

THE HOSPITAL STAFF ENTERTAINS.

THE Medical and Nursing Staff were glad to have an opportunity of showing their appreciation to those who have given hospitality and kindness to them since their arrival at Orpington at the informal dance held on Thursday, August 24th.

The new dining-room for patients afforded ample—though not luxurious—accommodation, while the orchestra of St. Joseph's Orphanage rendered splendid music. After the tasty lunch served at 7.30, dancing was indulged in, and very much enjoyed by all.

Among the guests we were glad to welcome were Matron-in-Chief MacDonald, Matron Charleson, Captain and Mrs. Lazier, Captain Leary, Captain McKinnon, Lieutenant Drew, Captain and Mrs. Diamond, Major and Mrs. MacPherson, Major Duffin, Mr. Patrick Keenan and the Misses Keenan, the Misses Mayatt, Mr. March, Miss March, Colonel Hibbard, Miss Chapman, Mrs. Walker, Captain Murray, Major Jenkins, Captain Thomas, Lieutenant MacPherson, and Miss Conroy.

To the committee in charge of the dance the members of the Mess extend a well-merited tribute of thanks. Their efforts, and especially those of our resourceful Quarter-master, are very much appreciated by us all. Those on the committee were Captain Fox, Captain Gooderham, and Nursing Sister McAdams.

WE NOTICED

When the officer dropped his punch, that among other general trifles his sense of speech was in active operation, prompting him to the utterance of some rather incoherent remarks, which it was well for his own credit that only one or two overheard.

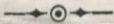
The bashful but heartless inflexibility with which one Sister with a full (?) programme repelled the engaging advances of more than one officer.

That the benches on the piazza proved exceedingly conducive to repose for old and young alike.

That our officers are becoming adepts in "hesitation."

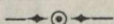
That Lancers are still quite popular, and caused as much merriment for those who looked on as they did for the participants.

BARBARA.



The daily routine of a soldier's life told by a few well-known hymns:—

- a.m.
- 6.30 (Reveille).—"Christians awake."
- 6.45 (Rouse Parade).—"Art thou weary, art thou languid."
- 7.0 (Breakfast).—"Meekly wait and murmur not."
- 7.15 (C.O.'s Parade).—"When he cometh."
- 8.45 (Manœuvres).—"Fight the good fight."
- 11.45 (Swedish drill).—"Here we suffer grief and pain."
- p.m.
- 1.0 (Dinner).—"Come, ye thankful people, come."
- 2.15 (Rifle drill).—"Go, labour on."
- 3.15 (Lecture by Officers).—"Tell me the old, old story."
- 4.30 (Dismiss).—"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."
- 5.0 (Tea).—"What means this eager, anxious throng?"
- 6.0 (Free for the night).—"O Lord, how happy we shall be."
- 6.30 (Out of bounds).—"We do not know, we cannot tell."
- 9.0 (Route march).—"Onward, Christian soldiers."
- 10.0 (Bed).—"All are safely gathered in."
- 10.15 (Lights out).—"Peace, perfect peace."
- 10.30 (Inspection of Guard).—"Sleep on, beloved."
- 11.0 (Night manœuvres).—"The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended."



Our lexicographer is already busy with the etymological conundrums that have come in, but seekers after knowledge in this art should be more explicit in their questions. For instance, what does "Catch 'em" really mean when he asks "What is a fluke?" Does he mean a fish or the kind of stroke that is so popular with Captain What's-his-Name on the billiard table? Although not mentioned in "Webster," personal experience would add that both are maladorious when seen "on the table" too often.

WHAT SOME OFFICERS DO NOT SAY.

Lieut.-Colonel Cameron.—Nunquam animus sed ignis cepit.

Capt. M. M. C.—I do hope somebody don't suggest to the authorities that I be made a major. I hate titles.

Capt. W. J. C.—I hope this war lasts for several years yet. I think it will.

Capt. T. A. C. (to his partner at bridge).—That hand was excellently played, and most judiciously bid.

Capt. J. E. K.—I just adore nurses—couldn't be happy away from them.

Capt. D. V. C.—I have absolute confidence in the correctness of K.R. and O.

Capt. R. A. J.—I wish I didn't have to eat to live—it's a mere waste of time.

Capt. E. F. R.—These English girls make me tired.

Capt. A. E. H.—The transportation system of England, both as regards persons and things, is simply ideal.

Capt. D. A. C.—I abhor Scotch in any form—nationally, spiritually or physically.

Lieut.-Col. G. C.—This theory of Hyperthyroidism is all rot. Who ever heard of such nonsense? It's not on my list.

Capt. W. H. M.—I believe you're right. I must be mistaken.

Capt. S. M. F.—Certainly give the patients every privilege. Don't they deserve it?

Capt. R. A. T.—Is K.R. and O. the name of a railroad or a brand of cigarettes?

Capt. C. R. G.—This war will soon be over; October 1st would be my guess.

Capt. W. H. F.—I believe it is the duty of a Quartermaster to give the fullest information on everything under his jurisdiction.

Lieut. H. S. G.—The nursing sisters make me tired.

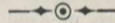
Capt. E. R.—There are several changes necessary here. We should cut out bridge, the dry mess, and the cold pack.

Major N. W.—Staking real money on any game where there is an element of chance is, to my mind, absolutely ridiculous.

Capt. A. B. G.—I'll have a little fish.

Col. D. W. M.—What an exceptionally neat and tidy class of officers in our midst!

Capt. A. G.—I think the walls of our quarters altogether too thick.



THE NIGHT SISTER.

Who is it comes a perfect pest
At 6 a.m. to break my rest,
Disturbing me in my warm nest?
The Night Sister.

Who is it, on a sleepless night,
Brings me warm drinks to put me right,
And smooths my bed with fingers light?
The Night Sister.

Who, 'ere the morning gilds the sky,
Finds if my temperature is high,
Who takes my pulse and says "Oh, my!"
The Night Sister.

Who, when I'm fretful and oppressed,
Speaks soothing words that gives me rest,
Who in God's sight will stand most blest?
The Night Sister.

Who, to remove superfluous dirt,
A basin brings with orders out,
"Sit up and wash! Take off your shirt?"
The Night Sister.

Who pulls my locker to my bed,
And puts thereon both tea and bread,
And says "Wake up, you sleepy-head?"
The Night Sister.

Who goes, when things are all put right,
And leaves me dazzled with delight,
But dreading still the coming night?
The Night Sister.

Who, once again in war's loud blast,
Will sadly gaze into the past,
Who'll think of her until the last?
The Tommy.

THE LAY OF THE CITY 'BUS.

Come daylight, they'd haul me from the yard
(I worked for a Company),
And I'd murmur soft-like, half-asleep:
"It's time to wriggle and jerk and leap
And fling the passengers all of a heap—
Shake up their livers," says I.

We'd start. We'd meet another 'bus
From some queer outlandish place;
And ho! for the pace we'd rattle at,
Ho! for the gent what loses his hat,
And ho! most of all for us knowing that
We didn't oughter race.

But that there 'bus played a low down trick;
He painted hisself khaki.
Instead of racing we come to blows;
I give him one on his ugly nose;
For "I'd sooner be khaki, that I knows,
Than popinjay," says he.

"Popinjay" sticks in my hindmost tyre,
For it sorter puzzles me.
The word kinder seems to make me sad,
And I think it must mean something bad,
What you only get if you haven't had
An eddication like, see?

When I didn't see that 'bus again
I feels quite low in my tank;
I'd jump if my driver touched my gear,
I'd skid when the road was clear as clear;
My conductor's voice'd sound strange and queer,
Shouting "Luggerillabank."

And now a horrible thing occurs:
A female hand on my wheel!
And female conductor—Bust my tank!
Talk about "Ludgate Hill and the Bank."
Of course it's only a bit of a swank,
But it makes my bonnet reel.

That night in the yard I ups and thinks:
"Times is changed, good old sport, for a
bus;
"Old pals is gone where good 'busses go
(The "Front," don't they call it, them as
know?)
"I'll be going myself in half a mo';
"I'm going from bad to wus."

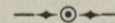
I creeps quite gentle out of the yard—
No shaking of livers now—
I glides along through the silent street,
To watch me go is a blooming treat—
Not a soul or a copper do I meet—
I don't make a bit of a row.

I finds myself on a country road;
It'd do you good to see
How I laughed down to my bottom step
When folks looked up and said "It's a
Zepp."
And then went back to their bedses and
slep',
While I ran on to the sea.

I don't know why they talks such a lot
Of swimming that bit of sea;
I done it, and never made no fuss,
I done it, me, good old city 'bus;
And for why? I'll tell you, I done it—yus!
In the cause of Liberty.

Us two sits purrin' on furrin shores,
We're khaki, outside and in,
Me and my pal what I fought that day
Along of him calling me "Popinjay"—
'Ere! If you looks close, in illusive grey
Our knife-boards proclaim "A Berlin!"

FRANK G. VAUGHAN.
30, Priory-road, West Hampstead, S.W.



Captain Fallis has been wearing "the smile that won't come off" since returning from Falmouth with his wife, whom he met on Saturday, August 19th, on her arrival from New York per S.S. Noordam. Mrs. Fallis has taken apartments in Orpington, and Leslie's "cup of joy" is now complete.

THE WORLD'S STORES

Carry a Large and Varied Stock of

CROSSE & BLACKWELLS, LAZENBY'S, HEINZ

SPECIALITIES,

HUNTLEY & PALMER'S, MACFARLANE, LANG'S, McVITIE & PRICE, PEEK FREAN'S BISCUITS,

CANADIAN FRUITS, VEGETABLES, ETC.

Local Branch:—**HIGH STREET, ORPINGTON.**