlet, proves not to have been the same as Trooper James Wood of the Fort Garry Horse, who was formerly a member of the staff at Fort Frances.

Pte. J. A. Brice, formerly Accountant at St. John, N.B., now holds the rank of Lance-Corporal in the 55th Battalion, C.E.F., and Mr. H. G. Raymond, formerly in the same office, holds similar rank in the 26th Battalion.

We are advised that Pte. C. W. Lipsham, whose name appeared in the Honour Roll in pamphlet 1 as having died of wounds, was killed in action. He came safely through the battle of Langemark, but was shot in the head by a sniper just as he was getting into his "dugout" in the reserve trenches.

We are advised that Pte. Douglas A. Wilson, formerly of the Montreal branch, joined the 10th King's (Liverpool Scottish) Regiment in November last. After a long spell in the trenches near Ypres he was invalided home with frosted feet, resulting in the amputation of one of his toes. He has since rejoined his regiment and has been promoted to Corporal.

Mr. R.S.M. Beatson, formerly of the Vancouver branch, obtained a commission in the Kings Own Yorkshire Light Infantry in the early part of the year. He was wounded at Hooge by a piece of shrapnel, but is now doing well.

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## LETTERS FROM BANK OFFICERS AT THE FRONT

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PRIVATE JAMES H. LOVETT, late of the Winnipeg staff, writes from France under date of 5th May, 1915, as follows:

"I received your welcome letter before we left our old billets to take part in the big fight in Belgium. Our regiment had eighteen days in the trenches, first line and reserve. I believe all of the other battalions were placed in much the same way. The Germans made a desperate attempt to break through but so far have not been successful. Three times we were relieved only to be sent back a few hours later to a different position. I did not have my boots off for ten days, some of the boys stood it for about eighteen days. We lost many fine chaps. Cruickshank is in the hospital (not serious), hit by shrapnel in the back. Bean is missing. This brave lad, I believe, was led astray into the German trenches with a party of others by a German spy. Low and Fraser are well. The terrible effects of modern artillery fire can scarcely be described. I did not see as much as a great many of the boys, but what I saw was quite sufficient. We were relieved one morning at 5 a.m. only to be sent back about 10 a.m. to relieve the French who had been driven back by the awful gas; we advanced in files over fields, etc., under a terrific shrapnel fire, and lay right in front of our own guns which had stopped firing for a few moments. They soon started and the gunners shouted for us to lie down. The din was so terrible we could not hear them, and working as we were like mad with our entrenching tools to get under cover we nearly got into trouble. Our very ear drums were almost put out of commission to say nothing of our other risks. We are now out of the trenches resting in our new billets. We marched twenty-two miles night before last over cobblestone roads and in darkness. Nearly two-thirds of the boys had to go into other billets for the night as it was too much after such a long spell in the trenches.

"I conveyed your message to all of the Commerce men here, and all of the boys were impressed with the kindly interest you had taken in their welfare. It was grand news to hear the hockey team had done so well,"

CAPTAIN H. A. DUNCAN, formerly a member of the staff of the Hamilton branch, writes an interesting letter to his father, the Manager at Collingwood, regarding his experience at Langemark. The letter is dated 13th May, 1915:

"You may like to hear something of what happened to my company of the Sixteenth during the battle of Langemark. At about 4 a.m. we reached our

billet. The next day our billet was changed to a place farther back, and on the afternoon of the same day about 5 o'clock the German artillery opened a very heavy fire on the firing line, on the roads and farms, putting Jack Johnsons into Ypres (these shells make a hole five feet deep by about twenty feet in diameter). About this time we received orders to dig ourselves in on the canal bank and await further orders. At 6 p.m. the French began falling back and told us of the gas the Germans were using. At 8 p.m. we received orders to move forward, and we formed up on the canal road and moved to the right through Ypres, on the way crossing "Suicide Corner", a spot at the head of the canal. This place has been shelled every day for months. It was here that we had our first casualty, one man being hit in the side, three ribs being broken. We doubled through the town and on toward the firing line for about two miles. It was heavy work, as the men had on their full equipment and an extra hundred rounds. When we got within a half a mile of the firing line we extended in lines of half a battalion at one pace interval and lay down. We had been very lucky thus far, having only lost one man, for nearly everybody had been touched on the way up by bits of shells. Shortly orders came to take the trench on the left front. This time the shells had more effect. One I know accounted for two of my platoon and four of No. 12. We were now so close they could not shell us. Everything was fairly quiet in front except for an occasional burst of machine guns and rifle fire. When we were within three hundred yards of the trench we came upon a thick hedge, and after some delay we managed to get through. The fire was getting quite hot. From the hedge we made a rush of about fifty yards. By this time they had spotted us and the fire was awful, coming, it seemed, from all directions, making a steady roar. We pushed forward another hundred yards or so, and when the fire slackened for a moment the front line charged, followed by the second line about twenty yards in the rear. We bayoneted the Germans who remained in the trench and chased the balance who had make for the wood in the rear of the trench. It was here that we re-captured three 4.7 guns. After clearing the wood we were ordered into the trench. Here we found all sorts of German equipment, rifles, bayonets, packs, rations, drums, etc. We worked all night trying to make the trench shell-proof as possible. At daybreak they started shelling us and kept it up all day. It was an awful day. Men blown out of a trench was a common occurrence, leaving nothing but possibly a boot or a Glengarry. In one case a shell burst over the trench, wounding three of my men. One crawled out to the tall grass in the rear and made his way to the dressing station. Another who received eight wounds in one leg hopped across the open to the grass. The third was so badly hit he could not move, and his brother and pal volunteered to get him out. (All wounded stayed in the trenches until dark unless they were able to get out by themselves). Having no stretcher they had to drag him, and after working for nearly an hour in the open they got him to the edge of the grass when a sniper got him. The poor chap died an hour or so later, but both volunteers got through safely. That night we collected the wounded we were unable to get out the previous night. Some had been in the wood nearly twenty-four hours unable to get out. We found one of my platoon and a German both dead with a bayonet through one another's throats. As very few brought rations we lived on what the Germans had left as they were fairly good.

"The second day was much the same as the first. On the third at about 8 a.m. we were relieved. In getting out we had to crawl about four hundred

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yards along a sort of ditch which was about a foot deep and full of stagnant water, at the end of which we got over from a hedge. From here we went back about five hundred yards and dug ourselves in. In doing this we had very little trouble except from snipers who were in a barn on our left. It wasn't long before their artillery got the range, and then for the four days we were there we were shelled incessantly. Only one came in my fort, doing little damage, burying an n. c. o. whom we soon dug out. Beyond a shaking up he was none the worse for his experience. To add to our discomfort it rained on the second day, thus doing away with any sleep we might have been able to get. On the morning of the fifth day we arrived at a billet where we expected to get a rest. After having something to eat we lay down at the most convenient place and went to sleep. At 9 a.m. we were awakened and ordered forward again, with orders to dig ourselves in about a mile ahead. (When the battalion lined up there were about three hundred who answered the roll call. A number of men broke down, some going off their heads.) In the afternoon we moved farther up and again dug ourselves in. Here we stayed for three days and managed to get a little sleep, although they shelled us almost continuously. On the third night we returned to billets, but had to dig ourselves in as they were shelling the surrounding houses. The next night we were again ordered forward to occupy a line of trenches in rear of the French, where we stayed for two days, then we again moved forward, digging ourselves in once more. On the morning of the sixth day we were relieved, going back three miles, where we bivouaced for the day. That night we marched to our rest billets, eighteen miles. When we arrived we were a sorry-looking company, about half strength and two officers, Capt. Frank Morrison of Hamilton and myself. Everyone had sore feet on account of the long march and having had to keep our boots on all this time. During all this time I don't think anybody had more than twelve hours' sleep. Since being in these billets we have been congratulated by a number of generals. The remaining officers were introduced to General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien who congratulated us personally.

"Enough cannot be said for the men. They behaved like veterans, never wavered for an instant, and took whatever came without a word of complaint."

**PRIVATE JAMES H. LOVETT**, a former member of the Winnipeg staff, writes from Northern France, 23rd May, 1915, as follows:

"We had some time at Ypres about a month ago and had much the same during the past week. John Low was killed. He died game, and I went up two days later and helped bury him. Our line had advanced and we had nothing to bother us except an occasional shell. It was in this spot we were caught when advancing to make a flank attack. No. 4 Company from the "Peg". The Germans saw us advancing into the trench and shelled us. Parapets, sand bags, everything seemed to fly. The boy on my right was killed and the three chaps on my left were completely buried in sand bags, the result of a big shell. We managed to get them out. I hear a new (250) draft of Camerons are coming. I guess we will need almost the whole of them to make up our company. The boys are not lacking in spirit and sang nearly all the way back from the trenches last night.

"Bean is missing and Cruickshank is in England wounded. Fraser is well. We have the Germans going here at R———. The Old Guards say our lads are fine and helped our boys back over the parapets of their trench when we were being relieved."

The following is an extract of a letter from PRIVATE A. P. GLASGOW, a former member of the staff of the Wadena branch, dated 27th May, 1915:

"Thanks very much for your letter, etc. I have had some exciting times about since I last wrote you, a bayonet charge being the most stirring. We captured a trench from the Germans in it, but they unfortunately could not pluck up nerve enough to wait for us, and the gleam of our bayonets in the moonlight and our Indian yell caused them to beat it in a most undignified manner, leaving only a few wounded and "Landsturm" behind them. They made a couple of very vicious counter attacks next day, but we managed to keep them out with heavy loss to themselves. Fortunately I came through the whole thing without a scratch, though the reaction afterwards left me with nerves somewhat shaken. We are back having a rest now, and I am thankful to get away from those guns for a while. The German artillery is deadly, but their infantry is a comparative joke. I have seen Goodale several times. His regiment went into action the night we left. I hope he came through all right."

TROOPER T. L. GOLDEN, of the Strathcona Horse, formerly of the Wetaskiwin branch, writes an extremely interesting letter from France dated 30th May, 1915. It is quoted in full:

"I am going to give you a few impressions of my first few days in the trenches. As you know, we volunteered to go in as infantry, pending arrival of reinforcements of Canadian Infantry. After two weeks of marching all over the north of France we at last went into the reserve trenches on Saturday, 22nd May. The reserve trenches consist of a very strong wall of sacks filled with sand, and behind are bomb-proof shelters and dugouts. The Germans shelled the place for all they were worth until well on Sunday, when they ceased for awhile. They did no damage however. About noon on Sunday our troops got orders to go down to the front lines in a very shallow communication trench and to bring down boxes of ammunition and bombs. When we were in the communication trench they shelled us. I thought my end had surely come. We were all lying down flat. Several of the boys were killed and wounded around this place. My head was between the feet of the man in front of me, whose right foot was almost blown off by a fragment of a shell. All that was left of the troop (10) went forward and after various little experiences arrived at the front trench and delivered our goods. It was on my way here that I saw the Germans deliberately turn a machine gun on four fellows who were carrying out a wounded man. I am afraid I called those Huns some very impolite names at that point. At noon we found we had to repair about two hundred yards of communication trench that had been blown away in the morning. Before starting this we decided to have dinner, so we

"dug ourselves in" and wrestled with some bully beef and hard tack. This finished we picked up our shovels and picks and started out. We were just about one hundred yards from our "dugout" and in a very exposed place, when they started the fire works. There was a sand bank there and we rushed for it. I dug a hole with my nose and hugged it tight. You would think the ten of us were frozen to the bank, we lay so close. A shell hit the bank immediately above my head and two of us were absolutely covered with sand and clay. There was a dirty, green, slimy pool immediately behind where we lay. A shell burst right in it and presto, we were all covered with green slime and pieces of frogs and everything. After about fifteen minutes the fire subsided and our guns started to go. It surely was the sweetest music to hear our shells whistling over there and making the Germans keep quiet.

"When it all stopped I shook myself and took a look around. My haversack was riddled and there was a great piece of shell imbedded in my tin of bully beef. My emergency ration of biscuits was all broken up into crumbs. A cartridge pouch was completely shot off my belt and not a shell in it exploded. Two of our boys were wounded. I had a piece of shrapnel in the fleshy part of my thigh. I got it out yesterday and am "right as paint" now.

"Just about this time I saw some of the finest examples of pluck that a person could see. One sergeant had a great piece torn out of his right arm. He calmly put his left hand into his pocket, pulled out a knife, opened it with his teeth, and slit his coat sleeve. Then took a field dressing out of his pocket and bandaged himself. When it was done he called the corporal of his troop and gave him charge. Another place there were two fellows carrying ammunition to the front trenches. The front one got wounded and said 'Say, mate, can you possibly carry the two boxes up? I'm wounded'. Just as he said it the other chap fell. He said, 'By Gosh, I copped it myself, Jack'. Then No. 1 said that the boys in front might be badly in need of it and that they would have to get it up anyway. So away they went; one with blood oozing out through his puttee and the other with his arm nearly shot off. These are only a couple of the thousands that happen every day. Americans are, and always have been, rather too ready to look down upon the Britisher as a good-for-nothing lady-like sissy, but if you only saw him as I did you would 'take off your hat' to him as the pluckiest and most manly fellow in the whole world. You should see them go and pick up a wounded comrade under shell fire. Perhaps I had better describe shell fire. First you hear it coming as a dull moan, then it gradually develops into a weird whistle, then a shriek and the earth rocks under you; you are covered with mud and earth and you are glad you are alive. Simultaneously with the bursting of a shell come the cries and moans of the wounded. When you are exposed to this for quite a while it gets rather nerve-racking. My left ear is singing yet.

"To continue my narrative, though, it was utterly impossible to work that afternoon, so we went into a dugout and rested, all dust. When dusk came we carried out the wounded, and another fellow and I went up to headquarters. An officer there took and gave us a fine hot supper. This finished, we marched right back to the trenches. It was midnight when we got there, and we worked till 6 p.m. the next evening, fortifying a communication trench. While we were here a party of Germans came along with bombs to try and throw at us. We fixed our bayonets and started to climb over the parapets. Just as soon as they saw the steel they ran as fast as their legs could take them. The day passed rather



uneventfully, except that the snipers kept things going. I had a few narrow escapes myself. That night we were relieved in the front trenches and went to the reserve. We slept all day in the reserves (we hadn't slept a wink for four days), and in the evening we started on a very welcome march back to the billets where we still are. The net result of our work was that the Huns were driven back nearly half a mile and we captured several trenches. Besides this we had withstood as hot a bombardment as has any in the war. Not bad for green troops first time in the fire, is it?

"And now I've had a good hot bath, some new clothing, lots of civilized food and lots of sleep, and am feeling as good as ever.

"My impressions are many—here are a few of them: (1) The man who said "War is hell" is right to the letter. (2) There is no pluckier man in the world than the British soldier. (3) The Germans are a poor bunch, especially those who indulge in firing on Red Cross parties. And lastly if ever I come through the war it will take a hell of a lot to thoroughly scare me.

"Now, you've got a description of the little bit of war I saw. I find, on looking over the description, that it is a very poor one. Please goodness, I'll be able to tell it to you by word of mouth one of these days."

**LIEUT. F. C. BIGGAR**, former Manager at Virden, writes from France on 3rd June, 1915, an interesting letter which has quoted at some length:

"I think I didn't give you any news of leaving England and the break up of the 32nd. The Canadian casualties at Ypres were so heavy that they rushed us over at three days' notice to fill the gaps.

"Since arriving we have seen a fair amount of country behind the British line. We marched mostly at night which is less interesting but safer and cooler, and are billeted in farms or bivouac in fields. You would be surprised how comfortable one can be with a couple of blankets lying on a tiled floor, and when it is fine out of doors its first-rate, unless too cold.

"Our first spell in the trenches began a week ago last Saturday night. The one we occupied was the original British front line one during the winter, but owing to the capture of two German trenches we were some distance from the actual firing line. It was really a sand bag breastwork, not a trench, but was well constructed, and there were enough booby huts and dugouts to give us all sleeping accommodation. A booby hut is a low sort of dog kennel with roof and walls made of sandbags, and a dugout is much the same but dug down instead of built up. They afford fair protection from shell, splinters or shrapnel, but of course can't keep out shells, if hit.

"After six days of this they moved us to another part of the line two or three miles away.

"The change was made at night, as usual, and it was rather a weird feeling travelling along in single file over breastworks, across ditches, through barbed wire entanglements, the whole more or less lighted by the moon and the vast number of star shells thrown up by the Germans. These latter are rather like a big Roman candle ball and light a very large extent of ground, while they are much better than those issued to the British. Every now and then you would hear the whiz of a bullet overhead, but these were just strays and not aimed at us, though if they hit they hurt just as much.

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"We had one very close call while digging a communicating trench between our own and No. 4's. A fair sized shell struck the edge of the trench fairly while it was filled with our men at only a yard distance from each other. Had it burst in the air instead of on the ground it would probably have bagged a dozen or more, but as it was it killed only one and slightly wounded another. I was about twenty feet away but hearing the whistle in the air I dropped to my knees, but I could feel the suction and concussion of the air when the explosion came. Afterwards I was told by the man nearest to the place that half a minute before I had been standing on the exact spot where the shell struck, and if my subconscious intuition continues to serve me as well in future I shall come home scatheless.

"We are now back in billets for a few days' rest, and one realizes that there has been a strain, from the reaction which leaves us all a little irritable and nervous, as you may judge from this scrawl.

"It will be years before the section now being fought over regains a normal look, but where we are within six miles of the line, there are no signs of war, the fields are under crop, the houses in good repair, and the people living apparently a quiet, peaceful life. The change in coming from the trenches seems odd but very pleasant."

**MR. E. L. YEO**, of the London, Eng., staff, writes from "Somewhere in France" under date of 3rd June, 1915, as follows:

"Since last writing our battalion has been taking an active part in the British advance (promised as you may perhaps remember by Lord Kitchener some months ago). This advance is a steady one, but obviously cannot be rapid as the obstacles to be overcome are numerous. For instance, the plain here is dotted with villages and isolated farm houses; each of these has been transformed by the tireless German into (in the case of the farm house) a miniature fortress and (in the case of villages) a collection of small forts which, when defended by innumerable machine guns prove 'tough nuts' only to be broken down by a steady bombardment of our own artillery. As you no doubt already know, high explosive is used in this connection, shrapnel being used when the inmates of the forts mentioned are more or less exposed to fire, their defences having been partially destroyed by high explosive. The system often used by us in capturing trenches is also interesting. Following a heavy bombardment of a portion of the enemy's line a bayonet charge is made on same. A footing is thus made and a bombing party then comes into action. The bombing party consists of a number of men armed with hand bombs who are immediately preceded by others with fixed bayonets. Bombs are hurled over the heads of the latter people at the enemy, the demoralized survivors of which are summarily dealt with by the bayonet men. At the time of writing our machine gun teams are occupying trenches situated south of our last position. The enemy are about one thousand yards distant, and consequently things are very quiet indeed, occasional shells being our only trouble. The weather lately, and which still continues, is brilliant."

**MR. A. C. CATON**, of the London, Eng., staff, writes a further letter dated Belgium, 6th June, 1915, as follows:

"We are now in a much hotter quarter than we were in before. It was quite close here that your compatriots so distinguished themselves a few weeks ago, and you and all the other Canadians in the office have every reason to feel proud of them. Not only our own men out here, but also the French and Belgians whom we have come across, speak very enthusiastically about them.

"We moved from our old part of the line about a fortnight ago. We had a four hours' night march down to the base, where we were reviewed by Sir John French, and another four hours' march to this part of the line next day. The town itself, which we came through on our way into the trenches, is a sight which I shall never forget. The whole place had been systematically shelled, and there is hardly a house left standing, nothing but huge pits in the ground and heaps of debris. The road was being shelled as we came along, so it was a case of lying flat when we heard a shell coming and then going on again at the double. To-day (8th) the Germans have been shelling us in the trenches off and on the whole day with both shrapnel and high explosives, commonly known as 'coal-boxes'. Against the latter there is no protection at all, as they make huge pits in the ground. One can only sit tight and hope for them to miss. The nearest one to me landed about a dozen yards away and almost buried me with the earth thrown up."

PRIVATE W. H. GOODALE, of the Wadena branch,  
writes under date of 6th June, 1915, as follows:

"I must send you a few lines to let know that I am O. K. and that the Huns have not got me yet. We have been out here a month now and have had our 'baptism of fire' four days, as the casualty lists will have shown. I could write much about those four days, but the censor would not like it, perhaps.

"It is really extraordinary how small the world is. In a square mile of French Flanders, several weeks ago, I met practically all the fellows I knew in the first contingent from Brandon and other places. They all got through the Ypres affair, and through this last one too, as I have seen them continually since. Glasgow, who came out about two weeks before me, I have seen several times. From what I gathered he had some very close shaves in this last affair; his battalion suffered very heavily.

"We have just had a church parade, but it was a very extraordinary one on account of the possibility of a shell interrupting the service.

"My brother and I had quite an interesting experience the other night. We went for a stroll into an adjacent village into which the Huns dropped a few shells every evening about 7 o'clock, but of that fact we were unaware. We had just come out of a little 'Estaminet' at the corner of the square and had gone about fifteen yards up the street when, biff! one came about thirty yards behind us. I must confess I was more scared than at any time in the trenches, it was so unexpected, and the yapping women and old fogies quite unnerved me. About thirty seconds later another one came, this time much nearer, two glasses, etc., fell all around me; an old chap standing near me got his cheek cut and the toe of his slipper, but I wasn't even scratched. If my brother had accepted my offer of another drink in that little pub (which if you knew my brother you would think most probable) we should just have been about coming out of the door and the tale would run differently. So in future when we curse this awful stuff they sell as beer out here we must remember it once did us a good turn."

PRIVATE F. S. WALTHER, of the London, Eng., staff, who joined the London Naval Division last December, writes from the Dardanelles on 8th June, 1915, as follows:

"Thank you very much for your letter of good wishes which I received last Wednesday just before leaving for the firing line. Unfortunately I stopped a bullet with my left arm on Sunday and am now on board a hospital ship, recovering. I came off rather better than I might have done, as the bullet, which was fired by a sniper behind our trench while I was looking through a periscope, went through the upper part of my arm, cutting the artery and finished up by making a big dent in my cigarette case which I had in my left breast pocket. We arrived out here about a fortnight ago and have been under artillery fire all the time, which necessitated our entrenching ourselves as soon as we landed. However, we did not suffer much from this as we were not near the Red Cross depot, which seems to be the chief target. The Turks are in a very strong position just where we are and at least fifty thousand strong, but we are advancing a little every day and will have them out before long. The French artillery is fine and seem able to hit anything, while our own, backed by the fleet, give the enemy a pretty warm time. The Turks have lost very heavily, but seem to be innumerable."

MR. N. E. LAWSON, of the London, Eng., staff, writes under date of 13th June, 1913, as follows:

"We came down yesterday after our first spell in our new line of trenches. We were in a very peculiar position indeed. Situated in the grounds of an old chateau, we held the stables and half of the garden, and the Germans held the other half. Our section was in the chicken run. The worst part of it was the appalling stench, as the fighting had been very heavy round there. Our place was very bad; it may have been the dead chickens,—a wit said it was the coachman.

"There is a rumour out here that K's new army have decided to remain neutral. Is it true?

"There is a pretty little village quite near us, with a very fine church, but the Germans knocked the steeple off it last night and have rather spoiled the effect.

"Ypres was the town I told you was knocked to bits."

MR. E. L. STEWART PATTERSON, the Acting Inspector, writes as follows regarding a voyage on his way to London, Eng., in June:

"We had a very pleasant but uneventful voyage until we neared Liverpool, when, as you no doubt saw by the papers, we encountered two submarines. One of them we nearly rammed, but it took a dive and fortunately miscalculated our speed and instead of coming up on our broadside came up about a hundred

yards to the rear. By the time it had got turned around and its gasoline engine going we had made considerable headway, and though it followed us for about half an hour finally gave up pursuit. It had no opportunity to discharge any torpedoes because it would only have wasted them to have shot at our stern; even if the aim was good the propellers would have deflected the torpedoes. The other submarine just looked at us, but made no attempt to follow as it saw our speed was in excess of its own. There was very little excitement on board and the whole matter was taken very casually."

**MR. F. S. WALTHER**, of the London, Eng., branch, writes from the Dardanelles as follows, dated Mudros, Lemnos, 3rd July, 1915:

"I am still in hospital here but hope to return to the front next week. We are getting on well out here, but have not yet got through the Straits, as some papers suggest. We are closing in on Achi Baba, the big hill which is stopping us, and last Monday advanced a thousand yards, taking prisoners, ammunition and thirty machine guns. Our losses have been heavy but the Turks' enormous. They suffer a great deal from the big guns of the fleet and also from the French 75's."

**PRIVATE J. McQUOID**, formerly of the Phoenix staff, writes from France on 3rd July as follows:

"This is just to let you know that I am still in the land of the living, and at the present time I am feeling very fit again. I just returned from hospital a few days ago, being there for about a month suffering from concussion of shell, which I got while in action up at a place called Festubert. I guess you will have read about the doings of Canadians in the papers. No doubt you will remember Sid Jennings and Pitt Pladdy of Phoenix; well Pladdy was killed and Sid is reported missing and believed to be killed. Harry Sewell also is wounded.

"I guess you will be rather surprised at the above address, the reason being that when the 30th Battalion left Shorncliffe for the front they went to reinforce the different battalions of the First Contingent and our company happened to reinforce the 48th Highlanders of Toronto. How would you like to see me in kilts?"

"I have seen quite a bit of France, but, of course, we have not seen the gay side of it, such as Paris and all around there. However, I have been to one or two nice seaside places during my sickness and the time I was convalescent. It certainly is a very great country for farming, the ground all being so level and fertile, and I must say the French people know how to plant things."

**MR. A. C. CATON**, of the London, Eng., staff, writes a further letter from Belgium, dated 4th July, 1915, as follows:

"Your surmise as to our position is quite correct, and I can assure you it is a pretty hot quarter, as we are shelled every day. A week or two ago, fol

lowing upon an attack in which we played a small part and through which the Germans lost three lines of trenches opposite us, we were shelled incessantly for over twenty-four hours. Obviously the Deutschers are not in urgent need of a new Ministry of Munitions yet. One piece of shell flicked my ear in the course of its flight, and another portion hit me on the head, which was fortunately hard enough to withstand the shock.

"They also tried to gas us, but it was not a very great success from their point of view. Certainly the noxious fumes reached us all right as they came over in the form of shells, but as the wind was in our favour the gas was blown back to their own lines.

"After the above happenings we lived in reserve dugouts on the banks of the canal for a week, and had plenty of bathing and some boating. We had quite a good time there except that we were sent out digging every night from 8 o'clock until two in the morning. We then had a week further back still, in wooden huts on the edge of a wood and had a delightful time.

"One of the chief annoyances, however, is the number of lice which get into one's clothing and stubbornly hold on to their position as though quite proud of the part they are playing in the war."

**PRIVATE GLASGOW**, formerly of the Wadena staff, wrote a letter on 4th July, from which the following is extracted :

"Since I last wrote you I have become a bomb thrower (*i. e.* one who casts hand grenades). I like it much better than the ordinary trench work, for we don't have to do any sentry duty at nights—only being used when we are making an attack or else to repel a German attack. We are kept in a separate company and are attached to the brigade.

"We have just lately been moved to a quiet part of the firing line, a most welcome change from the last couple of places we toured in. After being at the front for a month or so, one's appetite for bloodshed and excitement becomes somewhat sated, and when we get a chance to take things easy for a while, no one raises any objections. They say you can have too much of a good thing.

"I like these Belgians very much. They are good-hearted people, and when we are back having a rest in the billets they are awfully good to us. I think I like them better than the French."

**LIEUT. V. CURRAN**, formerly Assistant Accountant at Winnipeg, writes from England under recent date. While the letter does not come from the field of active operations, it contains items of a certain amount of interest which are quoted :

"As our company happened to be detailed for duty to-day and all men on fatigue, I am able to steal a few minutes for letters to my friends. I thought perhaps you might be interested in a brief summary of our trip. The ocean voyage was delightful and the weather all that could be desired. We sailed on the Grampian, and one of the best evidences that Britannia rules the seas was

the fact that we sailed practically across the ocean without escort. Two destroyers met us on the last day and took us into Devonport, which, as you perhaps know, is the Admiralty side of Plymouth.

"Our camp is beautifully situated in a valley or rather a hillside where we get shelter from the cool sea breezes and the dust from the plain above. We are only a mile from the sea and on a clear day we can see France quite distinctly. It is most interesting to walk along the Lees, as the promenade is called, and watch the channel shipping. There is a naval air station just near us so we are daily treated with the sight of either aeroplanes or dirigibles flying over us and it is really a most wonderful sight, especially the dirigibles. They also have three armoured cars filled with guns for use against hostile air craft, and these are kept at Hythe together with a large motor cycle corps for notifying outlying stations.

"We have no idea yet as to whether we are going to be brigaded or used as reinforcements and don't much care, the main thing being to get over and do our bit. England has still to find ways and means to make use of and get into service a large number of men who are so far shirking their part."

### LIEUT. F. C. BIGGAR writes from Belgium 24th July, 1915, as follows:

"Please excuse the pencil, but ink will be a very scarce article until we go back to billets next time. A bottle is such a dangerous thing to pack in one's knapsack that as a rule we fill our fountain pens and keep them for addressing envelopes or writing important field messages.

"Since I wrote you last we have been following the regular routine, so many days in the trenches and then so many in billets, but in between trench spells we have moved about and each time have occupied a new part of the line.

"We have not as yet had to repel a German attack nor have we been directly mixed up in one of our own though we were called on to support one made by the battalion on our left. This was distinctly our warmest proposition since I joined for there was a three day bombardment by both sides culminating in three hours of tremendous firing that was absolutely deafening and the explosion of an immense mine dug by our engineers under the German trench.

"That sort of warfare is most trying and it is hard to keep from being restless when it is possible the Bosches are boring under your line and you may be sent sky high any moment.

"Since then we have had quiet lines with only casual daily shell fire, but even in these, sniping both day and night is steady, and thoughtless exposure is paid for.

"Just now we are in an ideal spot, reserve trenches scattered through the woods on a big Belgian estate. This is said to be the summer home of King Albert, and the chateau must have been a fine one with a garden all around it, a big conservatory and an artificial stream with water falls running through it. Now the chateau and conservatory are a mass of ruins, for the Germans have shelled them again and again. The wood is quite thick with underbrush and huge trees, for in this country they seem to have practised reforestation and conservation for a good many years. Through this run innumerable bridle paths and it is quite easy to get lost. There is little game to be seen now, but they say that the troops here last winter lived on pheasants.

"We wonder when the great British offensive is going to begin, for unless we or the Germans start something soon on a large scale, the war may drag on for another year, while a winter campaign seems almost a certainty. This is not a very pleasant prospect to any of us.

"The authorities have now begun to grant leave but it is on a very small scale. Five men and one officer per battalion are granted six days leave each week. On that basis as a junior officer my turn wont come till November I expect.

"We were inspected a week ago by Sir John French and got a good look at that great soldier. While on our way to these trenches we marched past Sir Robert Borden. Canada is doing well in supplying men, but if they put two divisions in the field it will be a great drain to supply reinforcements.

"Here's to a banner year for Western crops. I hear the latest reports are still good and that those frosts haven't done serious damage. These here are excellent and open the eyes of our Manitoba and Saskatchewan men. Almost every foot of land behind the lines is under crop and the yields should run about 45/50 wheat and about 80 for oats. Of course a lot of fertilizer is used and the farming is most intense.

"To-day the Germans opposite us hoisted a sign on their trench with the news that they have captured Warsaw with 100,000 prisoners. No hint of this has yet come to us, and we hope it is a Wolff agency report, for it means a serious blow to the Russians and the release of 1,000,000 Germans to operate on this front, if true."

PRIVATE GOODALE writes a further letter under date of 29th July, as follows:

"As regards Glasgow I will relate this case as being one of the most extraordinary cases of telepathy I have yet experienced, and I have had several. I had not seen him for weeks and was beginning to wonder if he had blown himself up with one of his bombs. One night a small working party of eight of us were proceeding up the main communication trench on the way to the front line. For some reason my thoughts turned to Pat and to wondering what had become of him, and I thought, supposing I meet him now in this trench, of doing which there was about one chance in a thousand. Well I just walked about five yards further and ran right into him also with a party of about eight. I only had time to touch his hand and to tell him I was only that moment thinking of him and we had passed. However, the next time we came out of the trenches I determined to try and find his billet, and was astonished to find he has been billeted within a mile of me the whole time.

"Things have been very quiet in this part of the line, but on Monday we got a little excitement. The previous day we had enjoyed watching the effects of shell fire on a farm house about one hundred and fifty yards from my dugout where we were in support. There is always a humourous side to everything even out here, and to see the fellows beating it away from that farm like fowls when a fox has suddenly appeared in their farmyard, was very funny. The corporal of our section, a British Columbian born, laughed loudest of all. Well, they shelling it again the next morning, and everyone was either ignoring it or interestedly watching the effects again. Suddenly they elevated the range about one hundred and fifty yards and then the laugh was against us.



"The first one dropped exactly opposite my dugout ; I paced it afterwards and found it fifteen yards, the second one was within ten yards of it. Thirty seconds sooner and I should have been outside, as I had just been washing and stepped inside my dugout as the first one burst. They say the British army never runs when retreating, but the way we beat it from those dugouts was nothing slow ; I was very decollete at the time, but I didn't even stop to grab my cap.

"The whole thing was really very amusing, but to understand the real humour of it one must know the exact circumstances and our position, which I fear it will take too long to explain. Our corporal, who was laughing so loud just previously, got a splinter in his shoulder. There were three or four got nabbed in our troop, but two of them walked away to get their wounds dressed. The most extraordinary escape of all was that of an old chap who shared the same dugout with me. When the first shell burst he was lying flat on his tummy reading, about seven yards from the dugout, and consequently nearest to the first shell. The fact of his being quite flat at the time probably saved him. But it is all a game of chance, particularly in this long range shell fire, where one is continually in range and even civilians too and yet shells may not come in a six month.

"I was wondering what had become of Rebay ; did he ever get out of Canada last fall?"

The Rebay to whom he refers is F. H. Von Rebay, a German and former member of the staff at Vonda, who left the country before the war. We are advised that he was a Bavarian lieutenant of artillery, and has since last September been a prisoner of war at Gibraltar and at Lofthouse Park, Wakefield, Eng.

The following is an excerpt from a letter written in August from PRIVATE J. P. WINNING, formerly of the Bengough branch :

"I am glad to inform you that my injury was not serious. A piece of shrapnel hit my left foot at the base of the big toe, just glanced off the bone and passed out underneath. The piece was small else the bone would have been shattered, with more serious results. I was very thankful, indeed, to get off so lightly, the particular spot I was in came in for some severe shelling, many of my chums being killed or seriously wounded. Indeed I have often thought since that we who did get out were fortunate to get out alive, the place was a perfect inferno for a few hours. I saw some heart-breaking sights on my way back to the field dressing station, some I shall never forget as long as I live. Bengough boys fared badly that day, out of four in action, one killed, one died of wounds and myself wounded."

The following is an interesting letter from PRIVATE E. C. M. KNOTT, formerly of the Shaunavon branch, dated 9th August, 1915 :

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

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

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

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

"Gott strafe der Kaiser."

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

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

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

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

"We had an inter-company cricket match yesterday afternoon, but unfortunately our company lost. The game was interrupted for over a half an hour owing to the presence of a German aeroplane overhead. Later on we had a football match against another regiment, but this time the Germans put a stop to it altogether by landing about a half a dozen shells round about us. After that, however, we had a concert, which we were able to finish without any interruption."

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The following are some diary notes of PTE. F. N. HARDYMAN of the First Contingent and formerly attached to the Sault Ste. Marie staff. Pte. Hardyman was only 17 years of age at the time of his enlistment in August last. He is at present in this country on leave and is doing excellent work in securing recruits. His wounds were of a grave character, and we are told that he was obliged to crawl about a mile to the dressing station. He will only be called on in future to do the less onerous military work as his full health will not be restored for a year or two.

- Febry. 8th. We arrived at Avonmouth at 7 a.m. Embarked and set sail at noon on a cattle boat, no beds.
- " 11th. We arrived in France at St. Nazaire. We were supplied with fur coats. In the evening we were put in box cars and travelled through France. We received a great welcome by the French.
- " 13th. We passed through Calais and Boulogne. We arrived at our destination and had to march three miles to our billets. The name of the village was Mierris. We were billeted there in a farmer's barn, and were allowed no lights for the first night.
- " 16th. I went to see Jack Bailey in the hospital. We received orders that we were to move to the firing line.
- " 17th. We started at 8 a.m. for Armentieres, about 15 miles march, mostly on cobble stones, and our feet were in pretty bad shape when we arrived at our destination at 2 p.m. We were billeted in a big glass warehouse.
- " 18th. We prepared all day for the trenches.
- " 19th. At 2 p.m. we marched to the trenches. All got in safely, no casualties. Here we received our first baptism of fire. At 10 a.m. Sergeant Hamilton was wounded, which was our first casualty.
- " 20th. After twenty-four hours in the trenches we were relieved and another battalion took our place.
- " 21st. At 2 p.m. we went into the trenches again for twenty-four hours, not quite so nervous. Two were killed from an English regiment, who were with us, and a few more wounded.
- " 22nd. We came out of the trenches in the early part of the morning. No casualties.
- " 23rd. We left Armentieres at 6 a.m. and marched back to our old billets.
- " 27th. We received our first pay of \$5. We went into the village and had a good feed.
- " 28th. We left Mierris and had to march about 15 miles to our new billets at "Sally-on-the-Lye." On our march we passed through two or three towns which were once occupied by the Germans and which were destroyed.

- March 1st. We had a heavy snow storm. Billets were well ventilated by holes through the roof. We had orders in the evening for the firing line at Bois Grenier. We relieved the Camerons. Had no casualties.
- " 2nd. We were employed in repairing our trenches. At 6 a.m. Private Jack Brisbois was killed and Hounsell wounded with the same bullet.
- " 3rd. We were moved into an old trench, which we had to build up ourselves,—no dugouts.
- " 4th. We built our trench and made two dugouts and laid a brick floor.
- " 6th. We had to march three miles to a barracks in Bac St. Muir. There we received our first bath in a laundry.
- " 9th. We each received a pair of socks from Princess Mary. In the evening we went into the trenches.
- " 10th. We held the German reinforcements at the battle of Neuve Chappelle on the flank by directing rapid fire directly on their trenches. The artillery were keeping all avenues of approach closed.
- " 11th. The Canadian artillery shelled the German trenches, and that evening the Germans had much work to do in repairing their parapets.
- " 15th. We went to Fleuxvais Bay for a bath at a laundry which we very much enjoyed.
- " 17th. I received some shamrock from Ireland. The artillery celebrated St. Patrick's Day by firing very heavily. We went into the trenches that evening. Corporal McMillan was wounded, and after a few days died.
- " 18th. Three cattle strolled round back of the firing line, and that day we had fresh beef.
- " 19th. We had a little snow. The Germans threw a few coal-boxes (Jack Johnstons) at us. No damage done.
- " 22nd. We had another bath at Bac St. Muir. In the afternoon got paid again. Received \$3.
- " 23rd. A present was issued to each one of tobacco, pipes and cigarettes from Canada.
- " 25th. We had orders to prepare for a move to new billets. We passed through a town called Estaires, and were billeted just outside of a village called Neuf-berquin. There we had two weeks rest. We met the Indian troops, who were billeted nearby.
- April 2nd. We went into Estaires and had a bath in a big laundry.
- " 3rd. A motor kitchen-van arrived at the village, superintended by three Red Cross women. The ladies served us with soup and bread for lunch and coffee or cocoa and cake for tea.
- " 6th. We had orders to march off, and were told we were going to Ypres. We passed through several towns.
- " 9th. We had a very heavy rain storm, with thunder and lightning. We were reviewed by our Brigadier-General.
- " 12th. The 1st Brigade was reviewed by General Smith-Dorien, who was in command of the 2nd army at that time. In the afternoon we were paid 15 francs.
- " 15th. Our company had sports back of the firing line.
- " 18th. We marched closer to Ypres, passing through Poperinghe.
- " 19th. We had a bath in a lake on the grounds of a big chateau.
- " 21st. We had orders to stand in case we were needed at Hill 60, where there was a fierce battle raging.
- " 22nd. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the Germans gassed the French Colonists, and frightened them so terribly that they all fled and left the Germans in the open. We saw them passing through our village in fearful terror, some mounted three on one horse, crying that the Germans were coming and had poisoned them with gas.

The Canadians rushed up and held the Germans. Our battalion was sent back to the billets and had orders to stand to. At 9 o'clock at night we had orders to march off to the firing line. We had to march about five miles, and when we arrived on the battle field it was an awful sight to see the dead and wounded. We had nobody to escort us to where we were to go, and had to do some skirmishing. We occupied a German trench, which the Canadian Highlanders had driven them out of.

April 23rd. In the early part of the morning we had to transfer the parapet to the other side, and managed to get it transferred just before daylight. When daylight broke we saw a lot of men in Canadian Highlanders kilts hauling in the wounded in front of us. We discovered that the Germans had taken off the kilts of the Highlanders in order to decoy us so that they could get their wounded in. The German artillery was very active all day. We had a few killed.

" 24th. The German artillery was more active than ever. We could not get any reinforcements up, and in the afternoon at 3 o'clock the French gave way on our right flank again, and the Germans came across and we had Germans back and front of us. We had orders to extend out of the trenches into the open and get shelter behind a barn nearby. They turned the machine guns on us. The result was that our Lieutenant saw that it was hopeless and ordered us back into the trenches and we were surrounded. Five of us escaped, three were untouched and two of us were wounded. It was there I received my four wounds, one in the right lung, one in the armpit of the right arm, one in the right fore-arm and one in the thigh of the left leg. I had to run, after receiving my wounds, about eight hundred yards to the reinforcement trench to escape from the Germans, and from there I crawled to the dressing station. I was quite exhausted when I arrived, and soon afterwards knew nothing more.

From there I was taken down by ambulance to Popperinghe Clearing Hospital. While I was there a German aeroplane came over and dropped shells nearby, one civilian killed and a few wounded. From there I was taken down by train to Rouen to one of the hospitals. I was there a month and had an operation on the wound in my chest and had the bullets extracted. From there I was sent to Bristol, England. I was there for about six weeks and then sent to Bath. I was there about six weeks and then sent to a convalescent hospital near Shorncliffe Camp.

Sept. 6th. I had an offer from the hospital to accompany an invalid across the ocean, and from there came home.