

CANADIAN HOSPITAL

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EDITORIAL

From my window
In the Granville
I look out,
Waiting for the
Ord'ly Sergeant
Who's about,
For he tells me
Of some duty
I must do,
And of rounds that
I must clearly
Wander through.

That I bless him
Who has doomed me
Orderly.

What I see, as
From my window
I look out,
Takes the gloom from
My detention
Hereabout ;
For I watch such
Dainty beauty
On the lea,
And the ships that
Proudly pass me
Out at sea,

O. C. J. W.

MY fire burns brightly in the grate, my gaze wanders from the promenade to the sea and back again. I am enjoying the vision of beauty, animate and inanimate, resting my wearied bones after jaunts through subterannean passages and mounts to ethereal heights, when I hear a raucous voice at my door. "Inspection, Sir." Quickly I don my cap and belt, firmly I grasp my gloves and staff, and to the mess-room I wend my way. Who is it thus breaks in upon my isolation? He that is yclept Orderly Sergeant forsooth. And who is he? He it is who guides me hither and thither; who keeps his eve upon the passing minutes to remind me of DUTIES to be done, whose language consists of two words, "ORLYOFFZERSHUN" and "SHUNORDLYOFFZER;" whose pad is in his hand and continually he doth thoroughly write thereon. And what is the writing? The result of my investigation into the inner workings of this little world of ours. For my language consists of one word, one single word, "ANYCOMPLAINTS." This is the burden of my song night and day. I wake with it upon my lips; I say it softly to myself as I sink into snory slumber; and I growl it as I am awakened by some ruffian's hand in the night watches. For I am a very present help in time of trouble. I am the Orderly Officer.