

of thick bush and stumps; put up offices and workshops for blacksmiths, shoeing smiths, machinists, plumbers and carpenters; 3 saw mills, 2 planing mills; stables for 150 horses and dining-rooms for the men. They cut up and used 500,000 feet of timber, and they burned up the stumps and debris. Such a scene of activity there has not been equalled in Canada, both in the offices where the blue prints were laid out and in the field. These men are not through yet, but the city that has risen from the plains is ample evidence of the directing force and the organizing ability of the big chief who was on the job early in the morning and late at night. It must be a surprise to himself when he relaxes into a chair at his tent door with a cigar and views the tremendous thing that he built in two months. This was not needed to ensure him fame, for his work was well known in connection with Valcartier, Camp Hughes in Manitoba, the Nova Scotia Camp and the Connaught Rifle Ranges at Ottawa. To see him striding around the camp, to note his physical build and his blue eye, and to hear him suggest a thing or two that he would like done is to understand why they hop to it when an order issues. He can jump for an order himself, and knows how it should be done. To say to a foreman, "Look here, never mind talking, you're fired right now," sounds hard, but, on the other hand, when the goods are delivered he gives a full receipt and a bit more, and they feel the boost in his appreciation. Col. "Bob" Low is a big fellow, has a ruddy complexion, sandy hair with a sprinkling of gray, and wears an expression not so much of tyranny and bossism as of comfort and amusement, as though he enjoyed every bit of the turmoil.

In the arrangements for the battalions uniformity has been the watchword. It was planned to have everything of like design and in the same location within the areas. The Militia Department looked after all buildings; none were erected by the units and even in small matters the notion is being impressed on officers and men that smooth working of the whole machinery depends upon conformity to one plan. At present in camp are 9 brigades or 36 battalions, soon to be increased to 10 brigades, or a nominal roll of 46,000 men, and there is a probability that 50,000 will soon be the population of Camp Borden. In addition to the infantry there are camp corps of engineers, ordnance, army service, medical, military staff clerks, pay masters, and instructors in the camp schools of musketry, bombing, bayonet fighting, physical training, trench warfare, signalling, etc.—something over 1,000. The troops are from military district No. 2, which is practically central Ontario, less 3 battalions of infantry and 1 squadron of cavalry at Niagara, and with the addition of 8 battalions from district No. 1, which is Western Ontario. No wonder they use 6,500 lbs. of sugar and 5,000 lbs. of jam every day to go with 40,000 lbs. of bread! In a few days the camp bakery will be turning out half of this quantity of bread. During the past week the business of the battalion canteens has been very large, one running close to \$500 a day; 50 gallons of ice cream, all in cones; 400 dozen of soft drinks. At present no milk is served, as there is no ice to ensure its keeping, but plans are afoot to remedy this. In the late afternoons the canteens

FIGHTING THE THERMOMETER.



Canteen
Poses

are the centre of "social" life. Little groups munching cones or raisin pie discuss reviews—and other matters—between pulls at the pop. At the same time, illustrating the soldier's versatility, there are spirited bouts with the gloves and other games of skill and buffoonery going on out in the open.

The strain of the first few days upon the headquarters staff must have been terrific. They also were putting up with the difficulties of certain unpreparedness, but they seemed cheerful, notwithstanding rising at 4 a.m. and retiring—when possible. You would see a sweating, dusty officer retire to his quarters at the end of the day, soon to appear again all cleaned up and looking as though he was just coming on duty. The stunt extraordinary is not such an uncommon thing in training camps. The theory seems to be that the fellows who stand up to these tests now will be on the job later on, when nobody knows when or what the test may be.

What is going to happen at this colossal camp? As this article goes to press serious rumours are going the round. Some say the camp is to be abandoned. Others insist that the troops will rebel if kept there. Party politicians are busying themselves in the hope

of unearthing scandals as to the reason for the choice of this particular piece of land, and any other choice morsels with which audiences might be regaled in the future. People are asking who originally owned this land, and who suggested that the Government buy it? The same general authority says the land was bought at twenty dollars an acre! Critics say twenty dollars too much! Last Saturday night—again we quote rumour—several hundred men were missing—deserters, and several thousand were given leave. All sorts of hysterical stories came to Toronto with these men. They solemnly alleged that they personally knew of "dozens" of men who, in the privacy of the wash-rooms, had said "good-bye" to their chums. In short, the inference was that the camp was to be depleted by desertions. "Why, look," said a man to whom I was talking, "At Niagara the fellows took a pride in the camp. They used to look for ways to improve their surroundings. Fellows used to get pebbles and lay out little designs 'round their tents, of the name of the battalion! But nothing like that is going on at Camp Borden. The fellows are not comfortable and never will be." There is every probability that this sort of talk is mere youthful discontent seeking an outlet. The grouch may only be temporary. In the meantime, it is only right to say that so far as one could judge as an outsider, the officers at Camp Borden are working heroically to make things tolerable. General Logie is abroad when the first bit of light crawls up out of the east. When he gets any sleep—or when his aides get any sleep—is a mystery that might be worth investigating if any one had the time.

"What gets me," said one man, "is the ashes. There's ashes mixed with dust—ashes left from some forest fires or other—and, believe me, where the sand won't go the ashes will go. They sneak in through solid leather and make the way easier for the sand."

It is true enough that in a good many places one sank ankle deep, sometimes deeper, in the mixture of sand and ashes. It is true, too, that wherever a squad was drilling the earth seemed to be smoking—with dust—under their feet. But the question is Can't these conditions be altered? The optimists say marvels can be performed by the road-making gangs and a little construction material. Perhaps this is so.

Not all the soldiers are in the agitation. There were scores to be seen trudging along to the shower baths with towels and great-coats for dressing gowns, quite placid in spite of the heat. In the canteen, though, a grouch always helps conversation, the ice cream was oozing quite smartly down throats that still could enjoy strawberry or vanilla flavour. The glug-glug of the pop bottles seemed endless and somehow musical. Some of the subalterns, seeing trouble brewing, cudgelled their wits for the recollection of games with which to help their platoons to while away the rest hours. Thus Blind Man's Buff, which I sketched in a rough, came into fashion. The troubles of the blind man are increased by the number of ropes which he has to keep clear of. Sometimes he succeeds and sometimes he doesn't. That brings the laugh to the crowd of onlookers. In due time somebody else has to take the Blind Man's part and provide the laugh for the crowd.

Heat, dust and dirt are never soothing, and particularly at moving time. Perhaps that is why civilians do their moving, if they move, in May. It is wonderful what patience may yet achieve.



General Logie in working clothes.



At the Shower Bath with a great coat for dressing gown.