

find us at anchor in the swift and muddy stream, amid surroundings strange to the native Canadian, but familiar and dear to the old countrymen returning from exile. On our left were the long docks and grey buildings of Liverpool, on the right the homes of New Brighton and Birkenhead. Under our steamer's foot shot the busy ferries, their decks crowded with business men bound for Liverpool offices. As they passed the transport they accorded us a cheering welcome, which was taken up from time to time by those on the docks. The interval before the transport was warped in to her berth was rendered more exciting by an accident, when one of the crew fell from the boat deck 80 feet to the water below. A boat was lowered in record time, and the poor fellow was picked up and landed safely in the hospital, fortunately without any more serious consequences than a severe chill.

The task of disembarkation was carried out with considerable rapidity. Shortly after noon the 67th Battalion began the march down the gangway and were taken in hand by an Imperial Railway Transport Officer. In column of route the battalion proceeded across the docks to Riverside Station, where a cute little train was waiting. To many bewildered

and wore a benign look as if to say "Welcome, you poor blokes." Through the poorer districts the train sped at a smarter pace, but wee kids and worn-looking women left their play and their wash-boards to line garden fences and wave wisps of flags. One old lady, taken by surprise in the midst of her household duties, rushed to her kitchen door and, seizing a petticoat from her clothes-line, waved us a woman's welcome.

In due course we passed through many well-kept farms, the trim and prosperous appearance of which caused Lieutenant Bill Cook to announce his intention of pre-empting some land at the close of the war. Warwick Castle was an interesting landmark on our right, and we had a bit of excitement grabbing lunch-baskets at Crewe, the dining car, so familiar on our Canadian trains, not being a noticeable feature of the Liverpool—Aldershot express.

Birmingham was accorded the honour of a stop, and the sight of the Western Scots scattered about the Birmingham Station would have been interesting to many Victorians. The train left Birmingham amid wild and complimentary cries of "Oh, you Brummagen girls!" and



WELLINGTON STREET, ALDERSHOT

Colonials this train looked like an enlarged Christmas present from the days of childhood, and many were the admonitions from would-be humorist members in the ranks not to use the carriages as watch-charms. It is probable that Riverside Station seldom before echoed to such shouts as "Yatta boy" from big Mac, and similar Westernisms from other Colonial débautants. The opinion of the Colonial "blokes" with respect to their first train ride in "Blighty" changed considerably, however, when they were placed in the comfortable compartments and the long train glided out smoothly and noiselessly. The familiar young collision to which we had been treated by the members of the Brotherhood of Freight Engineers all the way from Vancouver to Halifax was delightfully absent. "Peep-peep," called the funny little engine; "peanuts," yelled big Mac, and the 67th Battalion Western Scots of Canada were on their way to the end of the journey.

As the train steamed through the suburbs of Liverpool with wildly yelling Western Jocks at both doors of every compartment, there could be no doubt of the attitude of Liverpoolians towards Colonial troops. Factories apparently ceased work while their employees rushed to doors and windows to cheer us frantically; portly policemen, whose dignity forbade unseemly sentimentalism, stood smartly at attention

nightfall found us far in what appeared to be a waste land, excellent, no doubt, for large-scale army manoeuvres, but not distinguished by its magnificence of scenery.

When darkness fell the order came to draw all blinds, and with this we were introduced to our first taste of precautions against Zeppelins. We have seen none yet, but no doubt each of us knows of a perfectly good coal hole and the shortest route thereto.

The battalion arrived at Bordon Station, in the County of Hampshire, at the unholy hour of 3 a.m., and tumbled out into Stygian darkness alongside the train. Soon the order came to move off, and, each man groaning under the weight of all his household gods, and led by a local guide, we proceeded—not knowing where we were going, but being on our way. After a silent march of a mile, we reached barracks, where the men were told off in parties of 12, and led to comfortable quarters in long rows of brick houses. The question of grub was a stickler; but through the extreme kindness of officers and men of the Canadian Engineers, who had preceded us, some rations were found, hot tea was made, and every man had at least something to go to sleep on.

With the men safely stowed for the night, the officers sought a place of rest, finally being located in a large