

Canadian Hospital

GRANVILLE
CHATHAM HOUSE

News

YARROW HOME
TOWNLEY CASTLE

VOL. IV

RAMSGATE, MARCH 10, 1917

No. 10

Whence Do You Come?

WHEN Private N. E. Thigskin was carried to Blighty with numerous pieces of shrapnel in his anatomy, and a sense of satisfaction in his mental make-up over past achievements, present release, and future possibility of a prolonged convalescence in this tight little island, he found himself in an Imperial hospital in an inland city. Now Private Thigskin was a Canadian of the Canadians. At least five generations of his fathers had lived and died in the Land of the Maple. His first-hand knowledge of the Mother Country was limited to the area of his training camp, and a couple of visits to dear old London had hardly enhanced it since he moved and had his being in the midst of Canadians. He had met the English, Scotch and Irish Tommy up where the machine-guns sputter and the heavies roar, and knew him for the excellent fellow he is, but now in Blighty, in an Imperial hospital, with charming English nurses, and sympathetic English visitors, he would get to know what England really is. From early boyhood the greatness of this little island, set in a silver sea, had been before his mental vision as a talisman. He knew its geography, he had absorbed its history, he loved its poets and revered its teachers; he was glad to suffer hardship as a good soldier for the sake of that Liberty and Freedom for which Britain fights. As he snuggled down into his snowy bed he felt a glow of satisfaction which no words could explain nor fully express.

His daydreams were dispersed by a sympathetic feminine voice inquiring his name and regiment. It was a quiet, cultured voice, redolent with interest.

"So you are one of the Canadians? I do so much admire the colonials. And what part of Canada do you come from?"

"From a small town near Toronto," said the wounded Canuck.

"Really, how nice. And Toronto is in Ottawa, is it not?"

Private Thigskin hastened to explain, but the visitor broke in:

"And, do you know, I have a cousin somewhere in British Columbia, perhaps you have met him."

Private Thigskin hopes earnestly for three results of the Great War—a decent pension, an Imperial Parliament, and a wide-spread adoption, in the Mother-land, of the study of the Geography of the Empire.

O. C. J. W.