

Canadian Pamphlets

03517

1919

Over the Rhine

o.pip

(Rhine number, 1919)



—RHINE NUMBER.

You! You!

Comme ça fait

FRANCE



Quick!

Wow!
Just a minute
there's one
right there



"The guns are silent in the
Swing of arms!"

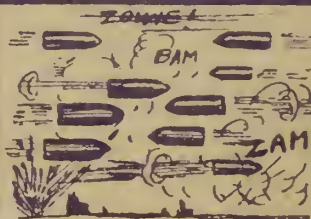


Goat
Grabber

Playing African golf



WAITING



August 85
- 1918 -
Dya Remember it?

Hope it didn't
get my
green envelope



The "O.Pip"

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EDITORIAL.

WITH this number, obviously, the "O.Pip" bows to its readers and retires from the field of Journalism as well as from the field of battles. We feel that we have "done our bit" and that we retire with the honor so earned.

We desire to thank our supporters both readers and contributors for the kind reception, encouragement, and help we have received and most sincerely appreciated.

In this our final issue we have endeavoured to make an historical souvenir of the life and career of the Battery that every member of the unit may wish to retain in future years as a memento and reminder of his participation in the War and of the friendships formed therein. We have tried to

make it as full and as authentic as possible and we hope for it only that it may serve the purpose for which it has been compiled.

A list of the names and addresses of all the men who have been on service with the Battery is given, for a purpose, to keep in touch with one and other.

Though circumstances of the future may lead our paths far apart, it is our conviction that these friendships are of too great value to carelessly be allowed to die—so this list, please use it.

In the British Museum, the British War Office, and also the War Diary of the 14th Brigade, C.F.A., are to be found copies of the "O.Pip," there to be kept for all time—and if, as we hope, they reflect any credit or mirror the high morale of the Canadian Soldier in France during a war of horror, we consider our objective gained. So this is the end, the axe is laid unto the root of the tree.

J. M. I.





Marching from camp for the last time.

CHAPTER I.

"IN THE BEGINNING."

THE 58th Battery was born on April 1st, 1916, thus being now a "veteran" of almost three years.

The Battery was recruited under Major C. M. S. Fisher, of St. John, New Brunswick, who was its first "O.C." It was assembled at Fredericton for its primary training.

The earlier recruited 36th Battery had left a considerable surplus of recruits in Fredericton on its departure overseas, and these men formed a strong nucleus for the new Battery. So enthusiastically were the young men of Eastern Canada then responding to the call to arms that by April 20th the Battery enlistment was completed.

The Battery was quartered in the old garrison barracks on Queen Street, with stables at the old Fredericton Trotting Park.

The people of Fredericton were ever good entertainers, and the leisure hours of the boys were well filled with interesting and highly enjoyable social affairs.

Two or three good "movie" shows, the magnificent river, excellent refreshment rooms and an abundance of congenial companions gave unexcelled opportunities for enjoyment that not even "lights out" could spoil.

Guns and horses were available, and primary instruction in gun-drill, riding, driving, the care of horses and ordnance together with "P.T.", signalling and lectures on elementary artillery subjects, military law and "K.R. & O." were given previous to the departure of the Battery for the national artillery training camps at Petewawa, Ontario.

The Battery entrained at Fredericton on June 1st, with horses, four 12-pdr. guns and one 18-pdr. The trip was made via the C.P.R. line through Montreal and Ottawa, and Petewawa was reached on the morning of June 3rd.

Here the Battery took its place in the 14th Brigade, C.F.A., which, with the 12th, 13th and 15th Brigades were then being assembled at Petewawa. The 14th Brigade was, according to the organisation of that time, a Brigade of four 4-gun Howitzer Batteries, so it would seem that Fate had marked the 58th as a "How." battery from the start. The other Batteries of this Brigade were the 55th and 56th from Guelph, Ontario,



and the 66th from Montreal. The Brigade Commander was Lieut.-Col. J. L. MacKinnon, of Halifax.

At Petewawa the training started at Fredericton was continued in a more extended and intensified manner. The wonderful climate of the camp region in the summer season, the natural adaptability of the camp area for field artillery training, the lack of hindering city features, the exceptional ability of the instructors, and the high enthusiasm of the men who now felt "well-away" for "over-seas," all combined to make the training at Petewawa exceptionally efficient and enjoyable. The training embraced gun-drill, practice shooting on ranges, riding, driving, mounted parades, signalling by flag, and field telephone with the laying and maintenance of lines, field manœuvres as in open warfare and "P.T." or physical training, also "fatigues," of which no further explanation is needed. This training was carried out under the Battery Officers and Camp Instructional Staff, of which Staff Instructor Q.M.S. Brown was attached to our Battery, giving very able assistance.

Diversions from drill and training routine were not lacking. Athletics of all possible sorts were encouraged and many a fine game of baseball or lacrosse was played in the camp. An athletic meet was held on July 1st, Dominion Day, and showed some excellent performances with "58th" boys strong competitors in many events. The Y.M.C.A. maintained reading, writing and recreation tents with a good canteen service. Concerts, religious services, "song-jests," lectures and "movie" shows were given to large and appreciative audiences. "Down where the Ottawa flows" was ever a popular spot on those hot summer days, and swimming was by no means the least of our pleasures at Petewawa.

Musical talent was not lacking in the Battery, and many pleasant hours were passed around a "camp-

fire." Some one would bring out a mandoline, accordion or banjo, a few would start "harmonising" and soon the "bunch" would be singing the "old favourites" and many "new ones." Here, on those beautiful summer evenings rose the almost immortal strains of "Sweet Adeline," not forgetting her sister "Sweet Genevieve," the courage-building war-time songs, such as "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "We'll Never let the Old Flag Fall," and "O Canada!" soul-stirring in grandeur of melody and theme. And never was such "song jest" complete without the new and popular "O Petewawa."

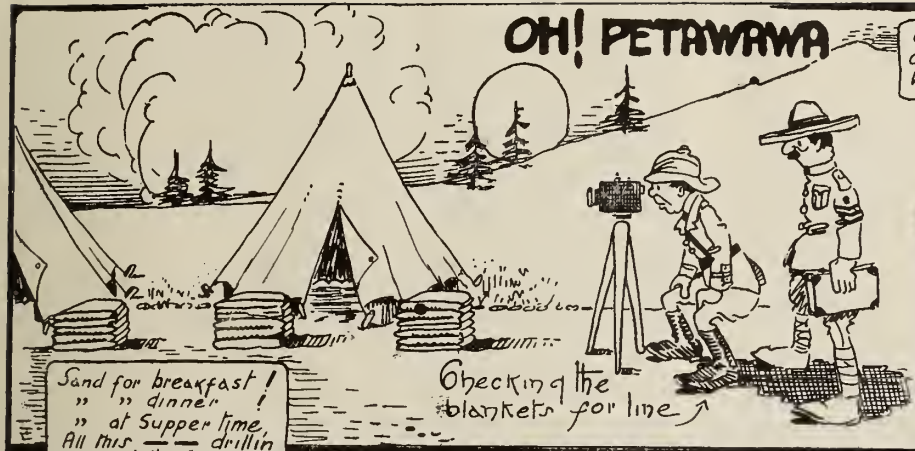
And since those Petewawa days we've sung those same songs, and many new ones, in Sunny Surrey, War-stricken France, liberated Belgium, and in Germany, conquered yet freed of her greatest enemies.

Occasional trips into Pembroke broke the monotony of camp life, which was but little monotonous to most of us. Sunday morning church parades with the R.C.H.A. band supplying the music, were another pleasant break in the routine.

The camp is a very healthy place and frequent medical inspections kept the health-standard high. Should one be ill, however, the organisation of the camp hospital provided the best of treatment and attention.



Bivouac Scene at Petewawa.

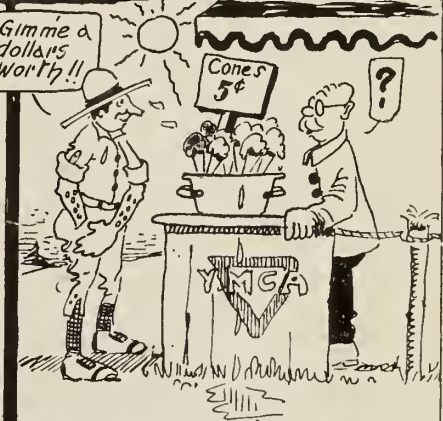


OH! PETAWAWA

Sand for breakfast!
 " " dinner
 " " at supper time
 All this drillin' for a dollar and a dime

Checking the blankets for line

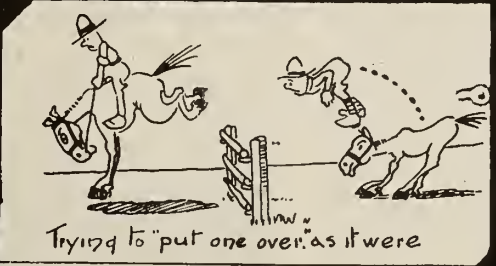
Gimme a dollars worth!!



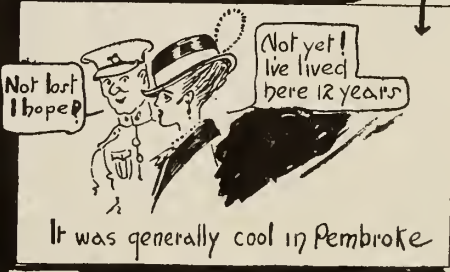
The mercury was always about 90° in Petawawa but



the old deck skids



Trying to "put one over" as it were



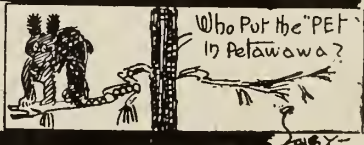
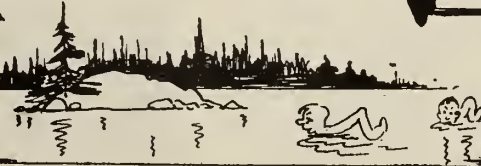
Not lost I hope?

Not yet! We lived here 12 years

It was generally cool in Pembroke

The Ottawa River

Note:- Water Sheds thus



Who Put the "PET" in Petawawa?

During our period of training we were inspected at various times. The chief inspections were those by Col. Ray, the Camp Commandant, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught (then Governor-General of Canada) and by Major-General Lessard, who gave us our pre-embarkation inspection on August 5th.

On September 8th we entrained at Petewawa en route "over-seas." At Pembroke the train stopped for some little while and many friends the boys had made gave them indeed a "royal send-off," also many excellent packages of "eats and smokes" which were greatly appreciated during the train journey. We went via Ottawa, Montreal, the south side of the Saint Lawrence river, through Campbellton, Newcastle, Moncton (where we stopped for an exercise march round the city) and Truro by the "I.C.R." line to Halifax, reaching the garrison city on the morning of the 11th. At the various places along this route that we stopped, we received very cordial receptions and hearty good wishes for our success "over there." The young ladies in considerable numbers greeted us at the stations, in many cases with that particular form of greeting that appeals mostly to "the inner man." Also our correspondence lists thrived exceedingly.

On the train, staffs of cooks in well-equipped kitchen-cars served us with good meals, and the hours were passed speedily and pleasantly by card games, reading, writing "the odd card" to the home-folks or "the girl" while, of course, enthusiastic arguments and discussions, singing and "yarn swapping" had places on the programme which was rounded out by interested inspection of the scenery along the route. Altogether it was "some trip" and will ever be a pleasant memory of our "army days."

At Halifax we embarked on the afternoon of the 11th and laid in the harbour until 6 a.m. on the 13th, when we turned to the open sea and the "long, long trail" to

Germany and victory! And we felt, even as the U.S. negro soldier, that "We were on our way to Germany but might stop in France for a while on the way."

Our transport was the ex-C.P.R. liner *Metagama*, carrying the 14th Brigade C.F.A., the Brigade Ammunition Column and the 4th Canadian Pioneer Battalion. The complete convoy consisted of the transports *Metagama*, *Northland*, *Scandinavian* and *Cameronian*, escorted by H.M.S. *Drake*.

We were fortunate on the *Metagama*, having excellent quarters, attention and other accommodation that many transports did not have, and in that we were not uncomfortably crowded. An efficient staff of stewards and assistants had been retained on the boat; good baths were available and fair meals were served in a comfortable dining saloon. On deck a smoking room was open to us at all times, and after meal hours the dining saloon might be similarly used. In this saloon was a piano, usually surrounded by a more or less melodious group rendering all the "old ones" and many new as well.

Outside of attendance on parades for reading of various orders, and for "P.T.," our time was practically



our own, guard duty only coming to each man about once during the trip.

Boxing and wrestling matches were held on deck before large and enthusiastically appreciative audiences. Tug-of-war matches were also interesting, but the most entertaining of all the deck sports were the "blind-folded" boxing matches. Two or three very fine concerts were given by entertainers from amongst the crew of the transport and our own boys, both parties possessing some fine talent. Various other pastimes—even "watching the sea slide by," helped the hours to pass quickly and pleasantly. Often the "sea-gazers" were rewarded by the sight of a school of porpoises disporting about the ship's path; the almost expected submarine periscope was not, however, seen.

Very little sea-sickness was experienced and with practically no bad weather the trip was one of much enjoyment, unspoiled by even the vague fears of a possible attack by submarines. Even the compulsory wearing of "life-preservers" was considered a sort of precautionary nuisance, but we wore them just the same.

Our first sight of land was the west coast of Ireland, and from that time until we reached port we were in sight of land almost all the time. We rounded the north coast of Ireland and passed through the Irish Sea, by the Isle of Man to the mouth of the Mersey River. We received a cordial greeting from the men of the trawlers and "mine-sweepers" whom we met just off the mouth of the river, and from the people along the river bank, and on the boats plying up and down river we received a similar reception. There were but few people about the dock at which we landed but they made up for lack of numbers by the spirit of the greeting.

We first sighted our destroyer escort about mid-afternoon of the 21st, and immediately "all speed to port"

became the order of sailing. A fine race developed, with the *Cameronian* making her dock first, the others close on her heels, and our transport, the second to tie-up, docking at Liverpool about 5 p.m. of September 22nd.

Thus ended the first phase of our "Great Adventure." We looked backward a little, but forward much with high hopes of proceeding to France, with but a brief stay in England, and showing our mettle on the battlefields to which so many of our old "pals" had preceded us, and where many of them awaited our coming.

CHAPTER II.

"BLIGHTY DAYS."

DOCKING at Liverpool about 5 p.m. on September 22nd, 1916, we entrained immediately at the pier upon which we had landed. Our train pulled out early in the evening and an all-night ride in the crowded, cramped compartments of those "dinky little coaches" of the English railways brought us, via Birmingham, Oxford and Reading, about 5 a.m. of the 23rd, to Milford station on the London and South Western line about half-way between London and Portsmouth, in the county of Surrey. From the station we marched to Witley Camp, which lay just beyond Milford on what had been Milford and Witley Commons. The "Artillery Lines" in which we were camped were at the Milford end of the camp, lying between the Portsmouth and Haslemere Roads.

This camp was one of the many large "Hutment" Camps erected in England during the War to accommodate the millions of the Empire's "citizen armies" during their periods of preparation for active service over-seas. Long lines of huts arranged as neatly and precisely as files of soldiers on parade were grouped even as companies of a huge battalion, each group dis-

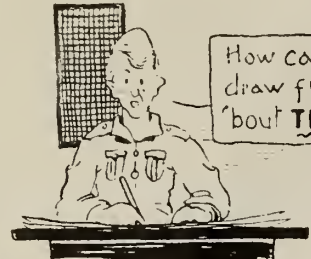
IN SUNNY SURREY?



White wash
Be Gosh
Napooed
The Boche

How can a guy
draw funny stuff
'bout THAT place?

When all we
can remember
was →



Learning
to SHOOT

What are
you doing
here?



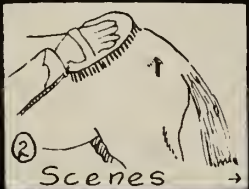
Those were SOME
TAPS!



All wrong!! They're mess hogs!



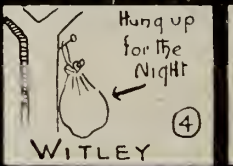
Interesting →



Scenes →



In and about



WITLEY

Hung up
for the
Night

For other interesting
scenes, start again
at number one and
work this way.
Repeat for eleven
months

Sally

tinguished by a letter and each hut in the group by the addition thereto of a number. These groups were each complete in themselves, having living huts for the men, ablution huts, latrines, bath-houses, cook-houses and office huts. They extended to a parade ground which was apportioned amongst the units occupying the huts, as were also the stables which were grouped by themselves in one part of the camp area.

The huts were "all of piece," clap-boards over a light wooden frame with inner walls of a sort of asbestos wall-board. They were about sixty feet long, eighteen feet wide and twelve or fifteen feet from floor to peak. The huts were stained dark brown outside and sometimes, as we well remember, were whitewashed at the base. Many were mounted on brick foundation pillars and these also got a coat of white. The huts had a door at either end and six windows a side, these being built with the upper half hinged so that they would swing inward for ventilation purposes. On our arrival the huts were bare of furniture, except for shelves along the walls between the windows, but we drew from the barrack stores tables, benches, bed-boards and trestles, also, in the winter, a sort of "drum" stove, and so equipped our "homes." Needless to say these huts were draughty and, in the winter, very cold.

For the first few weeks after our arrival in camp, our routine included only physical training, route-marches, foot drill, lectures and instruction in various subjects, "fatigues" about the lines and so forth.

About a week after our arrival one half our strength went on a six-day "landing" leave. Most of those who had relatives or friends residing in the British Isles visited them, but the majority proceeded to London and found six days either all too brief for a proper enjoyment of the beauty and life of that wonderful city, or a "wee" bit too long for the pocket book. All enjoyed the leave immensely though and looked forward eagerly

to the "next time." On the return of the first party the balance of the unit went on a similar leave.

Late in October we received some of our harness and equipment and a little later on our horses and some guns for training. Meanwhile, however, beside the lectures and instruction given in the camp some of the men were sent to various depots and camps for special courses in gunnery, ordnance work, saddlery, cooking, and so on.

Early in our Witley careers we "discovered" Godalming, Farncombe, Guildford, and other lesser worlds, some of the more venturesome spirits going even as far as Woking at times. Y.M.C.A. huts were opened in connection with each of the sub-camps, and the Salvation Army also maintained similar huts which were very popular.

Along the right hand side of the Portsmouth Road were shops, restaurants and so on, the collection being known popularly as "Tin Town." Just at the entry to the camp was a large, specially built hut used as a cinema ("movie") theatre, where some good pictures were shown. Even if the "flapper" in Godalming did hand one "the icy mitt" he could still find entertainment without going in that painful neighbourhood.

The routine of camp life was much, very much, the same throughout our stay in England. Stable parades for the care of our equine friends, with picquets and guards on our stables and gun-park, dress parades daily, "fatigues" of all sorts and descriptions, gun drill, signalling practice, harness and equipment cleaning with regular inspections of the same and of the lines generally, church parades on Sunday and meal parades three times daily made up the main body of the activity. Bath parades and pay parades were introduced periodically to give a bit of variety to a life which became monotonous long before it ended.

We lived, mostly, about the stables or gun park, ate in the mess rooms attached to the cook-houses and slept

in our huts. Just to show our bravery we actually washed and shaved in the ablution houses where were those ingenious spring-pressure taps that were more like lawn-sprinklers than taps. Frequently when "flush" we would eat elsewhere than at the mess as there the surroundings were dull and a superfluity of rations by no means the rule. Sometimes even we were lucky enough to be "invited out" to sup at the home of some Good Samaritan in a near-by town or village, but these cases were rare. Being soldiers we always shaved in the morning, after breakfast, folded and with uniform system piled our blankets, hung up our equipment not in actual use at the moment, swept out our huts and shined our "brass." A monopoly of the metal polish trade would have been almost as good as a stock majority in the U.S. Steel Corporation during the days of the recent disagreement between the nations.

By the time we had got "well away" on our training in England the formation of the Brigades in a Divisional Artillery (4th C.D.A.) was accomplished and Brigadier-General W. O. H. Dodds, C.M.G., D.S.O., formerly on service in France with the 1st C.D.A., came to us as our G.O.C., and immediately won an esteem and popularity which has ever increased as we have worked and fought under his able leadership.

Christmas came along about the usual time, with its many parcels from home. But for all the abundance of home-sent "eats" we still had good appetites for our Christmas dinner, which was a real good one "with"—that is, with turkey, trimmings and plum pudding.

On New Year's Eve (Dec. 31st) the 14th Brigade units started for Larkhill (Salisbury Plain) for practice shooting previous, we fondly believed, to a speedy departure to France or some other place "where the Big Guns roared." Here, in the rain, mud and cold, the Batteries stayed, fired, and were inspected by Brigadier-General Fox, Inspector-General of R.F.A. until about the middle

of January, when they returned to Witley Camp.

But, alas and alack, also some expressions more luridly emphatic, our hopes of going "over there" in the near future were killed when, on January 22nd, the Artillery was changed from 4th Canadian Divisional Artillery to 5th C.D.A., and the Batteries from four-gun to six-gun units. The latter re-organisation was the more painful part of the procedure, for it meant the passing of some of the Batteries by absorption into others and consequently the severance to no little degree of friendships of the past months of our Army life.

As a result of the reorganisation the 5th C.D.A. consisted of two Brigades of Field Artillery, a Divisional Ammunition Column and a Trench Mortar Brigade, which had been started a month or so previous to the shake-up. The Brigades so formed were the 13th Brigade, under Lt.-Col. Hanson, and the 14th Brigade, under Lt.-Col. Ogilvie. The D.A.C. was, as previously, under command of Lt.-Col. Costigan and the T. M. Brigade under Captain Abbot. The 58th Battery had one section of the 62nd Battery transferred to it and went under the Command of Major Martin of the latter unit.

From the time the reorganisation was completed early in February, training was carried on with even greater intensity than before in the artillery work of trench warfare, developing into that of open warfare with the coming of milder weather in the spring and early summer. Many of the officers now in the various units had seen service in France and we received no little benefit from their experience. Anti-gas training was given, and everything done to bring the units up to a highly efficient standard, and subsequent inspections of the Division indicated that such was being rapidly obtained.

An epidemic of mumps and some few cases of more serious illness had, despite very careful precautions,

broken out in camp, and finally our unit was affected, one section of our Battery going into quarantine on the 11th of February and remaining until March 27th.

About mid-March some Batteries which had come in January from the Artillery Reserve at Shorncliffe were taken overseas. As some of their men were in quarantine transfers were effected whereby they were given full strength of non-quarantined men, their quarantined men replacing those going out from 5th C.D.A. units. In this way practically a full section of the 58th Battery went to the 82nd Battery (commanded by Major Fisher, the original 58th Battery O.C.), and their men came to our Battery.

Shortly before the end of March a "field day" was held on a common near the Camp and the exhibitions of riding, driving, gun drill, "S.O.S." and "V.C." races, with a "broncho busting" contest and an attack on an old time Western Stage Coach by a band of Indians, who were finally vanquished by Cowboys and Mounted Police, proved highly entertaining to both our guests and ourselves.

We had an opportunity shortly after the 1st of April to display our rifle shooting ability, when we took our trips to the Mytchett Ranges near Aldershot.

About the 20th of April occurred one of the really "big" events of our stay in England. This was "the Battery Dance," which was given by the boys of the Battery for their many young lady friends resident in the towns near the Camp—or elsewhere in "Blighty." It was "some swell affair," but the only note we can make here in this regard is that the music was furnished by an R.F.A. orchestra from the Aldershot Depot, and everyone, no exceptions, had a "bang-up" time.

With improving weather conditions of the spring season started our training in the field and "open-warfare." Many days were spent in practice manoeuvres on the commons beyond the Camp, and on numerous

occasions we stayed out for a few days "bivouac"—Haukley Common and Thursley Common bivouacs preceding the grand and glorious one at Petworth and the interrupted one about Midhurst and Liphook. There were others as well, but these mentioned are the more important ones.

Interest in sport and athletics of all sorts was revived and with it our spirits and constitutions received a needed refreshing after the strain of the winter months and attendant events.

Shortly after the middle of May, about the 18th, was held a very fine Gymkhana on grounds just at entry to the Camp. A large crowd of visitors saw here some excellent riding, jumping, tent-pegging, etc.

On Dominion Day (July 1st) an excellent programme of sports was carried out at Godalming, and a little later the Artillery Base-Ball Championship was fought out at Guildford, the 13th Brigade team winning a hard, close game from the 14th Brigade outfit.

About the 23rd of June our series of bivouacs led up to a trip to Petworth, where we camped on the grounds of Petworth Park, an estate belonging to Lord Leconfield. The usual field manoeuvres and some extensive signalling work were carried out here. The weather was good for the greater part of our stay, though we received a couple of good drenchings, and as the country round about was very beautiful, the park with its deer very interesting, and the village of Petworth productive of no little entertainment, our stay of about a fortnight was, all in all, a pleasant change from life in Camp. We returned from Petworth about July 5th, and, after a "mobilization scare," received a visit from H.M. the King, accompanied by the Queen and the Queen-Mother Alexandra. His Majesty inspected our stables and horses, the general camp lines and the gunners at their drill in the gun park.

From this time on we felt that our departure over-

seas was but a matter of days. Steadily preparations were made for such event, and personally we were ready for any change no matter how sudden. Some of the boys who had gone over with the 82nd Battery had been wounded in "the Vimy scrap," and, having reached a stage of convalescence, came down to the Camp to call on us. Their accounts, and their presence amongst us, fanned the spark of desire into a flame, and we were hotly impatient to be "up and away to the battle-field."

About the 1st of August the Divisional Horse Show was held near Milford Station, and seldom has a better exhibition of horses, all in magnificent condition, and highly trained, or harness been given by any body of soldiers than the 5th Canadian Division put up on this occasion. Many and gratifying indeed were the comments of our visitors and the judges.

A few days later we went out on a "scheme" in which we worked in conjunction with our infantry. This was the Midhurst-Cowdray Park-Liphook jaunt, and from the latter place we were suddenly recalled to Camp (about August 6th) for a pre-overseas mobilization that covered practically the remainder of our stay in England.

We had in Witley been visited and inspected at various times by General Fox, of the R.F.A., Major-General Hughes, the Commander of the 5th Canadian Division, the Duke of Connaught, Sir Robert Borden, our Premier, and His Majesty the King. On August 14th we were given our final inspection in England, the inspecting officer being our old friend H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and the scene of the drama being the now overly-familiar Haukley Common.

On Sunday, the 19th of August, the Camp was placed under "C.B." orders and our "town friends" came up to say farewell and wish us God-speed, good luck and a safe return from "The Front."

On Tuesday, August 21st, we broke camp and entrained with guns and horses at Milford Station. Our train pulled out about noon, and, reaching Southampton about 2.30 p.m., we immediately embarked. Our transport pulled out from the pier at 4.20 p.m., and shortly after 6 p.m. we had passed the Isle of Wight and headed out into the English Channel.

Thus after eleven months, less two days only, of training and impatient waiting in England we were at last on our way to France and the "Horrors of War." We felt that France was where we belonged and should long since have been, so with stout hearts, some solemn, serious thoughts, but ever enthusiastic spirits, we turned our faces to the East and stepped blithely again on to the moving highway that led on to our "Great Adventure."

CHAPTER III.

"ON ACTIVE SERVICE."

FOLLOWING an uneventful and smooth passage across the English Channel our transport arrived off Le Havre early on the morning of August 22nd, 1917. Having to wait for the tide in order to dock we laid in the offing most of the morning. From the deck one saw a scene of both interest and beauty. As the mist lifted and the sun shone bright the quaint French trawlers and ferry-boats, ships of war, and cargo boats from the Seven Seas made, against the blue of sea and sky, a vivid picture of scintillating colours. The bold promontory rising almost sheer from the beach was a blended harmony of green and red-brown, relieved here and there by the white of a picturesque little villa bravely perched on the steep hillside. The white facade of the large building marked by the flag as the Headquarters of the Belgian Government was prominent as one's glance turned toward the main city at the head of the harbour.



N.C.O.'s and Men of the 58th Howitzer Battery, C.F.A., taken a few days after crossing the Rhine.

Planes wheeled and dipped overhead, aespach boats and official cutters flitted about, the breaking crests of the little waves glittered gem-like under the morning sun. The harbour of Le Havre on that summer forenoon was a scene of life and beauty that we will long remember.

About noon we docked, started disembarking and about 4 p.m. moved off, marching through part of the city up that steep hillside to a Rest Camp on the plateau above and in rear of the city. Here we spent the night and got our first taste of what has since become unpleasantly familiar, that is French rain.

The following day started with an early Reveille. We had kit and medical inspections and took some of our horses to the Canadian Veterinary Hospital about four kilometres away and there exchanged them for others better able to stand the gruelling service soon to be their lot.

From the Rest Camp we moved off, none regretting the departure, about 4 p.m., in the rain, and marched to the pier at which we had disembarked. Here we entrained to go "up" to the land of fighting men. We were anxious to get away, the "Base Job" desire not up to that time having eaten its insidious way into our souls. About 9 p.m. our train pulled out and we started our journey to that land of mystery "the Front."

The train on which we travelled was somewhat of a novelty to us then, though to-day far more familiar. The box-cars were similar in size and build to those used in England but painted a dark drab instead of rust-red. On the door of each was painted that famous legend, "40 Hommes, 8 Chevaux," which the French scholars informed us means, being interpreted, that the car would hold forty men or eight horses. The chap who made that allotment must have had pretty "fine" horses and not been at all corpulent himself.

After a particularly restless night and a fore-noon of

travel at a leisurely rate of progress through some fine country lying along the route to Saint Pol, we arrived at Lillers where we disenetrained about 2.30 p.m., August 24th, and proceeded by march to the village of Ames, where we camped until September 4th.

Here we were initiated into the art of "billeting," that is of making a "home" out of a semi-dilapidated shed or barn, which was what we tried to do at Ames. However, we found that a mow full of straw was as comfortable, if you dodged the leak from the hole in the roof, as a Witley Hut and bed-boards, and that it was perfectly possible to sweetly slumber with a "grey-tail" doing a "fox-trot" on your chest. By our third day in billets one would have thought us old campaigners by the way we settled ourselves comfortably in those straw-mows.

Our horses were picqueted on lines put up in a large field at the upper end of the village. This by reason of the soft ground and heavy rains soon became a slough of creamy mud so that horses and wagons were moved to another field at the farther end of the village where they were on a gentle slope that gave better drainage and drier standings.

During our days at Ames we had exercise rides, cleaned harness, had gas-respirator drill and did various sorts of fatigue work that open lines necessitated as well as those preparatory to going into action.

On our second day here we received an informal visit from the G.O.C., Canadian Corps and our Divisional Commander. And on August 29th we were inspected on a full mounted parade with the rest of our Divisional Artillery by Major-General E. W. B. Morrison, G.O.C., R.A., Canadian Corps.

On Monday, August 27th, the Major, accompanied by subaltern officers, "numbers one" and one telephonist per section, went "up the line" to look over the positions at which we would first go into action. Their

return was awaited with eager expectancy, and when on the 30th the party returned, their accounts of the trip came fully up to expectations.

On Sunday the 24th we had our first experience with army baths as provided in France. This is an important date; remember it!

The fortnight we spent at Ames was one of full days in which we learned much. We received here our first pay in France, and speedily became proficient in counting "sous" and "centimes" and changing francs into shillings, or *vice versa*. We discovered that the wealth and prosperity of the French peasant family is best gauged by the size and richness of the manure pile in the dooryard, that wooden "sabots" were worn elsewhere than in Millet's paintings, and that "café" was very different from our coffee. We began to "brush up" our school-day French and were proud indeed when we could say "*Comment va-t-il M'sieu?*" to a French person and get a response other than a shrug of the shoulders and a grunted "*no compree.*" Later we became such linguists that we knew whether, in his reply to our query, the "Citizen of France" was telling us that it was a fine day or that we could get "eggs and chips" two doors down the street. So great was our zeal for knowledge that on our third evening a French class was started in one billet. The class, however, found a speedier school in the "estaminet of Jean Dufour" with its three charming mademoiselles who, to our surprise, could speak a few words of broken English (they'd only had three years' schooling therein) and henceforth the class was "navoo." The foundation was here laid, perhaps, of the "Encore the von blink. Maree!" habit. Yet, with no harm to anyone and much amusement to ourselves, probably also to the people of the village, that fortnight at Ames was passed with considerable pleasure, despite the fact that it rained about 80 per cent. of the time.

On Tuesday, September 4th, we left Ames, proceeding by an all-day march through a country both quaint and beautiful, until we came to Carency in the Souchez region, just behind the Liévin-Lens front. Here we put up horse-lines and bivouacked beside a 5-foot wide stream which was the Carency River in all its historic gory glory.

On the trip up to Carency we had passed through towns and villages showing but little effect of the past fighting and through others pretty badly battered. All were full of troops who were "down the line" for rest or training or who were the staffs of various back-of-the-line organisations. We began to realise how tremendous was the organisation of that group of armies in which we were now honoured with a membership.

The particular section of country into which we had come was one that had seen a vast share of the fighting on this sector of the front. Time and again its soil had been bathed in blood, French, German or British, and that same soil had been torn and furrowed by countless shells until it was, as one chap said, "devastation and desolation absolute." The village of Carency behind us was naught but a mass of crumbling ruins, Souchez Wood was but blasted stumps splintered and weathered grey. The village of Souchez, we were told, had lain along the broad main road about a kilometre ahead, but scarcely could we believe that ever habitation of man had been there. We fully believed, however, that the late General Sherman knew whereof he spake.

"Our friend, the Enemy" didn't leave us long in doubt as to how he liked our presence in that locality. For the same night that we landed at Carency he sent several 'planes (all picked men we were sure) over us with his compliments in the shape of bombs. However, and luckily, the "glitter of our hub-caps in the moonlight" dazzled the pilots and the bombs were dropped wide of us so that no damage resulted,

"OUR FIRST NIGHT IN."

The next day, Wednesday, September 5th, 1917, was one never to be forgotten in the annals of the Battery. It was the day of our entry into action—one of the "warmest" entries that was ever given to a Canadian Battery in the past War. Only our modesty forbids us call it more.

Preparation had been made to take part of the Battery into its fighting position at Liévin during the night of September 5th-6th, and during the afternoon officers, gun-crews and Battery staff party had gone up to the position to prepare to place the guns that should come up after dark. At the wagon lines every one was excited and thrilled at the prospect, not a man but was anxious to make one of the party that should go up with the guns and wagons that night.

It fell to the lot of the Left Section to go into position first, so, leaving the wagon lines just as dusk began to fall, the two guns with their ammunition wagons took the road. Through Souchez, leaving the Arras-Bethune road at "Montreal Crossing," and through Augres to Liévin and the gun positions, the column moved steadily.

The guns reached their positions and the wagons drew up to unload almost on the stroke of midnight. All was silence but for the low-spoken, clear-cut orders and the movement of the gunners about the wagons as the loads were unlashd for unloading.

"Whiz-z-z-z!!! Bang!!" followed "toute suite" by more of the same, and the "show" was on. Speed? We suddenly developed it in "great big bunches" in unloading those wagons. Just as the first wagons were stripped the guard yelled "Gas!" and at the same instant we caught that unmistakable odour. Masks, already at the "alert," were snapped on and wheeling about the empty wagons went out to the road at the canter.



Canadian Gunners in action

The corner turning on the main street by which we had come through the town to the gun positions and that section of the street itself were being heavily and thoroughly shelled, and here some of the wagons struck trouble in the shape of wounded or killed horses and a few slightly wounded men. The other wagons coming up found difficulty getting through and some turned off and by a strange road followed round Angres, coming back to the original route between there and Montreal Crossing. And about 4 a.m. the last of the stragglers returned to the wagon lines, and a count of casualties showed a few horses killed, many more wounded or gassed and five men more or less slightly wounded. A few of the other men had got a slight "whiff" of the gas, but not more than enough to make them feel a bit "slim" for the rest of the day.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Left Section

had a "warm reception." Subsequent experience soon taught us that such was not, fortunately, the every night occurrence. Also it is no exaggeration to say that everyone, inexperienced as we were, behaved with admirable coolness and expedition, especially our Sergeant-Major, demonstrating, as at many other times, the soldier-ability that won him a lasting place in the memory of every man and officer who knew him.

This "first night on" was a sharp, but effective lesson and not the least of its teaching was that the Small Box Respirator and the Steel Helmet would both do what was required of them and were faithful, dependable friends.

The following night, September 6th, the Right and Centre Sections put their guns in having, luckily, a quiet night without mishap.

At last, after sixteen long months of training and waiting, the "58th" was "in action."

The first few days were spent in registration and improving and strengthening the gun-pits and dug-outs. This task finished, the Battery settled down to its proper work, grim hard work that soon lost its novelty.

The warfare of this time was close-locked trench fighting. Trench raids, patrols, reconnoitring expeditions, mining and various constructive works for offence and defence being the work of the infantry. Behind them the artillery supported their raids with preparatory and barrage fire, "S.O.S." fire in repulse of enemy operations and sniping of enemy working parties, patrols, etc. Destructive shooting was carried out against targets such as enemy trenches, machine gun nests, trench mortar positions, wire entanglements, observation posts ("O-Pips"), advanced dumps and so forth. Harassing fire against enemy occupied territory, counter-battery work and some gas shelling were also carried out to a very considerable extent. Much of the shooting was done in co-operation with observation



This photo shows part of our preparatory barrage, prior to the taking of Valenciennes. Few towns in France have escaped as fortunately as this, as can be seen by intact houses and buildings. Note trench in lower left corner.

'planes who, reporting the results of the fire, enabled exceptional accuracy to be obtained. Here also our Trench Mortar Batteries proved themselves a strong link in the chain that ever held the enemy back from the rich and much desired coal fields of that area.

With the Battery, one day was much like another. Beyond the usual, almost monotonously regular, "strafing" it was very much "there is nothing of special interest to report." Regular reliefs of gun crews and signallers were carried out, the ammunition was brought up by light railways of which an excellent sys-

tem had been constructed. From the wagon lines the drivers brought up rations and other supplies at night. The dug-outs were made into quite comfortable quarters, despite the fact that we ourselves were the sole inhabitants thereof. With the exception of some occasions when the enemy gave the Battery more than usual attention, the days in that original position will be remembered as among the best of our active service. Steadily gaining in experience, our boys became expert gunners and dependable courageous soldiers.

WAGON LINES.

On the 9th of September the Battery Wagon Lines were moved to Ablain St. Nazaire, on the Souchez valley. Here we put up horse lines on one side of a "deep-draw" running back into the famous Lorette ridge. These horse lines were roofed and preparations begun for making them into winter quarters, while dug-outs for the men were built into the face of the steeply sloping sides of the gully near the crest. But about the time these lines became fairly comfortable they became disagreeably lonesome places, the novelty of shell-blasted scenery having then staled. Occasional interest in life was awakened by "Fritz" shelling the balloons, of which we had three not far from us. Sometimes the shell fragments from his "woolly bears," or air-bursts, fell about us but never resulted in any serious damage. Frequently enemy planes came over scouting, bombing or "sausage hunting"; these were met by our planes, thrilling combats ensuing.

These wagon lines were retained until mid-October when, accompanying the other batteries of the Brigade, they were moved to the Sains area, our lines being located at Sains-en-Gohelle near the parish church. Here we had covered, enclosed stables for the horses and hut billets for the men. The village was well populated with civilians, being beyond the usual zone

of enemy attention and so located that his night bombing planes passed it by on all but a couple of occasions when they did us no real damage anyway. Numerous estaminets, "egg and chips" houses, the Y.M.C.A. canteen and recreation hut, where concerts were given by military concert parties, the proximity of friends in other units quartered near by, and the French civilians, all combined to make Sains-en-Gohelle the "home" to which we were always pleased to return while we were in France.

The routine of the wagon lines was as usual, the care and exercising of horses, cleaning and keeping-in-shape of harness and equipment, trips "up the line" with supplies to the gun crews, occasional inspections, bath parades at a bath house constructed in our part of the village "Brasserie," little informal "billet parties" amongst our pals, and always that mutually educating and entertaining association with the villagers that built another step to that admirable understanding friendship to-day existing between the French people and the British soldiery.

LA BASSEE.

To the Sains wagon lines the guns were brought on November 28th, and after two days' rest here were taken to La Bassée front at Annequin, the wagon line moving to Verguigneul. This front was then a "rest sector," that is, one on which neither side attempted to do any particular offensive work or heavy "straffing." The civilians, with characteristic nerve, occupied their houses right up to the gun line. At these positions the Battery stayed, no one at all displeased thereat, until December 24th, when we returned to our Sains-en-Gohelle lines, the guns going into positions at Liévin, formerly occupied by the 21st Battery C.F.A., hence known to us as "the 21st position," and best remembered as a position subjected to frequent and heavy "straffing" by the enemy artillery.

The Christmas dinner had been planned for at Verguigneul, but the move necessitated its postponement until the evening of December 26th, when it was held at "the old home" in Sains-en-Gohelle, and a right "merrie Christmastide" it was.

On January 22nd the gun positions were changed for those originally occupied in Liévin. Here somewhat strenuous artillery activity existed at the time and again the Battery suffered casualties, fortunately few, though one was our first fatal case. The Battery remained here until March 15th when the Division went "out on rest," the Battery going into billets at Haillicourt near Bruay.

While here, Capt. Bagnall came to the Battery, and Major Martin, who had been our able and well-liked O.C. since January, 1917, went on leave to England, where later he received that appointment which deprived the Battery of his leadership.

With the arrival of the Battery at Haillicourt, a grand clean-up was the order of procedure, but a fair amount of leisure time was given and places of interest near by were visited. The "See-Twos" were at Bruay and many of the boys had the pleasure of seeing their excellent entertainment. It was expected that we would remain here for some five or six weeks and great anticipations of "happy days" rose in our minds.

"THE SPRING DRIVE."

For six days only this dream last, and then with the suddenness of lightning from a summer sky the German offensive broke upon our fronts and the "Fighting Fifth" went *toute suite* back into action.

The Battery left Haillicourt on March 22nd and pulled into Grand Servins for the night, which by reason of the weather was anything but a pleasant one. On the 23rd the guns were taken into position at Loos, relieving the 48th Battery C.F.A., and the wagon lines returned to Sains-en-Gohelle. On March 30th the wagon lines were



Concrete Re-inforced houses on the outskirts of Lens, smashed by Howitzer fire.

moved to a position near Brunhaut Farm Corner, just off the Arras-Mont St. Eloi road. This spot, because of its nature, particularly at that rainy season, was named "The Mud Hole," and is so remembered.

On April 1st, leaving the Loos front, the Battery took over a position at Thelus, which proved to be just about like "jumping from the frying-pan into the fire."

"The Mud Hole" proving too bad for horse lines, on April 8th the wagon lines were moved to La Targette, but here, by reason of heavy shelling of the area which resulted in a few serious casualties, the Battery stayed only over night, moving the following day to wagon lines at Brunhaut Farm Corner.

The Battery remained in action at Thelus until April 12th, when what is known as the "Vimy position" was taken. This position was on Vimy Ridge, not far from "The Monument," erected to the honour and memory of the Artillery boys who fell in the glorious attack of April 9th, 1917. This position also received consider-

able attention from "Fritz" not only by artillery but also by 'plane.

On May 6th, the guns being brought back to the wagon lines, the Battery moved by march from Brunhaut Farm to Divion, where we arrived at 6 a.m. after a march through a beautiful night and early morning. Here we stayed, training for open warfare which really was but refreshing our memories of English training, until May 22nd.

This was a period of glorious weather, the country round about our camp was very beautiful and entertainment was not hard to find. After the mud, filth and ruin that we had seen for the past couple of months, Divion was as welcome as sunshine after rain . . . and then "some."

While here we were inspected by the Corps Commandant, accompanied by the Corps Artillery Commander.

On two nights enemy air-craft raided a near-by town, Bruay, but caused no damage in our neighbourhood. The nights were very bright—by moonlight giving us an excellent view of the raiders in their manœuvres.

From Divion we moved, on May 22nd, to Vandelicourt (Berles), where we halted for two days, proceeding on the 24th to Anzin, near Arras. Wagon lines were taken here and the guns put in action at Roclincourt, relieving the 2nd How. Battery then commanded by Major Fisher, the original O.C. of the 58th Battery. A few days later, on May 27th, occurred an unfortunate accident, a premature on one of our guns (E. sub.), which resulted in our losing one man and having one officer and four men wounded. Fortunately such accidents are rare, this being the first our Divisional Artillery had experienced and the only one that our Battery has had during its period of service. During this period we supported, a great part of the time, a famous Division

of Scottish Infantry, the 51st Division, and our opinion of them as soldiers will ever be a high one.

During this period a considerable interest was taken in sport and athletics, inter-Battery and Brigade Competitions, as well as some with outside units, took place, and the boys from the Battery showed up well. The teams from the 14th Brigade won first honours in many of their games and were among the Divisional representatives at the Corps Troops Sports held at Pernes on June 19th, where their record was well upheld. And again at Tingues, on July 1st, the boys of the 5th C.D.A. showed up well in the Canadian Corps Championships.

On July 3rd, Major Blue, our O.C. since that date, took command of the Battery, which since leaving Haillicourt had been led by Capt. Bagnall.

While at Anzin and Roclincourt, the Battery, in common with most units on this front, suffered from an epidemic of "Spanish Influenza" and despite most inadequate arrangements and supplies to meet so sudden an occurrence of a new form of sickness our Medical Officer, Capt. Fowler, did wonderful work. The fact that but few of the men affected had to leave their unit and, in our unit at least, no fatalities occurred is emphatic evidence of their able and conscientious work.

At the positions, Roclincourt and Anzin, the Battery spent a comparatively quiet summer until the end of July.

AMIENS.

Almost on the stroke of midnight of August 1st, we moved off from our Anzin wagon lines and marched to Aubigny, where we entrained about 9 a.m., August 2nd, arriving the same day about 4 p.m. at Bacquel in the Amiens district. Thence we marched to lines near Caguy.

The next night we started packing ammunition to a gun position just behind Villers-Bretonneux. Here

on a road jammed three or four tier deep with men, guns, lorries and wagons, while overhead whirred enemy planes and occasionally the odd bunch of shells burst near by, we packed and hauled ammunition for four nights and the whole Canadian Corps prepared a surprise party for "Fritz" that, when it broke, rattled the windows of the palace in Berlin.

On the nights of the 5th and 6th the guns were put in

position and at 4.30 a.m. of the 8th was sent over the heaviest barrage of the war to that date. Behind the barrage the Infantry "went over the top" and the big "show was on."

So swift was the advance of our infantry that, in a comparatively short time our guns were out of range and "hooking in" the Battery moved ahead to a position which a few hours before had been "No Man's Land."



A street in Lieven.

*Do you remember where this picture
was taken from.*



In the cellars of such houses as these soldiers made their homes.

From this time on the fighting all along the front was "open warfare," hard, swift and strenuous. So many excellent accounts of this campaign have been written by Press writers and the men who were there that we need only add a few notes regarding our own work.

On August 10th we moved forward from Hangard Wood, and after travelling almost all day on the heels of our cavalry and infantry we took up wagon line and gun positions in front of Folies, the guns being just to the right of Rouvroy. In these positions we remained, firing heavily, until the 17th, when the guns were taken still further ahead and the wagon lines moved up to the former gun position.

During this period our infantry was fighting a hard but winning battle along the Roye Road and about Damery and Parvilliers. The enemy put up a strong defence in an almost impregnable position and devoted, naturally, considerable attention to back-line positions, lines of communication and so forth. Bombing and shelling alike harmed us not, but many units in close proximity suffered heavily. The 58th to a man worked

and fought as never before, thanked their "Guardian Angels," wore their "tin" hats night and day and prayed in good old-fashioned style for dark and cloudy nights.

The weather was wonderfully fine and we certainly found open warfare under such conditions in so good a campaigning country more to our liking than the old trench-style article. Men and officers underwent the same hardships and alike covered themselves with honour and glory. We were very fortunate throughout the campaign, having few casualties, yet throughout we were at the apex of the push.

On August 19th and 20th we returned our supplies of ammunition to rear dumps and prepared to vacate our positions, the sector being taken over by French troops.

On the 20th occurred an accident peculiar and, fortunately, rare. One of our observation planes, flying low in front of a 60-pounder position just behind our wagon



Heavy traffic passing through a French village behind the lines.

lines, was struck by a rising shell from one of the guns of the Battery below. The plane was totally wrecked, the two occupants being instantly killed.

On August 21st the Battery moved back to Hangard Wood, arriving on the 22nd about 6 a.m. and resting there until about 7 p.m. the same day when we marched to Pont de Metz, which was reached about 3 a.m. of the 23rd. On the 24th we entrained at Saleux, leaving about 12 noon. We arrived about 8.30 p.m. that night at Aubigny, whence we marched to Savy, arriving about 11.30 p.m. We had not long to rest, however, as two and a half hours later, at 2 a.m. of the 25th, we again took to the road and marched to lines near Dainville, arriving about 7 a.m. The guns were taken ahead and put in action that night just in front of Arras on the north bank of the Scarp.

ARRAS-MONCHY.

The following morning, August 26th, the "Arras push" started with an attack astride the Arras-Cambrai road and against the strong enemy positions about Monchy. The initial attack, though meeting strong opposition, was successful and well followed up. Later in the morning the guns were moved up to a position just in front of "Chapel Road" on what was known as "Orange Hill," wagon lines being taken up about six hundred yards to the rear of Chapel Road. These positions were held for three days of very heavy fighting which led up to the attack at Boiry Notre-Dame.

On August 29th the Right and Centre Section guns were advanced beyond Monchy to what some super-optimist had named "Happy Hollow," and on the 30th those of the Left Section were placed, as an advanced section, in position just back of "Artillery Hill."

The 31st of August was a day we will long remember. During the night of the 30th and morning of the 31st, ammunition was hauled under heavy enemy

"straffing," resulting in some severe casualties both in horses and men. Again that night, the 31st, the same work was carried out under similar conditions with similar results. But the stream of shells never slackened. During the night of the 31st the guns were advanced to a position at Boiry. The wagon lines being moved the next day to a location just south of the Arras-Cambrai road almost directly opposite Monchy.

DURY.

(The Drocourt-Quéant Line.)

On the morning of September 2nd, with an early reveille, the gun teams and "Firing Battery" wagons turned out, the remainder "standing to." Under the barrage that morning our infantry had broken the famous Drocourt-Quéant line and driven in on Dury, where the enemy was putting up a strong defence and hot fighting continued well into the day.

Following the reveille turn-out our guns were hauled up to the wire of the Drocourt-Quéant line, but so warm was that locality that it was deemed advisable to pull back the guns, which were accordingly withdrawn a short distance, immediately going into action from a position just off the Arras-Cambrai road, about two kilometres ahead of Vis-en-Artois.

There followed the taking of Dury over a fortnight of hard strenuous fighting over ridges and among the many little villages thereabout and leading to the taking of the crossings at the Canal du Nord.

On the 4th the guns were advanced to "the Trench" beyond and to the right of Dury. This location is remembered not only as one of severe "straffing," all were that, but also as one where "souvenirs" were plentiful. From this position the guns went forward to one of the "warmest" spots we found between Arras and the Rhine, the position at "The Chateau," near

Sandemont, which was taken on the night of the 6th-7th. So close were we following the enemy that when that position was reconnoitered they were still fighting from about the Chateau. Here the guns remained until the 9th, when they were taken back, in support, to the position occupied on the 2nd. From this position they were taken a couple of days later, to "the Trench," where they remained for the balance of the reserve period.

During this time the wagon lines were located just behind Vis-en-Artois, being moved to that location on September 3rd. The days of that period were eventful ones that brought to us no little new experience, some that we cannot forget if we would, some that we do not wish to forget. Our wagon lines were located in the little valley of the Cojuel River and just behind the steep ridge on the western edge of Vis. The main Arras-Cambrai road passed a couple of hundred yards in front and from the Pont-a-trois Gueules, up the hill into Vis the road was a veritable graveyard for motor lorries. By day the enemy shelled this spot and by night added plane bombing to the shelling. But though they suffered heavily, the motor transport columns ever came and went bearing the precious supplies for the front line troops. Few indeed are the men more worthy of praise and reward than the lorry drivers.

About the Lens area, on Vimy Ridge and in front of Amiens, we had seen the destruction of continued or tremendously concentrated shelling. We had ever long lines of prisoners and vast supplies captured by our advancing armies. We had seen men and horses killed in battle to numbers running into hundreds. But never until we passed through Arras to that long white road to Cambrai did we see the attendant horrors of modern warfare in all their stark nakedness to even one-tenth the measure that we saw along that highway,

once one of the most beautiful of "routes nationales."

On either hand, and as far ahead as one might see, the scene was the same. Deep hollows, ridges and long gentle slopes ploughed, furrowed and refurrowed, the glaring white of the semi-baked chalk gleaming ghastly amid the rust-brown of the upturned top-soil, the tall trees along the highway and their lesser brethren of the little copses here and there on either side alike blasted, broken, uprooted and grey, the crumbling, weathering piles of nondescript masonry and splintered timbers where once had stood quaintly beautiful villages and hamlets, these were the scenes that formed in the picture a background grotesquely horrible. The foreground was the same, only more so! In some places where "Fritz's" night bombers had dropped bombs amid parties of infantrymen on their way "up," from the fragments of clothing and equipment we surmised the recipients of this "Kultur" had been men of our finest infantry units.

Why continue? Such was the Arras-Cambrai road in the latter part of August and early September of 1918. Such had been that road and the country lying on either side for over two and a half years. Nor were the victims of this unholy destruction only our men; equally numerous or more so were spots where "the Dutchmen" had been overtaken by our vengeance when driven from their refuges by the all-destroying fire of our "heavies." May never another generation have to look upon such sights caused by the lust and madness of men.

Along the line which passed through Vis were numerous observation balloons which seemed to be particularly disliked by "Fritz." He shelled them spasmodically, but regularly sent over his best planes and scarcely a day passed but one or more went down in flames, only to be immediately replaced by another. The aerial activity furnished our one amusement while



The Cambrai Road along which the 58th saw some of its hardest fighting—note trenches in foreground.

The * marks the spot where an officer of the 14th Brigade C.F.A. was buried alive one beautiful summer night. -

at the Vis wagon lines. Our anti-aircraft batteries did good work, as did our patrol 'planes, and often the "sausage hunter" went home empty handed. On one occasion the attacking Hun 'planes tackled a "dummy" balloon loaded with explosives; thereafter they were somewhat more cautious. But every day, night and morning, our 'planes soared and roared overhead on their way to and from the strongholds of the foe, while all day long the "buses" came and went that we of the artillery-line might the better support our boys who fought "in front of the front."

Though our lines here were in the heart of an area both heavily shelled and frequently bombed, only once were we directly so affected, bombs on that occasion wounding some horses and giving us all a good "wind-up."

THE CANAL DU NORD AND BOURLON.

On September 18th, the wagon lines were moved to a hill-top just above Martiers near Wancourt, and on the night of the 20th the guns were brought back from "the Trench" to these wagon lines. On the 21st the Battery moved to lines near Hendecourt. Here, during the next four nights we hauled and packed ammunition to a position behind Juchy. The guns went into action here on the night of the 26th for the attack on Bourlon. The next day the wagon lines moved up to this gun position and the guns to a position just in rear of Bourlon village. The fighting of this past fortnight had been very severe, the enemy's positions about the Canal being very strong and stubbornly defended. The fighting that immediately followed was even more strenuous and stubborn.

CAMBRAI.

Our guns on the 28th were moved to a position just ahead of Bourlon village, and the wagon lines were

advanced to the position in rear of the village previously occupied by the guns. On the 29th the guns were again advanced, taking up a position behind a steep bank near Raillencourt, where they remained during the greater part of the Siege of Cambrai. On the night of the 30th, the Centre Section guns were advanced to St. Ollé, a little over a thousand yards ahead of the Hollow, but returned to the main position the following night. On the night of the 5th these guns were moved across to a position on the north side of the Cambrai road to which the rest of the Battery moved on the following night. This position is remembered as one where the guns were in an open field pretty much under observation and subjected to considerable enemy "straffing." Here they stayed for about five days moving to "the Orchard" position at Blécourt on the 11th, the day on which Cambrai was finally taken.

Some idea of the strength of the enemy defence at Cambrai may be gained from the fact that on the last day of the siege, Canadian Artillery, between dawn and dark, shot 7,000 tons of projectiles into the enemy territory.

From the time of the fall of Cambrai the end of the fighting became merely a matter of days; the end was at last in sight. At various points on the front the enemy put up very stubborn defensive actions, but the relentless, driving pressure kept him retreating far faster than his strategists desired, and also far faster than he could remove his stores and supplies, of which our forces captured immense quantities in the following days.

TO VALENCIENNES.

Following the fall of Cambrai our fighting swung towards Devain and Valenciennes.

On the 11th the Battery took up a position at Blécourt, moving the next day to Esvars, close to the Canal de l'Escant, where it remained for four "warm" days.



"The Fighting Fifth" carrying ammunition during the Siege of Cambrai.

The wagon lines were moved to Ramillies and received a very warm reception there also. From Eswars the Battery moved to Thun-Leveque, where it stayed for five days. The next position was at Pailencouit, and was held for one day, the Battery moving on to Marquette, which was also a "one day stand." The next day the Battery took up two positions, first at Louchies

and second at a Fosse near Escaudain. The following day the Battery moved, "in Divisional support" to Haveluy, where it remained for the five days of its support period, after which the guns went into action at La Sentinelle, wagon lines at Haveluy, where they remained until the fall of Valenciennes on November 2nd.

At Valenciennes the Captain, accompanied by one of the Section Commanders and a signaller entering the city close after the infantry, had the honour of cutting down the German flag from the Hotel De Ville (Town Hall) staff and raising, for the first time since '14, the tricolour of France.

Early on November 3rd the Battery went into Valenciennes with the first Allied Artillery to enter the city. Here gun positions and wagon lines were taken between the Place de la République and the river, amongst buildings used as a hospital during the German occupation.

THE MONS ROAD.

Early on the morning of November 4th the guns were moved to Saint Saulvé on the Mons road, from which they helped keep the fast-fleeing Hun on the move, not only with our own little "four-fives" but also with the able assistance of one of his own eight-inch "Hows." that he had left behind in his haste. The following day the guns were moved, late in the night, to Onnaing. Here the Battery fired its last shots on the morning of the 6th. On the night of the 6th the guns were moved to Quadrouble, but were not put in action and on the morning of the 7th they were brought back to the wagon lines at Valenciennes, the Battery going on Corps Support for a few days.

On the 9th we moved, early in the morning, ahead along the Mons road in support, halting at Crespin, just on the French side of the border. Many times we had heard of the cruel brutality of the Hun soldier toward civilians in the territory he occupied. Some evidences of that cruelty we had seen, but never any such as we saw in this little village on the Belgian border.

On the afternoon of the 10th we moved to Thulim, a short distance into Belgium.

Here, on the following morning, the never-to-be-forgot-



Valenciennes from above. This city suffered no great damage from our shell fire, which was mostly concentrated on the Mons road, the Huns' chief exit.

ten 11th of November, we received word of the signing of the Armistice, and the order to cease hostilities, though not our watchfulness, at 11 a.m. that day.

We took the news calmly enough, but the best evidence of our subsequent spirit was that we immediately began calculations and arguments concerning the probable date of our arrival home. Meanwhile, awaiting developments, we "cleaned up" everything in sight, even ourselves.

On Friday the 15th some of us attended, as representatives of the Allied Armies, a service at the town

church held in honour of H.M. King Albert, a soldier and a King worthy of the greatest honours. Here we also received from "M'sieu. Le Maire" and "M'sieu Le Curé" thanks on behalf of the Belgian people for the liberation of their native land by the Armies to which we belonged.

We learned in a few days that our first dreams of going home were not to be realised, but that we were to form part of the British Army of Occupation, under the terms of the Armistice, of the Rhine cities and bridgeheads. And our last few days at Thulin were spent preparing for "The Triumphal March to the Rhine."

"THE MARCH TO THE RHINE."

Hannibal marched his armies over the Alps and so did the late Gen'l Bonaparte, who also marched them all the way to Moscow. The fighting men of J. Cæsar marched through Gaul and Sherman's men "to the sea." But it is safe to say in 1919, that none of them "had anything" on the Allied Armies who made that historic (it will be some day) "March to the Rhine" following the declaration of the Armistice on November 11th, 1918.

From the beginning of the march the 14th Brigade C.F.A., was attached to the 3rd Brigade (1st Division) Canadian Infantry and accompanied these famous troops in the occupation of the Rhineland.

With a 12.30 a.m. reveille on Monday, November 18th, a cold, raw day, with occasional snow flurries, the Battery moved off from the gun park at Thulin and the triumphal progress across Belgium began.

A long morning's march over frost-slippery cobbled roads brought us, about 2 p.m., to the little village of Cambron-St. Vincent. All along the road we received most hearty and cordial greetings from the civilians

and not a house but was decorated with the Belgian colours at least. Many of the houses were quite elaborately decorated, gaily decked arches spanned the streets and signs bearing inscriptions of welcome or praise were seen on all sides. We discovered that we were variously "nos valiants Alliés," "les braves Canadiens," "nos libérateurs," or "nos héros." Among the flags the Belgian black, yellow and red predominated, of course, the French tricolour was plentifully displayed but, though numerous, weird and strange in most cases were the representations of the British and United States flags. The "Red Ensign" was the British Flag most commonly attempted, but seldom was the "Jack" correctly made, usually lacking the white entirely and often being but two blue crosses on a red field. "Old Glory" was a banner with a few vertical red and white stripes and blue "stars" on a white field, numbering anywhere from half a dozen to a score, or some similar production of an ingenious mind desiring to express its gratitude to the men who had helped restore the battered remains of what once had been a home.

All along the way the people gathered in little groups, waved, raised their hats and cheered as we passed. Sometimes they ran out into the roadway and handed us little flags which we placed upon our vehicles or in our horses' headgears. Fortunately, when we halted for a few moments, the odd "tasse du café" was pressed upon us. One became, could one "go" the beverage, a mild sort of "coffee-fiend" during the days of this march.

The cordiality of these people was convincingly sincere, and their plaudits did much to relieve the discomforts of marching in the weather of those days. And their welcome, together with the sight of the wrecked, stripped homes, their hunger-pinched faces which ever smiled bravely and cheerily, and the makeshift barrows upon which they wheeled their few re-

maining household goods as they trudged along the roads leading westward from the land of their bondage to their homes, all these and many other sights drove home to us a realisation of what war means, particularly when the Boche is the foe, either invading or retreating.

Wherever we halted, clear to the border, the same story greeted us. The "sala Boche" had taken "sans payer," "les pommes de terre," had killed and eaten "la bonne vache," had slept in the bed while the "petits enfants, mais oui et raman" had slept on straw spread on the floor (which was the way we usually slept). Food had been dreadfully scarce, poor in quality and woefully high in price. And the men-folk were personally "sore" for the same "voleurs" had taken their "tabac," or most of it any way.

Of all the people we met in those Belgium towns and villages, none welcomed us more warmly, few with such dignified and sincere cordiality as "M'sieu. le Curé." Further comment would be superfluous.

At Cambron-St. Vincent we remained for the next two days. Having here comfortable billets in the village houses and stables of sorts for our horses, we were quite content to do so. We cleaned up our harness and equipment, rested our horses and took the road again on the 21st at 7 a.m., marching via Louvignes and Soignies to Braine-le-Courte, a considerable sized town about 10 miles south-west of the famous village of Waterloo. We arrived about 1 p.m. and stayed here for about two days, "cleaning up" in the mornings and giving the town a "once over" in the afternoon and evening.

A 4.45 a.m. reveille on the 24th put us on the road again, and after a long day's march via Nivelles, where "Heine" had left a considerable number of his aeroplanes and motor lorries, we came to Loupoigne, which most of us remember as the place where we stayed at the old "Sisters of Mercy" school. Though the place

long since had ceased to be anything but a billet for passing troops the Sisters still stayed there and eagerly demanded of us if we had any sick with us to whom they might minister.

The next day was another long, hard march which brought us to Villers-la-Ville, about 5 p.m. Shortly before entering the village we had passed through some very interesting-looking ruins of an old abbé, church, castle, etc., which we were afterwards told dated, as ruins, from the Napoleonic wars. In this village we found fairly good billets for ourselves but had to put up horse lines in the open along some side streets. With the marches of the past two days we had struck well into the hilly, forest country of the Ardenne region and lost our impression that Belgium was a "Low Country." We spent the next day here, cleaned up our harness once more, and with an early reveille on the 27th hit the road again.

Moving off about 6 a.m., we marched all day in mist and rain over heavy, hilly roads to Gelbressé, a little hamlet in the hills above the valley of the Meuse. We arrived here about 7 p.m. and again picquetted our horses in the open, but, fortunately, secured house billets for ourselves.

The following morning, the 28th, we struck the valley of the Meuse, marching to Heron, a little hamlet a dozen kilos or so south-west of Huy. Here we stayed until the 30th, when we moved to Ardennes, a considerable town on the banks of the Meuse about 10 kilometres from Huy. We remember Ardenne because our horse lines and billets were right along the river front, and because of the barges laden with Hun equipment and supplies that were tied-up along the bank. Also there was a very popular "hang-out" in the shape of a combined estaminet and dancing school with exceptional accordeon music and the real "classy" demoiselles of the town.

We were following the retiring German troops at about a six-day interval, and that they were not as a rule far ahead we could tell from the roadside scenes, one of the most common being offal from freshly slaughtered cattle and the bones of the same, not far away, stripped of every shred of flesh. Discarded and destroyed equipment, lorries and guns were seen along the route, indicating clearly what the German soldiers thought of the possibility of renewing the warfare.

At Ardennes we stayed until December 2nd, when we continued our march down the valley of the Meuse, through Huy, a large and interesting-looking town. Here we turned from the river in a southern direction and came that evening about 7 p.m. to the hamlet of Bois-Borsu, whence we moved the following day to Houmar in the valley of the River Ourthe.

Our next move was on the following day, December 4th, to the tiny village of Chevron near the Huy-Staffelot road. This day's march was one of the hardest we had. The day was wet and cold and the road was a long one of many hills and heavy going. In this village, by some chance, we discovered a number of exiles from about Cambrai and were told that, in all, in and about Chevron were some six hundred such unfortunates.

On the 6th, with another of our old friends, the early reveille, we marched to Lierneux, arriving about noon. This was the last village we stayed at in Belgium, but nowhere did we find the Belgians more kindly hospitable than here, so close to the German border.

The 7th was another raw, cold day, misty with a few showers. An earlier reveille started us on our march into Germany. We passed the Vielsalm, where the Canadian Corps Commander had his headquarters, and continuing, crossed the border about 11 a.m., the sole spectators of our triumphal entry into "Heinland" being three girls from a house just outside the line between the black and white striped boundary posts.

They stood just on the Belgian side of the line, wore Belgian colours, and waved us on "to Berlin" with most cheery greetings and pleasant smiles. About 1 p.m. we reached the village of Recht in the Malmedy district of the Rhineland province and there halted.

We found these first Germans whom we met on their native soil to be more comfortably housed, better provided for people than the Belgians who had been under German rule and, being country folk, they had fairly good food in a fair quantity. But the atmosphere was different absolutely than in any part of Belgium. It was heavy, dull, semi-hostile and apprehensive atmosphere we found here, and the people were pretty cool to us, though respectful and deferential.

The next day, the 8th, on much easier roads, we marched about 25 kilometres to Rocherath, arriving about 4 p.m. We passed through several small towns and villages on this march but didn't see any display of flags and "Honor aux Alliées" signs as we had seen for so many days previously. Seldom did the people of the houses we passed show themselves, regarding us from behind their curtained windows and making us feel exactly what we were, "strangers in a strange land." Our entry into Germany had seemed to lead toward Coblenz, but now we found our route leading toward Bonn and Cologne as it had before we left the Meuse at Huy.

On the 9th, starting about 8 a.m., we marched some 20 kilometres over heavy, hilly roads to a halting place deep in the hill country near Wildenberg. Here we parked our guns and wagons in the valley and mounted seemingly interminable hills to the hamlet of Heiken, where we found our billets and stables.

The following day we marched to Commern, and on the 11th proceeded via the considerable town of Euskirchen to Weilerswist, going on the following day to the outskirts of Cologne, where we were quartered in bar-

racks and stables formerly used by the German regular army. We reached these barracks shortly after noon and spent the remainder of the day cleaning up harness and equipment preparatory to the entry of Cologne.

On December 13th we moved off, the entire Brigade in column, from the barracks about 9 a.m. and proceeded slowly into and through one side of the famous Rhineland city. The populace turned out in strength to watch us, the first Allied artillery, pass through their "Stadt Köln" beneath the shadow of their famous cathedral, or "Dom." Numerous amongst the crowd were ex-soldiers, some wearing all or part of their field uniform but, of course, unarmed. Occasionally we saw a smile, but mostly the faces we looked down upon from our horses were grave and quiet in expression, wondering yet not fearing, stern but not hostile. The city impressed us favourably, the buildings being well built and modern in architecture. There were many stores, seemingly all well stocked, neatly and attractively displaying their wares in windows much like up-to-date store windows at home.

As we came up the incline to the bridge, the Hange



The Hange Brücke over the Rhine, that the 58th crossed on 13th December, 1918.

Brücke or suspension bridge, our salute was taken by General Sir H. Plumer, the famous Commander of the British 2nd Army in France, Flanders and Belgium, which army is now the British Army of Occupation in the Rhineland.

Truly this was an historic moment and one great in the life of each and every one of us. After more than four years of hard and bitter fighting amid scenes of desolation and devastation, of horror well-nigh soul-numbing, we stood triumphant by right of a God-given victory in the heart of one of the fairest, oldest and proudest states of the Enemy's Empire. We were calm with the dignity of those greater and more noble natures that the battle-field had made of the fine-metal souls bequeathed us by generations of Christian free-men. We were proud, and ever will be, of our comradeship with the heroic sons of Belgium, the valiant "Poilu" and the brave men from all parts of our own



TREKING TO KÖLN



'Member the two darbs who ushered us in?

Triumphal march!
AW-W
WEE



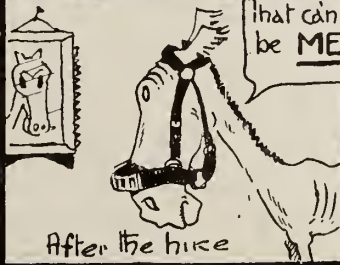
Bird's eye view of the road to Cologne



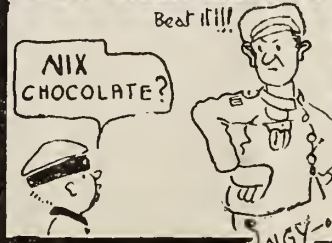
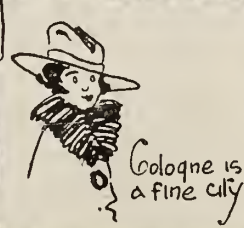
Worms eye view of the ditto



Trying to take out a fag without the gang seeing



After the hicc



Beat it!!!

NGY

great Empire. We were proud of what had been done and prouder still that we had helped in the doing. But, in all, our pride was not that "false pride that goeth before a fall," rather, we believe, it was that which ennobles men and raises them to greater heights of achievement and Christian civilisation.

And into our feeling of pride at that great moment there came a reminding wave of sadness that humbled our spirit with reverent touch as we thought of our pals who slept beneath the shell-swept fields of Flanders, beneath the winding Scarp or under the ages-old shadow of Vimy. But, we left them not behind us when we marched to the Rhine; like the immortal "John Brown" their souls "go marching on" keeping us company "wherever duty and glory may lead us."

Across the bridge we filed, our Battery crossing at 10.25 a.m., and on to the little suburb of Ostheim, where we took up the lines that have been our "home" since.

We've had a quiet, restful time after our arduous months since midsummer and we have enjoyed the rest. By reason of circumstances we haven't had a "gay" time by any means—but we can wait a bit longer for that. Visits to Cologne, Kalk or Deutz have taken the real edge off the dullness for most of us, and always there has been our association with the people amongst whom we are billeted that is amusing and more or less entertaining, apparently, to both parties. We find the people very decent and sometimes even really friendly after we reach a certain degree of mutual understanding.

Christmas was well celebrated this year, and though "it feels like you're alone, when you're a long, long way from home," still our spirit this Christmastide was a much more truly merry one than on the Christmas Days of the recent past.



The Kaiser's downcast troops crossing the Rhine a few days in advance of the incoming Canadians.

Already we are looking forward with ever-increasing eagerness and anticipation to a not far-distant day when we shall turn our faces westward, cross the broad Atlantic and, in the fairest of all the fair lands we have seen, rejoin the loved ones who in our absence have so bravely and so nobly "Kept the Home Fires Burning" against the day of our return.

A. I. M.
F. SUB.

N.B.—The writer regrets any vagueness or inaccuracy in this historical sketch, but submits it feeling that at least the majority of readers will remember and understand the difficulties under which the account was written.



(Reading from left to right)

Top Row:—LIEUT. E. S. BYRES, LIEUT. R. J. E. GRAHAM, LIEUT. A. MCK. JAMES, LIEUT. J. F. MCKENZIE, LIEUT. P. MCCUTCHEON,
CAPTAIN W. BAGNALL, MAJOR W. E. BLUE, LIEUT. I. N. M. MACLAREN, LIEUT. A. E. CHATWIN.



Officers and
Sergeants
58th Battery,
prior to
leaving for
France.



Staff
58th Battery,
taken at
Witley.



Left Section
58th Battery,
taken at
Witley.



Right Section
58th Battery,
taken at
Witley.



Centre Section
58th Battery,
taken at
Witley.

Where you're going to get off.

The war is a thing of the past, and historians are busy with their duties. Three men appear before the Government Employment Bureau seeking work.

The commissioner asks, pointing to the first: "What were you in the Great War?"

"A lieutenant," he replies.

"And you?" to the second.

"A sergeant."

"And you?" to the third.

"A buck."

Picking up a phone the commissioner calls up his office. "You have three application forms there, haven't you? Yes? Well put this down. No. 1 as city assessor; No. 2 as customs clerk. Let me see about No. 3. Oh, yes! Give him a white suit and a broom."



VALEDICTORY.



"WE accepted this war, we did not begin it. We accepted it for an object, and when that object is accomplished the war will end, and I hope to God that it will never end until that object is accomplished."

So spake Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg with regard to the American Civil War, and though, perhaps, in other and various ways so have we spoken of the Great War now ending. The object for which we have fought through more than four long, wearying years has been accomplished and from to-day the nations shall go forward to a greater and better civilisation without feeling ever over their heads the menace of the Prussian sword or the blighting shadow of Pan-Germanic "KULTUR."

To-day we look toward three directions, backward to the yesterday of conflict, immediately before us the Day of Reckoning, and forward to the not far-distant to-morrow.

Yesterday we saw the accumulated storm clouds of 40 years break over Western Europe and the deluge sweep to the far corners of the world.

Then came the call of Little Brother Nations, and speedily following the warning cry of the threatened Motherlands.

The freedom of Christian civilisation was threatened,

history repeating itself, by savage hordes of Huns.

In a time so brief that it seemed incredible, France and Belgium had responded to the ringing "Marseillaise" and the "citizen armies" were fighting beside the regular soldier, with equal bravery and steadiness. Britain sent her "Contemptible Little Army" of a hundred thousand or so, and even from our far away peaceful Canada went a band of heroes, the "Original Firsts," and ever those forces first in the field were followed by mighty hosts inspired by and dedicated to The Greatest Crusade.

The spirit of the crusaders was high and firm against all attacks, hardship, and suffering in the field, repulse in battle, new and cruelly inhumanly destructive modes of war-making, and ever, ever, the insidious intrigue and propaganda of an utterly unprincipled foe.

A great comradeship grew up that knew no restrictions of nationality, tongue, or creed, and in the darkest hours this flame of fellowship was an unwandering beacon light showing the path to a dawn of greater and more noble day.

The waves of Europe's militaristic autocracy broke upon the firm rocks at Ypres, the Marne, and Verdun. The tide turned, and the mighty flood of Allied Armies

swept over the shoals at Lille, Lens, Cambrai, Chateau Thierry and Laon to the very borders of the Rhinelands, cleaning and freeing all that the Boche had defiled and oppressed.

Then came the end of the struggle, the downfall of the Kaisers, and their main ideas of world domination by force of arms. Long deluded peoples awake to the realisation that they had been duped, robbed of the liberty which by right is man's. The Armistice was signed, the guns silenced, the bayonets sheathed, and a healing Peace brought infinite relief to a war-worn world.

And so we come to the portals of To-day, the Day of Reckoning from which we shall pass over the bridge of settlement to the To-morrow of Progress. To-day we must with firm justice exact from the destroyer those concessions and indemnities which shall in some small way pay for the devastation, desolation, and loss due to the War. Never can such concessions or indemnities pay for the lives that have been lost—or the crimes that have been committed—such things cannot be paid for, and we must give to the peoples of the defeated nations an example which they, following in the days to come, shall build nations ultimately worthy of places in the great brotherhood of true Christian nations that no longer shall be only the vision of Utopian dreamers.

This task is in our hands, a duty of no light responsibility, and appreciating this responsibility we feel that the broader, nobler vision and the purged spirit that the War has given to us makes us worthy and fit to handle the task of settlement with equity and justice.

Soon will come "To-morrow," the greatest day of our individual experiences, when we shall return to our homes and the loved ones who have stood behind us with both heart and hand.

They await our homecoming with eagerness that they may bestow upon us the honour and affection that is

accorded the noblest heroes. Let us not forget this and prove ever that we are worthy thereof.

We shall go back to tasks of reconstruction, of new and greater development in citizenship and nationality. We go back with richer stores of knowledge, and a greater realisation of individual and mutual responsibility, and surely our future will be better, greater and fuller for this reason.

The old comradeship of battle days will be broken in many cases, but in none will the spirit thereof die. It is too firmly builded upon mutual suffering, mutual loss, and mutual gain to die so long as we may live.

As a battery, a unit of the great armies, we soon shall say "good-bye" to the many other similar units with whom we have been related in various ways, since the Spring of '16.

Though we say "good-bye" to them we do not forget them, and ever shall remember them, glorying in the honour of having been associated with them in the common cause for which we fought; and as individuals we say "good-bye" to the individual comrades of those units with the most sincere and whole-hearted good wishes for happiness and success in all days to come.

Within our own little group we shall say "good-bye" to each other with no small measure of regret at the severance of friendships which have meant so much in past days. Those friendships shall remain unlesened though we may say "good-bye" and go far from each other—and ever as our friends go their ways and we go ours, shall the wishes go from our deepest hearts that God may go with them and bless them, that life may be happy and full-lived, and that they may be the noble comrades that we have known with so great affection through all these days of war, of hardship, of pleasure at times, of suffering and joy and even days of glory that we stood together in the world's greatest battles for Liberty, Justice and Right.

NOMINAL ROLL *of* Officers & Men

of the 58th Howitzer Battery, including those who have been struck off strength, but have served at one time with this unit.

All addresses are those of next-of-kin

Rank	Name	Address	Rank	Name	Address
Major	Blue, W. E.	c/o Dep. Pub. Works, Box 560 Ottawa.	Dvr.	Anderson, H.	309, Niagara St., Victoria, B.C.
Major	Martin, W. M. J.	27, Harrington Gardens, London, Eng.	Sig.	Arnold, M. J.	Marysville, N.B.
Capt.	Armitage, R. S.	Sherbrooke, Que.	Corpl.	Atkinson, L.	55, Freehauld Street, Hull, Eng.
Capt.	Bagnall, W.	c/o Bank of Montreal.	Bdr.	Augustsen, A.	Frogn Pr., Drabak, Norway.
Lieut.	Armstrong, R. F.	Queen Street, St. John.	Gnr.	Alexander, A. S.	Port Dalhausie, Ontario.
Lieut.	Chatwin, A. E.	Regina, Sask., Canada.	Sig.	Allen, W. A.	22, Smith Street, Halifax, N.S.
Lieut.	MacLaren, I.N.M.	75, Coburg Street, St. John, N.B.	Dvr.	Baltus, A. C. H.	McAdam Jct., N.B.
Lieut.	Prior, B. G.	Victoria, B. C.	Dvr.	Baxter, H. G.	Fredericton, N.B.
Lieut.	Wood, P. A.	Ottawa, Ont.	Bdr.	Bell, E. W.	Pinder, York Co., N.B.
Lieut.	McCutcheon, P.	c/o Merchants' Bank, Victoria.	Dvr.	Bennett, H. M.	Cross Creek, York Co., N.B.
Lieut.	Graham, R. J. E.	106, Bridge St., Bellville, Ont.	Bdr.	Betts, R. F.	Chatham, N.B.
Lieut.	Byers, E. S.	Chatham, Ont.	Dvr.	Black, A. P.	3044, Glenn Drive, Victoria, B.C.
Lieut.	Spohn, H. G.	Montreal, Que.	Dvr.	Boone, S. St. E.	Cross Creek, York Co., N.B.
Lieut.	James, A. Mc. K.	59, Edward St., Halifax, N.S.	Bdr.	Borrie, J. V.	952, Pender Street, Victoria, B.C.
Lieut.	Quinn, G. C.	Winnipeg.	Dvr.	Bowden, H. L.	40, Upper Rock Gardens, Brighton, Sussex.
Lieut.	J. F. MacKenzie.	Campbellton, N.B.	Dvr.	Bowes, H. J.	35, Hanover St., St. John, N.B.
Gnr.	Alcox, C. J.	Sydney Mines, N.S., Canada.	Gnr.	Boyd, R. A.	177, University Av., Fredericton, N.B.
Gnr.	Anderson, D.	Harbour-a-Bouch, Antigonish, N.S., Can.	S/S	Brethour, P. E.	Sidney, B.C.

NOMINAL ROLL.

Rank	Name	Address	Rank	Name	Address
Gnr.	Bruce, C. W.	Marysville, N.B.	Sgt.	Conyers, C.	1253, Fairfield Rd., Victoria B.C.
Sgt.	Bullen, C. L.	3, Ruby Villas, Dudley Road, Claxton-on-Sea.	Sig.	Conquer, C.	269, Somerset Street, Ottawa.
Sgt.	Burchell, A.	Main Street, Sydney Mines, N.S.	Bdr.	Coots, J. G.	1138, 18th St., N. Seattle, Wash., U.S.A.
Dvr.	Burden, W. C.	14, Brunswick Street, Fredericton.	Dvr.	Collins, L. G.	Shelley Farm, Bennington Hts., Scotland.
Gnr.	Burge, J. I.	2, Hallis Street, Halifax, N.S.	Dvr.	Clarke, J.	75a, Grand Block, Notre Dame de Grace, Montreal.
Gnr.	Burge, C.	(as above).	Dvr.	Cowan, W. W.	889, Bordeaux Street, Montreal.
Sdlr.	Burke, R. H.	22, Bond Street, Lindsay, Ont.	Dvr.	Collum, E. MacG.	Trenton, N.S.
Gnr.	Butler, H. F.	2363, Coolsman St., Oak Bay, B.C.	Dvr.	Cody, J. M.	2, King's Place, Halifax, N.S.
Gnr.	Bancroft, M. T.	254, Metcalfe Av., Westmount, Montreal.	Dvr.	Campbell, W. J.	318, 18th Street, N. Lethbridge, Alberta.
Gnr.	Beaupré, P. G.	53, Clovelly Rd., Milton, Portsmouth, England.	Gnr.	Cameron, G. S.	1364, 7th Av., W. Vancouver, B.C.
Gnr.	Burton, F.	69, Playford Rd., London, Eng.	Dvr.	Christene, H.	c/o Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C.
Sig.	Bell, E. D. H.	17, Lenster Avenue, Hamilton, Ont.	Gnr.	Colter, R. K.	471, 8th Street, Medicine Hat, Alberta.
Sig.	Behan, E. H.	Box 336, St. Stephen, N.B.	Gnr.	Cook, R.	Room 8, Graham Block, Center St., Calgary.
Sig.	Bunting, G. L. S.	Debeck, N.B. Carleton C.	Gnr.	Cosgrove, K. W.	Oakhurst School, Asheville, N.C., U.S.A.
Sig.	Bunting, W. F.	(as above).	Gnr.	Cullen, W. J.	Leamington, Ontario.
Sig.	Begman, A.	36, Christchurch Av., Brondesbury, London, Eng.	Gnr.	Clark, F. A.,	8th Av., Blanchard Street, Regina.
Pte.	Barnes, J. D.	287, Carleton Street, Toronto, Ont.	Gnr.	Corning, W. K.	587, Richard Street, Vancouver.
Corpl.	Bennett, J. H.	Spencerville, Ont.	Gnr.	Craig, A. C.	Coldstream, Carleton Co., N.B.
Gnr.	Boulton, H. B.	1251, Molern St., Mill End, Mont.	Gnr.	Chick, R. G.	Port Elgin, Ontario.
Gnr.	Brennan, F. H.	152, Ontario St., St. Catherines, Ont.	Gnr.	Cameron, H.	Port Hood, C.B.
Gnr.	Brodd, D. A.	594, Bedford St., Sandwich, Ont.	Dvr.	Caine, J.	R 201, Arthur, Ontario.
Gnr.	Cooverett, G.	483, Booth Street, Ottawa.	Sgt.	Coward, R.	Craighurst, Ontario.
Gnr.	Clay, A.	259, Wentworth Street, Hamilton.	Gnr.	Casey, J. A.	Boston, Mass.
Dvr.	Calderwood, G.	1124, Empress St., Victoria, B.C.	Dvr.	Danaher, T. H.	79, Broad Street, St. John, N.B.
Sgt.	Cameron, G. A.	2024, Belmont Av., Victoria, B.C.	Dvr.	Davis, C. H.	Truro, N.S.
Dvr.	Campbell, A. M.	Weymouth, Digby, N.S.	Dvr.	Davis, E. C.	P.O. Box 864, Orillia, Ontario.
Gnr.	Cardwell, J. H.	Pembroke Private Hotel, Harrogate, Yorks, Eng.	Dvr.	Davis, W.	South Wellington, B.C.
Dvr.	Carson, J. R.	Grand Harbour, Grant Manan, N.B.	Dvr.	Davison, A.	Hansport, N.S.
Dvr.	Christie, E. W.	1032, Fairfield Rd., Victoria, B.C.	Bdr.	De Grasse, N. S.	494, Amhurst Street, Montreal.
Gnr.	Cohlan, H. C.	1160, Palm St., Bangor, Maine, U.S.A.			
Dvr.	Collie, D.	Rocklin, N.S.			

NOMINAL ROLL.

Rank	Name	Address	Rank	Name	Address
Sgt.	Desveaux, P.	Friar's Head, Inverness Co., N.S.	Gnr.	Gale, W. A.	1176 Yates Street, Victoria, B.C.
Dvr.	Denny, T. C.	314, Stannard Av., Victoria, B.C.	Gnr.	Gall, J.	Ommee, Ontario.
Dvr.	Donaldson, R.	633, Cornwall Street, Victoria, B.C.	Dvr.	Garland, C.	292, Stanstead Road, Forest Hill, London, S.E.23.
Sgt.	Dixon, G. B.	1862, Venables Street, Vancouver, B.C.	Dvr.	Giberson,	740, Hillside Av., Victoria, B.C.
Dvr.	Dowell, A.	1313, Haultain Street, Victoria, B.C.	Sgt.	Glenn, W. D.	Lynchbury, Va., U.S.A.
Dvr.	Dunham, F. A.	Upper Queensbury, York Co., N.S.	Bdr.	Goldie, J. A.	North Vancouver, B.C.
Dvr.	Doyle, A. W.	53, Douglas Street, Sydney, N.S.	Bdr.	Goldie, J. E.	North Vancouver, B.C.
Dvr.	Davidson, A. J.	East Middle Le Have, N.S.	Sig.	Goodman, G. E.	P.O. Box 621, Nanaimo, B.C.
Gnr.	Dawson, J. T.	110, Sterling Street, Alva, Scotland.	Gnr.	Gough, H. McS.	Newcastle, N.B.
Gnr.	Davis, Arthur.	159, Erie Av., Brantford, Ontario.	Sig.	Grant, W. A.	125, Queen Street, St. John, N.B.
Gnr.	Dalziel, A.	c/o Archbishop P.E. Roy, Quebec, Canada.	Dvr.	Gibbon, J. A.	1, Union Street, St. John, N.B.
Gnr.	Deming, H. R.	Pugwash River, Cumberland, Co., N.S.	Dvr.	Grant, W. G. E.	125, Kildare Road, Wakerville, Ont.
Gnr.	De Long, H.	Warterville, Carleton Co., N.B.	Dvr.	Galland, G. A.	183, Andover Street, Andover, Mass, U.S.A.
Sig.	Davison, R. S.,	127, Windsor Street, Halifax, N.S.	Dvr.	Grieve, M. C.	R.R. No. 7, Guelph, Ontario.
Gnr.	Donais, A.	123, First Street, N.W., Medicine Hat.	Dvr.	Gibb, G. B.	319, South Street, Halifax, N.S.
Gnr.	Davis, J. M.	234, Murray Street, Peterborough, Ontario.	Dvr.	Gleason, S. C.	Chautangua, New York, U.S.A.
Cpl.	Eccleston, A. A.	Otley Hall, Shropshire, England.	Dvr.	Gordon, A. H.	253, Tecumseh Street, Sarnia, Ontario.
Sgt.	Edgecomb, A. C.	583, George Street, Fredericton, N.B.	Dvr.	Goff, J.	Black Street, Wexford, Ireland.
Dvr.	Ellis, H. D.	Truro, N.S.	Dvr.	Gear, W. C.	310, Robie Street, Halifax, N.S.
Dvr.	Elliot, J. S.	45, Simond Street, St. John, N.B.	Dvr.	Gardner, J.	133, Breadalbane Street, Hamilton, Ontario.
Dvr.	Eagle, H. M.	Preston, Ontario.	Bdr.	Gamble, E.	Prescott, Ontario.
Bdr.	Fletcher, W. R.	New Waterford, N.S.	Dvr.	Hancock, S. F.	Neath Villa, Burnside, R.O., Victoria, B.C.
Gnr.	Fluck, W. L.	212, Robie Street, Halifax, N.S.	Sgt.	Harrigan, H. C.	201, White Rock, Hastings.
Gnr.	Forbes, W. H.	James River, Antigonish Co., N.S.	Dvr.	Hayes, F. M.	Yarmouth, N.S.
Gnr.	Fullerton, E. V.	Keatings P.O., B.C.	Gnr.	Hayman, G. P.	Beech Road, Weston-Super-Mare, England.
Gnr.	Fraser, V. E. H.	126, Culp Street, Niagara Falls, Ont.	Gnr.	Hebenton, W.	Kirremuir, Scotland.
Gnr.	Frier, T.	32, Cathnor Road, Shepherds Bush, 12, London, England.	Bdr.	Helmicken, J. S.	915, Maso Street, Victoria, B.C.
Gnr.	Fournier, O.	292, Laurier Av. West Ottawa.	Gnr.	Henderson, C. McG.	New Glasgow, N.S.
Cpl.	Francis, S. T.	Grizzly Bear, Northern Alberta.	Gnr.	Hewitt, E. R.	Rollingham, N.B.
Bdr.	Francis, W. J.	Grizzly Bear, Northern Alberta.	Gnr.	Hewitt, H. A.	13, Cauden Street, St John.
Gnr.	Fitspatrick, E. M.	Montreal.			

NOMINAL ROLL.

Rank	Name	Address	Rank	Name	Address
Cpl.	Hibberson, J. A.	353, Church Road, Oak Bay, Victoria, B.C.	Dvr.	Lee, W. H.	South Salt, Spring Isle, B.C.
Gnr.	Hibberd, L. G.	1508, Gladstone Av. Victoria, B.C.	Dvr.	Leechman, J. D.	Temple, London.
Gnr.	Hickman, J. F.	Dorchester, N.B.	Dvr.	Leigh, A. J.	569, Toronto St., Victoria, B.C.
Gnr.	Higdon, H. G.	287, Park Street, Sydney, N.S.	Dvr.	Leonard, W.	7, Carlos St., Godalming, Surrey, Eng.
Gnr.	Hodder, W.	96, West Street, Witney Pier, Sydney, N.S.	Dvr.	Liddiard, W. H.	1038, Queen Avenue, Victoria, B.C.
Gnr.	Holder, A. J.	North Wilmington, Mass., U.S.A.	Dvr.	Legg, J. T.	310, Vancouver St., Victoria, B.C.
Dvr.	Howie, H.	South Street, Glace Bay, N.S.	Bdr.	Lilly, S. M.	275, Whitney Avenue, Sydney, N.S.
Dvr.	Hunt, H. E.	P.O. Box 508, Nanaimo, B.C.	Sgt.	Little, R. M.	Coal Branch, Kent Co., N.B.
Dvr.	Hunt, G.	Nailsbourne, Taunton, England.	Gnr.	Lomas, G.	166, Joseph St., Victoria, B.C.
Dvr.	Henderson, J. G.	Rockton, Ontario, Canada.	Bdr.	Lowe, J. C.	16, Bushey St., Victoria, B.C.
Dvr.	Horseman, F. V.	Irishtown, Moncton, N.B.	Sig.	Ludgate, L. P.	Woodstock, N.B., R.R., No. 6.
Gnr.	Hill, F. W.	Sydney, N.S.	Gnr.	Lund, A. A.	P.O. Box 189, Leithbridge, Alta.
Gnr.	Heath, S.	London, Ont.	Gnr.	Libley, G. F.	Victoria, B.C.
Gnr.	Hogg, J.	Hamilton, Ont.	Dvr.	Machum, A. J.	P.O. Box 760, St. John, N.B.
Gnr.	Hunt.	Victoria, B.C.	S/M.	Maimann, C. E.	167, Queen St., Fredericton, N.B.
Gnr.	Holt, J.	410, Dovercourt, Road, Toronto.	Dvr.	Marsden, J. T.	340, Haymarket Sq., St. John, N.B.
Corpl.	Ickeringill, J. W. C.	34, East Street, Brighton, England.	Dvr.	Martin, R. J.	14, Duncan Street, Halifax, N.S.
Sig.	Inglis, J. M.	176, Robie Street, Halifax, N.S.	Sgt.	Mason, F. C.	2078, Baurchier Street, Oak Bay, Victoria, B.C.
Sig.	Innis, J.	7, Great Western Place, Aberdeen, Scotland.	Dvr.	Matten, P.	Badingham, Suffolk, England.
Sig.	Jenkins, J. P.	Dundas, R.R., No. 5, P. E. Island.	Dvr.	Merritt, J. W.	Plaster Rock, Victoria Co., N.B.
Sig.	Jones, S. T.	Stephen Street, Dartmouth, N.S.	Dvr.	Miller, F. C.	Marysville, N.B.
Sig.	Jenness, D.	Sower Hutt, Wellington, N.Z.	Dvr.	Mollins, H. V.	246, Brussell Street, St. John, N.B.
Corpl.	Jeffrey, J. F.	2601, Saratoga Avenue, Oak Bay, Victoria, B.C.	Dvr.	Morrell, G. S.	Pembroke Shore, Garmouth Co., N.S.
Dvr.	Jones, H. H.	Prince William, York Co., N.B.	Dvr.	Morris, C. B.	Chatham, N.B.
Dvr.	Jones, T.	2 Court, 3 House, Goodwin Street, Birmingham.	Dvr.	Mason, J. A. R.	158, Water Street, Stratford, Ontario.
Dvr.	King, E. H.	852, Courtney Street, Victoria, B.C.	Dvr.	Meadows, G. H.	39, Reaf Street, Manchester.
Corpl.	Kinghorn, H. C.	206, Smythe St., Fredericton, N.B.	Dvr.	Miller, T.	Lakefield, Ontario.
Gnr.	Knaut, W. L.	Mahone Bay, N.S.	Dvr.	Mercer, J.	Greenfield Park, St. Lambert, Montreal.
Gnr.	Knowles, W. A.	Eastlin, Hants Co., N.S.	Dvr.	Marshall, A. D.	1815, Crescent Road, Victoria, B.C.
Gnr.	Lauder, H. R.	2, Bryden Street, St. John.	Dvr.	Middleton, R.	Essex, Ontario.
Corpl.	Lawrence, F. B.	Prince William, York Co., N.B.	Dvr.	Morwick, E.	Gerseyville, Ontario.
			Dvr.	Morse, G. L.	217, Laurier Avenue, Ottawa.
			Dvr.	McKee, C. W.	213, Landwick Street, W., Windsor, Ontario.

NOMINAL ROLL.

Rank	Name	Address	Rank	Name	Address
Dvr.	Munro, F. A.	Penfield Center, Charlotte Co., N.B.	Sgt.	North, W.	755, Younge Street, Toronto, Ont.
Dvr.	Marriot, H.	Dallington, Northampton, England.	Sig.	Nunn, H. J.	8, King's Terrace, Westcliff-on-Sea, England.
Dvr.	Minue, G.	Akotoks, Alta.	Gnr.	Nicholas, A.	73, West Park St., Salford, Man., England.
Dvr.	Molthop, W. W.	4811, Lake Pk. Av., Chicago, Ill.	Sig.	O'Neill, J.	Fredericton, N.B.
Dvr.	Miner, H.	Toronto, Ontario.	Bdr.	O'Brien, T. J.	27, Cambridge St., Guelph, Ontario.
Dvr.	Munn, D. A.	Boris Town, New Brunswick.	Gnr.	O'Hanlon, B.	255, Reeder Street, Kingston, Ont.
Gnr.	MacDonald, E. A.	Hanelock, N.B.	Dvr.	Owston, W. H.	9, Havelock Street, Toronto, Ont.
Sgt.	McCallum, E. J.	118, Saunders Street, Fredericton, N.B.	Gnr.	Olson, B. W.	1901, Woodmore Av., Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.
Dvr.	McCrum, G. C.	McAdam Jct., York Co., N.B.	Gnr.	O'Brien, W. F.	64, Bellwood Av., Toronto, Ont.
Dvr.	McCully, C.	P.O. Box 911, Truro, N.S.	Gnr.	Ogden, G. W.	2417, Congress St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Dvr.	McInnis, J. A.	8, Ritchie Street, Sydney, N.S.	Gnr.	Ostrem, G. E.	Admiral, Sask., Can.
Sgt.	McGrath, J. K.	Fredericton, N.B.	Gnr.	Palmer, A. H.	Indian River, Maine, U.S.A.
Gnr.	McIntosh, A. G.	1841, Hastings St., East Vancouver, B.C.	Gnr.	Patterson, T. A.	3208, South Ash St., Tacoma, Wash.
Gnr.	McLean, J. A.	Chatham, N.B.	Bdr.	Peterson, G. L.	Medicine Hat, Alta.
Sgt.	McLean, J. Mc.D.	Strathborne, N.B.	Gnr.	Phipps, A. H.	1503, Beach Drive Oak Bay, Victoria.
Gnr.	McLennan, A. W. J.	North Shore, Hants Co., N.S.	Gnr.	Pook, F.	Mount Talmie, Victoria, B.C.
Gnr.	McMasters, F. A.	207, Bentock St., Sydney, N.S.	Gnr.	Potter, C. C.	Argyle St., Yarmouth, N.S.
Dvr.	McNair, V. J.	River Lawson, N.B.	Dvr.	Pulsifer, C. L.	Hansport, N.S.
Dvr.	McNeill, C. H.	14, Oneills Court, Sydney, N.S.	Dvr.	Polley, S. J. L.	15, Market Place, Stratford, Ont.
Sldr.	McQuarrie, G.	167, Prince Street, Sydney, N.S.	Dvr.	Payne, F. J.	Hillsdale.
Bdr.	McRae, W. E.	Westville, N.S.	Gnr.	Phipps, A. H. C.	Goldstream, B.C.
Gnr.	McGreer, M. L.	831, Lorne Cresent, Montreal.	Gnr.	Prudhomme, O.	314, Hygh St., Waterton, N.Y., U.S.A.
Gnr.	McLeod, D. V.	184, Gottingham St., Toronto, Ont.	Gnr.	Palmer, W. J.	9, Queen Street, Folkestone, Eng.
Dvr.	McLellan, D. L.	Port Hood, N.S.	Gnr.	Quick, J.	34, Week St., Bathbane, U.S.A.
Gnr.	McFarquar, H. G.	819, 4th Av. West, Calgary, Alta.	Gnr.	Rae, L. N.	P.O. Box 393, Sydney, N.S.
Gnr.	McRae, T. L.	Suite 3, Leamington Apts., Edmonton.	Dvr.	Reynolds, F. R.	St. Mary's, N.B.
Gnr.	McBeath.	Campbellton, N.B.	Gnr.	Ricketts, H. B.	97, Stormaway Rd., Southend-on-Sea.
Gnr.	McLean, K. E.	Woodstock, N.B.	Gnr.	Rideout, R. D.	Gibson, N.B.
Gnr.	McMillan, A.	Alenchamber Farm, Scotland.	Bdr.	Robertson, B. W.	31, Oak St., Hyde Park, Boston, Mass.
Gnr.	McTaggart, E. J.	Detroit.	Gnr.	Robertson, W. H.	Barrington Passage, N.S.
Dvr.	Nason, M. A.	637, Scully St., Fredericton, N.B.			
Sig.	Newton, W.	Plaisance, Quebec.			
S/S	Noble, E.	Kamloops, B.C.			
Dvr.	Nelson, S.	67, Queenston St., St. Catherines, Ontario.			

NOMINAL ROLL.

Rank	Name	Address	Rank	Name	Address
Gnr.	Rodgers, G. A.	Yarmouth, N.S.	Gnr.	Sawdon, W. J. J.	Whitby, Ont.
Bdr.	Ryan, J. E.	Chaplin Road, Newcastle, N.B.	Gnr.	Shnell, E. R.	1308, Ascension St., Des Moines, Iowa.
Gnr.	Ritchie, E. A.	53, Glasgow St., Guelph, Ont.	Gnr.	Scott, M. W.	Milltown, Charlotte Co., N.B.
Gnr.	Rallinson, W. H.	Estavan, Sask.	Bdr.	Thompson, G. F.	129, Princess St., St. John, N.B.
Gnr.	Rogers, G. A.	P.O. Box 17, North Sydney, N.S.	Gnr.	Thurber, J. L.	Middleton, N.B.
Gnr.	Russell, J. M.	Fergus, Ontario.	Bdr.	Tower, A. T.	Rockport, N.B.
S S	Russell, R.	Com, Bank House, Selkirk.	Gnr.	Townsend, G. M.	P.O. Box 165, New Glasgow, N.S.
Gnr.	Rumley, E. H.	Regina, Sask.	Bdr.	Tracey, H. E.	Tracey Station, Sunbury Co., N.B.
Gnr.	Riley, W.	Bridgetown, N.S.	Gnr.	Travis, R. D.	162, Medina St., Victoria, B.C.
Sig.	Rice, W. A.	1414, Dundas St. W., Toronto.	Bdr.	Trecarten, J. K.	Lord's Cove, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
Gnr.	Ross, P. F. C.	Rathmerdyn Lodge, Leighlinbridge, Co. Carlow, Ireland.	Corpl.	Tuttle, Jack	48, Aphrop St., Woolaston, Mass.
Gnr.	Sailsbury, W. H.	29, Nyne Head St., Clifton Hill.	Gnr.	Van Lunen, R.M.	Kingston, Ont.
Gnr.	Salter, F. M.	Barrie, Ontario.	Gnr.	Van Kempen, W.	2, Dawson St., Toronto, Ont.
Dvr.	Salter, P. E.	Barrie, Ontario.	Gnr.	Wallace, G.	2, Clyde Rd., West Didsbury, Man.
Dvr.	Saunders, F. H.	Ladysmith, B.C.	S/M.	Wardell, F.	St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
Dvr.	Saunderson, W. H.	Tracey, N.B.	Gnr.	Watkins, F. H.	St. Stephen's, N.B.
Dvr.	Sharp, C. E.	Lower Southampton, York Co., N.B.	Gnr.	Webb, C. H.	35, Beulah Road, Kimbridgwells.
Sgt.	Shaw, J.	Victoria, B.C.	Gnr.	Wellmon, D. V.	6027, Grone St., Oakland, Cal.
Sgt.	Sheraton, K. J.	116, Federal Street, Boston, U.S.A.	Corpl.	Whaley, J. A. M.	52, Roxboro Drive, Toronto.
Sgt.	Simpson, E.	Millerton, N.B.	Gnr.	Whitcombe, C. F.	Upper Gagetown, N.B.
Sgt.	Somersgill, C. B.	19, Granville St., Beckett St., Leeds, Eng.	Gnr.	White, L. A.	Centerville, N.B.
Sig.	Smithurst, R.	1110, Princess Av., Victoria, B.C.	Gnr.	White, Ivon	Millidg St., St. John, N.B.
Sig.	Smith, K. M.	102, Oxford St., Halifax, N.S.	Sgt.	Wills, H. A.	1002, Caledonia Av., Victoria, B.C.
Gnr.	Smith, Wm.	147, 18th St. W., N. Vancouver, B.C.	Sig.	Wills, P. E.	1002, Caledonia Av., Victoria, B.C.
Gnr.	Souel, P. H.	Pt. Renfrew, B.C.	F/Sgt.	Wood, J.	104, 66th Av., South Vancouver, B.C.
Sgt.	Speedy, N. J.	South Bay, St. John, N.B.	Gnr.	Wallace, R. A.	326, South St., Halifax, N.S.
Dvr.	Stephen, I. J.	RR., No. 1, St. Mary's, Ontario.	V/Sgt.	White, S. G.	Cloverdale, B.C.
Dvr.	Steel, T. M.	137, Mornington St., Stratford, Ont.	Gnr.	White, A. J.	208, Herald Block, Prince Albert St., Toronto.
Dvr.	Sleigh, H. E.	Wellwood Dale, Ont.	Gnr.	West, P. C.	218, Campbell Av., Toronto.
Dvr.	St. Jean, J. T.	St. Cyr, Richmond, Quebec.	Gnr.	Woods, C.	158, High St., Lawrence, Kirk, Scot.
Gnr.	Stuckey, Norman	92, Lexington Av., Brooklyn, N.Y.	Corpl.	Wiggins, B. C.	Toronto, Ont.
Gnr.	Smye, R. R.	116, Dunsmere Av., Hamilton, Ont.	Gnr.	Young, P.	138, Drygate St., Glasgow, Scot.
Gnr.	Sudbury, F. S.	2637, Eton Street, Vancouver, B.C.	Gnr.	Yates, A.	3202, Champion St., Oakland, Cal.
Gnr.	Sample, W.	22, Knox Street, Montreal.	Gnr.	Zilm, R. D.	Gadsby, Alta.

In Memoriam.

J. H. FRAME	- - - - -	Nelson, B.C.
DANIEL JOHN McDANIEL	- - -	Margarie Forks, N.S.
KENNETH LYLE McLASKEY	- -	Rolling Dam, N.S.
RITCHIE ROSBOROUGH	- - -	Prince William, N.B.
RICHARD STANLEY THOMPSON	-	Rolling Dam, N.S.
ALFRED JAMES WRIGHT	- -	Suffolk, East Bargholt, Eng.
CLAUD MILLARD WRIGHT	- -	Cananoque, Ont.
MAURICE LOUIS A. McGREER	- -	Montreal, Quebec.
ERWIN NEWCOMBE HENDRY	- -	Brookfield, N.S.

“ Let me die the death of the righteous
and let my last end be like his.”

Numbers xxiii. 10.

AWARDS.

The following Officers, N.C.O's., and Men of the 58th Battery have been decorated during our tour of duty in France.

Captain W. BAGNALL	- -	M.C.
Lieutenant A. E. CHATWIN	- -	M.C.
Lieutenant I. N. M. MacLAREN	- -	M.C.
Sgt.-Major WARDELL	- -	D.C.M.
Sgt. E. J. McCALLUM	- -	M.M.
Bdr. S. M. LILLY	- -	M.M.
Bdr. A. I. TOWER	- -	M.M.
Bdr. W. McRAE	- -	M.M.
Gr. W. A. RICE	- -	M.M.
Gr. H. J. NUNN	- -	M.M.
Gr. A. G. McINTOSH	- -	M.M.

THE NIGHT THE GIRLS ALL CALLED.

ONE of the most successful "At Homes" held on the Western Front this season was given by Mr. and Mrs. Nine Point Two at their dug-out "Crawl Inn and Scratch," in honour of their daughter Miss Eighteen-Pounder. She made an observed hit by her rapidity of speech and piercing bark. She is all the rage in the trenches and gun-pits.

Most of the local élite was present. The Tank family sent its regrets at not being able to attend owing to one of the whippets having cast a shoe. Miss Lee Enfield played havoc with Heavy Howitzer, who preferred a seat on the duckboards to waltzing. Chaplain Six-Inch sat in the corner like a dud, but nearly exploded when a Heinie Pip-Squeak family started playing tic-tac on the window.

There were unexpected guests in the person of Lady Minnie-Werfer, the Duchess of Five-Nine and Prince von Rubber Shell, but Monsieur Tin-Lid afforded protection.

While Miss Ayr-Burst was singing "Dig Deep, My Love, Dig Deep," Frau Phosgene slipped in while the curtain was up and caused some discomfort, but when Electric Fan from the Officers' Mess did a whirlwind dance the atmosphere cleared, and amidst great cheering the Archie troupe dashed in and put up a great show but at that didn't make a *hit*.

The masquerade dance was a great feature, all persons wearing Small Box Respirators.

The evening came to a scattering close when Herr Gotha called and dropped his greetings.

