

What a relief—ah, what luxury. I simply lounged in the divan and gave myself up to indulging in a good sneeze, or a cough, or a spell of *emesis*. Sometimes I changed round and started coughing first, then I would give myself up to the effects of the emetine, with which I'll swear the plaster was impregnated.

I was too exhausted to resist a second attack of metal and plaster which the Chief subjected me to, and my low state of vitality evidently warned him that a third dose would produce fatal results, in fact, he ordered one of his catifs to bring me a draught.

I do not drink (in the mornings—very rarely), and pointed to a blue ribbon worn on my tunic, indicating I had won a good conduct prize at a Total Abstiners' Institute. But in vain. The Chief came over with a handful of plaster, and flashed the beastly metal article in my face. The significance would not be misunderstood, so I licked up the rich stimulant, not bad stuff. I fancy it was what is known by frequenters of Gin Palaces as a "Double."

Shortly after, I was allowed to leave, and was again able to see the blue sky and hear the birds sing. But I was weak, and could only stagger along a short distance, when I subsided to the ground opposite the hostel, where many charming ladies reside.

These, seeing my distress, ran to my succour, and treated me with loving care. They told me subsequently that I had in my delirium repeatedly mentioned the word double, but of this I am unaware. In the end I arrived at my palatial hut, and was glad to be still alive.

L'ENVOI.

I don't know what operation the Chief conducted after I left, or how he managed to produce the effect, but the result of my Sunday's visit to his chambers is that I have now a splendid set of excellently-fitting artificial teeth, with which I can lift a chair off the ground, hang on to a rope with them while being hauled up to the roof of the Remedial Gymnasium, and am known about the place as The Man with the Iron Jaw.

Interesting Events During the Month.

Amongst the distinguished visitors to the Camp was General Sir R. E. W. Turner, G.O.C. in C. Canadians, and his staff; also Col. Mayes, who has now severed his connections with the Canadians, and taken a post with the R.A.F. During the September month, we regret that, owing to an error, several items were omitted from the Paper.

Our most distinguished visitor was H.R.H. Prince Albert, who came to visit the Camp in the early part of September. The Duke and Duchess of Somerset also came to see the working of the various Departments. The Duke was much interested in the Massage work, which is certainly doing its share towards helping the men to a normal condition of health once more.

In this connection, we would like to say that Matron de Merrall is the shining light, and she arrived during the month of September to organize a school of masseurs. The Matron certainly has the welfare of the patients at heart, as what she cannot enveigle from the Red Cross Society, she is looking round to steal from elsewhere. She is also much interested in dancing, and has been the means of getting together a few Staff and patients to enjoy a very pleasant evening at a number of dances which have been held.

Sisters Regan and Murray are also with us now, and are doing everything in their power to help the Matron in her work, and the pleasure which the several dances have given to the Staff and patients. The Hallowe'en Dance, which was to have been held on the last Thursday of the month, has been unavoidably cancelled owing to the prevalence of influenza, which is now ripe in England. We trust that the coming month will resume normal conditions, and that we shall be able to carry out the programme without any further hitch for the month of December.

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