

THE ONTARIO STRETCHER.

Published by kind permission of Lieut.-Col. D. W. MacPHERSON, O.C., Ontario Military Hospital, Orpington.

A Monthly Journal published on or about the first of the month during the War.
Editor: Capt. J. E. KANE.

Business Manager: Capt. W. H. Fox.
Editorial Staff: Capt. D. W. CURREY, Capt. T. A. CARSON, Nursing Sister STOVEL, Nursing Sister MCKENZIE, Nursing Sister ROGERS.

Cartoonist: Sergt. GAMMON. Special Mess Correspondents: Sergeant-Major W. A. CAMPBELL, W.O., Corpl. GRIFFITHS, Pte. FITZGERALD.

NOVEMBER, 1916.

In going to Press we can only hurriedly record our deep regret on the loss of two more of our officers. Captain S. M. Fisher and Captain W. H. Fox have gone to Canada on leave. This means a great, though we hope only temporary loss, to the unit, as they filled the responsible positions of Adjutant and Quartermaster respectively. They were both in France from the beginning of the war till this Hospital was organized, and since then have continued to render the same fine service here which gained them both enviable reputations in France. It is needless to say we will feel their loss in more ways than one, and will anxiously look forward to their return. In addition to his other duties, Captain Fox is Business Manager of the "Stretcher," and has succeeded through his untiring efforts in placing it on a sound financial basis.

Before they left us they were the recipients of tokens of remembrance from their friends in the Mess, who wished them Bon Voyage and a speedy return. They both well deserve the holiday, and we trust they will both return all the better for their trip to Canada.

© © ©

The early November weather makes us all realise that Christmas is not so very many weeks away, and that we must get busy at once on plans for entertainment. It is the wish of the staff that the season will be a happy one for the patients, and every effort will be made to give a Christmas appearance to the wards. This will entail decorating, and as our resources are limited we are asking friends of the hospital for donations. Any information as to the nature of the material required can be had from the Matron.

© © ©

Next month we intend to continue our column "Answers to Correspondents." If those wishing free expert advice on almost any subject—financial, political, spiritual, mental, physical, professional, marital, emotional, social, legal, or educational—will kindly address their communication to this column in care of the Editor, due time, thought and patience will be given to each correspondent. Should a private reply be desired, please enclose addressed envelope with a penny stamp.

© © ©

An event of more than ordinary interest took place at the Ontario Military Hospital on October 18th, 1916, when Corporal Samuel Deans was presented with his Military Medal awarded to him for initiative bravery and devotion to duty on the field. The presentation was made by Lieut.-Colonel Graham Chambers, Commanding Officer, who heartily congratulated Corporal Deans on the distinction awarded him.

Corporal Deans was born at Portsmouth, England, emigrated to Canada ten years ago, and enlisted in Toronto in June, 1915, in the C.A.M.C. He landed in England September, 1915, and three days later went to France, where he was wounded a few days after reaching the front. He was wounded again at Ypres in April, 1916, and buried by an exploding shell in July last. Since recovering he has been attached to the Ontario Military Hospital. The following extract from the Orders of the day of May 18th, 1916, by Lieut.-Colonel R. Brutinel, Commanding the 1st C.M.M.G. Brigade, gives a short account of Corporal Deans' bravery:—

"The C.O. desires to bring to the notice of all ranks the distinction awarded to Corporal S. Deans, of the C.A.M.C., attached to this Brigade, for the acts mentioned hereunder:

"For initiative, bravery and devotion to duty when, in 19/4/16, under shell fire, he organized the rescue and conveyance to the dressing station of three gunners, wounded and buried, and later volunteered and rendered good services all night, helping dress wounded men of the 13th Battalion.

"Also, when on the 24/4/16, seeing

several direct hits made by the Germans on a battery of Field Artillery in the immediate vicinity, proceeded at once of his own accord to the battery, and under a very heavy shell fire, dressed Major Vaughan, commanding the battery, who was badly wounded."

Corporal Deans is an unassuming, manly young man, and wears his honours lightly. We heartily congratulate him, and wish him many years of happiness.

© © ©

A certain Guardian of the Peace in the town of Portsmouth will doubtless remember with considerable chagrin his recent encounter with an officer of the Canadian Army Medical Corps. Portsmouth, being of no small military importance, is practically a closed town—the curious are not invited to inspect its beauties, and visitors are not only unwelcome, but must provide themselves with a proper passport signed by the Provost Marshall before being allowed entrance to its mysteries. This information seems not to have reached all military men of importance, for only a few Sundays ago a Canadian officer—wild horses could not drag his name from us—suffice to say he is on the staff of a Military Hospital not 100 miles from Orpington—was strolling serenely through the quiet streets of the town, stopping at intervals to view the wonders of the place, to chat with the urchins at play, or to enquire of the passers-by as to the location of the various places of interest. At times in a small book he jotted copious notes, to be used at some future date, when he expected to publish a work entitled "On Active Service with the C.A.M.C., or An Itinerant in the British Isles."

While our friend was thus occupied, the long, strong arm of the law was slowly but surely approaching. The Village Bobby had noted his arrival, had watched his various manoeuvres, had remarked his unsoldierly appearance, and finally concluded, and with no little reason—a German spy was masquerading as a Canadian Officer. He approached him cautiously, laid his powerful hand on his shoulder, and the following dialogue took place:—

Policeman: Sir, your name?

Officer: And why, my kind friend, should I vouchsafe to you my name?

Policeman: Sir, you are trespassing here, unless you possess a pass. Have you one?

Officer: A pass! A pass! And why, my Christian friend, should I have a pass?

Policeman: Sir, no one is allowed in this town without permission of the Provost Marshall. Have you seen him?

Officer: The Provost Marshall! The Provost Marshall! My more than friend, till this present moment I was entirely ignorant that such an individual existed.

Policeman: Then, Sir, I fear I must have your name.

Officer: And you shall, my friend, you shall. Yes, you shall have my name. 'Tis a noble name; a name, Sir, I'm proud to bear—one which has been written times innumerable in the Halls of Fame, one with which the history of every great and glorious deed is linked, one a king might wear with no small pride. Nay, kind and generous friend, a President of one of the proudest Republics the world has ever known does not disdain my noble name, and friend, let me whisper! he does credit to his name—and though I differ, yes, widely differ—with him on many subjects, such as the value of corn as a pork producer, the social evil, women suffrage, etc., etc., yet he retains my friendship. And now, most generous friend, that you have my name, I must hasten on. Had I a card, it would give me wholesome pleasure to present it to you. I bid you adieu; my hand!

Policeman: One moment, Sir, but I must know what brings you here.

Officer: And you shall, my gentlemanly friend, you shall. I am here, Sir, in the interest of one of the largest corporations in existence to-day—the Committee of One Hundred. The committee has deputed me

to select a suitable city in which to erect an immense building for all officers in the Canadian Army who have neglected their duties to secure promotion. If your town meets the requirements, I shall buy it, my friend. 'Tis a noble cause; ah! a noble cause.

By this time quite a large crowd had assembled and were gazing enraptured at the stranger.

Policeman: I fear, Sir, unless you can produce some proof of your identity, I shall be obliged to place you under arrest. Have you any letter or other document to prove your statement?

Officer: None, my persistent friend, none; but (facing the multitude), it's all right, gentlemen, it's all right. Constable, do your duty.

The policeman at once placed him under arrest, and the pair proceeded to the office of the Provost Marshall, followed by the huge concourse. Arriving at the police-station, the policeman explained to the Provost the circumstances which led to our friend's arrest, at the same time tapping his cranium gently with the index finger of his right hand.

Provost Marshall: Have you any letter, paper, document, or mark, Sir, that would in any way circumstantiate your statements?

Officer: None, your Honour, none. Heretofore in my long, and I must say, not unsuccessful career as a member of that most noble profession which commands the love and respect of the universe, I have found my word quite sufficient in all cases of trial and difficulty. Yes—yes—quite sufficient.

Provost Marshall: Is there anyone to whom we might refer? Some officer or perhaps some mutual friend?

Officer: Are you acquainted, your Lordship, with Colonel MacPherson, of the Ontario Military Hospital?

Provost: I'm afraid not, Sir.

Officer: Would you, by chance, your Worship, know General Carlton Jones, of the C.A.M.C.?

Provost Marshall: I'm sorry, Sir, but I can't recall the name.

Officer: Then perhaps, your Majesty, you have met Mr. Robert Mond, Coombe Bank?

Provost Marshall: No, I'm afraid I do not know him.

Officer (meditating for some moments): Would you by any chance, your Highness, know Captain Crawford?

Provost Marshall: Not Mac Crawford? Is Mac in England? Are you a friend of his? Know Mac Crawford! Why, Sir, give me your hand! Any friend of Mac Crawford is a friend of mine. Policeman, you have made a grave mistake; you may go, but in future use more discretion. Come, my friend, you must meet my wife and family; you must remain for dinner. We shall call on the Mayor! Just fancy! A friend of Mac Crawford's! You must join me—no, no, I shall accept no excuse! Just one!—your health!

—♦♦♦—

TO THE NIGHT SISTER.

There at the end, at close of day, our fair Night Sister stands,
In truth a lively one is she, with deft and skilful hands,
And the halo round her comely face is formed of golden strands.

Week in, week out, from eve till morn, you you can see her come and go,
You can hardly hear her as she moves with gentle step and slow,
Excepting only when she slips on the polished floor below.

When Sister coming on at night looks in at the open door,
We turn to see her smiling face; and feel a trifle sore
If we chance to miss the kindly word as she moves along the floor.

She comes each morning in the ward and wakes up all the boys,
And we can neither pray nor preach when comes the warning voice—
If we could have another hour 'twould make our hearts rejoice.

It seems at first like an angel's voice coming from Paradise,
We slumber on, and then once more it plainly bids us rise,
And with a big wide yawn each rubs his sleepy eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, bandaging, onward thro' life she goes,
Each evening sees her task begun, each morning sees it close,
Duty accomplished, kindness done, has earned a day's repose.

H. E. S.