

The soldiers' day began with reveille at 5.30 a.m. and drill lasted until 4.30 p.m., first post was at 9.30 p.m., last post 10 and lights out at 10.15 with all sorts of work crowded into the interval. A sightseeing trip on the common in the morning was never lacking in views of fascinating incidents such as physical drill, some companies doing it particularly well, notably one from the 35th Bâtt. sent to the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, who delighted thousands with their precision and skill; other smaller groups being merely amusing as when one officer and three men lay on their backs and solemnly raised each leg alternately to the sky. Drill in the morning was usually done by squads or platoons—here a few recruits still in civilian outfits with only the military cowbreak-fasts to mark them as soldiers, learning the difference between left and right—then a uniformed company going through more complicated evolutions—there a group sitting under the trees being lectured on deportment or how to make a handgrenade out of a baking powder tin—farther on, men rushing over the trenches and bayonetting sand bag Germans with what were supposed to be blood-curdling yells—probably they will gain any of that quality lacking when used in a real attack—and others were being shown the mysteries of the rifle. Frequently one encountered a signal squad with flags, learning their alphabet or a more advanced one sending messages—a method said to be obsolete at the front where field telephone and telegraphs are used.

In the afternoon, the soldiers' time was taken up by short marches and battalion manoeuvres, and a very popular institution on the warm days was the bathing parade, when whole companies marched through the town, swinging their towels and singing "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall."

A great many varieties of trenches have been dug, all the very latest from France first line trenches with barbed wire entanglements and steps and pegs for assisting in charges, trenches with dugouts and look outs, connecting by underground passages with other trenches built with ramparts of sand bags and zig zag to prevent damage from enfilading fire. The most elaborate of these are on the common, but they are found too, by the shore on the lake common and a shallow, square kind with built up timber shelters, probably for the artillery, at the Four Mile Creek.

One realised the size of the camp when the reviews were held the first by Sir Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, on Wednesday, September 22nd; the second by Sir Robert Borden the following Saturday and finally by H. R. H. the Duke of Cannaught on October the 7th. The first place in the March past was taken by the artillery, and then the infantry battalions marching first in close column