

## THE MESSAGE ROOM AT THE GRANVILLE

At the West end of the long corridor, on the ground floor of the Granville you will find one of the massage rooms. It might very well be termed the home of the "Light Brigade." Thousands of Canadian soldiers and a few Imperials will remember this room as long as they live. The soldier's first impression is of a large, airy, well lighted, tapestried room, the furnishings of which consist of two rows of silvered massage tables, chairs for the willing—or unwilling victims and a number of dainty masseuses, white vested, charming and thoroughly capable for the work to which



MESSAGE ROOM OF THE GRANVILLE CANADIAN SPECIAL HOSPITAL.

they are set apart. When a man crosses the threshold of this large room he carries a card *and* a disability. It is a simple matter to give up the piece of cardboard; the manipulation of the disability is another story. What a lot of excruciating exercises a man must submit to! How those dainty fingers manage mercilessly the stiffened limbs or the creaking joint is the eighth wonder of the world. No groaning or squirming or cry of distress under the eyes of the "Light Brigade." Any passing distress is all to the good the boys say, and their constant visits to the massage room make all the difference in the world to men who enter the Granville without hope of further improvement, and leave entirely cured or marvelously improved. The policeman at the door will direct you to the Massage Room. "Turn to the left—end of the Hall."