

Down the sandy road to the near-by camp one passed seventeen miles of switch tracks, crowded with cars of the Army Service Corps. Driving by the main guard, next was reached the office, where passes for entrance within the lines had to be obtained. Then down a long street, past headquarters—to the left a hill, and after that straight away on the right for three miles, through battalions of infantry and brigades of artillery and cavalry.

The camp was scrupulously clean; metal incinerators, like burning-ghats, lined the streets; left-over food was hourly consumed, while, nightly, carts removed all refuse. On either side the main roads, ditches four feet deep, crossed by many little bridges and filled with branches of spruce and fir, carried away the dirty water.

The carefully guarded pumping station was by the river. Beyond it floated the pontoon bridge leading to the big compound across the river, where thousands of horses were kept. One night they broke loose and made things lively. Three times the general alarm was sounded as the frightened creatures tore madly through and around the tents in their wild stampede. For the men perhaps it was good practice—a foretaste of night attacks.

Driving down the lines, one was struck by the "camaraderie" of the men, and enjoyed the little touches of daily life—such as two tall Highlanders scrubbing away with serious faces, washing their clothes in the waist-high troughs provided therefor, and gaily waving a pair of socks in greeting to the visitor. Perhaps near by a chap shaved himself before a small glass held by a friend, while across the street, in a slab chair, a barber was haircutting a cavalry-man, and another, standing by waiting his turn, gave sage advice. Farther on, a Habitant bade farewell to his black-eyed wife and child, exclaiming, "Brace ton père, petite!" as he kissed them both. Next there was a great merriment over an unfortunate who had slipped into the deep ditch and was extracted muddled to the neck. Farther up the street a kicking horse held up a whole battery of field artillery, returning from the ranges in the hills to the north. Only the deep disapproval of the other horses at last induced him to cease his antics.

The camp had plenty of mascots: a cinnamon bear from the West, a cross little black one from New Brunswick, a calf kidnapped near Winnipeg when a troop train stopped for water, a (powder?) monkey for the artillery, and dogs beyond mentioning. Strangest of all, however, were two doves of the Royal Canadian Engineers; bill by nose with the horses, they used to eat their oats. Poor little emblems of vanished Peace, when will you come to your own again!

By noon always rose everywhere a blue wood smoke, and a savoury odour permeated the camp. Under their open sheds cooks