

A Message from Bath

Pte. C. H. Dodwell, who for the past four months acted as News Editor of the *Canadian Hospital News*, sends the following letter from Bath, where he is awaiting discharge to Canada (lucky beggar !)

To Ye Editore,—For the first time in my life I am in Bath, (capital B, if you please, for fear of misunderstandings)—staying at the C.D.D. What the Dickens that stands for I don't know, though I have heard several interpretations, in all of which one at least of the D's stands for DAMN. However, to write consecutively, I must start with my departure from the old Granville; and here let me advise the Granville grousers to abstain from grouching until they have left it a few days—they will inevitably cut loose then, but not against the Granville.

After a more or less exciting journey, I arrived with my party at the C.C.A.C., where they Closely Congregate All Comers and Cause Canadians Awful Curses. We were rapturously welcomed in the back-yard by a leather-lunged Sergeant who smelt of Macdonald Chewing, and joined the zoo or so other guests congregated there. One of the first things to strike one was a placard explaining that "This is no Leicester Lounge,"—a needless statement of an, alas! only too obvious fact. The principal topic of conversation after the first five minutes was relative to the length of time one was detained there—I talked to a man who had been there five days—and my heart sank within me!

The morning after—I will omit the night, as my object is not to scare my old friends—we were paraded by the Macdonald-scented Sergeant for a Medical Board. After a few hours waiting, which reduced me to the blanc mange stage again, I was ushered into the Presence. The next thing I remember was a voice from somewhere which said "You may go," and greatly to my surprise my legs turned round and staggered me out of the chamber.

Recovering slightly after some hours, it dawned on me I had had my board and been discharged from the service, and then there was great rejoicing. That night I sneaked out and feasted on ham and eggs—I always was rather reckless!

In the two days that followed I explored to its uttermost bounds the back-yard, and should have compared the hardness of every chair in the smoke-room had they not always been occupied with other guests. But all good things come to an end, and one fine morning I heard my name shouted and was told to pack up for Bath. For the next few hours I followed the portly Sergeant every where for fear I should miss the party, and my diligence was at length rewarded by a seat in railway train, and a sight of open country speeding by. Then was my heart rejoiced and my spirit glad within me.

As I said before, I am now at Bath—and jolly glad to be here!

Your late Scribe, KRITICOS.