

blushes at the recollection of her work that day, let her remember that by that very labour, in our eyes, she was glorified. We shall always remember with pride those brave Canadian nurses who were not afraid, when duty called, to "stoop and conquer".

The following evening I was despatched to interview the A.D.M.S. regarding our hospital. I was met at the office door by the D.A.D.M.S., who was one of that breed of cocksure officer—now happily almost extinct.

"Hello," he cried brusquely, "is your hospital ready for patients?"

"We should prefer another day or two of preparation, sir," I replied.

"How long have you been out there now?" he demanded.

"Two days, sir."

"What! At the end of two days you mean to tell me you're not ready! You're very slow."

It was the first time we had been accused of sluggishness. It was undeserved, and I resented it accordingly. I replied—not too politely, I fear:

"You will please remember we had to dismantle and remove the carpets and furniture of a large hotel, take stock of the fixtures and house-clean the building before commencing the setting-up of our hospital equipment. We are ready for two hundred patients now—but we prefer another day or two to make everything complete."

"I'll send you two hundred patients to-night," he cried. "Be prepared for them."

The A.D.M.S., a typical English gentleman of the old school, interfered. He called his deputy aside and said to him:

"You mustn't rush patients into a new hospital in this manner. Give them a few days' grace." He turned to me and continued: "You will receive a trainload of patients three days from now. That will give you plenty of time. Kindly inform your commanding officer to this effect."

Some men brush one's fur the wrong way, and others smooth it back again. I had been so ruffled by the D.A.D.M.S. that every bristle of my not too gentle nature was standing on end—it was not only what he said, but the manner of the saying; yet the A.D.M.S., with one gentle, kindly stroke of common-sense, had soothed and made me human once again. I felt my wrath slipping quietly away, and I basked for a moment in the sunshine of a genial personality. I gratefully murmured:

"Thank you, sir. I shall tell him."

"I trust your hospital will soon prove itself a credit to your staff and to Canada. Good-night, and good luck," he said, as he shook me warmly by the hand.

It was midnight of the third day after this interview. The orderly on duty in the hall was suddenly startled by the sharp ring of the telephone-bell. He sprang to his feet and put the strange French receiver to his ear.

"Yes, this is the Canadian Hospital," he answered; and a distant voice gave this message:

"A train-load of three hundred wounded will arrive at the station at two a.m. Be ready for them!"

CHAPTER VIII.

At last the time for action had come. Three hundred wounded would arrive in two hours. One-fifth of that number would throw the average city hospital into confusion. Nurses and officers hurried from their villas. The cooks and orderlies were already on duty, and the hospital presented a scene of bustling but systematic activity.

Our ten wards, each named after a Province of our beloved Dominion, were soon ready for the reception of patients, and the deft hands of the nursing sisters added the final touch of extra preparation.

The colonel's motor-car throbbed in waiting at the door, and ambulance after ambulance, with its quota of