

QUEEN'S CANADIAN HOSPITAL.

If ever a haven of rest for wounded body and shattered nerves existed surpassing beautiful Beachborough Park it can hardly be of this earth. Imagine a weary war-battered Canadian transferred from the hell-fire of the battlefront, with its filthy trenches to a peaceful Kentish scene. Picture a quaint, comfortable English manor house of the sixteenth century set in the midst of thousands of green acres where ancient oaks and clumps of leafy elms dot the verdant pastures. Yew trees, centuries old, chestnuts in flower, shady plant trees and evergreen holly grace the velvet lawns about the house or group in deep forest in the distance, while hawthorn hedges, white with blossom divide the meadows in all directions.

Dark green ivy in luxuriant masses clings to the walls of the house, interspersed with climbing roses of deepest crimson. Purple iola and sprays of forget-me-not edge the flower beds and white blossoms dangle from the vines that creep over the old brick walls that guard to fruit garden in the rear. Inside cherries on queer vine-like trees, are ripening for convalescent soldiers. Queer apple trees, twisted and trained like grape vines, give promise of pippins, and luscious strawberries were ripened by the June sunshine.

Out in the grounds, above the soft carpet-like daisy-dotted turf, birds whistle and warble melodiously from every nook and corner, as only English birds know how to do. Even darkness does not completely silence this feathered choir. For where darkness distils the fragrance of the flowers the notes of a nightingale sound sweetly soft on the night air.

Stretched on the cool, fresh linen of comfortable beds, carefully tended by Canadian nurses and doctors, petted by visitors and fed on the fat of the land wounded men are nursed back to convalescence when sunny porches await them, leisurely rambles about the illimitable grounds and motor runs through the Garden of England.

Such is the Queen's Canadian Hospital, Beachborough Park, the ancient estate of the Brockman family, rented by Sir A. Markham and donated by his generous wife as an infirmary for Canada's sick and wounded sons.

Here doctors, Charles Stewart, of Calgary, and Wallis, of Hamilton, preside, and among the nurses, Sister Mitchell, of Toronto, a niece of Dr. Allen Baines. Thither from London comes frequently the officer in charge, Colonel Donald Armour.

There were sixty patients on a recent date. In fact, the hospital is filled and the staff are awaiting completion of the larie addition which is to accommodate 100 more beds.