

THE LAST POST.

The sympathy of all ranks went out to Nursing Sister Scott when her brother, Pte. J. A. Scott, of the 41st Battery C.F.A., who had been transferred from the hospital at Bramshott suffering from an anæmic condition, took a serious turn for the worse and passed away on May 15th. It must have been a source of much comfort to the deceased soldier as well as to his sister and to his parents in Canada, that in the last days of his illness it was given him to have his sister by his side. The Military Funeral on the 17th was attended by the Officer Commanding and a large number of Officers, N.C.O.s and Men. A band and a firing party were provided by Colonel Doyle, O.C. Honourable Artillery Company. A section from the 41st Battery came down from Bramshott, bringing with them a floral tribute to the memory of their comrade. The Service was held in the Parish Church of Orpington, the Chaplain of the Unit officiating.

PERSONALIA.

Mrs. Stark, the wife of Captain Stark, is a resident of Orpington for the time being. Major Wilson is another of the fortunate ones, Mrs. Wilson having taken apartments in the village. Captain Taylor expects to meet Mrs. Taylor at Liverpool on her arrival from Canada in the course of a few days.

The wife of Lieut. Henry Gooderham, our gallant young transport officer, has not arrived. Il va sans dire.

The following visitors have registered at the Officers' Mess:—Capt. G. E. Atkinson; Capt. E. P. Lewis, No. 4 General Hospital; Lieut. Gordon Dales, R.A.M.C.; Mr. Douglas Robertson, London; Capt. Livingstone, R.A.M.C.; Lieut. Donald T. Fraser, R.A.M.C.; Lieut. T. H. D. Storms, R.A.M.C.; Lieut. W. R. Helliwell, R.A.M.C.; Lieut. H. G. Smith, B.L. and D.; Lieut. E. De Beaupre, R.A.M.C.; Capt. H. B. Jeffs, C.A.M.C.; Capt. Neil, R.A.M.C.; Lieut. A. G. Shenstone, R.E.; Capt. H. C. Allison, R.A.M.C.; Capt. Rev. G. L. Morell; Lieut. Connour; Capt. Jeffries, C.A.M.C.; Major J. H. Ratz, C.A.M.C.; Capt. MacBeth, C.A.M.C.; Capt. Calhoun, C.A.M.C.; Lieut. F. Hamilton, R.F.A.; Lieut. Gordon Smith, R.F.A.; Lieut. McLeod, R.A.M.C.; Lieut. V. H. McWilliams, R.A.M.C.; Mr. Miller Hallet; Major E. L. Stone, R.A.M.C.; Mr. J. S. Downs; Capt. Mavety, R.A.M.C.; Lieut. McPherson, 81st Battalion; Mr. A. C. Lowson; Capt. Roy Thomas, C.A.M.C.; Lieut. L. Williams, Lieut. H. K. Vipond, L.N. Lanes.

Officers and all other ranks have appreciated very much the proximity of the Honourable Artillery Company, who are "encamped" in an old (and, alas, disused) brewery not more than half a mile away. An excellent spirit of camaraderie has quickly developed between the members of this distinguished Old Country Unit and "The Canadians."

D.-B.—Yes; we too have noticed that same penitential pensiveness and reluctance to go far afield when off duty that prevails from the 20th to the 28th of the month. The M.O. can give no relief. It is a case for the P.M.—and he is a homœopath.

A Hamilton Enquirer.—"Hilkerism" is a species of billiard playing that provokes unprintable thoughts in the opponent.

Histrionically we are developing. On Wednesday, June 7th, the farce "Who is Who?" will be presented.

Not the least part of the enjoyment for the many when a particularly good comic turn is rendered at a concert or other entertainment is the visible and audible enjoyment of the flannelled men from the wards.

Don't you think he's very fond of argument?

OH, RATHER. Don't you know the dear chap's name?

OH, RATHER. Although we cannot spell it out this time, Don't you think the name would rhyme WITH "RATHER"?

On Wednesday, May 24th, the Officer Commanding and Mrs. MacPherson and 60 officers and nursing sisters, were the guests of the Park Davis Co. Reserved carriages carried the party to Charing Cross, whence the distance to the Criterion was speedily covered in motor cars. After a sumptuous luncheon, at which there was the minimum of speech-making, a ride of 14 miles brought the party to the company's works at Hounslow. A most interesting tour of inspection occupied nearly two hours; visitors and hosts were photographed; tea was served; expression of the thanks of all was made by the O.C.; and the art of dodging danger was again exemplified by the chauffeurs on the return journey to Charing Cross. The delectable qualities of the attractive-looking pills and tablets, the various processes of manufacture of which were full of interest, were taken for granted. Not so, however, many other things; and greater popularity than has been would attach to the company's output if on every "dose label" they would prescribe—and provide—"one after each meal" of the excellent Havannahs which were sampled without reluctance by their visitors—that is, their male visitors—from O.M.H.

The war idea has had a dislocating effect in many directions. It makes for a wrong perspective and a loosened sense of values: e.g., a golfing iron is not a trenching tool, and to dig trenches when there is not the slightest possibility of their being needed is war fever ad delirium. Strafe the Huns. M-yes: but hit the ball. There is nothing personal in this. It applies to most of the other fellows.

We have had not less than seven visitors straight from that part of the front where the whole matter will be decided. Incidentally the returned warriors were many miles away from each other, so obviously there was no collusion. From each of the seven we have an authoritative opinion on the date when the war will end. Seven authoritative opinions are very convincing, but as the seven range from July, 1916, to December, 1921, we will not run the risk of being non-censored.

Lumps of earth flying high! Chunks of England in the sky! Have the Germans come at last? Is the Empire's glory past? Shall we read: "A wireless from Berlin": "My brave soldiers by subterranean passage have got in?" That the high explosive and the blasting of the green Came from mouth of cannon on a submarine? Is this Potsdam at its worst, Seeking ancient links to burst? For that name is surely spoken Every time the turf is broken. NO. In spite of sights and sounds that do appall, The Empire's safe—but Captain "Vick" has missed the ball.

The sad look which we expect will be seen on the face of Captain Fisher in the Unit photograph must be attributed to the absence of his pet Ormington. No mother

HERE AND THERE.

(ZETO.)

Members of this Unit and patients are fortunate in the generous provision made by the Ontario Government in the matter of a recreation hall; for concerts, games, dramatic performances, and for church parades which cannot be held in the open, it is impossible to conceive a more conveniently equipped hall than this, capable of seating over one thousand. Nothing is lacking that the forethought of the promoters could suggest in the first instance, supplemented by a Quartermaster in whom multitudinous a "Quartermaster" and a creed of "practical economy" duties not killed responsiveness to the social needs of his brother men. If the value we place on a gift is the extent to which we use it, then those responsible for providing the Recreation Hall have the satisfaction of knowing that the Recreation Hall is of high value. Concerts and Smoking Concerts at which programmes of considerable merit have been rendered, and which have been attended by the Officer Commanding, officers, nursing sisters, other ranks and patients, have been held twice a week as a rule.

We are indebted to Mr. and Mrs. McDowell and to Miss Doyle, of Orpington, for the loan of two harmoniums for the use of Church Parade in the Recreation Hall and at Divine Service in the Chapel. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Taylor and Miss Butchart also came to our assistance with the kindly offer of the loan of two pianos.

Among the much appreciated evidences of welcome has been the kindly action of the authorities of the Orpington Golf Club, who have accorded all the privileges of membership to the officers at the merely nominal fee of five shillings a year. Golf clubs, golfing garb (save the mark!)—and golfing language—soon became very much in evidence. Several members of the Officers' Mess have been fair golfers for a few years, and a few more members of the Mess may become fair golfers in several years.

Who was the officer who was going over the Orpington links with two brother officers, one of whom was the Chaplain, and who said to the latter at the third tee: "Padre, play first, will you; then don't wait for me—and DON'T LISTEN?"

There have been genuine Zeppelin appearances, but it was not a bomb or a torpedo that was shot downwards into the hospital grounds on a recent evening. If the Censor will not object, we will explain the phenomenon, withholding the name of the victim of course, for strategic reasons (he lives in the same corridor). At the far end of a

hot and strenuous day an officer with patronymic famous in Military Musical Lore decided to find refreshment for his body and mind, before retiring to rest, in a cooling bath. He prepared himself accordingly, and the splashing of water intermingled with cooings of delight told the awakened and otherwise unsleeping occupants of the corridor that there was at least one happy man in the mess. The bather was very careful to lock the door, but not quite careful enough in studying the mechanism of the lock. Hence when he sought to emerge from the bath-room the lock baffled him. Although letter-perfect in Beesley and Johnson's "Manual of Surgical Anatomy," and a walking index of "Differential Diagnosis of Main Symptoms," this case of "lock-jaw" presented features hitherto unrecorded (like the remarks that filtered under the door from within). Nevertheless escape there must be—and there was. The window was not above four or five feet from the floor, and the drop on the other side not more than fifteen. "Eureka!"—or something else burst from the lips of the interned officer. That elongated grey-white looking object that shot through the moonlight of midnight was not a bomb or a torpedo: it was but a pyjama-ed "descendant" of those heroic Scots of whose coming we have often heard in song. And again let us repeat we will not divulge his name.

That the Chapel is the forepart of the building at the rear of which is the Morgue (which has a separate entrance), plus the fact that some people made the mistake of thinking that the Chapel was the highway to the morgue, gave colour to the libel that the padre was an unconscious jokist when he had inscribed on the lintel of the inner door of the Chapel—"Come ye apart and rest awhile."

It was in the early days of settling down in which the weather absolutely declined to take a part; in fact it seemed in those days of mid-April as if all of England's many climates had assembled to welcome the Medical Unit from Ontario. Orders for the Day were not more regular than the April showers, not infrequently accompanied by March winds and February sleet. The mud of Salisbury Plains in which the First Contingent lived and had their being for many months ceased to be an interesting tradition as we gazed upon and waded through the quagmire that in those days of April flowed past the quarters. It was the condition thus, that inspired a veteran navigator of mud-pies in France to offer the masterly—or quarter-masterly—strategic suggestion: "Why don't they let the Germans come in and take the country: the climate would kill them in a week." Quite a Foxy idea!