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OUR HARBOUR.

"Hurrah! the Heads!" And as we look we see the break in the cliffs, which every minute grows more distinct, so now it will not be long before we see "Our Harbour" once more. Bruno is beside me. Bruno has been my cobbler since we first went to camp—those days when we learnt the intricacies of modern warfare, forming fours and presenting arms, under the tuition of that sergeant-major with the loud voice and the red nose.

The "Captain Cook" is coming out now to give us a pilot, and as he, the pilot, clambers up the Jacob's ladder, a picture is conjured up before me of that laughing, shouting crowd on the troopship when we left dear old Sydney. It seems ages ago, but I still remember how my heart beat faster when we dropped the pilot, and as he left us, with a cheery wave of his hand, we seemed to have lost the last link with home.

Bruno is very quiet. Strange for him to be so quiet, as on the trip home he has been one of the happiest souls on board, and his great big grin cheered many of us when we were down in the dumps.

We are going through the Heads now, and the appearance of the hospital ship, with its big red crosses and broad green band, is the signal for a medley of sound from the vessels in the harbour, and as they all take it up the hills throw it back to us as one big roar of welcome.

Ha! there's Manly—good old Manly—with its beach and surf, and, oh! for the good times we had there. There's Watson Bay on the left, and how good it all looks. Many and many a time has the old story been told on its slopes.

The Harbour is just as busy as ever, with its crowd of ferry boats and white-sailed cutters, and as they pass us the crowds on them cheer and cheer, as if it was all they had to do in life.

We have Parsley Bay on our left now, and on our right the Spit, and, oh! the beauty of it. The white houses with red tiles, in a setting of bright green, seem to be a big slice of heaven, because this is home.

There goes Bruno's hat, but I don't think he noticed it, as his quiet spell has passed, and he is cheering like a maniac. The windows of the houses seem to be alive with fluttering handkerchiefs, but many a tear is falling, and many a heart aches for those who will never come back.

In the distance, over on the right, I can see Balmoral, where we had our week-end camp: just those lazy days when we divided our time between the water and sun-bathing on the beach. There were seven of us there, but the big war has played havoc even in our little camp, as we only number three now.

We are passing Fort Denison now, or as it is generally known, Pinch-gut. It is just a rock in the harbour, with a few low stone buildings, but the name of Pinch-gut survives from the old days when the worst of the convicts were quartered there, and starved into submission to authority; hence its name.

Bruno is quiet again as we are passing Rushcutter's Bay, and that is where Bruno lives, so I suppose his thoughts run in the same train as mine: whether those good times before the war will ever be again.

On our slow progress up the Harbour we

ON THE LAWN.

Once more, through the kindness of Mrs. (Col.) D. W. McPherson, the many patients of our hospital were entertained at a delightful garden party on the lawn of Boundary House early in the month.

Over 400 "up" patients were present and enjoyed the many pleasures Mrs. McPherson had so thoughtfully prepared. The Boys' Band from St. Joseph's Orphanage played delightful music, frequently rendering popular airs, in which the patients joined and sang the choruses heartily and loud. Cake, fruit and pleasing drinks were passed continuously by Mrs. McPherson and many of the Nursing Sisters, who generously assisted in helping the "boys" to enjoy the afternoon. When the band at last played "God save the King" a more happy, cheerful, and well-satisfied crowd of patients would have been hard to find, and Mrs. McPherson is to be congratulated on her thoughtful kindness and generosity in contributing so largely to that particular phase of hospital life which is so essential where the best results are demanded. The above photo was taken during the afternoon.

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING COLUMN].

pass a cruiser and two destroyers taking in stores, and as we pass their coal-begrimed crews give us a real hearty cheer, as only sailor-men can. The appearance of these black-looking ships serves to remind us that the war we seem so far away from now is still a grim reality.

Over on the right we see the North Shore in all its beauty, the cluster of small bays, the green slopes rising up to the hills at the back, and the houses looking like dolls' dwellings perched on the sides of the hills, and still the waving, cheering crowds.

We are passing Woolloomooloo Bay on our left now, with its mass of ships from every part of the globe, and its busy wharves.

Now we are up to Circular Quay, and as we swing round we look down the Harbour and wonder if there is a place in the world which can compare with "our 'arbour." Anyway, to us there is not.

We can see the crowds on the quay now—mothers, sisters and wives. Bruno's face seems strangely white, as somewhere in that crowd there is a girl. He showed me her photo once, and when he got her letters he seemed if possible happier than he usually was, and I don't wonder after I saw that photo.

The tug-boats are pulling us into the wharf now, and we try to pick out the faces of our dear ones in the crowd, but these sights are not for Bruno, because, you see, Bruno is blind.

CAPT. CURREY ON LEAVE.

The unit has suffered a considerable though temporary loss in the departure of Captain Douglas V. Currey, who left for his home in St. Catherine's, Ontario, on Sept. 18th. As a Medical Officer his work has been above criticism, and he has been the leading figure in the Baseball and Tennis activities of the unit. He acted, also, very capably as Mess Correspondent of the "Stretcher." We all hope that the health of his family will permit of his early return.

MEDICAL ETIQUETTE.

It is not well to pay too much heed to mere rumours. Sometimes one may with profit discuss them. There has been prevalent an ugly rumour, coming from different sources, to the effect that some British medical men are charging fees, and unduly large fees, to men in uniform, both privates and officers. It is also said that some of these consultants are on the staffs of Military Hospitals, and that after men are well enough to leave the Hospital they are transferred, in some instances, to Nursing Homes in which the consultants are financially interested, and in which the patients are charged exorbitant fees for treatment. A patient came to this hospital a few weeks ago for treatment. He had consulted a London physician, who charged him three guineas for advice. We repeat—these are rumours. They ought to be sifted. If they are unfounded, we shall be only too glad to retract and apologise. If they are well-established, they reveal an astoundingly low standard of the profession. In Toronto, at the beginning of the war, the medical men unanimously decided not to charge any fees to the families of soldiers. We believe that no Toronto man charged anyone in uniform for any medical treatment. They also agreed to attend the patients of their confreres who had given up their practices and had devoted their services to the country's need, and to hand over the fees to the absent doctors. And our colleagues at home are doing many acts of unselfishness in carrying out this generous resolution. The Colonial soldiers are mingling in camp and hospital and on the battle-front with their British cousins, and learning to know them as they have never known them in the past. This is a good omen for the unity of the Empire that is to come. What a calamity it would be—a national calamity—if, through any indiscretion or thoughtlessness on the part of leaders in our noble profession in England, whether English by birth or English by adoption, this better fellow-feeling, this closer drawing together of the various elements in that great Imperial union, this growing esprit de corps, should be marred or destroyed, and in this way, one of the greatest benefits arising from this horrible war should be hindered. Perhaps our good friend, "The British Medical Journal," might express its views on this subject. We have a noble profession, with glorious ideals and the most precious traditions. May it be our greatest aim, our most earnest effort, to keep the sacred name of doctor untarnished by any of the sordid things in life! Above all, may the love of accumulating filthy lucre, which has brought so much disgrace and dishonour, during this war of self-sacrifice, to hundreds of shirkers who can never rise above the low level of hoarding coin—may such base love never cast its shackles upon the members of the profession of medicine. Let us ever remember the grave responsibility that rests upon us, not only to solve all the scientific problems that yet remain shrouded in mystery; not only to relieve suffering and to administer comfort; but also to so live and act, that we may reflect glory on a profession that has earned for itself, in the annals of history, the highest place in the history of the world.

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