

the multi-colored tartan, the lilt of the sporan and the swing of the kilt, and the row upon row of splendid manhood made as inspiring a picture as one could wish to see.

Base ball and foot ball games, with running and jumping, boxing, etc., made up a fine day's entertainment for the more than 20,000 Canadians who gathered there, under the very guns of the enemy, and in a spot where two or three bombing planes could have done awful destruction.

Nothing so untoward, however, happened to mar the day's sport, and many of the boys who excelled on that field won greater glory on another field some few weeks later.

The first weeks of August found much movement of troops in the region of the Somme. The Canadians were brought down from around Arras, and placed on the Amiens front, the 51st Scottish division was brought into the line farther to the right and the 37th with some Americans filled in the line between, with the Welsh Brigade and the Guards division.

On the 8th of August the long looked for day arrived and just as I felt sure it would be, the Huns could not stand before our attack. The Canadians broke the German line at Amiens, thus beginning the movement which rolled them up like a scroll.

We had some of the crack British cavalry billeted in the same village where we were, and on my talking with a few men of the Scotch Greys, 17th Lancers, and Household cavalry, they spoke in glowing terms of the way the Canadians stormed the line at Amiens; they said they never saw anything to equal it by any infantry they had ever seen.

It was a case of hammer and tongs with our corps now, the infantry moved along so quickly we had all our work cut out to keep pace with them. On the 15th of