

a small mutiny on its hands which soon blew over. There were several desertions and one man found in the camp was drummed out of his regiment—marched up and down the lines and finally sent off with a whack over the head from the big drum stick. The soldiers enjoyed cleaning up a circus that was supposed to have come to town for their benefit, but was found to be making money by fraudulent means.

The camp was broken up gradually, taking two weeks for the process, one battalion leaving each day for St. Catharines where the first bivouac on the long march was made. The night before a battalion left was always a gala night for that unit. They built a bonfire of immense size and marched round it, shouting and singing and having an hilarious time. The 92nd not content with their tremendous fire and perhaps excited by the pipes, burned the judges' stand on the race course, which had been laid out in 1797 by the Turf Club composed of British officers.

The march to Toronto was made in six stages: St. Catharines, Grimsby, Hamilton, Bronte and Port Credit were the camping places, and there was always an enemy force in the offing. Everywhere the men were received with open arms and were given numberless pies. The treatment accorded the 83rd Battalion the Sunday they spent in St. Catharines is still spoken of by the men with enthusiasm and gratitude. Everyman received at least one invitation to have dinner and spend the day in someone's home, a few people entertaining as many as six soldiers. The 83rd were also lucky in being the first battalion to be given a hot bath in the large vats of the St. Lawrence Starch Company at Port Credit, where they arrived covered with mud.

And so ended the camp of 1915, memorable in many ways, but chiefly for the fact that every man in it had sacrificed more or less for his country and was prepared to offer the greatest sacrifice, that of life, that freedom and justice might prevail.