

THE BRIGADE HOSPITAL.

—BY SARGE.

We don't know if it is on account of the increase of sickness in the Depot, or whether it is just another proof of the interest taken in the health of the men by the M.O.'s, but at any rate, the new Brigade Hospital is certainly proving to be a "home" for those lucky guys who manage to get "sick." One M.T. driver says he gained 10lbs. in three days, and all that was wrong with him was a sprained ankle!

The men back from France consider the Hospital a "rest camp," because they all seem to manage to spend a few days there, as soon as they arrive in the Depot! Undoubtedly, one reason of its popularity is, that the Canadian Red Cross Society has generously provided games and amusements and a big bunch of "smokes" and other luxuries for the patients. We understand that the Red Cross Society is responsible for those nifty khaki and red hospital suits, etc.

A lot of credit is due to the Senior Medical Officer for organising the hospital and making it a success, and we can assure him that it is much appreciated, both by the officers and men of this busy unit.

MENS SANA—

A L.C.C. school teacher, applying before Stanmore Tribunal, said he could not call it a medical examination he underwent at Holborn.

The Chairman: What did they do to you?

Applicant: Nothing at all. They just looked at me, asked me if I had been in a lunatic asylum, and passed me Class A. (Laughter.)

One man who finds it quite profitable to be attached to the C.A.S.C. for a few hours daily is the old fellow who runs the itinerant tuck shop that draws up in front of Hut four every noon hour. He's an aristocrat in his line this burly old gentleman with the plug hat and the slight limp, for he's got a turnout any huckster might be proud of—a sturdy pony with shaggy coat and mane, who likes to take a nip at your sleeve as you pass and looks as if he came direct from the King's own stables, and a nobby two-wheeled cart with a platform top where the toffee, chocolate, and fruit are displayed. I worked my way through the crowd the other day and asked old Dad for six penn'w'th of grapes. "Grapes, Sergeant? Yes, Sergeant, Thank you, Sergeant." And as I turned to pat the pony who looked real spanking with his clipped legs—"Looks well, don't he, Sergeant? He's a fine little fellow, Sergeant. Takes the hills on the run. His father was a timer, Sergeant." Then with a touch of humour—"I'm a timer too, you know, Sergeant,—was with General Alderson in Zululand. Got plugged out there, Sergeant, Yes," pulling three medals from an inside pocket, "I keep my hon'rs in my pocket, Sergeant. Yes, General Alderson, 'e set me up with this 'ole houtfit, Sergeant. Your grapes, Sergeant. Thank you Sergeant. Good day, Sergeant."

Can anyone tell us why the Cadillac people fitted their new ambulances with a right hand drive and the tail light on the left. Perhaps it is a matter of balance.