

settlers as they went about the work of reclaiming their homes. Here, a man waved a friendly hand to the lads in khaki from the glistening plough; there, other men paused in their clearing operations to shout us friendly greetings.

Further east we entered the mining district and from every window we could see the tunnel entrances—reminders of the wealth Mother Earth was producing for the defence of an Empire. Here again, the people shouted greetings and hopes for our success from every village walk, and cheers rang from tunnel mouth and milling platform as we rushed past.

With the approach of the eastern coast the scene again changed and once more we were speeding through a farming country. Then the St. Lawrence was seen through the intervals of open country and the sight of shipping made it evident that our trip across the continent was drawing to a close.

About a week had been spent on board train, and the trip had been a pleasant one. On every hand our reception had been a royal one, with the exception of the short time we were in Quebec, and even there we found people who bade us God speed. In the other provinces crowds thronged the platforms as we went through, and at the few places we were permitted a "stretch" in the form of a short route march, the streets were crowded with a cheering crowd. At Toronto, especially, was our welcome a warm one, and as we marched through the streets to a stirring military march, merchant and banker, professional man and labourer, stood side by side and spoke words of praise and encouragement. On many corners aged men and younger women greeted us in silence and on many faces were the traces of tears—our passing possibly a reminder of their sons or husbands who had preceded us to the scenes of duty. Reading materials galore were passed to us through car windows and many a lunch and basket of fruit reached us from sympathetic friends en route.

If our trip across the Continent was a pleasant one, crossing the seas was even more so. Though crowded to capacity the boats were, on the whole, comfortable. The weather men smiled all the way across and the calm seas probably accounts for the noticeable absence of sea-sickness. A few of us, however, spent a few hours at the rail, but recovered sufficiently to enjoy the trip to the full extent. Boxing and wrestling tournaments and numerous tugs-of-war were staged for our benefit in the afternoons. The three bands on board furnished music in abundance and a highly enjoyable series of

concerts were arranged in the spacious saloons during the evening hours.

On arriving in England we again boarded a train and within a few hours were in camp, where we are now undergoing the final training which shall fit us for our part on the firing line.

Should the people of Canada see these few lines, as many of them will, we ask that they accept our sincere thanks for the treatment they gave us en route. We shall remember their kindnesses when the time comes for us to enter the fight.

### IF WALT COULD SEE US NOW.

If Walt Mason could only drop into this camp for a visit he would probably go back to the States and write something like this:

"When the bugle sounds reveille and the men start rolling out, and the rain starts fastly falling and the sergeants trot about—then begins your day of drill in the mud up to your knees, and you shiver like a shadow in the chilling autumn breeze. Then the rifle chills your fingers as you slowly slope your arms, so that when you think it over army life has lost its charms.

"Two hours in the morning you must spend in throwing shell, and be told about the making of those implements of hell, which kill men in the trenches at a true appalling rate, and then you stop and wonder just what will be *your* fate.

"Then you fall again in line and quickly form two-deep and return to your parade ground o'er a path both rough and steep. Then another sergeant takes you and forms you into ranks, and puts you through monkey shines like your olden schoolday pranks. He stands you on your aching feet and makes you rise up on your toes, and makes you bend your neck and knees—what for God only knows.

"Then again the whistle sounds and you think that you are done, but another sergeant takes you and drills you on the run. Slope arms and present them, order if you can, but you've got to grin and stand it for that's the making of a man.

"But it cannot last for ever, and at last the bugle sounds, and you rush towards the cook-house with mighty, leaping bounds. You quickly seize your mess

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