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The Last Voyage West- ward of H.M.H.S. "Llandovery Castle."

By Pte. T. H. Potts, 158th Batt.

LIVERPOOL—the seaport of the world, with its docks, wharves, landing stage three-quarters of a mile long, hustle and bustle throughout the entire day; Liverpool—where we got such a reception when we first landed on the transport "Olympic," and where we were treated like princes during our too short a wait for the hospital ship, "Llandovery Castle." Liverpool—the city that will always be remembered by the Canadian boys who were lucky enough to spend a short time there. Liverpool! We all take off our hats to the people who have made so grand a name for you.

The "Llandovery Castle" was straining at the ropes alongside the landing stage, waiting for its cargo of bruised and battered bodies who had been "over there" and had done their bit, and were now ready to return to the land of the Maple, having been marked "fit to travel." A Kiltie band was playing and the boys, as they embarked, were happy. The ferry boats, alive with people going to and returning from business, hooted and whistled, showing their appreciation of the boys who had travelled so many miles to help the Motherland in her hour of need. The people cheered and the boys re-echoed their applause.

At last the signal was given and the boat started down the river. The decks were thronged with human freight taking a last fond look at the place where they had been treated so well, and, as the city faded in the horizon, we could not help feeling a little "sad" at the thoughts of leaving.