

TEA TALK.

Among the visitors to the Mess this month was a friend of Sister Cass, Sister Papst, who is with the Imperial Nursing Corps. She is having a well-earned rest after doing duty in Alexandria, Egypt, and on a hospital ship running between Salonika and Malta. Her interesting stories and experiences would have made the "White Linen Nurse" change that tired expression of hers to one of amazement.

Sister Nully, of Orillia, Canada, also with the Imperial Nursing Corps, visited her class mate, Sister Devitt.

We felt very much like "Schools out" when Matron Smith announced that "Leave" would commence. With her usual kind thoughtfulness she is arranging for Sisters whose homes are near, to spend Christmas with their friends—and also we can whisper those of us who are less fortunate are going to have a nice little surprise—another kind inspiration of the Matron's.

Sisters Helen Smith and Roman entertained a number of friends at the tea hour on Sept. 28th. The lovely fall flowers added a touch of colour to the pretty Mess Room, all present enjoying the kind hospitality of the young ladies, who were so solicitous for everyone's comfort.

Among the fortunate ones who had leave were Sisters McPherson, McCarthy, and Home Sister Cook. Sister McCarthy spent a delightful time with friends in Ireland, and was lucky in not having one rainy day.

Sisters McPherson and Cook had planned a trip to Scotland, but had to disarrange their plans, owing to the word coming that Sister McPherson's young cousin had been wounded. After several days of trying to hurry the War Office to get news of him, she found he was safe in England, and she was able to "carry on," having unfortunately, through unfavourable weather, to forego the trip through the Trossachs.

The sympathy of the Mess is extended to Sister Gwendoline Holland in her bereavement, through the death of her brother-in-

law, Captain Renaud, 22nd Canadians, who was killed in action in France. Captain Renaud leaves a wife and infant son.

We are glad to report the progress of Sisters Martin and Langman, who have been on the sick list for several weeks.

Sister Stovel has returned from Margate, looking much better for the change.

Our best wishes go with Sister Chisholm, whose marriage to Captain Oliver Hamilton, R.A.M.C., son of Dr. Hamilton, Elm House, Hawick, N.B., Scotland, took place at the home of the groom's parents on September 15th. Unfortunately we cannot give the details of the "bride looked charming," which is always so interesting to the ladies. The happy event is the culmination of a romance which started in France, and we wish them both many years of happiness.

Owing to the enterprise of Sister Sinclair's two small nieces, of Likomburg, Ont., Ward 12 is rejoicing in the possession of a new gramophone.

Mrs. P. T. (Col.) Rowland and Mrs. C. (Maj.) Adams, of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., came down from town to have tea with Sister Hogarth.

Sister J. Stronach, late Matron of Bearwood Canadian Hospital, has been taken on our strength. She, with Matron Smith and Sister Mattice, make three of our staff who have seen active service in France, all having been members of the first contingent. From the flattering reports we hear of Sister Stronach's popularity with her associate sisters, we feel we are most fortunate in having her among our number.

An unusually large number patronised the tea room in the Sisters' Mess on Saturday, Sept. 30th, when a number of visitors who had been over to watch the cricket match, and the visiting cricketers, dropped in for a friendly cup after the game.

Sister Stinson and Miss Mildred Allen, of Toronto, were down from town and had dinner with Sister Downey.

Sisters Morton and Collins have left for a trip to Ireland.

Miss M. Jacobs, A.D.M.S. Staff, has returned from Taplow.

Miss Ann Merrill, late of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, and Editor of the Woman's Page of the "Edmonton Journal," now on war journalism in London, came down to the hospital on a commission and paid a brief visit to the Mess. Miss Merrill was present at the formal opening of the hospital in the early spring, and was much interested to see the changed scene when she looked at the busy wards, and later drank a cozy cup of tea in the pretty Mess Room.

Having tonsillitis is not to be recommended as a pastime, or as a means of finessing a leave—as a means of getting to the seaside, perhaps, if you are sick enough—but as a means of avoiding the nerve-stretching, news-stretching editor of the "Stretcher" it is nothing; you must be dangerously ill with the Pink Form in the Orderly Room. Neither is the seaside, or rather a seaside Convalescent Home, to be recommended as a suitable place for the propagation of ideas or opinions or aspirations such as—well, for instance, those expected of you by that ambitious editor. Reflection of some bitterness is the consequence of a week at the sea, and a last-minute wail for copy when you haven't a flicker of a thought of escape or resistance.

It is almost six months since we came to England. We have been busy, but we have thoroughly enjoyed every busy minute of it, and appreciate more than ever that it is a privilege to be here and to be busy. Our adaptability to new circumstances and our responsiveness have been proven. At least a few hardships were anticipated, but none have been experienced. Perhaps we are disappointed about the hardships, but none the less hopeful of sharing some later on, just by way of experience; our few busy months have afforded us little time to whine for them. When doing duty in a civil hospital one longs for a rest and a change after a busy time, but here it is different. As convoy after convoy of wounded come in, enthusiasm increases; and as the men go back in good health and good spirits, with wounds healed, fresh encouragement is gained and energy renewed. If you ask each Sister how she feels about being here she will probably tell you that she is perfectly content; or, she may tell you in an undertone that she has an unsettled feeling which she reluctantly or boldly attributes to a lurking desire to go to France; or, having caught that persuasive note of hope from the medical officer who still declares that the fighting will be over by Christmas, is sublimely living in the present and incidentally filling her trunks. Then, too, there is a sight-seeing antiquarian who persistently smothers the foggiest notion that there is an off-chance of the war ever ending at all.

But let us pray that it will end, and that more Zeppelins will be brought down, and that the Staff-Sergeants really do realize this time the common necessity of keeping patients in subjection and of keeping the wards tidy and orderly. It appears for the seventh time that they are to undertake this. We realise that a crisis has occurred. We are all, or we ought to be by this time, familiar to weariness with announcements that the crisis was imminent. The change is interesting, because it is a way of meeting a problem which presses very urgently upon the Sisters at the present time. To those in our midst who have spent endless energy imploring patients to keep tidy lockers, it seems too good to be true that a casual look of disapproval and a mumble or two about a Ward Master is likely to work miracles of discipline and order.

The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Rochester visited the Hospital on the 27th ult. and administered the Rite of Confirmation to seventeen of our patients, who had been carefully prepared by the Anglican Chaplains. The Bishop's address was military in character, and well-suited to the occasion.

We learn from an Ontario paper that the boys at Camp Borden have written a parody that goes with the chorus music of that favourite song "Mother." It is making a big "hit," and runs like this:—
"B" is for the beans we have for breakfast,
"O" for the oatmeal we never see,
"R" is for the rind that's on the bacon,
"D" is for the dust we have for tea.
"E" is for the eggs they feed the Sergeants,
"N" is for the night we had the row;
Put them all together they spell Borden,
The place they're stowing soldiers now.

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