

August 14th.—Somebody said it was pay-day. Sure, I went up to get some money. Lots of noise in the evening. Every person you meet seems to want to let you know how nicely they can sing.

August 15th.—Sydney Fenwick's Concert Party from Brighton were at the Y.M. to-night. Good Concert.

August 16th.—It seems funny, everything is so quiet just now. Yes, the Band left us, and have gone back to do a little work.

August 17th.—Nothing to report. Registrar behind with his little list of patients; 44 came in on the 13th, 16 on the 14th, 9 on the fifteenth, 82 on the sixteenth (some business), 1 on the seventeenth, (bad business), that's all.

August 18th.—Here's Sunday again. Nothing to disturb us but Church Parade.

August 19th.—Boys having another bath to-day. No restrictions on soap. Rumoured that it is the new Editor's birthday to-day. Cannot be, as he is the most sober man in Camp.

August 20th.—Nothing much to "look back" at. The "Shamrocks" Juvenile Concert Party gave quite a good show at the Y.M.

August 21st.—Don't want to talk to you at all to-day.

August 22nd.—Ha! The Messing Officer is away to London again. But we had disappointments the last time he went. Still we have one comfort. Two V.A.D.'s joined the crowd to-day, so they must still like us a little.

August 23rd.—Had a glimpse of two Medical Officers to-day, but they did not stay long enough to make themselves known. Mac, the buttermilk, has departed to the Training School. Many heavy sighs, numbers would like to go with Mac.

August 24th.—Forgot to tell you that two more P.T. instructors arrived yesterday. More torture for somebody. No other news to-day. Lost track of the number of Patients coming in, but we see new faces every day, that is unless it is the old faces done up to look like new.

August 25th.—Sunday again. Looking ahead instead of back. To-morrow's Monday.

August 26th.—Some Base-ball game to-day, and although we lost, we are out to play them again and WIN. See Sports' Column for a write up of the game.

August 27th.—Bunches of Patients have been arriving lately. Starting to fill up the No. 2 Division. Forgotten how to do arithmetic, or I would give you the number each day.

August 28th.—Pay-day again, some more Caruso's found in the Camp. Should advise some to have their voices (s) trained. Say! Have you seen the Fire Picket? Make a good bunch of firemen (in a stoke-hold).

August 29th.—John Bollingbroke, of historical fame, returned to us to-day; about time too. His garden is beginning to look rotten. Cheer up, John! We will have to erect another monument of stones to celebrate the event of your return to the fold.

August 30th.—Don't know what happened to-day. Must have been on another job elsewhere in the Camp. If I remember, will tell you to-morrow.

August 31st.—Last day of the month. Camp filling up rapidly; in fact it will soon be a real hospital. Somebody said that five Medical Officers had arrived; must be slipping one over. Have not seen them so far. If alive will tell you some more next month.