

anything like a detailed description of the training; it was similar to that of Vancouver, with the addition of musketry drill; every other day we were marched to the rifle range—which, by the way, for size is almost the largest and finest in the world. But I cannot proceed without referring to the camping ground itself, and the colossal task of preparation. Within something like two weeks after the mobilisation order, over 32,000 men were gathered together from all quarters of Canada in this plain. The sanitary conditions were ideal; there was an ample water supply, and the best of facilities for cooking purposes. I leave it to the imagination to picture what the camp was like—a veritable town with close on 35,000 inhabitants—one long main street, lit by electricity, and as far as the eye can reach one long, unbroken line of tents—canteens or stores galore, where you may buy almost anything from tobacco to a needle. If you were in need of facilities for writing or reading, there were two large marquees provided by the Y.M.C.A.—and here a word of praise is due. Those in charge of this institution were most assiduous for the welfare and comfort of the men. They not only provided facilities for writing and reading, but they endeavoured to relieve the monotony of camp life by concerts and other healthy recreations.

But to the voyage. Valcartier, of course, to those of us who journeyed from British Columbia, was only a half-way house. We were there to matriculate, so to speak. And so again we got restless, we were eager for the Front; the firing-line was what we were all clamouring for. One more step in the journey, and we embarked on the troopship "Andian," bound for Europe. What our destination was we knew not—indeed, we knew absolutely nothing until planked down on Salisbury Plain. Of the voyage, there is little to tell—physical drill and muster parade in the forenoon, lectures in the afternoon. It might, for the men, have been an ordinary third-class journey from Canada to England, unless perchance you looked abroad and saw something like 30 vessels in close proximity, carefully guarded—had the Old Country for them? In this connection I can imagine the impressions of those who had been born and brought up in Canada