

Corps, non-commissioned officers and men, as well as patients in hospital and soldiers attached for duty.

In 1883 Lord Morley's committee made recommendations, which were adopted, the principal ones being the vesting of the control of hospitals in the medical officer in charge, and the assimilation of the A.H.C. and A.M. Department, both to wear the same uniform (blue with black facings).

In 1889 a committee, under Lord Camperdown, was appointed to make inquiries into the pay, status, and condition of the medical service. One of the committee's recommendations was the adoption of military titles, prefixed by the word "surgeon," as, for instance, "surgeon-lieutenant-colonel," etc. These titles carried precedence and other advantages, but a limited executive power, hence they were found unsatisfactory.

By Royal Warrant of July 1st, 1898, the medical staff corps became the Royal Army Medical Corps, and medical officers were given full military titles. The duty of supplying transport to the R.A.M.C. devolves upon the Army Service Corps, the officer commanding the detachment taking his orders from the senior officer of the R.A.M.C.

Regiments which have served in the great battles of history are justly proud of the deeds of their predecessors, and emblazon the names of the regiment's battles in golden letters on their colors, while *esprit de corps* runs high. Should we not also be proud of the medical corps of the Imperial army, which has served with distinction and fidelity in *every* battle since Marlborough's time? Soldiers have their heroes. We also have ours. The names of Ambroise Paré, Peter Lowe, Richard Wiseman, Larrey and Longmore are emblazoned on the annals of military medicine. Nor have medical officers been lacking in military courage. "Have you ever heard of Surgeon Thomson, who, during the Crimean war, when the army marched off after the terrible battle of the Alma, volunteered with his servant to remain behind on the open field with 500 wounded Russians, and passed three awful nights, these two Englishmen alone, among foreign foes, none able to raise a hand to help himself? Have you heard of Assistant Surgeon Wolseley, of the 20th regiment, who, at the battle of Inkerman, had quietly established his dressing station in that awful place, the Sandbag Battery? When the 150 men were forced to desert it, they fell back and found in their path a Russian battalion. There was not a combatant officer left, so the assistant surgeon took command. He had not even a sword, but laying hold of a musket with a fixed bayonet, he gave the word of command, 'Fix bayonets. Charge.' The soldiers answered with a British cheer and sprang forward to the attack. The next instant they were breaking their way through the