

be carefully noted and carefully carried out are: "You are on military service and will owe obedience to the officers under whom you serve. (2) You will wear the prescribed uniform from time of mobilization until discharged."

The first thrill of that journey to "Somewhere" comes when you find yourself at Victoria Station, about to depart on that too well-known, much dreaded "Special-Leave-Train." Many a time you have watched it go, carrying those smiling lads back to that unknown place they call "the front", and perhaps, mingled with the many conflicting emotions that its departure caused, was a little bit of envy. And now you are actually starting on the great adventure yourself.

The journey to France and the arrival at the base are full of interest. From all ranks you receive the most courteous and gentlemanly treatment, and the journey is made as easy and comfortable as possible. But the moment you step on to the quay on the other side you feel a change. There is a something about that land of Pain and Sunshine, of Work and Play, that cannot be described. It is subtle and undefinable and, perhaps, unnatural, but it will not be denied by those who have been over there. There is a wonderful feeling of comradeship and confidence and optimism among the men in France that is invincible and magnificent. They say that every British soldier has a grouch, but I think that the wounded ones must leave theirs up the line, for they are always cheerful and grateful and uncomplaining when they reach the base, no matter how badly they may have been hit. Their only fear is that they may not get to Blighty this time, and that would be a calamity indeed.

I could write pages about the splen-

did, amazing spirit of the wounded and even then I could not express half enough admiration for them. I was once asked to go and visit a man who had lost his eyesight and both his hands. I fancy that he knew I would scarcely know what to say to him so, as soon as I went in, he laughed and said: "Well! It's a pretty jake war, isn't it, Sister?" —And I ask you—is there anything too good for that man? But to come back to the V. A. D.'s —on arrival in France, one reports at once to headquarters and receives instructions. The work is scattered and varied. The members are divided into three classes, namely: the Nursing Members, the General Service Members, and the Motor-drivers.

The Nursing members are sent to hospitals in every part of France and the work they have done and are doing is wonderful and splendid. 'A V. A. D. Nurse in France!' It sounds heroic and romantic and brings one visions of Florence Nightingale and the Royal Red Cross; but, after doing nothing but wash dishes and dust lockers for six weeks, the romance soon disappears, and the ever present picture of the brave smiling 'wounded' is all that keeps you plodding wearily on. One girl was heard to say that the V. A. D.'s have to do everything that the sisters won't do and the orderlies can't do! But as a rule the sisters-in-charge are very good to those under them and allow one to have as much real nursing as is possible. And so I say again, the nursing members are splendid. Their hours are long and their work is monotonous, and yet they come close enough to see all the suffering and pain.

Then there are the General Service members who do almost everything and anything. There are secretaries who do all kinds of mysterious things in the administrative departments.