

worthy patriot who had walked a hundred or even five hundred miles from some lonely cabin in the far west or north in order to get in touch with the hurly-burly, being turned down for *flat feet* when at last he presented himself, while disqualification of sturdy, trained out-door men because of a missing molar or a distorted little finger was an everyday disappointment.

So the First Contingent was, I suppose, as fore and fit a body of men as ever gaily marched to the wars, free from spavin or wind, and without spot or blemish—in physique at least.

It was less than three weeks after the declaration of war that this, Canada's first offering to the Empire of red blood and brawn, left Winnipeg for Valcartier Camp, and a month later it sailed overseas. The picture of that gallant armada and its convoys has been painted more than once by masters of the brush and pen, and if we did things differently and (literally) with less *splash* later on, when the "sub" was on the job, that was our loss and cause of envy. Thirty thousand strong with eight thousand of horse riding the high seas! Philip of Spain would have pattered yet more "*Aves*" than on another historic occasion, had he seen the sight.