

ever brought her first-born into a circle of admiring friends with more tender solicitude and parental pride than that with which Captain Fisher bore the rooster of his heart into the photographic circle, to be the mascot. Gently and lovingly, and with many adjurations he laid it—him—in the arms of a squatting Sergeant—even as a mother with tender reluctance hands over her "precious thing" to its nurse. This particular Sergeant, however, never earned his stripes by nursing roosters. He did not cuddle it in the manner to which it was accustomed, and a few seconds before the camera started on its journey the centre of Adjutantical hopes told the nursing sergeant, in Orpingtonese, to go to grass; and digging his spurs into himself made a rapid exit. Hence no mascot; and the sad look with which we started this paragraph.

THE frequent rains followed by the intense heat have justified the claim of Kent to be the Garden of England. In garden, field and lane, advanced growth is seen: trees, grass, flowers, fruit, vegetables—all are coming on apace and the landscape is a thing of beauty. Talking of carrots and green things and growth, the Officers' Mess is an interesting study for the observant. It was not the rain and the heat, but the official quotation of K.R. & O. paragraph No. — in the orders of the day some weeks since that did it. First a little shadow stretching half-way across the top lip, and which suggested nothing more than a little soap and water being necessary. Daily the shadows deepened, and, like the vegetation outside, took on every hue, until in time in some cases they began to be recognised as moustaches. Now they are quite general—in a certain light and at a certain angle. It begins to Look—as if our youngest subaltern may catch something yet. He was strongly suspected of breaking K.R. & O. paragraph No. —, but he solemnly assured the Sanitary Officer he had not shaved his top lip for 17 years. The Sanitary Officer said he was a downy customer all the same.

G. G.—We are not an authority on equitation, but we can answer some of your questions, although the fact that you should have asked some of them indicates that Captain Ryan will soon be kept busy. (1) You would find it very difficult to mount on the "off" side if you put your right foot in the stirrup; at least you could probably mount, but when up you would have to make another movement, "right about turn," which is more difficult than graceful in a sitting position. (2) You are right in your surmise that a good grip is necessary to retain your seat when cantering or galloping, but you are entirely astray in supposing the spurs are for the purpose of enabling you to dig in and get a good grip "like a cog-wheel." (3) "Hand" is not an anatomical part, but a standard of measurement in respect of horses. (4) Fetlock is not on the stable door, but it is a part of the horse. We are referring your other questions to Captain Crawford, whose vast practical experience, commencing years ago on a rocking horse, makes him a very valuable guide and instructor. There are, we believe, two firms of undertakers in Orpington.—ZETO.

MESS ROOM MATTER.

BY WELL-AND-GOOD.

Why it is so hard to distinguish the difference between tea and coffee in the Mess Room?

Why the kickers do not use the "suggestion book"?

Why the O.M.H. Officers' relay team didn't do better against the H.A.C. Officers? Matron S.—No, we do not think it was a ghost you saw one night, even if there were "wild shrieks" heard outside your window.

Capt. Cr. w. f. d.—Yes, we consider that you are doing a noble work in reminding some of the married officers about writing home on each Sunday. Keep up the good work, and in the years to come when you yourself shall have joined the noble army of martyrs—we mean benedicts—we hope you will be faithful then in practising what you now so insistently preach for others.

Capt. Peevee Gee.—We are sorry we have not "The Mother of Mother Machrae" in stock. Enclose stamped envelope, and we will let you know where the song may be purchased.

Mr. D'Isperiser.—Please do not ask about "German Measles"; the other kind are much to be preferred in war time.

N. S. D.—Yes, we think the H.A.C. officers are just splendid.

Capt. Dun Can See.—(1) We cannot advise you who got the Bromide of Mercury tablets from Ward 1. The M.O. of that ward might enlighten you. (2) We consider these tablets as being very suspicious.

Mud Lark.—We cannot publish your letter. There are not any grounds for complaint, as it is not coffee. We sympathise with you deeply, but there is coffee and there is "mess coffee."

THE VIEW OF THE NURSING SISTER.

By M. G. STOVEL, N.S.

LAST year the Ontario Legislature resolved to offer to the Imperial Government a Base Hospital, to be built, equipped, and maintained by the Province of Ontario, and manned by a staff of Canadians from that province. Later, when the people, having approved of the plan and arranged for its being carried out, had almost forgotten its existence, the Ontario Military Hospital became a real institution, and was formally opened on February 19th.

About this time doctors and nurses were called in from every county of the province to mobilize at the Parliament Buildings in Toronto. We were enthusiastic in those days; eager to be in time for parade, eager to be inoculated, eager to give family history as often as required, eager to see ourselves in uniform, and then eager to be inspected and photographed. We were to be ready in a week, and ready we were. What could the Department of Militia and Defence be thinking of? Did it not know our time was valuable? But the long unmerciful weeks stretched on and on, for the ways of the War Office are not our ways. Soon we knew that we had joined the Army, and having grasped that, it occurred to us that parading and parading and just waiting are the principal occupations of a soldier—and we acquired the comfortable feeling that goes with it.

At last one day we said good-bye to Queen's Park and the Premier, stole away in the dead stillness of the night from nobody knew where, and went aboard H.M.T.S. No. — on April 1st. All the passengers were soldiers. There were the —st, —th, —th, and —st Battalions and the "rag-tags." By this time everyone had become accustomed to just waiting, and as H.M.T.S. — was S.S. Olympic, and very nice and comfortable, it was not annoying to just wait until April 5th and watch the flour and beef dropped into the hold.

The voyage was splendid, owing to fine weather and a wonderful ship, and every minute was enjoyed by all on board. Eight or ten turns around the deck in the morning filled one with new vigour, and wondrous rumours of hair's-breadth escapes from "subs." and spies. It was marvellous to us that 6,287 passengers could be accommodated in moderate comfort, and that the deck arrangements were such that promenade was seldom interfered with. The ship's hospital was soon in working order and fitted, and here the nursing sisters had their first taste of military nursing. With gargles being served q. 2 h., one was much too busy to think of danger. Then there was lifeboat drill, when at the sound of an alarm it was the duty of everyone to go to a certain place on a certain deck by a certain route as quickly as possible, and just wait, and wait, in perfect silence. To appear without a life-preserver at any time meant certain C.B., and snapshots taken, thus arrayed, will be treasured as souvenirs in the happy days of peace. But morning parade was the feature of the day. Sisters gathered in an obscure corridor and discussed "They say" until Sister MacPherson would step briskly out and say "Pay attention to orders." There was a clicking of heels, a well-dressed line, and—perfect silence.

It was 12 o'clock noon when two black specks appeared on the horizon. Were they "subs."? They turned out to be mere destroyers, and without any invitation they hustled up to us, one on either side, and came along. Strangely enough no one seemed to mind. This was just off the north coast of Ireland, so we lashed Captain Ryan to the flagstaff while we sailed defiantly around the south and up through the channel to dock at Liverpool.

Our first impressions of England were gasped out by a succession of "Oh's" from the train window after leaving Liverpool, on seeing the green fields, the hedges, and the picturesque winding roads which were so new to us. On arriving at Euston Station the unit was taken in charge by Captain Fisher and Matron Smith, who were very kind and made us all feel welcome. Perhaps it was while changing from Euston to Lon-

don Bridge that some of us first realised we had come to war. The spooky "keep it dark" feeling experienced on the top of a 'bus will long be remembered—by the sisters at any rate. It was 2 a.m. when 115 officers and sisters arrived at the Officers' Mess. The splendid restful-looking rooms, the long dining tables set with daffodils and loaded with sandwiches, the home sister pouring tea with a comfortable collar on, all made one feel more than ever like humming "A perfect day."

They told us in Ontario it was to be the best equipped hospital at the front, but the half was never told. When Captain Fox, who, by the way, is all that Colonel Marlow said he was, piloted us around the morning after, and we saw the long wards built to get the maximum of light and air, the 1,040 beds with their beautiful blankets and white spreads, the electric light, the serving kitchens, the admitting rooms with their rows of bath tubs, the operating and X-ray rooms, and the departments for special treatment, we could only say, "Surely the hand of the Ontario Government hath done this."

Once more we are just waiting, medical officers and sisters, craving an opportunity to give time, ability and strength to the wounded and sick of not only Canada, but of the Motherland and the other Colonies. The one compensation for the dearth of patients has been that we have been enabled to explore the beautiful Kentish country. Even the weather man has been good to us. Now we can understand Browning's longing as expressed by "Oh to be in England now that April's here."

M. G. STOVEL, N.S.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

In opening this, the first Sergeant's column of our new Hospital Magazine, we wish to take this opportunity of most heartily wishing the Editor and those associated with him the very best of luck, and to assure him of our desire to assist him at any time in any way possible.

The past few weeks have seen a considerable number of changes in the Mess, several new Sergeants having joined us, and one or two having departed for fields anew. However, we feel that now we have at least the nucleus of our permanent Mess, and we are now in a position to make arrangements for the formation of sports clubs, etc.

Several informal evenings in honour of our brother Sergeants of the Honourable Artillery Company, who are shortly leaving for parts unknown, have been held, and have been uniformly successful.

On Thursday, the 18th, we had the pleasure of arranging the weekly concert held in the Recreation Hall, and were extremely fortunate in securing the services of an excellent party of lady artistes from London, headed by Miss Lillian Rose. A very good concert was much appreciated by all present, and at its close Sergeant Lough, in a "Rooseveltian" speech, called for cheers for our entertainers, which were heartily given, and he promised (or threatened) another Sergeants' concert in the near future. After the concert we repaired to the Mess with our guests, to find a tasty little supper awaiting us. About 10.30 p.m. we were reluctantly compelled to bid our fair guests adieu in order that they might get back to London. (It is understood, unofficially, however, that owing to the great distance, the lateness of the hour, the darkness of the night, and the usual other excuses, some of our members most chivalrously escorted the fair ones to their various destinations, and from the increase in the number of migrations Londonwards of late, we feel safe in saying that the escort duty was performed in true soldierly manner, and to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned.) Let us hope that at some time in the very near future we may have another such evening.

Sports are progressing somewhat slowly, but we hope by the next issue to be able to report the formation of several teams of various kinds among the Sergeants.

BACKBONE.