

the havoc of men's bodies and of women's hearts, of which the first convoy was but a little sample. And yet, be we man or be we woman among the unfighting and unfought, which of us does not supersede the curse, stifled or unstifled, with the thought, spoken or unspoken, "Thank God I too am of the Race which can fashion the spirit of men in the mould such as that of the wounded of the first convoy."—ZETO.

AT THE NURSING SISTERS' QUARTERS.

AT LAST we are happy. I mean the Sisters. Something to do without a rush is a splendid start. Never will we forget our first wounded men. How we pitied them before they came and how we loved them after. We had tried to think they would be pale and hungry, and shell-shocked and home-sick, and when they explained that they had just stopped a bit of something for Fritz, and seemed jolly well pleased about it, I believe we were downright disappointed. How their eyes twinkled when as many as five or six attempted to help them into bed! How they wondered about the what and wherefore of the pigs! In fact, they just seemed to be trying to decide whether it was a trench dream or just a Canadian hospital. What a delight it was to turn the water on in the bath and introduce them to it! With what gracious glances we lit their cigarettes! And now, when we look at their happy faces and see the kind of stuff they are made of, we begin to wonder why we were so far afield in our imaginations of wounded men. "Say, this is a good dinner, Sister. I haven't had one like this for nine months." If Messrs. Fox and Henry, caterers, would only stroll through the wards instead of the serveries at meal-time and watch the boys' faces when they see their plates, they would

surely add another vegetable, and perhaps a salad or an ice to the bill of fare.

I wonder who planned the serveries, or perhaps I mean the service. Someone with a Royal Red Cross, I guess. What with the dishes red hot, and the dinners being put on them at the rate of so many per second, and people losing plates and tempers and things, it all seems like a threshing at home. And there stands Sister MacAdams, watching every move just like the boss thresher.

In the Wards things are settling down, and dressings are often done in good time, in spite of the fact that the medical officers are kept busy looking for the shrapnel and bullets that there was no time to look for over in the clearing stations. That reminds us that very soon we may have to train a new lot of them, since most of these have volunteered for service in France.

RACHAEL.

RESTORED.

"WHERE is it? I've left it in the taxi. Oh, bother! I knew I'd do it, for I haven't used it for two years. Stop him, someone; that one up there." But he had gone too far. This was in front of Stuart's, just at lunch hour. Four uniformed nursing sisters had just stepped from the vanishing car and discovered that "it" had been left behind. I stopped, of course, inquisitive like all the others in the crowded thoroughfare. Was that a Canadian badge on their shoulders? Then they took to running and calling and waving, but it was impossible to catch up. One who seemed to have some presence of mind hailed a passing taxi-cab. "Follow that taxi." For a minute it was like a "movie." You know how cabs chase each other. I tried to guess what "it" was. "It" might be an ear-trumpet or anything. I resolved to find out, so kept within sight of the excited three. "Ye gods! that looks like Matron Smith. But who could be speaking to her in that tone of voice?" Presently the chasing taxi person returned, and if it wasn't Sister Cook. And there—but it couldn't be—yes it was—Sister Mattice who rushed up and embraced—an umbrella.

cared for the country folk around them. The beautiful grounds and walks, very secluded, and "far from the madding crowd," are so restful. I don't wonder so many come from the New World to England; after their strenuous life in the Western world they enjoy the relaxation and ease, which can only be found on one of these old-world estates, where the true art of living seems to be solved. Wales is full of historic interest, and leaves traces of Roman occupation everywhere. Chester Cathedral, which I visited, is very beautiful. It contains much of interest to lovers of Art. There is a great deal of fine wood carving. The carved pulpit is especially beautiful, with its figures of Christ, in different historic scenes, carved in bas relief.

Some beautiful religious pictures done in Mozaic were very fine; the colourings exquisite. The stone wall about the older part of Chester was interesting, having been built in the time of the Romans I understand, and the old Royal Castle built upon the River Dee. One fancied oneself transported back a thousand years or more, when fighting was necessary most of the time, and the strong were always harassing the weak.

In England one surely meets true hospitality. It is delightful to feel absolutely free to do as one pleases, and at the same time knows that one's wants are constantly being attended to, without any creaking wheels, as it were. To drive, motor, and visit the lovely old homes about the neighbourhood, or walk through the beautiful grounds, lounge in easy chairs under the

trees, listening to the exquisite songs of our feathered friends, that is true enjoyment, and I feel sure such a life of communion with Nature would heal any sad heart, and make life worth while.

JOE.

A MOST EXCESSIVELY ORDERLY OFFICER

From somewhere near the line he came to us, With smileless face that oft betrayed a sneer When he would meet skirted lieutenants who Had come to care for just such men as he. Sisters indeed! and with two stars bedecked, Showing a rank that they have ne'er deserved.

What be they? Nothing but the working class From my crude Canada. They cannot even dance.

Two stars! What next? They should be made to know Their place. They are but women, and should feel

Subservient to man, whate'er he be, Whate'er his rank or race, and not speak first,

Or answer back, or look for a salute In passing; but should do as they are told. What else were women made for but to please

And serve and marry if they get a chance? Come Saturday, and they shall know what their

Great rank will do for them, when I inspect The wards, and give account to the C.O. Of things that I do find.

Tramp, tramp, he came With all his gorgeous, tramping, powerful train,

Inspecting. "How came these boots? Dost not know

That such as these should hidden be from view

Of persons great? Much neater too." And up

And on he went, at every step more bold And consequential. The savage Kaiser scarce

Dare face his angry, vicious look of hate. "Oho!" saith he, "what have we here? Is this

The way you spend your time carousing here On tea and cats? 'Tis fine, this thing, for sure."

Replied the Sister, "You do wrong our drink,

'Tis coffee, sir,"—not meekly either, for, It is not well to be too meek with men

So disagreeable. Then as she saw The angry Scot grow red of face, and fell With rage, "We have permission to," she said,

"From Matron Smith." Now most men would have flinched

At this. But our brave warrior only stared, Then haughtily replied "You're sure of this?"

And quick as wink his notebook he outdrew, Took down the time, the place, the girl. "Bold woman, you shall answer for that speech.

How dare you speak like this to me, or to Any man? You're not my equal." With that

He strode away.

Hard task, vain hope, to try To analyse the minds of men. What matter? Why should such trivial things disturb us so,

Vexatious and distracting though they be? And then I think and think how I can bear To leave this place where are some optimists,

And go to France, whence come such ruthless pessimists.

And while I pondered thus, I saw, methought, A clearing station full of wounded men, And I wished that I was there.

RAKE SPEAR.

BITS OF IMPRESSIONS.

(BY A NURSING SISTER.)

WE all like to look back upon the golden days of our childhood, and remember the wonderful castles we used to build; the things we wished to do; and what we wished to be. Often we smile sadly and tenderly, even indulgently, on some of the wonderful things we were going to do, when we grew up. My first recollection of an ambition was to be the Mysterious Being, who jumped through the blazing hoop, from the back of a white horse; such as used to delight childish hearts when going to a circus, is one of the great events of life. Of course, no ordinary human being could belong to that mystic band of performers.

Soon, up the ladder of our mental and spiritual development, we climb; never really attaining our highest desires; for ideals have the habit of going bigger as we grow older. Since coming to England, one of my early castles-in-the-air has come true—to visit in an old English home covered with ivy, and surrounded by the beautiful grounds, for which England is famous.

Of course there must be a ghost to make it more interesting; and to my great delight the home I visited did really have the traditional ghost, although I cannot say it bothered visiting me. However, I experienced the shiver, when I climbed to the guest-room after having declared I was not afraid to go alone, and made a dash for the matches to light all the candles in the hall before I heard the rattle of any chains or was touched by a white mysterious hand. It was really with great relief that I wakened in the morning to find that I had experienced no hair-raising visitations.

A four-hour trip from London brought me in a charming part of North Wales, in sight of the beautiful Welsh hills, where (they say) the snow may always be found on the highest peaks. The old hall I visited had been at one time a monastery, and is covered with that lovely ivy which makes these old places "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

The chapel connected with the hall is not used, but one can weave all sorts of fancies about these monks of old, shut in from the world, who spent their time in prayer, and doing good to all who passed their way, and

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