

CHAPLAINS' CORNER.

THERE are at present five Chaplains attached to the Hospital staff. Captain Buckland and Major Davidson are in charge of the Church of England work; Captain Lowry is the Roman Catholic Chaplain; Captain Muncaster attends the Presbyterians; and Lieut.-Colonel Emsley the Methodists. The spiritual welfare of the men is being looked after as carefully as their bodily ailments. Divine Service for the respective denominations is held every Sunday morning in the Recreation Hall, and a United Service is held in the evening. There is also brief family worship in the same place each week-day morning at 8.30. The hours of the Sunday services are announced in Daily Orders on Saturdays.

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The Chaplains all make their rounds daily through the Hospital, and keep in close touch with the men. Thus all patients are afforded every opportunity of conferring with their Spiritual Advisers frequently, and are afforded a great deal of consolation in that way.

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Any patient wishing to see his Chaplain at other times than when he is in the wards can do so any week-day, if able to go out, from 9.30 to 11 in the Chaplain's Study, next to the Chapel. Patients who cannot leave their beds or wards should fill in one of the "Chaplain's Slips," and hand to the Nursing Sister or Orderly.

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The Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Colonel MacPherson, has appointed the Chaplains, the Matron, and Captain Fox a committee to look after the entertainment of the patients. They will arrange with the friends of the Hospital for the bringing down of concert parties, etc. We have been very fortunate in the past in being tendered so many fine entertainments, and we trust our good fortune will continue.

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The Vicar of Orpington Church notified the Commanding Officer that owing to the scarcity of labour it would be impossible for him to make arrangements for the laying-out of the new cemetery which has been secured for the Hospital. So it has been arranged by Lieut.-Colonel MacPherson that twice a week a voluntary fatigue party in charge of one of the Chaplains goes to the cemetery to look after this work. It is being done very willingly, and the men take a great interest in doing this very charitable work. Good progress is being made, and all are anxious that this last resting place of their fallen comrades should be as appropriately beautiful as they deserve. They are sparing no effort to make it so.

CAPT. VIPOND LEAVES US.

THE "Stretcher" regrets that its founder and editor, Captain Vipond, has been transferred to a new field of labour as Chaplain to the hospital at Buxton. Captain Vipond was the first Chaplain of the Ontario Military Hospital. He took an earnest and active interest in all that pertained to the well-being of staff and patients. Since its foundation he acted as editor of the "Stretcher," where his literary talent and journalistic experience found expression and made possible the launching of what has proved a source of interest and pleasure to all connected with the Hospital. He acted as Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, and under his direction the patients have enjoyed many a pleasant evening from the efforts of talented artistes. In the sports and amusements Captain Vipond lent his encouragement, and was the first to organise the national game of cricket. He will be missed from the Mess, and the best wishes of the Hospital go with him in his new field of labour.

THE PREMIER'S VISIT.

ON Tuesday, August 22nd, the Hospital was honoured by a visit from the Hon. W. H. Hearst, Premier of Ontario, and from Hon. Colonel Pyne, Minister of Education of the Province of Ontario, who had charge of the erection and equipment of the Hospital. With the distinguished party were Mr. A. Claude MacDonald, M.P. (Toronto), and Colonel Hodgets, of the Red Cross. The Premier visited various sections of the Hospital, and took a deep interest in all its departments. The Premier at the close of his visit spoke to the patients assembled in the Hospital Theatre. He greeted the wounded in the name of Ontario, and stated what a privilege it was to open the Hospital for the benefit of the soldiers of the Empire. "I have come," said the Premier, "to see if there is anything further we can do for the comfort and well-being of those who suffer in their country's service. The Empire is proud of you, and Canada is proud of these brave and valiant men. May God bring you back to health and vigour and grant you long and pleasant lives, as a recompense for the suffering and for the honourable scars you have received in this horrible conflict."

The Premier and party were met by the Officer Commanding, Colonel D. W. MacPherson, who with pardonable pleasure explained the work of the Hospital and the efficiency and equipment of its various departments. The Premier promised an early return that he might witness at greater length the good work of Ontario's contribution to the Imperial hospital service.

A LIST OF "DON'T'S" FOR PATIENTS.

Don't smoke after 9 a.m. unless the Sister's back is turned. You will make her envious.

Don't forget to stand to your bed when the doctor comes to the wards, or he might think you are a patient.

Don't play the gramophone after 8 p.m. The Night Sister must have some sleep.

Don't shave more than twice a week. Your visitors are more likely to believe your sob-stories if you look the part.

Don't get up when you're called. The Night Sister will enjoy tipping you out.

Don't fail to enjoy your dinner. Remember you will get the same to-morrow.

Don't tell your visitors your tale within the Sister's hearing. She has read your case sheet.

Don't wear your boots in the ward. Keeping your slippers on will occupy your mind.

Don't keep your locker tidy or you will do the Matron out of her job.

WARD WONDERINGS.**I.—FACES.**

IT is almost worth while to have had your thigh loaded up with Fritz's shrapnel when you find it meant this. Sheets on a bed, and clean clothes without partners in them, and Blighty, and to know that you're heading for furlough and Lancashire, are all pretty good. Even to lie on your back and watch the faces in the ward is a bit of all right.

But I may as well own up—there is one face that for about four days I did badly want to smash. It's the face of a Yorkshire chap from somewhere round Barnsley, and why they'd got to shove him in bed next to a Bolton chap I can't tell. He came in a week after me, smiling all over his blooming countenance; and he sang out to the Orderly for his letters with all his Yorkshire cheek, as if the Province of Ontario had built the Hospital just for him and his pals. I was right glad that there were no letters for him that day or the next. But the next again, one came, and I could see in a minute it was from his best girl. Now my young lady hadn't been writing much, and I'll tell you why—she's Munitions. And Munitions mean for a lass long weary days at work hard for a lass to handle, and thoughts, gray thoughts, of a trail longer than Stockport to Windermere, and trenches, and Boches—and other things. So I said about the Yorkshire chap's girl when he got her letter, "She's all frills anyhow, and won't do much to win the war"; and I said about the Yorkshire chap himself, "So you've got some sort of a cushie wound, have ye, and are going to swank here for a fortnight." After all there wasn't much swank in it, for that afternoon they had to take off his shattered foot. The next day the Sister had to read him his lass's letter. And the next again there was no letter, but only the "Barnsley Chronicle," and a picture on the front page of Queen Mary inspecting the school children's work for the Red Cross, and the lass, his lass, standing up at the head of her class of kids, and shaking hands with the Queen. So then somehow, Yorkshireman though he was, I didn't want any more to smash his face. And for all I know the time might have gone when Lancashire met a foreigner with half a brick.

Then there's Brinton, good old Brinton. If I were dust I shouldn't want to get in Brinton's way. What a swing he gives our beds, right out into the alley-way of our ward, and then a foot to the rear, just to see that no single speck is sticking to the castors. How he brushes and polishes. It must be part of his religion. I have never dared to ask what his church is. I think he must belong to them all. What a face he carries even for an orderly. If he were Sir Douglas Haig the war would be over in a week. But sometimes I do wonder if God wants quite so much grim devotion to duty from any of us, or whether we Tommies haven't somehow found out the better way when we do our bit, neither too much nor too fast, with a laugh and joke. But Brinton, though he is a poor hand at laughing, and might die if he did anything so irregular as smoke a fag, is all there if there is anything to do for our comfort. When that grinding pain sets up in my old thigh, and I feel I have to shift it or bust, he is sure to notice the bit of sweat on my forehead, and he's right alongside in a jiffy. Massage? Rather. And I'm never sure whether it is his fingers or his grim old face that really does me good. Only perhaps his Master would do what he does with a smile.

Kiddies come to the ward sometimes. I don't mean the babies, though there are lots of them; but an odd flapper now and then, and quite often such a kid as came last Saturday—the sort of kid a man has whose official age is always 44. Well, she got half down the ward and then began to cry. Holy smoke! Didn't like our bandages, I suppose. And then a Sister got hold of her hand, and in a minute it was sunshine and showers on the youngster's face, as she sat on her daddy's bed, and there was something on the Sister's face that comes, they tell me, when Captain Fox puts on the Canadian films in the Recreation Room at night. And I tumbled to it, quick. It was for these, not for broad acres or statesmen's ambitions, that we fought. And it is for these that we will go back again—when we get out of our splints.

JOHNNY RAW.

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A lady not very familiar with military paraphernalia, during a recent visit from one of our medical officers, enquired of him "What is that strap on your cap for, Captain T—?" Captain R. A. T. (with a reminiscent twinkle in his eye, and fingering the strap alluded to): "That? Well, generally it's used to keep my chin up." Execunt Omnes.

C. H. LANSDELL, FAMILY DRAPER,

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