

signed; but meanwhile the Canadians pressed on. Shall I ever forget the 12th of November, 1918. I guess not, for the armistice was signed on the previous day, and at ten o'clock hostilities ceased. Mons was given up, and refugees and our prisoners as well as the French were liberated and began the march toward our armies and Valenciennes. On the early morning of the 12th there entered the latter place thousands of weary, emaciated, footsore soldiers and civilians, who had tramped all through the night, and the previous day, and a truly pitiable plight some of them were in.

For the next three weeks the sad procession continued, aged people, young mothers with their babies; here a mother with a baby in her arms and a couple of little tots dragging at her skirts, all her worldly possessions done up in a large sized handkerchief.

The square of Valenciennes for weeks was piled up with the luggage of the refugees. The weather in November was bitter cold, and heavy frosts at night made it doubly hard for all on the road. The women and children had been stripped of every woolen garment in their possession before they left the hands of their captors. The soldier prisoners, both French and British, were dressed any old way, a German cap, British jacket and French pants with two boots made up a full suit. It mattered not if the boots were pairs or not; quite often I have seen men with a German long boot on one foot, and a British ankle boot on the other. We of the transport had orders to give every possible assistance to the refugees on the roads, and we needed no reminder of that order, for times out of number we had the old lorry packed as tight as she would hold.

On the last stretch of the road, we had seven bridges to build or repair, and these were completed and the line open to Mons in three weeks' time, and as a reward