

for the Bay of Biscay had more compassion on us than it had on the outgoing trip, and we had a splendid opportunity of viewing the Rock and Forts that guard the western entrance to the Mediterranean.

Many were the guesses made as to where we were now to pitch our tents. The wish was perhaps father to the thought, for it was generally agreed that we were to go to England. Those who had counted on the leave they were to get, or on the purchases they were to make when England was reached, were doomed to disappointment, for we barely touched at Southampton, nobody being allowed to go on shore.

FRANCE

After two hours in Southampton Harbour, when we were permitted only to gaze at the promised land, the ship which had carried us so far steamed out on the last stage of our journey. We came soon to the first of the many contrasts between the surroundings we had left and those for which we were destined. A wind of bitter coldness swept the Channel; in its teeth we landed at Havre, following the tortuous way to the inner harbour. Our connection with the East was broken. Egypt and the incidents of life and work there remained a reminiscence. We had reached the first milestone in the path of a new experience.

The morning of April 22nd dawned upon us clinging to the comforts of H.M.H.S *Delta*, but stirred by excitement and expectation. Where would our journey end? When would we recommence hospital work which had been interrupted in Cairo a month before? Would we find a hospital equipped, requiring a staff only to commence activities? Would we be near the battle line of the Western Front? Such questions that passed from lip to lip, ever meeting with evasive answers, marked the trend of our speculations upon these matters of vital interest. Every member of the unit was anxious to recommence work. Some degree of knowledge in regard to our future was not long denied us, for it was announced during the day that the Officer Commanding had received orders to proceed with his unit to a point where we were to establish a tent hospital. The day following arrival at Le Havre we met many Canadians at that place, and re-established a long-broken connection with our fellow-countrymen on active service. The evening preceding our departure for the new scene of our labours found the personnel in all branches well informed concerning the geography of the place. The details of this new knowledge few verified on the occasion of the morrow's journey, for we tasted then of the minor difficulties and trials that furnish variety in the life of a mobile hospital unit. Between the hours of 4 p.m. Easter Sunday and 4 o'clock in the morning of the following day, we covered the distance between Le Havre and our destination in a train shrouded in darkness and permeated with cold.

Monday, April 24th, found us in the little seaport which, for the next six months, was to be the interesting and unique scene of our labours. Three military hospitals under the B.E.F. were already in operation there, one of these being No. 2 Canadian General, from whose nursing staff our Sisters received many kind attentions in the hours following their arrival.

The place to which we had come was a small village whose inhabitants as fisher-folk make a living from the heavy and dangerous toil of the sea. It nestles close to the shore, adopting its form to the sinuosities of the coastline, against high, towering cliffs which serve to mark out the village proper from an elevated suburban district with diverse charms of scenery. The site chosen for our hospital possessed extraordinary advantages of beauty and wholesomeness in surroundings, its landward boundaries being the limits of neighbouring hospitals and the pleasant stretches of a golf course.

Through the Medical Authorities of this area the order was conveyed to us to proceed with the establishment of a tent hospital of 1,040 beds. In our possession