



CHILDREN'S WARD IN THE CAMP HOSPITAL.

squad drill on the deck and the sergeant-major offered to drill any ladies who wished it. Most of the Canadian girls hopped about on one foot, or did other kangaroo antics, to the great amusement of the non-athletes.

They landed at Teneriffe and St. Helena, but had a specimen of what old Neptune could do before their journey's end. In the storm the piano broke loose and went waltzing about the saloon, to be gathered up in fragments later. There were not dishes enough left to go round, but they reached Cape Town safely nevertheless. After a short stay in this old, but in part very new town, of 200,000, and a visit to Rondbusch, Cecil Rhodes' beautiful place, they started for the interior in coaches all labelled: "Contents: Canadian Teachers."

Peace had meantime been proclaimed, and thousands of troops were returning to England. The block-houses, barbed-wire entanglements, and hundreds of graves marked with wooden crosses were evidences of the terrific struggle.

Miss Graham's contingent of four teachers, after sixty hours' journey, reached their station, Norval's Point, June 6th. The refugee camp consisted of long lines of tents glistening white in the morning sun. They were pitched in regular rows with broad streets between, edged with lines of white-washed stones for guides on dark nights.

The school camp was a little removed; there were thirteen hundred children, all but the babies under school training. They were given every day hot soup at recess and were