

"Are you badly wounded?" I asked him.

"Not verra badly, sir," he returned, as he stood at attention.

"But you have a lot of blood on your tunic," I said, pointing to his right side and hip.

"It's not a' mine, sir," he replied, as he grinned from ear to ear. "It's a souvenir from a 'Boche', but he did make a sma' hole in ma thigh wi' his bayonet."

"And what happened to him?"

He laughed outright this time.

"He's got ma bayonet an' ma rifle, too," he cried. "Oh, man, but it was a gran' fight!"

"Is he dead?" I asked.

"Dead?" he exclaimed. "I hae his top-hat wi' me noo," and he held up a Prussian helmet to our admiring gaze.

I congratulated him and passed on; but I had little time just then for chatting. All the wounds had to be unbandaged, washed and freshly dressed, and although we worked rapidly, the nurses undoing the bandages and attending to the minor cases, while I did the more serious ones myself, it was broad daylight before we had finished. The morning sun, stealing gently over the trees, found patients and doctors alike ready for a sleep.

A similar scene had been enacted in every other ward. It was nearly six a.m. as the other officers and myself, with the exception of the unfortunate orderly officer, started down the road toward the villa. Our billet was about a quarter-mile away, but our mess was in the hospital building. I crawled into bed at last, very, very weary, and in a few moments was fast asleep.

It was Tim who finally roused me from this heavy slumber. He was standing at the foot of my bed with his head on one side in his customary bird-like attitude. His stiff black forelock hung straight over his brow. I was just conscious enough to hear him saying:

"Wake up, Maj! Wake up, there!"

Before strangers, or before brother officers, Tim was always respectful to us. He was a trained soldier, and when occasion demanded he could be, and was, very regimental. But in the privacy of our home (of which he was in charge) Tim treated us like children whose pranks might be tolerated but must not be encouraged.

"What's the trouble, Tim?" I inquired sleepily.

"It's time to git up," he complained. "D'ye spouse y'er goin' t' sleep all day, jes because ye loss y'er beauty sleep las' night? Dis is war—dis is!"

"What's the hour?" I asked.

"It's ten o'clock," he replied, "an' dat Cap' Reggy's in de nex room—chloroformed agin; wit his knees drawed up an' his mout' open ventilatin' his brain. Dey ain't a Pullman in de whole worl' dat's as good a sleeper as dat gent."

By this time I was fully awake, as Tim intended I should be. I turned over on my side and addressed him.

"Run downstairs now, Tim," I said, "and make me a good hot cup of coffee, and a slice of toast with fried mushrooms on top."

Tim stared at me a moment in open-mouthed amazement. We were not supposed to eat at the villa, but Tim was a good cook and those he favoured with the "friendship" might coax a cup of tea before rising.

"Fried mushrooms," he repeated as he went toward the door, shaking his head slowly from side to side. "Fried—mush—rooms! Gee, an' dey calls dis 'active service'!"

But in spite of this show of pessimism, he returned shortly with the breakfast as ordered.

When we reached the hospital that morning everything was as neat and clean as though nothing had happened the night before. No adequate description can be given of the trained nurse at the front. She is one of the marvels of the war. Patient, industrious, cheerful, self-sacrificing and brave; she has robbed war of much