

bearings and then we got a taste of real soldiering at Dibgate Hollow where occasionally rain washed us out and winds lifted our tents from their moorings. Here the unit was broken up temporarily. One draft went to do duty at the Duchess of Connaught's hospital at Taplow and another at Uxbridge. Some of the nursing sisters and non-regimental officers had already been attached to the Queen Alexandria hospital for officers at Millbank, the London Hospital and the Royal Herbert Hospital at Woolwich while Capts. Nicholson Walker and Mc Kee had gone to No. 1 and 2 Canadian General Hospitals in France.

The remainder of us spent the time profitably and not at all unenjoyably, in drills, lectures and route marches to places of interest about the nearby country, until we were called upon to relieve No. 4. at the Shorncliffe Military Hospital. Thus we were all placed where we could obtain practical experience in our work.

On Nov. 14. we were called together again. The second stage of our career was at its close. Orders had come to stand ready to proceed overseas. With the exception of Lt. - Col. Robertson, who was in command at Uxbridge, and the nursing sisters, the unit was re-united at Shorncliffe and in the early morning of Nov. 16, in the midst of a heavy snowfall, we turned out and entrained for Southampton. There we boarded the s.s. "Asturias", destination—unknown.

Rumors were rife as to what was going to be done with us, some of them startling in the extreme. We did

not know where we were going, but we suspected it was Salonica, Macedonia, which was then very much in the public eye, as one of the crucial centres of the Allies, campaign; and, we may say, the prospect was not unpleasant for it promised excitement in plenty. There is no need to dilate on the voyage for one voyage through the Mediterranean is much the same as another in respect to what there is to see, which is not much when one is on a non-stop liner. We might say that in the matter of food and sleeping quarters we—the men—were much more comfortable than we had been on the "Scandinavian", no doubt due to the fact that the unit had the boat to itself.

NEARING SALONICA

The sight of Gibraltar, rising dimly out of the mists and bearing down on our starboard like some huge monster of the deep about to crush us insignificant pigmies and our cockle-shell craft beneath its terrible mass, excited our interest in the early hours of Nov. 21st, but with this exception we saw practically nothing at all until we came opposite Greece and picked our way through the bald, lumpy little islands of the Archipelago, gradually assuming a northerly course. Our destination now seemed assured and we were, therefore, in no way surprised when, upon sailing through a barrier of nets at the entrance to a horseshoe-shaped harbor and sighting dimly through a veil of fog the suggestive outlines of countless ships of war and, beyond them, the russet-colored buildings of a city, mounting, in a semi-circle, the slope of a ridge of hills