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Roy Thomson, son of Mrs. Fred Thomson, of 581 south Syndicate avenue, returned home from overseas on Saturday evening after an absence of over two years, during which he saw some of the worst of the fighting, including the notorious mud of Passchendaele. Wounded on the tenth of August, just two days after the kick-off on the final offensive, he took no part in the active fighting since that date. His injuries were not serious, being shrapnel wounds in the face, and after leaving hospital he was employed at the rail head just behind the main advance. Asked what was the worst of all the experiences at the front, he replied without hesitation that the plague of lice was the most unendurable feature of the whole war. Roy Thomson was with a western branch of the Bank of Montreal prior to enlisting and will resume his old duties.

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