

of its horrors. She has made the wounded soldier feel that a sister's care, a mother's love and a clever woman's skill follow him wherever he goes. Her smile has cheered his lagging day; her gentle touch has soothed his pain and the warm sympathy of her kindly heart has made the foreign land a home. Under stress of work and nervous strain, ever forgetful of self, always thoughtful for others, no truer or nobler band of gentle women ever left the shores of Canada.

The patients had had a refreshing sleep and a good breakfast and were now snugly tucked in their clean sheets and warm blankets, looking very happy and contented. Even those who were badly wounded had partly forgotten their troubles. Some had souvenirs; German rifle bullets or bits of shell which had been extracted at the clearing hospital, farther up the line; and these they exhibited with great pride to their fellow patients. The German helmet was always an object of interest. The slanting cut in the glossy leather of one spoke better than words of a bayonet thrust which had gone home. Each little bedside table had a few priceless trinkets, bought with blood, and brought with great difficulty and care from the battlefield.

It was our custom to postpone surgical operations, except urgent ones to save life, for one or two days, in order to give the tired soldiers a chance to get a much-needed rest—a simple expedient whereby many lives were saved. The patients were grateful for this little reprieve, and showed their gratitude by recovering more rapidly.

But sometimes it was necessary to operate at once. That morning I found a poor chap who had been shot through the brain with a rifle bullet. The missile had entered the temple and emerged at the back of the skull, fracturing the bone both at the point of entry and exit. His heavy breathing and stupor told us the case call-

ed for immediate relief. In the operating-room pieces of the skull were removed, the depressed bone lifted, and in about an hour the patient was taken back to his ward. We had little hope of his recovery.

The following day when I entered the hospital his bed was empty. I thought: "Poor fellow! He has died in the night and no one has sent me word." I turned with a feeling of disappointment to the man in the next bed and asked:

"What has become of your neighbour?"

"Oh," he replied, "he's just gone out to the wash-room. He'll be back in a few minutes. He stole out of the ward while the nursing sister was in the other room."

While we were talking he walked in, got quietly into bed and reached for a cigarette. I bade him good-morning, repressing, as well as I could, my astonishment.

"You are feeling better this morning?" I remarked, as casually as if he had had a cold in his head.

"Oh, yes, I'm very well in myself, sir," he replied with a contented smile, "but I have a little headache—I'm thinkin' the bandages are a bit tight."

I loosened them and gave him a warning not to get up. He seemed disappointed, but promised not to transgress again.

It is surprising and pleasing to know that a large percentage of men shot through the brain recover. Seven out of nine who entered the hospital one day, some months later, made a good recovery, and when they left were apparently mentally sound.

A young lieutenant who arrived with one train-load of wounded, walked unassisted up the steps and smilingly addressed the registrar:

"About a week ago a sly bullet popped over the trench and caught me in the temple. Fortunately it passed out through the opposite side. They took me down to the field ambulance, and, as the surgeon wasn't very busy