

most edifying and instructive conversations which so frequently took place between them. The elder of the two Officers came I, gathered, from the West, while the younger, but not any more innocent one, came from the Capital. Although so widely separated by birth and locality, they became twin souls as the evening drew into the night. One expression frequently used by the younger, to the vast amusement of the elder, was a curious one, and one which puzzled me for some time. It was tacked on to so many of the \*S.O.'s (younger Officer) most humorous speeches. It consisted of two words, "And you." The elder Officer held a most important office in the hospital, and was a known and respected authority on stationery. He also had some other duty, but I cannot remember hearing what it was. Across the Hall from the Registrar was a room, the door of which remained closed for such long periods that it aroused in me all the curiosity that was so fatal to the women of Bluebeard's family. Consequently, I determined to find out the name and particulars of the Officer who lived in it. It belonged to a very prominent and highly-placed Officer, who, like the S.O. came from the Valley "without the shadow of Fear." This Officer, I learned, could be all things, at all times, to all people. Sometimes he "boarded in," other times "boarded out." He could be Adjutant and could be S.O., but each time he changed his work his appearance also altered. His outstanding characteristic was a pronounced and violent optimism, especially on the value of the No. 13.

Beside this Officer was the room allotted to the very highest Officer we had. He was an elocutionist of merit, at least my chum, the Junior Batman, told me; that on one occasion when he (junior) appeared before him (highest) at a private rehearsal in the office, his rendering of the difficult masterpiece from K.R. & O. "14 days F.P., No. 11," left him speechless. The mind of the soldier was to him an open book, and the devious subtleties of the transgressor

explaining the unexplainable left him cold. At the end of the corridor nearest our quarters lived an Officer who devoted his life to perfecting a system of expression for the various forms of energy which he contended were concealed in the human body. His experiments were conducted solely on others, this being another of his theories, that to learn one must observe, and he could not in justice observe himself nor trust any one to observe him. He was referred to by his less favoured brothers as P.T. 2, or "General."

In the next room to P.T. 2 lived our most studious Officer, quiet and unassuming in manner, but with a fund of professional learning which had earned for him the title of the "Physician," and to his humanity he owed his other nom-de-plume, "The People's Friend." His detractors have unjustly claimed that the latter appellation was gained by his "Bolshevik" tendencies when in Mass meetings. His literary tastes were proved beyond dispute by myself, who found one day in his room a membership card in a lending library.

Next to the Adjutant, but separated from him by a bathroom, was quartered the Officer entrusted with the herculean task of making both ends "meat" throughout our little community. In contra-distinction to the S.O., this one belonged to the "Late and Early" club, often making a dead heat of it with the "Early Bird." While most approachable when off duty, constant practice had rendered him as shy and elusive as a startled "fawn" when approached by anyone holding an indent. He could explain apparent shortages if given the slightest clue as to their nature. His one relaxation from the "life strenuous" was gardening, at which he was most expert. His favourite topic was D.O.S. 2, which he cherished in his heart as a miser does gold. Like misers, too, he hated to part with them.

(To be continued).

Glossary of terms:—

†S.B.—Senior Batman.

\*S.O.—Sanitary Officer.

## ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

FOUNTAIN PENS:

WATERMAN, ONOTO,

SWAN, WHITWORTH,

&C.

VALE'S LIBRARY.

Goss China,

Books, Stationery.