

"It shall be yours to-morrow night," I replied to this covetous request. It was no deprivation to give it up as there were fifty other rooms, which the major had not seen, more richly decorated and more attractive than mine. This little room was cosy and prettily furnished in bird's-eye maple. It boasted an Axminster rug, a brass bed, and the glow from the open fire lent it a charm which had captivated Major Baldwin's eye.

There were other suites of rooms, with private baths attached, and hot and cold running water. The floors were covered with costly Persian rugs, and the furniture was of hand-carved olive wood or mahogany. Private balconies overlooked the golf course and the forest. Every detail bespoke wealth and luxury combined with the most modern contrivances for comfort.

The colonel was amused at us. "Pick out whatever rooms you like," he said, "and enjoy yourselves while you may, for in three days' time no one but patients will live in this building. The men will sleep in the golf clubhouse, the nurses in one of these deserted villas, and we shall have another villa for ourselves."

We discovered that our hospital building was owned by an English company; hence the great number of bath-rooms—thirty-four in all. The halls and glass-enclosed balconies were steam-heated throughout, and each room had its old-fashioned open fireplace to combat the chill of winter days.

At midnight the colonel and his party left us and commenced their return journey to Boulogne. Burnham and I climbed the stairs to my bedroom, our footsteps echoing loudly through the untenanted halls. We sat and chatted for an hour before the fire. I was getting very sleepy—we had dined well—and as I looked at Burnham his form seemed to dwindle to smaller and smaller proportions until he looked like a pygmy from Lilliput. I amused myself

awhile watching this strange phenomenon. By and by his diminutive size provoked me to remark.

"Do you know, Burnham, although an hour ago when you entered the room, I mistook you for a full-grown man, I can now see that in reality you are only about ten inches tall—yet your every feature is perfect."

"Much obliged for the compliment implied in your last clause," he laughed; "you corroborate suspicions which I have long entertained that I'm a handsome dog whose beauty has remained unappreciated. It's a strange coincidence, but I am labouring under the opposite delusion, and although an hour ago you waddled into the room—just an ordinary fat man; now I view you as a Colossus.

I rather approved his regarding me as a Colossus, but saw that I must at once frown upon that "waddling" idea. It's an impression I can't afford to let go abroad.

"Come, let's to bed," I cried, "and sleep 'will knit your ravelled sleeve of care'—I really think your wide-awake impressions are the worst!"

We arose at six, and under our direction the men commenced the work of disrobing the hotel. The stern necessities of war permit no sentiment. Everything had to go: The beautiful paintings, the silken hangings, the Oriental rugs, the artistic statuary were all rapidly removed and packed away for safety. The card and dining-rooms and lounges were stripped of their carpets, and before night, its former guests would scarce have recognized the place. Sanitation is the first and paramount law of a military hospital; carpets and unnecessary furniture are a source of danger, for such a variety of diseases follow the troops that special care must be given to every possibility for infection and its prevention.

By five that evening the colonel, the matron and the nursing sisters arrived, and a few hours later came the balance of our officers and men. Motor lorries and ambulances toiled