

FOR FREEDOM AND HUMANITY OUT THERE

Somewhere
in
France,
in
India,
in
Africa.



By
One
of
the
Princess
Pats.

CORPORAL H. MACDONALD, P.F.C.L.I.

(KELLY'S EYE)

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

THE PRINCESS PATS



No. 191—CORPORAL THOMAS FRITH

Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry, Toronto, Ont.

BATTLES—*St. Eloi, Polygon Wood, 2nd Battle of Ypres, 1915, Sanctuary Wood, Ypres, 1916, Battle of the Somme, and the taking of Vimy.*

From August 23rd, 1914, to January 30th, 1918.

before
After the Battle of St. Eloi we marched 37 kilometres to Dickebusch and went into the trenches at Verestratte. We fought here in the trenches, with water up to our waists, for 58 hours before we got relieved

FOR HUMANITY, JUSTICE AND FREEDOM



INTRODUCTION

AN OUTLINE, CONDENSED ACCOUNT OF MY OWN
EXPERIENCES IN INDIA, SOUTH AFRICA,
CANADA AND OVERSEAS TO ENGLAND
FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

By an old soidier, who did his duty

"I did no more than others did."

From June 4th, 1882 to Dec. 26th, 1916.

Canada

Some have lost what nature gave them,
Arms and limbs they'll use no more,
Lost them in that land called "No Man's,"
Where the bullets rent and tore ;
Some will never more see daylight,
Looking out of sightless eyes,
Ever groping through the darkness,
Seeing neither sun nor skies.

CONTENTS

	Page
Introduction.	
In the Army	6
The Irishman	8
Back in the Army	8
Voyage to India	9
Natives and Their Ways	10
A True Tale of Cawnpore	11
England and South Africa	14
Back in India	15
A True Tale of Lucknow	16
England and Canada	17
France	18
Second Battle of Ypres	19
The Gas and Its Deadly Work	22
On the Somme	25
Now the War is Over	26
The Standard Flag of the Pats	27
Thoughts While in the Dug-Out	28
Conclusion	29

I.

IN THE ARMY

The Belgians were the first to feel
The German tyrants' iron heel ;
But they put up a glorious scrap
And are not as yet wiped off the map.
And though their land is not very big,
And they don't know the Irish jig,
Yet when they get a decent chance
They'll make those hulking Germans dance.

There is a flag that waves above us,
In this Empire great and wide :
It's a flag that stands for Justice—
Truth,—whatever may betide.
It's the flag we call the Union Jack ;
It's the flag we love so dear ;
It's battled, brunted many a fight—
Let us give three hearty cheers.

I HAVE had little education, only what I have picked up and learned by travelling through the world, and I now endeavour to write a few of my experiences as they come to mind. I know it will be interesting to some of my readers. In some parts you will not find it fluent or grammatical, but you will find it plain, so as to give you a fair idea of things which you may not have seen. I was born in 1866 in the City of Manchester, Lancashire, England, one of the largest cities of the cotton industry. I enlisted in the year 1882 in the 4th King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment, where I was sent to the depot to undergo a recruit's course of training. In those days a soldier's pay was very small—one shilling per day ; $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. per day messing, and $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per day washing, and 2d. per day running on until you were discharged, leaving you 6d. per day clear, to buy your extras and necessities of life. We used to receive our Government rations—1 lb. of bread and butter issued twice a week from the credit of our mess book. The training of our soldiers at this time was very severe. There was no looseness. Everything was done with strict discipline. Parade before breakfast every morning except Sunday, and Saturday was physical drill : club swinging and a double for one mile around the square which gave you a good appetite for breakfast. Our drill parades consisted of four hours per day and our barrack rooms were kept spotlessly white—tables, forms, floors, fire-grates and windows all nicely polished. You could use the windows for a looking-glass. Barrack rooms and kit inspection took place every Saturday morning, and Divine Service on Sunday mornings. I proceeded, after a short stay in the Depot, with a draft to my regiment, which was then stationed in the South Camp, Aldershot, where we arrived, and were told off to different companies, only to undergo another course of recruit training, and three to six months' gymnastics before we could be passed out as duty men. A soldier's life in England is about the same routine daily except in some of the Guards' duties and escorts. I took my discharge from Buttermere, County Cork, Ireland, in 1887, and proceeded home to England.

II.

THE IRISHMAN

The Irishman is far away from where the shamrock greets
the day,
He is there to show the Germans how an Irishman surely
loves a row.

I was not long home before I took my departure once more. I went to sea in a schooner, named the "Mary Ann," belonging to Fisher and Sons, Barrow-in-Furness. I signed on as an ordinary seaman. I weathered in that ship some very heavy gales off the Coast. I have seen a sea strike her midships, carrying a gangway clean out of her, along with part of her bulwarks. With her hold half full of water, we continued pumping her out by shifts until we were picked up, making for the nearest port to take shelter and go into dry dock to be refitted out for sea. I have seen this ship like a duck in the water. She would ride on a sea and then go with her head and her jibboom pointing down on one of these seas. You would think that was the last of her. But no! she would answer to the helm, her whole frame shivering, almost, you would think, ready to go to pieces. The next moment another sea would strike her, breaking across her port bow with her deck full of water until the storm would abate. It is nothing on the Coast to be standing under double reefs with only enough canvas on to keep her living. It is also more dangerous on the Coast than sailing deep water. You have to rough it, enduring many hardships, especially in the winter months. I stayed two years with this Company and returned to my former life, once more to be a soldier.

III.

BACK IN THE ARMY

Bugle calls are sounding, sounding everywhere,
Brave boys are enlisting, boys we love so dear,
Joining Allied armies, going across the sea
To strike a blow for Freedom's sake and win a victory.

I now enlisted with the 21st Royal Scots Fusiliers Depot, Ayr, Scotland. Being an ex-soldier, I was not long here before I was drafted to the Regiment newly stationed at Mary Hill Barracks, Glasgow, Scotland. Here everything went along pleasantly for several months, when the orders came out for a draft to proceed to India to join the 2nd Battalion, of which I was one of the number. They all got their leave, and returned safely back, when we took our departure from Glasgow en route to Portsmouth for embarkation for India.

IV.

VOYAGE TO INDIA

The Scotsman, too, is there, ye ken—
From city, town and mountain glen ;
He has just gone across the sea
To fight the Germans and bide a wee.

We arrived on board and were told off to our messes, and took our departure from Portsmouth Harbour, and the band played us away. Well, it was all right until night, when the waves began to roar, and some of my comrades felt so sick they wished themselves on shore. We passed St. Helena and skirted the Bay, passed Gibraltar and soon lay in Malta Harbour. Here we took in a fresh supply of coal and provisions. We did not stop in Malta long before we took our flight. We took our departure for Port Said that very night, sailing through the Mediterranean. We arrived at Port Said, which is one end of the Suez Canal. We were not long in steaming through the Suez Canal and arriving at Suez town, which is the other end of the Canal—the length of the Suez Canal being 90 miles from Port Said to Suez town. Here you come out in the Gulf of Suez into the Red Sea, the sea famous in the Bible story. We now sailed through the Red Sea and arrived at Aden. I will always remember that song, "The Barren Rocks of Aden." It looks quite a deserted place when you look at its rocks, but it is not. It is one of our main coaling stations, and we took more coal in and sailed

again, and soon found ourselves in the Indian Ocean, where you see the Twelve Apostles. These are 12 rocks projecting out of the sea. We then passed Hell's Gate—other large rocks christened by the old sailors in the old days. At last after 26 days, with a fair voyage, we arrived off Bombay, dropped our anchor and waited for the lighters to come alongside for disembarkation. We were not long before we found ourselves in the shed of Bombay waiting to entrain, to take us up-country to Peshawar. We had time to get our English money changed with the money changers, as there are plenty there. So we had a few rupees to help us on our way. We did not stop in the Bombay sheds long before we took our flight. We started for Peshawar by train that very night. We were so packed in the train you scarce could draw your breath. I recall the carriage I was in—I was nearly choked to death.

V.

NATIVES AND THEIR WAYS

When the Englishman is on the job,
You just can bet your level bob ;
And Germans have, no blooming doubt,
Found him a long way from played-out.
And though he is, you know, by Jove,
I-know-it-all sort of a blooming cove,
He'll fight and call it jolly fun,
To make the bally German run.

So now I'll talk about the natives and their ways. The natives have all a caste, which I did not understand, so I asked how many rupees a caste would cost. I was told six or seven hundred — and without a caste one cannot enter heaven. There are quite a lot of these natives belong to the Salvation Army now. Some of them keep little shops in what they call bazaars, selling soldiers pipes, tobacco, matches, and cigars, but you should never give them more

than half the price they ask. Robbing a soldier, I believe, is part of a native caste. There is a lot of these natives wear silver in their ears, silver around their necks, silver around their toes, silver around their wrists, and silver through their nose.

VI.

A TRUE TALE OF CAWNPORE

I am now going to relate to my reader a very interesting tale of General Wheeler, in Cawnpore, where the great massacre of women and little children occurred. The General's daughter sacrificed her life by jumping down a well. A beautiful monument marks the spot of Ada Wheeler's death. I have seen this monument often. This is a true tale of 1857.

After the night—the dawn of day,
After the rain—the sun's bright ray ;
After the heat—the morning dew ;
After the heartache—love and you ;
After the toil—the night of rest ;
After the pain—the hour that's best ;
After the tears—the radiant smile ;
After long years—you all the while.

Hark ! hark ! to the bugle sounding in the barracks o'er the
way,

The notes of the long reveille opens the new-born day ;
I love to hear its music—each strain is familiar to me,
For I answered the call in India, in the days of the Mutiny.

I love these dear old barracks, too, for what their walls contain,
And ofttimes I've seen and wished I was in them once again ;
Age never damps the ardour of a British soldier's heart ;
We often fight our battles o'er, wherein we took a part.

Well, I've travelled many countries, and battles seen a few,
Beneath the colours that we love—the old red, white and blue ;
But now my hair is turning gray, yet memory still is clear,
To tell a tale of India that you would like to hear.

Well, some think a soldier's boasting when he tells about the
wars,
And proudly decks his medals, his ribbons and his stars ;
But pass his feelings gently, there's many who row his boat,
For all is not gold that glitters beneath a civilian's coat.

Now our army teaches men to fight, and well we may be proud,
For Tommy Atkins never yet to foreign foemen bowed ;
Let speeches fine be left to those who stay at home and trifle,
While Tommy sails across the seas to use his trusty rifle.

You may have heard of India in those dark days of strife,
When Nana Sahib and rebel horde took many a white man's
life ;
And death by assassination stalked free from door to door,
And the blood of little children dyed the streets of old
Cawnpore.

And gentle females shuddered—a fate my tongue can't
tell,
And often tortured, flung aside—lost—headlong down a well ;
Even now I see those dreadful sights—they float before my
eyes,
I hear the wails of children and tortured mothers cry.

Their shrieks and prayers for mercy rise upwards from the sod,
As the rebels taunt the Christians to call upon their God ;
From midst the house of slaughter I see a lady fair,
Rush forth with screams of terror with wild disheveled hair.

With compressed lips and bloodless cheeks, she dashes
through the door,
And flies as straight as an arrow shot, to the old well of
Cawnpore.

They see their prey is lost—and raise a fiendish yell,
As Ada Wheeler nears the edge of that deep yawning well.

It's reached at last, she looks aloft to heaven's eternal sky,
That virtuous angel breathes a prayer to God's bright throne
on high,

She takes a leap—an awful plunge—and Death has claimed
its own—

A life lent her for a time on earth, to the Giver back has flown.

But angels lift the lily up, this fairest flower of all,
Who gave her that honour star to deck her funeral pall ;
No stains e'er touched that fair young brow,
Now robed in spotless white in peace and love,
She reigns above virtuous, queen of angels bright.

Then England's vengeance sure and swift came thundering
to their doors,
And blood for blood is demanded on the streets of Cawnpore—
For every British subject killed, ten rebels danced on air,
The British bulldog minds a kick and those who killed his heir.

Ten to one we fought them and showed the rebel pack,
That no jungle cur could cast a slur on England's Union Jack,
No wonder I love our soldiers now, I know their worth and
ways,

And as I hear the bugle sound, come thoughts of bygone days.

And though I am old—nigh sixty—if chance should come my
way,

When England shall want boys with hearts to guard her
native home,

I'd lift my rifle gladly and when the foe we met,

I'd show my younger comrades that there's pluck in the old
boy yet.

IN INDIA

On fame's eternal camping ground

Their silent tombs are spread,

And glory guards with solemn round

The bivouac of the dead.

I served in India eleven years, two hundred and forty-seven days. I was in all the European stations in India, but I am only writing an outline in my book. On the 4th April, 1892, we received general orders to proceed at 6.30 p.m. en route for the Gamrood Expedition, four miles from the entrance to the Khyber Pass, on the north-west frontier of India, as I was then stationed in Peshawar. On the morning of the 8th, under command of General Roberts, our guns were brought into action. Horse artillery, field artillery, Gamrood Fort guns, and the Khyber Fort guns covered the line of the infantry's advance until we crossed the valley, and within 800 yards of the range of the hills which we were to attack when the order was received to retire on to Gamrood Fort. After being here several days, with a scorching sun, and a temperature varying from 125° to 130° in the shade, we received orders to return to our stations of destination. I was on the Tirah Campaign for seven months in 1897-1898, under General Lockhart, base of operations Kohat. After hard marching and fighting and sleeping in beds of rivers and through the Malakand Pass and round in to Landkotal, and winding up by marching through the Khyber Pass, through Allimusjid, and into Peshawar, where we entrained to our station of destination, after fighting against a murderous wild tribe of Afridis. I was shortly afterwards transferred to the Home Establishment.

VII.

ENGLAND AND SOUTH AFRICA

We've worked with Britons in their office,
We've toiled with them out on their land,
Laboured in many of their workshops
At tasks neither mighty nor grand ;
We'd have laughed had you told us that then—
For we knew not how splendid and glorious
Was the spirit of Britain's men.

I arrived in England once more and posted to my battalion. It is hard to take up soldering at home after serving abroad.

I was not long in England when the South African war broke out, and once more I soon found myself crossing the sea, where we arrived at Las Palmas and took a fresh supply of provisions and coal and once more sailed for that large mountain in front of the harbour, Table Bay, Cape Town. We dropped our anchor outside and received orders to disembark at Durban. It was not long before we arrived at Durban and disembarked and joined the Fusiliers Brigade under General Barton, known better as the Union Brigade, under General Buller's command. After long marching and fighting on the Natal side, we sailed around to Cape Town and went through Cape Colony, Orange Free State and the Transvaal. I was in at Frederickstad, near Potchestroom. We proceeded to reinforce the Benson Column, proceeded up the Crocodile River, through Komata Valley, to Komata Port, then returned to Middleburgh, where General Blood was in command, and once more I took my departure down country to Durban for embarkation with a draft for India as a 21-year man. We had company with us, the Dublin Fusiliers leaving Africa for Aden, where they disembarked on their way to rid the Mad Mullah on the Somaliland Expedition. We gave them a send-off with three good hearty cheers.

Now take my word of honor, we showed the Boers what
we could do,
For we were boys of the Old Brigade who had fought in
India too.

VIII.

BACK IN INDIA

Valiant warriors of the North,
Who from Scotland have gone forth
To fight the battles of the free,
And tell the natives o'er the sea
That we come from Bonnie Scotland.

I'll now relate to my reader a very interesting tale of the siege and the Relief of Lucknow, where Havelock was hemmed

in with about 2,000 troops and 200 women and children, at the mercy of the rebels. Here brave Havelock died, being overjoyed by his relief at the latter part of November, 1857, and was buried with military honors at the Fort of Alumbagh.

IX.

A TRUE TALE OF LUCKNOW

I tell a tale of Lucknow, where the mutinous sepoy,
Besieged that death-doomed city's brave defenders,
And sought by cruel stratagem to crush our soldier boys—
Who, however, preferred death to surrender.
Now the history of that mutiny in blackest ink records
How helpless we were tortured there by Nana Sahib's horde :
How babes and wives inhumanly were cut and hacked to death,
And died with prayers for pity upon their lifeless breath.
Such is the tale that history tells of Lucknow's famous story,
How men and wives gave up their lives and died for
England's glory ;

An English captain's wife was there, a loving trusting bride,
Whose duty bade her take her station near him,
With bravest words of brightest hope be ever by his side,
Through battle dim to comfort and to cheer him.
One day the end was drawing near she crept up to his side,
And flung her arms around his neck, her tears she could not
hide :

"My Jack," she cried, in anguish deep, "if conquered we
should be

One bullet, just the last you have, reserve, my love, for me."

"Gread God !" in startled tone he cried, "shed the blood
of you I love ?

My joy, my life, my pride ! ah, no, it will not come to that :
The last blow is not struck ; we still have nature's weapons
left :

With sturdy British pluck, with iron nerves and hearts of steel
We'll still resist attack with sabre blade and musket stock,
We'll drive the rebels back !" She only smiled, imploring
cried—

No reserve now at hand—"Oh, save me from the worst of fate,

Vile Nana's cruel band—the arms that e'er has sheltered me,
Since I became your wife,
No kinder duty can you perform than now to take my life.
If but one bullet you have left, then let your aim be true ;
I shall not flinch—my dying breath will be my prayer for you.”
Then tenderly he kissed his wife, submitting to the fate
To send her to that God above, from demon's cruel fate.
But swift within his heart was more, a hope of rescue left,
With one last wild, despairing look, his eyes the country swept :
“No help at hand ; the time has come ; my nerve I now
must brace ;
Good-bye, love, all is over—God ! don't let me see your face !”
His pistol levelled at her head, she meekly closed her eyes.
What's this that makes him drop his hand, and start in wild
surprise ?
What sounds are those, what forms appear all dressed in
Tartan plaid ?
The bagpipes sound distinctly ; it's our gallant Highland lads!
The Sepoys they are falling back, they fly in wild dismay,
With such a bayonet charge as that we're bound to win the day.
Brave boys, they mow the rebels down, the foe are flying fast;
It's Colin Campbell and his gallant lads who have rescued
us at last.
On ! comrades, on ! the day is ours—the foe defeated fly,—
Our wives and children now are safe from those dastardly
sepoys,
And English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh, despite the rebel's brag,
Avenged our wrong and peace proclaimed beneath the British
flag.

X.

ENGLAND AND CANADA

I stayed in India two years and returned to England.
Here I took my free discharge and sailed for Canada, 1905.
Now my occupation in Canada for six or seven years was
lumbering in the winter and farming in the summer. When
the war broke out I was farming at Waskade, on the Deloraine

branch, 270 miles west of Winnipeg. I wrote straight away to my depot at Ayr, Scotland, and voluntarily offered my services to go to the Front with my old regiment. Having received a reply to report myself at once to the nearest Military District, I did so—Winnipeg being the nearest Military District.

XI.

FRANCE

A mighty nation, millions strong,
That wanted a place in the sun,
Got started under Kaiser Bill—
Four other Powers to smash to nil ;
They thought to do it in a week,
But you know their plans had sprung a leak :
And now we're out with shot and gun
To tame the wild man, Mr. Hun.

I am now writing a few words of my experience in this Great European War, that you may know what I know.

As I now write, I wish to say that I have fought under Lord Roberts on the north-west frontier of India, under a blazing sun with a temperature of 120° to 130° degrees in the shade, against the savage Afghans. I have also fought under General Lockhart on the Tarah Campaign against an uncivilized race of the Afrides, also on the north-west frontiers of India ; I have also fought on the veldt of South Africa, under Generals Buller and Barton, with sometimes little to eat and less to drink and almost nothing to wear ; but in all my wide experiences I have never equalled anything like that which I endured in Flanders and in France when the war broke out and the Germans were crossing into Belgium. Although fifty years of age, I volunteered my services, considering it my duty to my country, as the greatest glory in this world is to nobly die fighting for one's country. But it seems it was not my fate to be killed upon the field. I joined the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, which is known

better as the "Princess Pats," and soon found myself on the shores of France, marching towards the enemy of civilization and the murderers of women and little children.

America's sons have risen from the North, South, East and West,
To help rid little Belgium of an arrogant military pest ;
They've heard the cry of their children, as they sank down
in the deep,
For vengeance on the nation that has murdered them in
their sleep.

XII.

SECOND BATTLE OF YPRES

On joining my regiment they had just taken up a new line of trench on the Polygone Wood in the Ypres salient, and here we did our round of duty, with its relief into the trenches and billets. By this time we were familiar with our surroundings. Near the trenches we built log huts from the trees in the wood, and it was a common thing for the French, Belgian and British officers to visit our camp and admire our work. We also built breastworks behind the trenches under cover of the woods and strengthened and improved our own trenches. We then moved into billets in the neighbourhood of Ypres, and about the 25th April, 1915, the enemy began a horrible bombardment of that town. All the civilians evacuated it. To see this splendid town, Ypres, with its surroundings and its cathedral, and later to witness the sight of it after it was blown to pieces and shattered, you can imagine in your own mind, strewn along the roads, parts of equipment, transport waggons, horses killed, and to look at the buildings piled up in ruins one would think there had been an earthquake. They left one side of the cathedral clock face for their artillery range. We moved once again to the trenches and remained in them some distance south and west of those occupied by the Canadian Division. We were continually shelled and were waiting orders to take part in the battle that was raging north of us, but they never came. After the modification of the line to the north, we were withdrawn to a subsidiary line some distance in the rear from about 8 o'clock p.m. until midnight. Small parties were silently withdrawn

until those trenches were held by fifteen men and an officer. We then maintained rapid fire for about one hour and fifteen minutes, until our rear guard was safely withdrawn without casualties, under heavy shelling. On May the 4th, 1915, we occupied a new line, where the enemy attacked, but was repulsed with considerable loss by our machine guns and rapid rifle fire. This was followed by another heavy bombardment from the enemy, which demolished several of our trenches. These trenches had been hurriedly built by men who were exposed and outnumbered both by men, artillery and ammunition supplies. Some of us were told off to guard the line and some who were expert shots stood, rifle in hand, and I can tell you it meant death to any German who dared raise his head six inches above the parapet. Others were told off for the reinforcement of our trenches to strengthen them, for we were well aware that we were outnumbered both by artillery, machine guns and ammunition supplies, and that it would mean suicide for us to advance against the enemy. We fought on in this manner for four days and nights and through those never-to-be-forgotten days and nights our listening posts would crawl out almost to the German trenches and would there lie for hours listening, ready to warn their comrades at the sacrifice of their own lives, of what we surely knew was coming. At dawn on the 8th of May, 1915, the enemy opened out with a terrific bombardment with all kinds of siege guns, howitzers, field guns of all descriptions, hundreds of machine guns, Jack Johnsons, trench mortars and whizz bangs. There was a continual rain of shells bursting and shrapnel flying in all directions, tearing our line of trenches from end to end and burying alive many of our brave comrades. Then came the attack.

The boys who sing the Maple Leaf,
Have drawn the sword from out the sheath,
To show the world that they aren't slack
In fighting for the Union Jack.
And though in numbers we are few
We're going to help to see this through
And teach the Germans how to sing
"Britannia Rules—God Save the King"

"Patricias ! the dawn is breaking, and the day will come too soon,
You're tired with heavy fighting in the rain-soaked trench so gloom ;
I know you'll fight like heroes against those Huns in grey,"
Were the words of our brave Colonel on that memorable day.

Daybreak, I see them coming, thousands and thousands strong,
I wonder shall we hold them—I wonder for how long.
They are falling now in hundreds, and still they seem to come
In overwhelming numbers—a hundred to our one.

Their shells are bursting o'er us, their big guns have our range,
And comrades fall beside us. My God ! it seems so strange
That such a little army would hold those Germans back,
Who, wave on wave, are coming, like demons to attack.

My story now is ended, our boys have won the day,
And many a burly German out there on "No Man's" lay ;
Reinforcements have reached us—the end of the day has come,
And the last words of our Colonel were : "Bravo, my lads !
Well done !"

We could see the Germans in waves coming over the crest and running down the hill to attack us, and we at once arrested this with a storm of our machine gun and heavy rifle fire. All our communication wires had been cut. The advance of the Germans was then checked, and those who were not sheltered by buildings, dead or wounded, crawled back over the crest of the ridge. It was impossible to remove our wounded until night, and for over ten hours our comrades lay without a murmur in the supports and communication trenches, suffering torture from all kinds of wounds. Our casualties were very heavy ; mostly all our comrades and officers had been killed or wounded. About 11.30 p.m. reinforcements reached us. The Shropshires came to our aid. We carried out our wounded and with the assistance of the Shropshires we buried our dead behind the damaged trenches with the light from the German flares, and burial service was said by Lieut. Niven. We then retired, about 150 strong, to the reserve trenches. On the

night of the 10th we furnished a party of fifty men and officers to carry small arms and ammunition to Belle-Warde Lake. We had in this party three more casualties—one killed, two wounded. We also furnished 100 men, a digging party under Lieut. Clarke, where we constructed additional support trenches. We then retired from the trenches and bivouacked about 3 miles from Poperinghe. On May 13th we once more were marching towards the trenches to reinforce our trusty comrades, the 4th Rifle Brigade, who were being desperately pressed. On May the 15th Major Pelly arrived and took over command from Lieut. Niven, and on the 31st of May, 1915, we marched out of Ypres to take up a new line of trenches at Armentieres.

O, proud Canada ! pray listen, there are your boys brave
and true,
Boys of big hearts and faithful boys who've spilt their blood
for you ;
Are you going to do your duty to the boys who're coming back,
Share with them out of your plenty, so that they may nothing
lack ?

Some have lost what nature gave them—arms and limbs
they'll use no more,
Lost them in that land called "No Man's," where the bullets
rent and tore ;
Some will never more see daylight, looking out of sightless eyes,
Ever groping through the darkness, seeing neither sun nor
skies.

XIII.

THE GAS AND ITS DEADLY WORK

This deadly poisonous gas which was used by the Germans in the early stages of the war allowed them a little advantage in some of their advances. As we were not prepared with proper equipment to meet these gas attacks without sacrificing lives, we would throw out our listening post, who could crawl out almost to the German trenches, and if the wind was in the

enemy's favour he would lie there ready to warn his comrades, sometimes at the sacrifice of his own life, of the commencement of their deadly work. As soon as our listening post would warn us of the gas, we would attack the enemy by giving them a shower of bombs and immediately go over their trench, where we would bomb them and take them hand to hand or at the point of the bayonet and stop them from their deadly work. The German has been taught many a good lesson by this poisonous gas going back into their own trench and doing its deadly work on its own men. There was only one way of meeting these attacks at the early stage, and that was by attacking and getting through the gas, to breathe the fresh air with the enemy while we were fighting him. Well, our respirator was a small pad of cotton-batting with a broad, long piece of gauze with the batting in between the gauze. You would then put this pad on your mouth, close up to the nostrils and tie it behind the neck. In receiving the gas you would receive it at the eyes and nose first, as the goggles you had were of little use, as the gas would find its way to the eyes and the goggles would be so dim that you could not see anything, so they were partly useless. You would sniff at the nostrils also, feeling a smarting sensation. Your eyes would begin to run just the same as a child crying. You would then feel inclined to sneeze or cough. It then worked its way through the nostrils down into the throat until you felt you must take a breath of fresh air. Then you would snatch your respirator from your mouth only to breathe in more of this deadly poison. You then begin to cough and sneeze while it is doing its deadly work through the wind pipe to the stomach and filling the lungs. You then begin to lose control of your senses while you feel suffocating at the throat and you then become helpless and drop just the same as one fainting away. Now the only thing that can save a man is to get through it as quickly as he can or get out on the flanks of the gas. I received a dose of this medicine, but not enough to "do me in." We soon found out how to play them at their own game by also using the gas shells and improved on the respirator. To meet these attacks the last helmet I wore was made from grey flannel, the same as a Balaclava closed in with isinglass eyeholes to see through. It pulled over your head, and

tucked down the neck of your shirt and buttoned around with the shirt neck, and then one could stand a good gas attack. I have seen many of my fellow-comrades gassed, and have seen some horrible cases when I looked upon the features of those suffocated by this deadly poison, and could not do anything for them, as they were so far gone. One could soon tell, when they began to turn a bluish colour, that death had taken place.

After three days' marching we arrived at Armentieres and rested at one end of this town until dusk. We then proceeded to take our new line of trenches over and continued our routine of duty in the trenches—three days in the firing line, one day in supports and the next night down to billets, where we were shifted about on account of shelling, including all kinds of construction work and digging parties, while in billets. It was steady sniping and bombardments here in the trenches, with slight casualties until the enemy began to shell the town, which was unsafe for the people living there. They received orders to evacuate the town, as there were civilians getting killed every day by shells bursting in the town. We received reinforcements from the McGill University, and some of our old officers who had been wounded at Ypres rejoined their old regiment. We moved to Eurkingham and received reinforcements from the McGill and some more officers, which brought our regiment to its full strength once more. While we were here, Premier Borden and Princess Patricia's brother, Prince Arthur, and General French's staff, inspected us. We formed a square, and the Premier made an impressive speech to the boys; also Prince Arthur delivered the compliments he had brought with him from his sister, the Princess, to be given to her regiment. She thanked the boys, and was proud of them and of the glorious record we had made for her and her regiment, and felt assured we would continue to do the same for justice and humanity. There were several other speeches made, and we then marched back to our bivouacs. We were not long there before we took another move about the 15th September, 1915. We moved with our Division, the 27th, the 80th Brigade to take a new line of trenches on the Somme.

XIV.

ON THE SOMME

We marched out of Euxingham about Sept. 15th. We marched three days and rested two days about four miles from Hazelbrooke, waiting for transportation. About the 20th we entrained and arrived on the Somme. We were not long in discharging and taking our breakfast, and were once more on the line of march in less than one hour. We then arrived at Morecourt and rested for the night. We then marched the next day to our destination, Cappa, where we camped alongside the Somme Canal. We were, I am sure, the first Canadian troops on the Somme, where we relieved the French. We took our new lines of trenches over and once more commenced the routine relief to the trenches and back to billets at Cappa on the Canal side near the Canal Bridge. We also found an engineering party who were sapping and mining at Bray, further up the Canal, preparing to blow up the Germans, but shortly after we were relieved, the Germans had fired their saps, first exploding the French mines. We were only here about one month, when the 27th Division, the 80th Brigade, was under order to proceed to Salonica, under General Snow, commanding the 27th Division. We were again relieved by the French, after slight casualties here, who took over their old line of trenches. We marched out of Cappa about the 28th of November, 1915, and halted at a place called Ferrieres, about eight miles from Amiens, and made camp. Here is where General Snow and his staff visited the Regiment, which was formed up for the General to give his last address on taking their departure from France. The General made this speech to the officers and men of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry :

" I, the General Officer commanding the 27th Division, take this opportunity of placing on record my keen appreciation of the splendid services rendered by this Battalion to the 80th Brigade. This Battalion joined the Brigade on its formation at Winchester in November, 1914, and has remained with it ever since. The gallantry of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light

Infantry during the fighting at St. Eloi and later during the second Battle of Ypres, when the Battalion hung on to their trenches with unparalleled tenacity, voices for their effectiveness not only the admiration of their comrades, but when the history of the war is written will earn for the Regiment a reputation which will stand amongst the highest in the records of the exploits of the British Army. I am now bidding you farewell, and expressing the regret at our departure. I am not only voicing the deepest sentiments of myself and my staff, but also those of the whole of your comrades of the 80th Brigade."

Shortly after the departure of the old Stone Wall Brigade, my regiment once more was on the march to join the 3rd Canadian Division. I was sent to the hospital and then back to Canada and discharged after serving two years and four months for the rights of justice and humanity.

XV.

NOW THE WAR IS OVER

No more running to the cook-house—no more seven a.m. parades,

No more twenty miles route march—no lectures on grenades.

No more cleaning out your rifle—no more bawling out your name,

No more picking up bits of paper—no more pioneer parades ;

No more cook's-mate, peeling potatoes—no more cook-house fatigues,

No more putting on your putties—no more buttons to be cleaned.

No more barrack-room inspection—no more floors to clean,

No more frantic commentations when we find they've stopped all leave,

No more putting in for passes—no more over-staying leave,

No more little jaunts to London coming back upon French leave

So peace declared—the war is over, and all our soldering is done,

Let's bless the flag, the Union Jack, with the Maple Leaf
forever ;
Let's grip each hand as comrades dear, and give three hearty
cheers,
For Peace and Victory, Justice, Humanity and good cheer.

XVI.

THE STANDARD FLAG OF THE PATS.

This Regiment returned to Ottawa from the Front about the 18th March, 1918, with only thirty-two alive of the original Regiment who were present at Divine Service in Lansdowne Park in the city of Ottawa on Sunday, August 23rd, 1914, to witness the presentation to the Battalion of the colors which the Princess had worked with her own hands. At that time, the Regiment, composed very largely of South African veterans and reservists, paraded with band and pipers and then formed three sides of a square in front of the Grand Stand. Between the Regiment and the stand were the Duchess of Connaught, Princess Patricia and their ladies-in-waiting. The Princess Patricia, on presenting the colors to Colonel Farquhar, the Commanding Officer of the Regiment, said :

" I have great pleasure in presenting you with these colours, which I have worked myself. I hope they will be associated with what I believe will be a distinguished corps. I shall follow the fortunes of you all with the deepest interest, and I heartily wish every man good luck and a safe return."

We then marched away with this glorious flag at the beginning of this world war to gain undying glory as the first Canadians in battle. Time after time during the four years of struggle, with terrible fighting, the Princess Pats have been shot to pieces, gassed, wrecked, and all but wiped out under shell fire, barrage machine guns, and trench mortars, and entangled in the barb wire on "No Man's Land," but the Regiment lived on, with its reinforcements filling up the gaps. Upon this noble flag will be seen some of the great battles

that this glorious Regiment took part in—Mons, St. Eloi, Veristack, Polygone Wood, 2nd Battle of Ypres, 1915, Sanctuary Wood, Ypres, 1916, Cambria, Lens, and the Somme, Vimy and many others. Nine Commanders, one after the other led this famous Regiment. British history rings of her famous fighting bodies—the Black Watch, the Scotch Greys, the Coldstream Guards, the 24th in the Zulu War, the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, with more men alive than were left of the Princess Pats ; but reinforcements were always ready, and this glorious Regiment never failed. Theirs is fame immortal. To have been one of the Princess Pats will be an outstanding honor, not only to Canada but to the whole world, when the history is read of this great world war, how they won their famous record for their flag and country, and their beloved Princess, and for the rights of justice and civilization.

XVII.

THOUGHTS WHILE IN THE DUG-OUT

Under a spreading berry tree our little dug-out stands,
Built with mud and sand bags by hard and willing hands,
I'd ofttime sit and wonder—believe me this is true—
When old Kaiser Bill made a blunder, he said, "I'll go straight
through."

I am thinking in my dug-out, with my hands upon my head,
Some of my pals are wounded, some missing, some are dead,
And I am feeling very weary, kind of tired of this fight,
Old Kaiser Bill and his snipers' drill will get no sleep to-night.

I am thirsty, I am hungry, and I'm kind of hopeless, too,
Yet I feel the same as ever—good old Britain will pull through;
I am slaving like a nigger, all through the scorching day,
Building piers and roads and doing all that comes my way.

And I am tired, I am dirty—goodness knows, I am lousey, too,
But I feel the same as ever—I know old Britain will pull
through.

So let's rally to the flag, with glee and fight with determination,
And e'er the year has passed, you'll see the Kaiser lose his
nation.

XVIII.

CONCLUSION

I feel that I cannot conclude this little book, relating a
few of my experiences of a soldier's life, without my last
advice in a little of my poetry—

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP .

So take my advice and look twice before you begin to roam,
And remember that dear old song that says, "There's No
Place Like Home ;"

For the fruit you sow, of course, you know, must be the
fruit you reap,

And all the advice to my reader is—just look before you leap.

RETURNING HOME FROM OUT THERE

Back from the Front they're returning now,
Back to their sweethearts and wives,
Back to the land of the Maple Leaf,
Under Canadian skies.

Never forget how they marched away,
When duty bade them all go,
In battle array they fought night and day—
Our boys whom we all love so.

PRINCESS PATS.

THIS Regiment was raised and formed by Major Hamilton Gault in 1914. After the second battle of Ypres, 1915, the Company commanders were all dead or wounded except Lieutenants Niven, Papineau and Clark.

Some officers who commanded the Pats were:

LIEUT.-COLONEL FARQUHAR.

LIEUT.-COLONEL BULLER.

LIEUT.-COLONEL PELLEY.

LIEUT.-COLONEL ADAMSON.

MAJOR STEWART.

MAJOR GAULT.

MAJOR PELLY.

MAJOR GRAY.

LIEUT.-COLONEL GAULT.

LIEUT. NIVEN.

When danger's rife and wars are nigh,
God and the soldier's all the cry;
When wars are o'er and matters righted,
God is forgotten and the soldier slighted.

THE PRINCESS PATS.

THE Princess Patricia's Regiment was the first of the overseas troops to be engaged in action, also Private Thomas Frith, P.P.C.L.I., fired the first shot for Canada, which enjoys that distinctive honour.

A few words in memory of Colonel Farquhar, killed in action March 20, 1915:

The Pats will not forget him,
Although his stay was short;
For there was no braver soldier
In action could be taught.
To the men he was a leader
Whom they were proud to serve;
His name will live in history
With the Pats when they are old.

The truly great are calm in danger, merciful in prosperity, eloquent in assembly, courageous in war, and anxious for fame.

For Humanity and Civilization

MISS
MADGE
GRAY
Winnipeg
Man.

Whose father
fought for
Freedom and
Humanity
From 1914
to 1917, and



Who died
shortly after
his return
to Canada
from the
wounds he
received
whilst
serving
at the
front.

This young lady gave her services from 1914, and is continuing them in amusing the returned boys as one of the greatest impersonators of Harry Lauder, and has helped different Patriotic Organizations in obtaining funds to help our soldier boys whilst fighting the Huns.

This Book will be sent anywhere on receipt of price 25 Cents.

H- MACDONALD, 9 Grosvenor St., Toronto.