

HERE AND THERE.

BY ZETO.

Of course we have the "Shakespeare Bug." We had forgotten it. It had been in a state of coma since the war broke out. All these tercentenary celebrations, however, brought it or him into action once more, and wandering through the Officers' Mess it was struck with greater conviction than ever with the greatness of the Bard of Avon, not only as bard, but as a prophet. Who would have thought that the great mind at work over three hundred years ago could have written so faithfully of the future as is evidenced if you let the Shakespeare Bug flutter freely round the quarters, e.g.:

'Twas Friday in the Mess Room:
"A very ancient and fish-like smell."
"Tempest," Act 2, Sc. 1.

As another officer observed to Captain D. Campbell:

"Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now."
"Merry Wives of Windsor," Act 2, Sc. 1.

Surely he had Captains Fallis and Kane together in view:

"This is the long and the short of it."
"Merry Wives of Windsor," Act 2, Sc. 2.

The reason why so few attended Service in the chapel on two recent Sundays:

"The rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril."
"Merry Wives of Windsor," Act 3, Sc. 5.

Lieut. Gooderham differs when it is a matter of needing only one at P.P.:

"They say there is a divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death."
"Merry Wives of Windsor," Act 5, Sc. 1.

Some of us are ardent believers in Shakespeare:

"That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy."
"Measure for Measure," Act 2, Sc. 2.

Then ask the waiter for "comparisons":
"Comparisons are odorous."
"Much Ado About Nothing," Act 2, Sc. 5.

Alas! we do not in this Mess:
"And men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper."
"Much Ado About Nothing," Act 1, Sc. 1.

As Captain Campbell lined up alongside the Padre and Captain Fallis for a shave before the matutinal bath:

"Another lean, unwashed artificer."
"King John," Act 4, Sc. 2.

As Captain Hilker-Thomas-Taylor explained:

"We have heard the chimes at midnight."
"King Henry," Act 3, Sc. 2.

Who was the Colonel Cameron Shakespeare knew?

"Turn to him in any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine is still."
"King Henry V.," Act 1, Sc. 1.

And he did thus foreshadow Capt. C. R. Graham:

"He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
or Jove for his power to thunder."
"Coriolanus," Act 3, Sc. 1.

Captain Fisher's unspoken thought:
"What all my pretty chickens and their dam,
at one fell swoop."
"Macbeth," Act 4, Sc. 3. (N.B.—Probably Capt. F. does spell it with a final "n," but that's another story).

As Captain Hilker observed, less poetically but more forcibly, when he drew nothing higher than a seven spot in his last poker:
"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."
"Macbeth," Act 5, Sc. 1.

An Adjutant's adjuration to Buff Orpingtons:

"Lay on . . .
And damn'd be 'her' that cries 'Hold,
enough.'"
"Macbeth," Act 5, Sc. 1.

Lieut. Lucas pleads guilty and asks for time:

"He wears the rose of youth upon him."
"Ant. and C.," Act 3, Sc. 2.

Captain Harley Smith's practice and precept—not as you like it—but:

"For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood."
"As You Like It," Act 2, Sc. 3.

As Captain Shenstone enquiringly murmured to the Chaplain:

"Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?"
"As You Like It," Act 3, Sc. 2.

Without beating about the bush, some don't like it that, being a dry mess, they cannot verify the immortal William this time:

"Good wine needs no bush."
"As You Like It."

There may be a new interpretation some morning when Captain Jamieson emerges from his morning tub:

"Whose words all ears took captive."
"All's well . . .," Act 5, Sc. 3.

The thought of the Orderly Officer as he heard the bugler bugle:

"Thou hast damnable iteration."
"King Henry IV.," Act 1, Sc. 2.

The Unit's unanimous greeting to the Crown Prince:

"There's neither honesty, manhood nor good fellowship in thee."
"Ibid.," Act 1, Sc. 2.

Captain Hilker not willing to risk his all:

"But, in the way of a bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."
"Ibid.," Act 3, Sc. 1.

Let Captain Jamieson be warned:

"For my voice, I have lost it hollalaing and singing of anthems."
"Ibid.," Part 2, Act 1, Sc. 2.

Alas, shall we mourn Sir Henry soon?
So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long."
"King Richard III.," Act 3, Sc. 1.

But don't forget your Sam Browne and leggings even if it be 8.29. They at least are necessary:

"And then to breakfast, with what appetite you have."
"King Henry VIII.," Act 3, Sc. 2.

Forgotten in the stress of pugnacious delirium by Captains Campbell, Lawson, Fallis, Currey and Jamieson, as they stood on a recent midnight by the corridor door, through which they all returned with signs of the muddered conflict in which they had been engaged:

"Press not a falling man too far."
"Ibid.," Act 3, Sc. 2.

Captain Currey as Mr. Bloomfield Brambleton, but he is shaping very hopefully 'n private life without the aid of stage accessories:

"He was a man of an unbounded stomach."
"Henry VIII.," Act 4, Sc. 2.

We recognise Captain Thomas without the help of the X-ray:

"A feasting presence full of light."
"Romeo and Juliet," Act 5, Sc. 3.

And Captain Crawford thought aright:
"Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more.'"
"Macbeth," Act 2, Sc. —

Suggests 1.29 p.m. on the day of the O.C.'s parade:

"Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely 'inn.'"
"Ibid.," Act 3, Sc. 4.

When he failed to finesse his Queen, Capt. Clarke had thoughts about his opponent's ace:

"Out, damned spot—out, I say."
"Ibid.," Act 4, Sc. 1.

As Captain Lawson failed to see the letter by his plate:

"A countenance more in sorrow than in anger."
"Hamlet," Act 1, Sc. 2.

The mission of Captain McArthur:

"The time is out of joint; O cursed spite
That I was ever born to set it right."
"Ibid.," Act 1, Sc. 5.

IT will be a source of gratification, not only to the unit, but to her many friends and one-time charges now in different parts of the world, that the faithful and devoted services of Nursing Sister Brenda F. Mattice, Assistant Matron of O.M.H., were recognised on Tuesday by the bestowal upon her by His Majesty the King, at Buckingham Palace, of the Royal Red Cross. While the work of Nursing Sisters at all times appeals to men and arouses or quickens feelings of gratitude and admiration, it is in the dark days of war, and amidst its horrors and dangers, that the light of the daughters of the "lady of the lamp" shines with even fuller glow of devotion and self-sacrifice and heroism, and that the manifestation of these qualities, with others peculiarly their own, should have recognition similar to that accorded to male participants in the war is most fitting. We most heartily congratulate Sister Mattice, whose services during the war date from September 23rd, 1914, and have taken her to as near the front as Nursing Sisters are allowed.

WRITING to Sergt.-Major Campbell, the President of the Sergeants' Mess of the Canadian Red Cross Hospital, Taplow, says: "The Ontario Stretcher" has been read by most members, and the comments have been so favourable that I enclose you post office order for 4s. for four copies monthly." Men of good judgment evidently in the Sergeants' Mess at Taplow, although we blush to say it. At four bob per blush, however, we can afford to keep on getting "read."

ALTHOUGH but a layman, we are not strong on diagnosis, but we would wager our share of next Friday's fish that the caressing twitch of his fingers, and smack of his lips, and love glint in his eye, whenever a dog draws nigh, portend that Captain Jamieson is in for a bad dose of Amor Canis Mortui. Such is the fate of bacteriologists.

LIEUT. Allan Shenstone, of the Royal Engineers, brother of Captain Shenstone, of this unit, has been specially mentioned in Sir Douglas Haig's despatches. Lieut. Shenstone has been a visitor at the Officers' Mess when on leave from the front. The news of his well-merited honour will be welcomed on his own and on Capt. Shenstone's account by every member of the mess, and by many other friends in England and in Canada.

"BALKED."—No. Noise in the billiard room while players are engaged in a game of billiards is not the rule of billiard rooms, private or public. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule, and if we cannot keep the rule, it is "up to us" to provide the exception. We are exceptionable providers, worse luck!

N. S.—The blue flower which grows around the grounds, with a white centre at the top, is, we suppose, as you suggest, of the bluebell family. We agree with you they are very pretty, but we cannot swallow your assertion that while looking for birds' nests at the far end of the grounds you got an occasional glimpse of one that was over 3 feet high. In all probability what you saw was not a flower at all, but the Home Sister, in her nursing uniform, taking a stroll.