

AN "ACCIDENT."

ONE bright summer morning, the gallant Major, who, "before the war," had been a Clarke in a Taylor shop, and was without Parr as a Fisher, decided to spend a day hunting. He ex-Hume-d his old Gunn from its Downey nest under the eaves, cleaned both Chambers with his wife's Pinkey, mixed himself a Collins and was ready for action. A good cup of Black coffee was his usual morning beverage, but Hanna, the Cook, usually made the coffee so Riley, it was either a Collins or a Gooderham and Worts, so he chose the former. He donned his old MacIntosh, and cran-King his Little Ford was soon bowling merrily through Green-street-Green, towards a clump of Greenwood beside a stretch of Marsh where he had heard a Black Fox made his home in a thicket of Kane, and he was fairly Aiken to get a shot at him, or, perhaps, with luck, he might secure a brace of Partridge, which would be no small help should he wish to Currey favor with the Bishop the following Sunday.

The Major was feeling very happy. The motion of the car was exhilarating, and as he could usually guide it quite easily without Bunting into the landscape, he hummed his old favourite, "Binden on the Ryan," and felt at peace with all the world.

A sudden Russell beside the road caused him to give his Little Adams express a Fallis turn which sent it Hilker-skiliter into a group of innocent urchins, and the Major was horrified to perceive one of them lying Stark and apparently lifeless beside the car. Uttering his usual blasphemy—"Great Scott!"—he hastily applied the brake, Rose from his seat, and hurried to the rescue, relieved to find very Petty injuries from a thump that would have done credit to either Sharkey or Sullivan in their palmiest days.

But the day was spoiled for the Major. His nerve was gone—nothing was to be done but return where he hoped a glass of Holland gin would restore his shattered nerves, and perhaps, with a copy of the "Stretcher," he might be able to Reed himself to sleep, sorry that everything was not Weldon.

NOSRAC.

SPORTS.

ON Wednesday, June 21st, a number of our unit journeyed to Uxbridge to play a game of baseball with a team of a Canadian Convalescent Home stationed at that place. The game, which lasted seven innings, commenced shortly after the arrival of our team, and was keenly contested from start to finish. Although our team was picked on short notice, nevertheless it was a great credit to our unit, and with practice will be in fit shape to accept and issue a challenge to any team in the country, without fear of losing its present reputation.

Sergt. Doherty held the mound for our team, with Pte. Dufresne assisting him as catcher, and they formed a battery, which contributed largely to averting disaster. While, as was inevitable, there were occasional flagrant errors, the play on the whole redounded to the credit of the team. The following is a summary of the game and the line-up for both teams:—

Uxbridge			
Name & Position.	Runs.	Hits.	Errors.
Roy (C.)	2	1	0
Pickup (1st B.)	0	0	0
Jardine (2nd B. & P.)	1	2	0
McWinny (2nd B. & P.)	1	1	1
Carruthers (S.S.)	1	2	0
London (C.F.)	0	0	0
Hood (R.F.)	0	1	1
Binden (3rd B.)	1	1	1
Garner (L.F.)	0	0	0
Total	6	8	3

Ontario Military Hospital.			
Name & Position.	Runs.	Hits.	Errors.
Sgt. Bradfield (L.F.)	0	0	0
Pte. C. Kelly (2nd B.)	0	0	0
Capt. Currey (S.S.)	2	2	0
Pte. Defresne (C.)	1	2	0
Capt. Fallis (1st B.)	2	2	1
Capt. Aitken (3rd B.)	0	1	2
Capt. P. V. Graham (C.F.)	2	3	0
Sgt. Doherty (P.)	1	1	0
Capt. Lawson (R.F.)	1	1	0
Total	9	12	3

Two Base Hits.—Jardine, Capt. Lawson
 Capt. Aitken, Capt. Pickup, Capt. Currey.
 Strike Outs.—Sgt. Doraty, 5; Jardine, 2; McWinny, 3.
 Hit by Pitcher.—Sgt. Doraty, 0; Jardine, 1; McWinny, 1.
 Bases on Balls.—Sgt. Doraty, 2; Jardine, 1; McWinny, 1.

All who were present from our unit report a fine time, and were favourably impressed with their unit and the kind way in which they were treated, and look forward with pleasure to the time when we can return their kindnesses.

Dominion Day will see the return game between the O.M.H. and Uxbridge teams. Those interested in baseball should be on hand, as a fast game is expected. It is also hoped to have some outside attractions.

One of our kind friends has been good enough to supply lacrosse sticks to the unit. So far these have not been used beyond yard practice, and those interested in the Canadian national game should organise a team at once.

Tennis seems to be the game played by the members of the unit. Every afternoon and evening can be seen groups of our officers wending their way toward the village.

Golf croquet is also rather popular. Some exciting games are played on the lawn of the Boundary House.

The historic game, "Bowling on the Green," has many followers. Some of the ends are wide enough to allow our genial Major to pass between the Kitty and the "shot," but all this notwithstanding, we

have hopes that when we return to Ontario it will be the unbiassed opinion at Niagara that no more remarkable bowling has ever been witnessed there than will be provided by the O.M.H. units, particularly those skipped by Major MacKay and Capt. W. H. Fox.

CRICKET.—A generous provision of all accessories, excepting a practice net, was secured a few days ago at a comparatively very low cost, thanks to the assistance of "Orion," sporting editor of the London "Daily Express." A meeting was held on Wednesday evening. By permission of the O.C., a representative Cricket Committee was appointed from the different messes. It consists of Capt. Vipond, Sergt. Matthews, Corpl. Whitely, and Pte. Allbone. It is hoped that each member of the committee will impress upon the members of his respective mess the advantage and necessity of frequent practice. A "casual" practice pitch is being prepared on the high ground where the sports were held, but we have reason to believe that before many days have elapsed we shall have been accorded the use of the ground of the Orpington C.C. A single innings match will be played at 6 p.m. on Monday, July 3rd—Officers and Sergeants v. Corporals and Privates. Colonel Cameron, at one time and for many years a well-known player in Toronto, and at all times, including the present, a constant supporter of the game, has kindly promised to act as an umpire.

CAPTAIN GUNN GOES NORTH

The Editor has asked me to give you a few impressions of a visit to Scotland two weeks ago. As my trip was necessarily hurried, these impressions will as a consequence be very brief. Leaving London at ten in the morning by the Great Northern Railway from King's Cross Station, one passes swiftly and pleasantly through the beautiful Midland counties, passing without slackening speed, many large and important cities and towns, making one wonder how it is possible to support and maintain such industry. Peterborough, a city of 40,000 inhabitants, is our first stop. Here lunch baskets are ordered, to be put on the train at our next stop, York, the railway company having discontinued carrying dining cars owing to military orders. Arriving at York we wish for time to visit this historic old place, but are only allowed five minutes. Then on again to Newcastle, being able in the meantime to enjoy a dainty lunch provided for us at York. Who has not heard of Newcastle-on-the-Tyne, famous for its many industries. Between Newcastle and our next stop, Berwick, we travel for many miles along the North Sea shore, so soon to be the scene of the great naval engagement—the Battle of Jutland.

Leaving Berwick, we reach Scotland by crossing the River Tweed, and as our train is running "on time," we arrive at Waverley Station at 6 p.m., having covered the 400 miles from London in eight hours. Perth is reached shortly after seven, after having crossed the famous Forth Bridge, where one gets a fine view of part of the Grand Fleet. Here I met my brother, who is attached to H.M.S. "Osprey," and whom I had not seen for some years. We spent the night in Perth, and the following morning travelled to Dundee. Here my brother received unexpected orders to return to his ship, so I was left to my own devices. Spending another day I saw as much of Dundee as the time would permit, including a trip over the famous Tay Bridge, the longest in the world. Returning to Edinburgh, my "leave" would only allow me to spend one day there, much too short a time to even get a glimpse of this beautiful city, but long enough to form the resolve not to return "home" without spending at least a week exploring this historic spot.

These impressions would not be complete without recording on incident which occurred on the train returning to London. In my compartment were two naval officers—a young man of unknown rank and an older one, evidently holding the rank of Commander. It was the second morning after the great naval engagement. The older officer was as silent as the Sphinx, but the younger man was full of the most harrowing details of the result of the battle, giving us all the impression that Britain had sustained a most serious defeat. It was no relief when the Commander called the young officer out to the corridor to lecture him on his volubility—the action tending to confirm our fears as to the British losses. Happily, we learned on arriving in London that instead of a defeat it was a splendid victory.

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