

officials and mombers of the society .- I am, yours truiy. J. W. WHIE."

March, 1916: DEAR 2RS JOHNSON, -1 wish to express my deepest sympatory with you in your great loss. I feel that you would like to bear from me at this time, broatse, until very recently, I have had the a our to sommand the company in which your late step-son did, consistently for time months, excellent work for such an excellect cause. The one consola-tion I can after you at this t.me is that your stop-son will, from my own knowledge of his devotion to duty, have failen bravely fighting for his country. I think you will be glad to know that he showed a spiendid spirit of solfsacrifics and bravery during the whole time he was soldiering with me in Flanders. - Belleve me, yours sincerely, T. SERNARD HESLOP,

here i from the trace is last night that he was killed by a projectile from a trench mortar sometime during yestarday. As far as I can gather he was with another company at the time he was hit. I feel his death very keenly, as he and I were suce friends, and I know how you will (reb. I thought it my duty to let you know as soon as possible. Please excase the seemingly very blust way in which I have conveyed the sad news. 1 know it will be hard for you and yours to bear, he being with you so long. 1 hope that God will help you to bear this terrible blow; also his dear step-mother. One consolation we who loved him have : he died for his King and country. More I cannot say, only this: I reverance his memory, and shall always remember him as one of my best friends.-Yours in deepest sympathy, JIM

' Blanders, 1st March, 1916: DEAR MRS GIBSON,-1 scarcely know now to write you in your strot. I am to-day sending to your address Willis's personal effects, as they were sent to me last night. Everyone respected Willie, and nobody know bester than myself his face, upright obsracter, and words cannot tell you how we appreciated him, and how we feel his loss. - With deepest sympathy, J.

Lines by a Barnard Castle Soldier.

I stand on a lonely tranch board And wate o'er the parapet top. I picture a band of furks And worder how long they'll stop ; Though mohody's land durides us Still in the trench we remain, I'll give all I have in the world, dear, If this earth was at peace once again.

And i wonder how only it rest. I stand once s, sin in the dug-out And think of these whiting at homo, I picture a lead of sunshine And worker how long Fill roam; The waves of the ocean divides us. Still in my dream I can see Right to the arms of my loved ones. That's where I long to be

Post-card Maps, showing each Theatre of War in detail, id each, to be had at the