

Of course, as is customary in the British army, there was a chance to make complaints. Every man, before leaving Buxton, was asked to sign a complaint sheet in which he might state any objections he had to the place or to the treatment he had received. As in other cases, this worked out automatically so that the complaints were very few. If any man made a complaint, it meant that he would likely be held for weeks or months while an investigation was made, and then he would not be likely to gain anything material. So, since everyone was most anxious to get home, the complaint sheets were all "O. K."

However, all these discomforts were soon to be left behind. At last the Great Day arrived, and I was mighty glad to be on board a huge liner, Homeward Bound.

The sea was smooth and the trip comfortable: the little spice of adventure which was present in the constant fear of a submarine attack provided against monotony. We were escorted across by a much-camouflaged cruiser, which ran like a machine. Search her as we would, even with glasses, not a sign of life could we see on board. I had begun to think she was a phantom ship, but one night that idea was very quickly dispelled when she dropped a couple of targets and began running around in circles while our old boat was shaken with the concussion of her guns.

The same night we passed Sable Island, not inviting in itself, but we knew it was Canada, and so it looked mighty good. Next morning, when I awoke, I felt that the engines were stopped, and heard excited voices on the deck above. Slipping into my clothes, I rushed up on deck, and there, ahead, I beheld the most beautiful sight I could imagine—the Homeland that I had despaired of seeing again.

We were lying just outside Halifax harbour. The