



The remaining "Originals" among the Officers, N.C.O's and Men of the 10th C.C.S. who landed in France, on January 17th, 1915.

THE LIGHT DUTY PATIENT.

A LIGHT duty patient is one who is not ill enough to be sent down the line, and who is fit to perform light duties during his days of convalescence. He may be admitted to the C.C.S. from the Field Ambulances or Divisional Rest Stations with a slight wound, not serious in itself, but such as to require dressing for a few days, after which the patient is fit to "carry on" at some light work for a short period. On the other hand, he may be admitted sick, the sickness being so slight as to be comparatively cured with a few days' rest, and a liberal helping from a bottle labelled Mag.Sulph.Sol., or in other words "Salts."

The light duty these patients perform varies from picking match sticks and paper to stretcher bearing, the latter not being such a light duty; but they are, for the most part, fully recovered before doing this work. Others may be detailed to help in the wards, where they are very useful and indispensable in times of a rush. Many a time has the light duty man been called on to take the place of some of the regular staff, owing to their having reported sick or proceeded on leave.

From time to time, these men are examined and as they become "fit" are returned to their respective units to duty. Although more or less sorry to leave the C.C.S., they have always a good word for it, and especially for No. 3.

BASEBALL.

*On Monday afternoon, February 4th, we all witnessed the opening game of the "Baseball Season" between the 3rd Canadian C.C.S. and the attached Canadians, the latter winning with a score 10-7.

Although the men had not played for some time, they put up a pretty fast game. Campbell, Turner, and Murdoch, of the 3rd, did some good work at the bat, as did Sgt. Spooner and "Snowy" Salisbury of the Attached. Sanderson and McClintock both pitched good ball and the catching by Campbell and Harmon was all that could be desired. Lieut. Leach umpired the game and gave good decisions.

Sgt. "Smoky" Thompson and Cpl. "Slim" Paull led the rooters from prominent seats in the bleachers. There were also two fans of the fair sex to be seen.

The game was called at the 7th innings on account of the light.

The 2nd Can. C.C.S. held their first Baseball meeting of the season on the 18th inst. for the purpose of organising a Ball Team.

The following were elected:—Hon. President, Lt.-Col. P. C. Brown; President, Capt. W. Beggs; Vice-President, Pte. D. Turner; Manager, Cpl. G. Wade; Captain, Pte. B. White; Sec. Treas., Pte. G. S. Chandler.

It is the intention of the Committee to obtain as many games as possible during the coming season, and they look forward to the forming of a league in this sector.

GARDENING.

THE 2nd Canadian C.C.S. are again busy on their Garden Competition Scheme.

Prizes to the value of 200 Francs, also 1 Silver and 2 Bronze Medals are being offered for the best kept plots of land and the best results, points being given for the quality and quantity of the produce, whilst points will be deducted for weeds in the beds, untidy walks, etc.

The scheme is voluntary, and the work is to be done in the Competitors' spare time, whilst the produce grown is not intended for the individual consumption of the particular men who worked the plot, but to counteract the general scarcity of the vegetable supply, to save shipping, and to provide a ration of fresh vegetables for each man of the Unit.

OUR STATION.

(With apologies to Longfellow.)

SHOULD you ask me of our station,
Of our Casualty Clearing Station,
Of our Officer Commanding,
With his staff of good assistants,
Stern and strong his helping M.O.'s,
Of his band of Nursing Sisters,
Oh! the fascinating sisters,
Or the Non-coms. of the Unit,
From the S.M. to the Lance Jack,
Of the men who form our Unit,
They the men that keep things moving;
I should answer, I should tell you,
First of all from Western Prairies,
On the borders of the prairies,
Gay with flowers bright in summer,
Robed in purity in winter,
Where the prairie ozone bloweth,
Where the murky Red, its passage
Floweth north to wider waters,
Where the Indian and the trapper,
In days vanished, came to parlez
At historic old Fort Garry,
That is where we had our being,
Came to life "to do our bit,"
In the struggle of the nations,
In the fiercest, greatest struggle
Of all time and of all ages.

OUR COOK HOUSE.

IN our wanderings now you'll ask me
Yes, you're sure to gaze and ask me,
Whence those odours appetizing,
Whence the steam cloud gently rising,
Gently rising, ever mingling
With the damp mist of the morning,
Whence the din and whence the clatter,
Din of pan and pot and kettle
Din of Army granite metal,
And I'll answer, answer freely
That's our Cook House, come and see it,
Come and see where army rations,
Army Rations—M. & V.
Beeves and sheep and oftentimes rabbit
And the friendly Bully B.
Are by hands both deft and cunning,
Made to serve us, daily serve us,
That our bodies do not fail us,
That our strength doth not decline,
That our powers of exclamation
May all times more richer be
As we glance with thoughts most mingled
On our cook and eke his cookies.