

uniforms. We mentioned this to the Vice-Consul, and told him that we believed the Canadian Government would stand by us to the extent of a new suit of clothes. He murmured something about the expenses being very heavy at this time. We ventured to remind him that the money would be repaid — Canada was still doing business!

The next day our American friends invited us to go to a picture show with them. We went, but at the door a gorgeously uniformed gentleman, who looked like a cross between a butler and an admiral, turned us back — that is, Ted and me. We had no collars on! The public had to be protected — he was sorry, but these were his orders.

Then we sought the Vice-Consul and told him if he did not get us decent clothes, we should go to the Consul. The next morning we got the clothes!

On the sixth night we sailed from Rotterdam, and the next morning, in a hazy dawn, we sighted, with glad hearts, the misty shores of England.

As we sailed up the Tyne, we saw war shops being built, and women among the workmen, looking very neat and smart in their working uniforms. They seemed to know their business, too, and moved about with a speed and energy which indicated an earnest purpose. Here was another factor which Germany had not counted on — the women of the Empire! Germany knew exactly how many troops, how many guns, how