

a necessarily valuable clinical sign,

Our Evacuation Return was sent in twice daily, at noon and at six p.m., to the Embarkation Medical Officer. The cases for evacuation were classified:

Those for Base Hospital in England.  
Those for the Venereal Camp.

Those for Convalescent Depots or Base Details.

The cases for England were classified as:-

A—Needing a spring cot.

B—Needing inside cabin space.

C—Deck of walking cases.

In due time, we were notified, generally by phone, at what hour the different cases would be sent for. We had nothing to do with the means of transportation. This department was admirably managed by the British Red Cross Society.

Hospitals with the Expeditionary Forces have then two duties to perform:—First, to return men to duty within three weeks, or, Second, to evacuate to England as soon as possible, doing in the interval only such emergency operations and other treatment as may be required.

Omission—The article on Field Ambulances in our last issue was by Lt.-Col. W. L. Watt, our O.C., and formerly Commanding No. 3 Can. Field Ambulance.

## Contributions and Acknowledgments

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I never realised how much music there is in this so-called unmusical world till I arrived, with my game leg, at D—Military Hospital from the trenches in France. Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, and I verily believe we wounded ones must be regarded as absolute cannibals, so much "soothing" do we get.

The bugler, with his little "reveille" effort, opens the daily programme:—waking, along with the rest of us, the "Scalpound" in No. 8 bed, who immediately responds with a stirring version of "Awake"; usually he is interrupted before the ninth and last verse by "Sciatica" having started his particular pet, the ward gramophone, upon which instrument he lavishes about eight hours daily of his valuable time for our delectation and entertainment. We listen to a succession of soul-stirring records until the bugler again chips in with "Come to the cook-house," which is followed, haply, by a short interval for refreshments.

After breakfast we get a "medley" mixture, or chaos. Sciatica returns to his needles and records: Pleurisy rhapsodizes on a mouth organ; the two Frozen feet and Rheumatism, having assorted voices and ideas on harmony, practice singing ballads, choruses, glees, etc., in what they tell us are "parts":

the day-orderly scrubs the floor to the tune of "Let me like a soldier fall: even the temperature nurse has caught the spirit, and performs toe and heel drum solos as she counts the pulsations, varying from two-four andante time for a slow pulse to a six-eight allegro movement in feverish cases:

The evening usually brings us a concert party from "outside," and we fill up the afternoon with a sing-song, of which I give a specimen programme:—Bugle Solo, "Beloved it is Morn," The Bugler, Song, "Oh! The Roast Beef of Old England," Milk Diet; Song, "Angels Watch o'er Thee," Night Sister; Song (Comic), "You'll have to have it off on Monday," The M. O.; Ballad, "Never mind the Medicine, tidy up the beds," Day Sister; Acrobatic Dancing "Exhibitions," The Rheumatics; Song, Where are the Brave Boys now? Dental Officer; Song (Pathetique), Put me on to chicken, Sir, I've been on milk a month," Gastritis; Item, "Selected," V. A. D. Beauty Chorus; Duet, "Who's that calling?" Night Orderlies; Chorus, "Take, Oh Take us home again," Patients' Choir.

I have not yet mentioned the Broken Wrist in the bed on my left, who knows parts of the choruses of nine hundred and fifty-six comic songs, and obliges with them in a fine cockney voice whenever he can snatch the floor, which is not usually till after the bugle fantasia, "Lights Out," has sounded.

Nobody but a real heart and soul music-lover could last long in our ward.  
By KRITICOS.

## Acknowledgement of Gifts

Mrs. Broomfield, of East Putney, London, S.W., £2.

Canadian Red Cross Society, Magazines and Papers.

We regret that in a previous issue, a donation of a spinal chair was wrongly credited. The chair in question was donated by Miss Jones, 2 Northdown Avenue, Cliftonville, Margate.

## Congratulations to

Lt.-Colonel Frederick Etherington, C.A.M.C., C.M.G.; Lt.-Col. Samuel Hanford McKee, C.A.M.C., C.M.G.; Major Evans Greenwood Davis, C.A.M.C., C.M.G., on the merited honor conferred on them by His Gracious Majesty the King, in appointing them companions of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

A very pretty marriage was solemnized at St. Luke's Church on Sat. May 6. Pte. Laurie, C.A.M.C. and Miss Lily Mond. of Ramsgate, were joined in holy matrimony. We all extend to the young couple our sincere wishes for their future happiness and prosperity

## First Contingent's Pride.

The first contingent's pride in having been the first of the Dominion's sons to reach the firing line is evidenced by a suggestion in the Gazette that the survivors of the contingent form an association after the close of the war. The author of the suggestion is careful, however, not to give the impression that any reflection on the other Canadian contingents is intended.

This pride in having been of the first contingent also is shown in verse, of which soldier poets were generous contributors. One of the best of these, written with a Kipling-esque swing is a reply to certain criticisms of the contingent which appeared in the Canadian press. Its author is H. Smalley Sarson, and it is written at Vlamertinghe, Belgium. It is as follows:—

You say that the First contingent  
Are bums, and rotters, and snydes;  
You say that we sullied our honor,  
And a whole lot else besides,  
We are probably all you call us,  
But you must admit we're men,  
So I smile when I hear you bragging—  
For we fought at St. Julien.

We were a bit wild and roguish,  
Though a soldier is'n't a lamb,  
And we drank and squandered our money  
And none of us cared a d—,  
So you thought us as black as painted,  
But you'll change your opinion when  
You meet the souls of the Germans  
That died at St. Julien.

When you've learnt the lust of battle  
When your bravest and best have gone,  
When seventy per cent are stricken,  
And the rest kept fighting on,  
You cease to mind the ravings  
Of an editorial pen,  
When you've tasted blood and slaughter  
At a fight like St. Julien.

For though the First contingent  
Are bums, and rotters, and snydes,  
The dregs of the nation's manhood,  
And a whole lot else besides,  
Though we ruined your reputation  
And blackened your name, but then—  
We held the line for the Empire  
At the fight at St. Julien.

## Things Seen and Heard

They say everything has its bright side, even a dark lantern. One would suppose, and quite naturally too, that the operating room of a large hospital would be the last place on earth where comedy would be found or the faintest bit of mirth prevail. But the following incident is vouched for by the word of an Irishman, who had occasion to undergo treatment there, and who would ever doubt the veracity or verbosity of an Irishman? The usual methods of preparation had been followed the night before, and the morning draught had not been forgotten by the ever diligent sister. The fateful hour arrived and he was silently wheeled into the outer court there to await the coming of the hypnotist. He was not kept waiting for long. From the door of the inner temple there emerged a figure in the disguise of a semi-diving suit, carrying under his right arm what looked like a young zeppelin or a