

against which latter our helmets were of course no protection. Our feet were blistered, limbs stiff and sore from rheumatism, and our shoulders chafed by the weight of our equipment. There was not so much pleasure in this as in a little summer stroll at home.

We would also have greatly preferred a clean bed in Canada to some of the spots on which we spent our few short hours of rest. In time of war, sleeping accommodations are very primitive, and the usual plan was to kick around on the ground in search of some little space less lumpy than the rest. Having found what was considered a suitable spot we spread our blankets and lay down. Until the middle of April we had for each man one small ragged blanket and a share of a rubber sheet, but while in Bloemfontein new ones were issued, and for the remainder of the job we enjoyed comparative comfort.

Our company, with the exception of a night or two in tents at Bloemfontein, and about two weeks in houses at Springs, were never under cover from January 22nd until October 1st. During this time we had the opportunity of testing the qualities of different kinds of soil in regard to their ability to furnish comfort at night, and the unanimous decision of our men is that a good big pile of rocks is by far the best. On grassy ground—which, by the way, is usually lumpy—one is compelled to lie straight and the whole weight of one's body comes on the