

months we passed under canvas at Macaulay Plains with the multitude of little pleasantries and petty aggravations experienced during that period of squad, platoon and stretcher drill we arrive at the momentous day, August 21, 1915, when we shouldered our packs and set off on the first leg of our trip. That was a day long to be remembered. The sun shone benignantly, bands played a triumphant "bon voyage" and the wharves and docks groaned beneath their load of well-wishers, who had come in thousands to see us away. Through it all we marched silently aboard ship, souls uplifted and hearts too full for words. Never was a task entered upon under more inspiring circumstances than ours. And throughout Canada, at every city and little town at which we stopped on our five day train trip we were received and given God-speed in much the same heartfelt gratifying manner.

CROSSING ATLANTIC

Life on board the "Scandinavian", on which we sailed from Montreal to Plymouth, left much to be desired, but it was no worse than most other Canadian troops had to endure. Fortunately we were favored with the most beautifully calm, sunny weather and, as our quarters were stuffy in the extreme—the bunks of some of the men were well below water level—we had plenty of incentive to stay up on deck and enjoy it. Worst of all was the food, rendered the less appetizing by the foul smells which flooded the men's dining room from the passage leading by the cook's galleys, correctly referred to as Canton Alley. Sports, in which No. 5. took a

very creditable part, enlivened an otherwise tiresome nine days' voyage. The last two days were passed in company of a couple of destroyers, the presence of which brought home to us the fact that we were now "entering the danger zone."

Landing at Portsmouth we immediately boarded a train and dashed across the south of England to the base of the Canadian troops at Shorncliffe. Many of us being complete strangers to England we found enough of interest and novelty on this all too brief journey to compensate for the tribulations of the "Scandinavian". We could not but marvel at the landscape and, while we did not think it could compare with Canadian scenery in many respects, there was that about its unbroken succession of beauties, ever-changing in color and form and yet all bearing the same well-kempt, spic and span appearance, that held us in constant wonderment. Kent, we agreed, was well named the Garden of England, for it looked to us, accustomed to the wild, rugged vastnesses of Canadian scenery, like nothing so much as a huge garden presided over by a host of gardeners, who, every morning cut the grass of the meadow lands, trimmed the trees and hedges and pulled the weeds from the banks of the streams.

UNIT BROKEN UP

The only real complaint we had to make about England was that we did not stay long enough to see it all although we did our best while we were there. A few comfortable days in Risboro Barracks gave us time to find our