

the curtain, and the platform, to say nothing of an intelligently keen audience, the Chaplain and some of the Sisters being present.

In all cases hospital patients make a good audience. For one thing, they have been "over there," and they have seen enough to make them "sit up and think." But, naturally, all those having come from the British Dominions are more alert and more inclined to look upon this war from a broad imperial point of view. Is it to be the dissolution of the British Empire? Is it going to be the Germanic or the British race that is going to dominate? That is what they are fighting for. The Dardanelles, Salonika, Mesopotamia, Palestine, are no longer places on the map or in the Bible. They have been there and can tell you a thing or two.

The lecture ended, the Chaplain and Sisters

palatial corridors and reception rooms and handed over to the tender mercies of the youthful chauffeur. He again looked into my face. "What was coming?" My heart stood still.

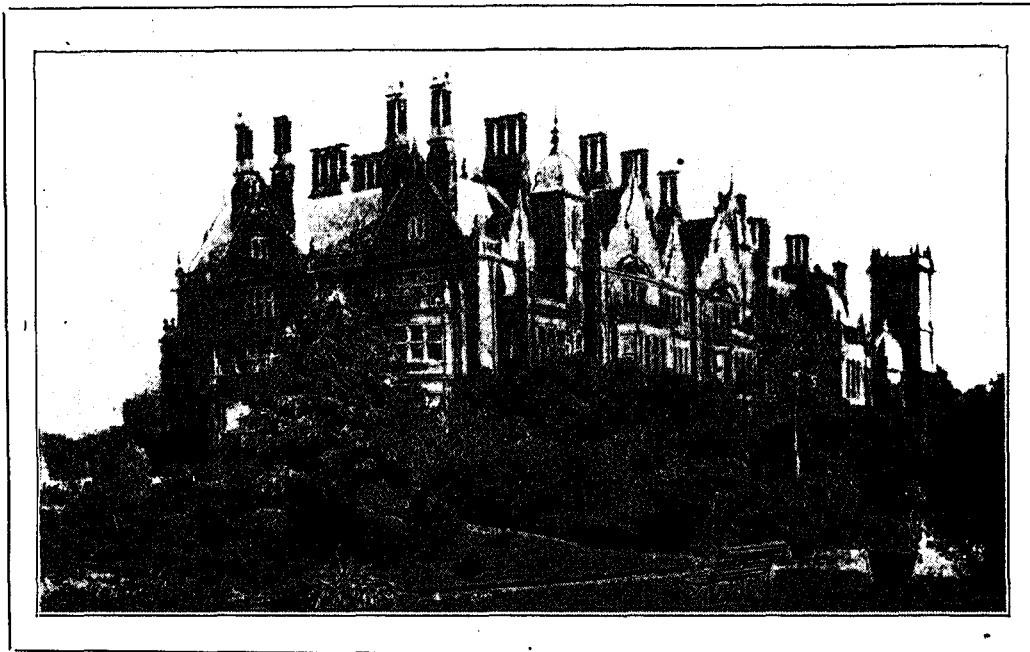
"Your lecture was head and shoulders better than any man's," he said.

"Thank God," I said to myself.

"It is very wonderful for a lady to know so much about the war," said two voices behind me simultaneously.

I tipped him and said good-bye; he shook hands with me as "man to man."

I caught the 9.55 p.m. train due at Paddington 10.40. We were just swinging out of the station when the guard walked up the length of the platform with the significant words: "Lights out—they are there."



CANADIAN CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL, BEARWOOD.

kindly took me to the Matron's and Sisters' room. Miss Wilson, the charming youthful matron, and the equally attractive Sisters, the Misses Carver, Craig, and Gilchrist, as well as some of the medical officers were there, not only to receive me, but to refresh me with the most delicious coffee, sandwiches, fruit, and almond cakes imaginable.

The happy, friendly feeling amongst them all, so free of red tape or affectation, was the main keynote which struck me.

Canadian women have a special charm for me. They seem to combine all the feminine qualities of daintiness and smartness of French women with the solidity of character of the Englishwoman.

It was a delightful hour, never to be forgotten; its hospitality, kindness, wit and vivacity. But my hour had come. I was again taken through

The engine-driver put on a protective smoke and we crawled into the station at 12.30 instead of 10.40. The raid was then at its worst. Some took shelter downstairs in the porters' quarters, others went into the tube, where children and babes clung to their mothers and old people to their children; the quiet, patient look on their faces reminded me of those of the French and Belgian refugees in the early days of the war in France. There were women police and trained nurses to guide and look after people.

By 2 a.m. people were walking about the streets, the "All Clear!" sound cheering us all on our way home. A young girl who had clung to me went her way and I mine, and the one constant thought that followed me was: "When will this insanity run its course?"

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