

bustled about, cramming fuel into the little sheet-iron stoves, boiling water, frying potatoes, roasting meat.

Every man's daily ration, beside salt and pepper, was 1 oz. tea; $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. coffee; 1 oz. cheese; 2 oz. each of jam, beans, butter and sugar; 6 oz. fresh vegetables; $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. bread; 1 lb. fresh meat; 1 lb. potatoes. Other allowances included 1 pint of oil and 1 cubic foot of wood. Each horse had 15 lbs. of hay and two of straw. Much fruit was also sent to the camp—notably from Ontario.

There was no loafing at Valcartier; it seethed and hummed like a hive. But in spite of the constant drilling, riding, marching and practising with rifles and artillery, the men were still keen for football and baseball; while on Sundays and rainy days, a sound of hymns and songs rose from the dripping tents.

And always and ever, never-ceasing, all-pervading, was the silvery sound of bugles. Buglers practising their calls, and bugles blowing for rising, for sleeping, for eating, for marching and hourly duties; always that music rang in one's ears, till the thought of Valcartier and it are as one.

So came at last the day when our first Contingent, perfectly equipped and, as an Army, absolutely self-contained; sailed away in thirty-one great grey transports guarded by seven cruisers, down the big river so many would never see again.

"Au revoir, God be with you, brave sons of the Empire,
Afar o'er the ocean, 'tis yours there to find
The reward that is due to the soldier heroic:
The prize-gift to Duty, by Courage assigned.
Stalwart to stalwart, goodbye one and all—
Our own giving heed to the Motherland's call,
Our own steeled to face whate'er may befall!"