

V.A.D.'s OWN CORNER.

October and the end of the summer. It seems sad to think of it, but each season brings its own joys and pleasures. Lots of concerts, plays, etc., and last, but certainly not least, the rumour, we hope not unfounded, of a weekly dance. For the one given to open the new Gymnasium Hut, the V.A.D.'s had nothing but praise, and as soon as they have mastered the difficulties of Turkey Trots and other Canadian dances, we feel sure, given plenty of partners, that even those who had thought of migration for the winter months, will change their minds and stay at Cooden Camp.

We are all very sorry to lose Mrs. Harris; her charming manners and sense of humour caused her to be a general favourite. Miss Hurford, of histrionic fame, has also transferred, we regret to say, on account of the serious illness of her mother.

We hope shortly to have a much larger Unit, as soon as the members can be found the quarters, also it only remains for the "powers that be" to give their consent. A good number of our members have been having leave, some of them had never been so far from home before, and it speaks well for their spirit, that they all came back with smiling faces to finish doing their bit. This is the spirit we want, and it does help the work along.

A story is told of a Sister who was asked by a wounded soldier how long it took to become a nurse. The Sister enquired if what he meant was how long it took to learn to nurse soldiers, and, on being answered in the affirmative, replied, "Six months in a children's hospital and six months in the police force."

A sad tale is told of "Cinder," the V.A.D. mascot of this Hospital.

She wandered away one day, and found herself at the V.A.D. Red Cross Hospital, one of her part-owners having cooked there, and taken Cinder occasionally, she had memories of the kitchen.

Unfortunately, a great and high-born lady rabbit, named Georgina, was sitting in her hutch surrounded by her 9 fine children; the quarters being somewhat confined the mother was sitting up against the wire, and her tail was through it. Cinder being rather bored, strolled around, espied the tail, and in the twinkling of an eye, Georgina and the tail parted company, and when the Sister came round she discovered mother and babies disconsolately regarding the remains of it.

Needless to say, the Mascot is not a *persona grata* in the rabbit world,

A GENTLE HINT.

Two of the boys sat writing at a table to the folks at home or friends in the country, when one exclaimed, "H—, I can't write a letter, I never had no education, and the words don't seem to come right." "Why, said the other, what is wrong?" "Well, it is this way, I am writing to an aunt in England, and I want some money, but I don't want to ask right out for it." "That is easy," said the second. "Just do as I tell you. You don't ask for it, but just give a gentle hint. Now, are you ready?"

Dear Aunt,

I just write a few lines to let you know I am still in the land of the living. Bexhill is a fine place, warm in summer, and cool in winter. It certainly is a fine place for spending money, and as the paymaster does not hand out very much on pay day, I find it very hard to make it last from one pay to another. I have no more at present, so will close.

From your loving Nephew,

ROBERT.

"What do you think of that?" "Fine, that ought to do the trick." "Let me know how you get on." "Sure." Four days afterwards Robert received a letter from his Auntie, and went about looking for his pal with an axe. At last he found him, and was about to start in to carve him up. He was, however, stopped by the rest of the boys, and was made to explain why he wanted to start an operation without anaesthetics. Robert explained thus, "That guy wrote a letter, or told me to write a letter to my Aunt for money, and this is the reply I got."

My Dear Nephew,

I received your letter the other day, and was pleased to hear you are still in the land of the living. I certainly agree with you that Bexhill is a fine place for spending money. I found it so myself when I visited there a few months ago, but I got over that little difficulty by allowing myself so much a day, and I found I got on very well. I would advise you to try the same. It certainly pays.

From your loving Aunt,

MATHILDA.

CAPITAL V. LABOUR.

Capital—Lending People Money.

Labour—Trying To Get It Back.

Overheard in the Sergeants' Mess the night of the Privates' shindy, when the rumour drifted in that there was free beer :—

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,

Make me a Private again, just for to-night."