

in anything but comfortable quarters. They set forth on their daily work late in the afternoon, and it is marvellous how they find their way down the dark roads, for of course they can carry no sort of light with them. When they meet the stretcher-bearers their cars are loaded up and they turn and dash away as fast as possible.

Many a thrilling story did I hear that day, and they gained not a little in emphasis and point because whilst we talked there was the incessant boom of the heavy guns, and the frail sides of the Goods Shed which had been turned into the Casualty Hospital shook and reverberated again and again.

In speaking of the conditions under which these English motor drivers live, perhaps we may quote the words of Commandant New, the officer in charge of the British Ambulance Committee's sections working with the French Army:

"Our Ambulances were quite unfit to sleep in, but we had the use of a barn, which had a thorough system of ventilation on all sides. Varicous odd gipsy-like tents made of old stretcher poles, blankets, corrugated iron, canvas and wood were put up, but the weather was kind, so no matter. We took our food from the usual tin plates and cups in the porte-cochère of a farm, amongst wagons, accumulated litter, and flies in myriads. When the meal is ready a wagon and team may demand passage, and everything has to be cleared