

THE ONTARIO S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-R

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No. 4.

SEPTEMBER, 1916.

STOCKTAKING.

NOW that we have accomplished four months' service in this Ontario Hospital, it may not be amiss to take stock not only of our work, but also of our motives. We have had under our care, as Officers and Nursing Sisters, nearly 3,000 brave heroes of the war. They have been, almost without exception, a superior type of men, earnest, kind, unselfish, and appreciative. We have tried to

merely to restore them to physical health, and to get them back to the firing-line. We are dealing in this time of crisis and opportunity with men who a year, or two years from now, will as citizens and as statesmen be shaping the destinies of the Empire and of the world. Have we realised the responsibility that rests upon us, as Canadians, as citizens of the Empire ourselves, as medical officers in whom our Imperial patients are reposing a confidence and trust intellectually and morally, as well as physically? Surely

the greatest pleasure is to be found not in the selfish indulgence of our passions and our desires, but in making others happier and better. If this be our aim, and if we strive, by the help of Providence, to attain it, then, assuredly, we shall have the true satisfaction of knowing that through all the cruel turmoil of this most cruel war—from the fiercest suffering of which we members of the staff of this comfortably equipped Ontario Military Hospital have been wonderfully free—we have been privileged to accomplish suc-



The Members of the Hospital Staff who some time ago attended an excursion to the works of the Park Davis Drug Co.

render them not only skilful assistance, but also brotherly sympathy and interest. We have known cases in which the Sisters have spent part of their own slender pay to provide their patients with delicacies that were not to be had in the Quartermaster's Department. Often the Sisters have written to the anxious relatives letters that invariably have brought comfort and consolation to those who are so eager to know the real truth about the dear ones in the Hospital. But we have a greater obligation to the sick and wounded than

we can do more for these men than merely restore their bodies to a fit condition for fighting. Surely we have time and occasion to impress upon them the purity and nobility of the Canadian ideal of life—that there is more in life than the striving after filthy lucre, after position in society or in state; that we are here not to get all that we can out of the world, but to add to the world's treasure-house other gems of beauty and of value, that will never get there unless we fulfil the Divine plan in our lives; that

successfully not only the technical part of the important duties assigned to us by the Government we represent, but also the equally important task of using our God-given talents for the training of Imperial citizens, who will, by reason of our sympathetic, uplifting influence, be all the better adapted for their noble and inspiring work in the days of peace that are to follow these bitter days of strife.

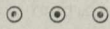
X. Y. Z.

CHAPLAINS' CORNER.

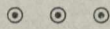
THERE are at present five Chaplains attached to the Hospital staff. Captain Buckland and Major Davidson are in charge of the Church of England work; Captain Lowry is the Roman Catholic Chaplain; Captain Muncaster attends the Presbyterians; and Lieut.-Colonel Emsley the Methodists. The spiritual welfare of the men is being looked after as carefully as their bodily ailments. Divine Service for the respective denominations is held every Sunday morning in the Recreation Hall, and a United Service is held in the evening. There is also brief family worship in the same place each week-day morning at 8.30. The hours of the Sunday services are announced in Daily Orders on Saturdays.



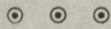
The Chaplains all make their rounds daily through the Hospital, and keep in close touch with the men. Thus all patients are afforded every opportunity of conferring with their Spiritual Advisers frequently, and are afforded a great deal of consolation in that way.



Any patient wishing to see his Chaplain at other times than when he is in the wards can do so any week-day, if able to go out, from 9.30 to 11 in the Chaplain's Study, next to the Chapel. Patients who cannot leave their beds or wards should fill in one of the "Chaplain's Slips," and hand to the Nursing Sister or Orderly.



The Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Colonel MacPherson, has appointed the Chaplains, the Matron, and Captain Fox a committee to look after the entertainment of the patients. They will arrange with the friends of the Hospital for the bringing down of concert parties, etc. We have been very fortunate in the past in being tendered so many fine entertainments, and we trust our good fortune will continue.



The Vicar of Orpington Church notified the Commanding Officer that owing to the scarcity of labour it would be impossible for him to make arrangements for the laying-out of the new cemetery which has been secured for the Hospital. So it has been arranged by Lieut.-Colonel MacPherson that twice a week a voluntary fatigue party in charge of one of the Chaplains goes to the cemetery to look after this work. It is being done very willingly, and the men take a great interest in doing this very charitable work. Good progress is being made, and all are anxious that this last resting place of their fallen comrades should be as appropriately beautiful as they deserve. They are sparing no effort to make it so.

CAPT. VIPOND LEAVES US.

THE "Stretcher" regrets that its founder and editor, Captain Vipond, has been transferred to a new field of labour as Chaplain to the hospital at Buxton. Captain Vipond was the first Chaplain of the Ontario Military Hospital. He took an earnest and active interest in all that pertained to the well-being of staff and patients. Since its foundation he acted as editor of the "Stretcher," where his literary talent and journalistic experience found expression and made possible the launching of what has proved a source of interest and pleasure to all connected with the Hospital. He acted as Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, and under his direction the patients have enjoyed many a pleasant evening from the efforts of talented artistes. In the sports and amusements Captain Vipond lent his encouragement, and was the first to organise the national game of cricket. He will be missed from the Mess, and the best wishes of the Hospital go with him in his new field of labour.

THE PREMIER'S VISIT.

ON Tuesday, August 22nd, the Hospital was honoured by a visit from the Hon. W. H. Hearst, Premier of Ontario, and from Hon. Colonel Pyne, Minister of Education of the Province of Ontario, who had charge of the erection and equipment of the Hospital. With the distinguished party were Mr. A. Claude MacDonald, M.P. (Toronto), and Colonel Hodgets, of the Red Cross. The Premier visited various sections of the Hospital, and took a deep interest in all its departments. The Premier at the close of his visit spoke to the patients assembled in the Hospital Theatre. He greeted the wounded in the name of Ontario, and stated what a privilege it was to open the Hospital for the benefit of the soldiers of the Empire. "I have come," said the Premier, "to see if there is anything further we can do for the comfort and well-being of those who suffer in their country's service. The Empire is proud of you, and Canada is proud of these brave and valiant men. May God bring you back to health and vigour and grant you long and pleasant lives, as a recompense for the suffering and for the honourable scars you have received in this horrible conflict."

The Premier and party were met by the Officer Commanding, Colonel D. W. MacPherson, who with pardonable pleasure explained the work of the Hospital and the efficiency and equipment of its various departments. The Premier promised an early return that he might witness at greater length the good work of Ontario's contribution to the Imperial hospital service.

A LIST OF "DON'T'S" FOR PATIENTS.

Don't smoke after 9 a.m. unless the Sister's back is turned. You will make her envious.

Don't forget to stand to your bed when the doctor comes to the wards, or he might think you are a patient.

Don't play the gramophone after 8 p.m. The Night Sister must have some sleep.

Don't shave more than twice a week. Your visitors are more likely to believe your sob-stories if you look the part.

Don't get up when you're called. The Night Sister will enjoy tipping you out.

Don't fail to enjoy your dinner. Remember you will get the same to-morrow.

Don't tell your visitors your tale within the Sister's hearing. She has read your case sheet.

Don't wear your boots in the ward. Keeping your slippers on will occupy your mind.

Don't keep your locker tidy or you will do the Matron out of her job.

WARD WONDERINGS.**I.—FACES.**

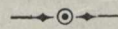
IT is almost worth while to have had your thigh loaded up with Fritz's shrapnel when you find it meant this. Sheets on a bed, and clean clothes without partners in them, and Blighty, and to know that you're heading for furlough and Lancashire, are all pretty good. Even to lie on your back and watch the faces in the ward is a bit of all right.

But I may as well own up—there is one face that for about four days I did badly want to smash. It's the face of a Yorkshire chap from somewhere round Barnsley, and why they'd got to shove him in bed next to a Bolton chap I can't tell. He came in a week after me, smiling all over his blooming countenance; and he sang out to the Orderly for his letters with all his Yorkshire cheek, as if the Province of Ontario had built the Hospital just for him and his pals. I was right glad that there were no letters for him that day or the next. But the next again, one came, and I could see in a minute it was from his best girl. Now my young lady hadn't been writing much, and I'll tell you why—she's Munitions. And Munitions mean for a lass long weary days at work hard for a lass to handle, and thoughts, gray thoughts, of a trail longer than Stockport to Windermere, and trenches, and Boches—and other things. So I said about the Yorkshire chap's girl when he got her letter, "She's all frills anyhow, and won't do much to win the war"; and I said about the Yorkshire chap himself, "So you've got some sort of a cushie wound, have ye, and are going to swank here for a fortnight." After all there wasn't much swank in it, for that afternoon they had to take off his shattered foot. The next day the Sister had to read him his lass's letter. And the next again there was no letter, but only the "Barnsley Chronicle," and a picture on the front page of Queen Mary inspecting the school children's work for the Red Cross, and the lass, his lass, standing up at the head of her class of kids, and shaking hands with the Queen. So then somehow, Yorkshireman though he was, I didn't want any more to smash his face. And for all I know the time might have gone when Lancashire met a foreigner with half a brick.

Then there's Brinton, good old Brinton. If I were dust I shouldn't want to get in Brinton's way. What a swing he gives our beds, right out into the alley-way of our ward, and then a foot to the rear, just to see that no single speck is sticking to the castors. How he brushes and polishes. It must be part of his religion. I have never dared to ask what his church is. I think he must belong to them all. What a face he carries even for an orderly. If he were Sir Douglas Haig the war would be over in a week. But sometimes I do wonder if God wants quite so much grim devotion to duty from any of us, or whether we Tommies haven't somehow found out the better way when we do our bit, neither too much nor too fast, with a laugh and joke. But Brinton, though he is a poor hand at laughing, and might die if he did anything so irregular as smoke a fag, is all there if there is anything to do for our comfort. When that grinding pain sets up in my old thigh, and I feel I have to shift it or bust, he is sure to notice the bit of sweat on my forehead, and he's right alongside in a jiffy. Massage? Rather. And I'm never sure whether it is his fingers or his grim old face that really does me good. Only perhaps his Master would do what he does with a smile.

Kiddies come to the ward sometimes. I don't mean the babies, though there are lots of them; but an odd flapper now and then, and quite often such a kid as came last Saturday—the sort of kid a man has whose official age is always 44. Well, she got half down the ward and then began to cry. Holy smoke! Didn't like our bandages, I suppose. And then a Sister got hold of her hand, and in a minute it was sunshine and showers on the youngster's face, as she sat on her daddy's bed, and there was something on the Sister's face that comes, they tell me, when Captain Fox puts on the Canadian films in the Recreation Room at night. And I tumbled to it, quick. It was for these, not for broad acres or statesmen's ambitions, that we fought. And it is for these that we will go back again—when we get out of our splints.

JOHNNY RAW.



A lady not very familiar with military paraphernalia, during a recent visit from one of our medical officers, enquired of him "What is that strap on your cap for, Captain T—?" Captain R. A. T. (with a reminiscent twinkle in his eye, and fingering the strap alluded to): "That? Well, generally it's used to keep my chin up." Execunt Omnes.

C. H. LANSDELL,

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THE HOSPITAL STAFF ENTERTAINS.

THE Medical and Nursing Staff were glad to have an opportunity of showing their appreciation to those who have given hospitality and kindness to them since their arrival at Orpington at the informal dance held on Thursday, August 24th.

The new dining-room for patients afforded ample—though not luxurious—accommodation, while the orchestra of St. Joseph's Orphanage rendered splendid music. After the tasty lunch served at 7.30, dancing was indulged in, and very much enjoyed by all.

Among the guests we were glad to welcome were Matron-in-Chief MacDonald, Matron Charleson, Captain and Mrs. Lazier, Captain Leary, Captain McKinnon, Lieutenant Drew, Captain and Mrs. Diamond, Major and Mrs. MacPherson, Major Duffin, Mr. Patrick Keenan and the Misses Keenan, the Misses Mayatt, Mr. March, Miss March, Colonel Hibbard, Miss Chapman, Mrs. Walker, Captain Murray, Major Jenkins, Captain Thomas, Lieutenant MacPherson, and Miss Conroy.

To the committee in charge of the dance the members of the Mess extend a well-merited tribute of thanks. Their efforts, and especially those of our resourceful Quarter-master, are very much appreciated by us all. Those on the committee were Captain Fox, Captain Gooderham, and Nursing Sister McAdams.

WE NOTICED

When the officer dropped his punch, that among other general trifles his sense of speech was in active operation, prompting him to the utterance of some rather incoherent remarks, which it was well for his own credit that only one or two overheard.

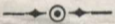
The bashful but heartless inflexibility with which one Sister with a full (?) programme repelled the engaging advances of more than one officer.

That the benches on the piazza proved exceedingly conducive to repose for old and young alike.

That our officers are becoming adepts in "hesitation."

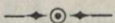
That Lancers are still quite popular, and caused as much merriment for those who looked on as they did for the participants.

BARBARA.



The daily routine of a soldier's life told by a few well-known hymns:—

- a.m.
- 6.30 (Reveille).—"Christians awake."
- 6.45 (Rouse Parade).—"Art thou weary, art thou languid."
- 7.0 (Breakfast).—"Meekly wait and murmur not."
- 7.15 (C.O.'s Parade).—"When he cometh."
- 8.45 (Manœuvres).—"Fight the good fight."
- 11.45 (Swedish drill).—"Here we suffer grief and pain."
- p.m.
- 1.0 (Dinner).—"Come, ye thankful people, come."
- 2.15 (Rifle drill).—"Go, labour on."
- 3.15 (Lecture by Officers).—"Tell me the old, old story."
- 4.30 (Dismiss).—"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."
- 5.0 (Tea).—"What means this eager, anxious throng?"
- 6.0 (Free for the night).—"O Lord, how happy we shall be."
- 6.30 (Out of bounds).—"We do not know, we cannot tell."
- 9.0 (Route march).—"Onward, Christian soldiers."
- 10.0 (Bed).—"All are safely gathered in."
- 10.15 (Lights out).—"Peace, perfect peace."
- 10.30 (Inspection of Guard).—"Sleep on, beloved."
- 11.0 (Night manœuvres).—"The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended."



Our lexicographer is already busy with the etymological conundrums that have come in, but seekers after knowledge in this art should be more explicit in their questions. For instance, what does "Catch 'em" really mean when he asks "What is a fluke?" Does he mean a fish or the kind of stroke that is so popular with Captain What's-his-Name on the billiard table? Although not mentioned in "Webster," personal experience would add that both are maladorious when seen "on the table" too often.

WHAT SOME OFFICERS DO NOT SAY.

Lieut.-Colonel Cameron.—Nunquam animus sed ignis cepit.

Capt. M. M. C.—I do hope somebody don't suggest to the authorities that I be made a major. I hate titles.

Capt. W. J. C.—I hope this war lasts for several years yet. I think it will.

Capt. T. A. C. (to his partner at bridge).—That hand was excellently played, and most judiciously bid.

Capt. J. E. K.—I just adore nurses—couldn't be happy away from them.

Capt. D. V. C.—I have absolute confidence in the correctness of K.R. and O.

Capt. R. A. J.—I wish I didn't have to eat to live—it's a mere waste of time.

Capt. E. F. R.—These English girls make me tired.

Capt. A. E. H.—The transportation system of England, both as regards persons and things, is simply ideal.

Capt. D. A. C.—I abhor Scotch in any form—nationally, spiritually or physically.

Lieut.-Col. G. C.—This theory of Hyperthyroidism is all rot. Who ever heard of such nonsense? It's not on my list.

Capt. W. H. M.—I believe you're right. I must be mistaken.

Capt. S. M. F.—Certainly give the patients every privilege. Don't they deserve it?

Capt. R. A. T.—Is K.R. and O. the name of a railroad or a brand of cigarettes?

Capt. C. R. G.—This war will soon be over; October 1st would be my guess.

Capt. W. H. F.—I believe it is the duty of a Quartermaster to give the fullest information on everything under his jurisdiction.

Lieut. H. S. G.—The nursing sisters make me tired.

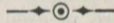
Capt. E. R.—There are several changes necessary here. We should cut out bridge, the dry mess, and the cold pack.

Major N. W.—Staking real money on any game where there is an element of chance is, to my mind, absolutely ridiculous.

Capt. A. B. G.—I'll have a little fish.

Col. D. W. M.—What an exceptionally neat and tidy class of officers in our midst!

Capt. A. G.—I think the walls of our quarters altogether too thick.



THE NIGHT SISTER.

Who is it comes a perfect pest
At 6 a.m. to break my rest,
Disturbing me in my warm nest?
The Night Sister.

Who is it, on a sleepless night,
Brings me warm drinks to put me right,
And smooths my bed with fingers light?
The Night Sister.

Who, 'ere the morning gilds the sky,
Finds if my temperature is high,
Who takes my pulse and says "Oh, my!"
The Night Sister.

Who, when I'm fretful and oppressed,
Speaks soothing words that gives me rest,
Who in God's sight will stand most blest?
The Night Sister.

Who, to remove superfluous dirt,
A basin brings with orders out,
"Sit up and wash! Take off your shirt"?
The Night Sister.

Who pulls my locker to my bed,
And puts thereon both tea and bread,
And says "Wake up, you sleepy-head"?
The Night Sister.

Who goes, when things are all put right,
And leaves me dazzled with delight,
But dreading still the coming night?
The Night Sister.

Who, once again in war's loud blast,
Will sadly gaze into the past,
Who'll think of her until the last?
The Tommy.

THE LAY OF THE CITY 'BUS.

Come daylight, they'd haul me from the yard
(I worked for a Company),
And I'd murmur soft-like, half-asleep:
"It's time to wriggle and jerk and leap
And fling the passengers all of a heap—
Shake up their livers," says I.

We'd start. We'd meet another 'bus
From some queer outlandish place;
And ho! for the pace we'd rattle at,
Ho! for the gent what loses his hat,
And ho! most of all for us knowing that
We didn't oughter race.

But that there 'bus played a low down trick;
He painted hisself khaki.
Instead of racing we come to blows;
I give him one on his ugly nose;
For "I'd sooner be khaki, that I knows,
Than popinjay," says he.

"Popinjay" sticks in my hindmost tyre,
For it sorter puzzles me.
The word kinder seems to make me sad,
And I think it must mean something bad,
What you only get if you haven't had
An eddication like, see?

When I didn't see that 'bus again
I feels quite low in my tank;
I'd jump if my driver touched my gear,
I'd skid when the road was clear as clear;
My conductor's voice'd sound strange and queer,
Shouting "Luggerillabank."

And now a horrible thing occurs:
A female hand on my wheel!
And female conductor—Bust my tank!
Talk about "Ludgate Hill and the Bank."
Of course it's only a bit of a swank,
But it makes my bonnet reel.

That night in the yard I ups and thinks:
"Times is changed, good old sport, for a
bus;
"Old pals is gone where good 'busses go
(The "Front," don't they call it, them as
know?)
"I'll be going myself in half a mo';
"I'm going from bad to wus."

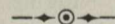
I creeps quite gentle out of the yard—
No shaking of livers now—
I glides along through the silent street,
To watch me go is a blooming treat—
Not a soul or a copper do I meet—
I don't make a bit of a row.

I finds myself on a country road;
It'd do you good to see
How I laughed down to my bottom step
When folks looked up and said "It's a
Zepp."
And then went back to their bedses and
slep',
While I ran on to the sea.

I don't know why they talks such a lot
Of swimming that bit of sea;
I done it, and never made no fuss,
I done it, me, good old city 'bus;
And for why? I'll tell you, I done it—yus!
In the cause of Liberty.

Us two sits purrin' on furrin shores,
We're khaki, outside and in,
Me and my pal what I fought that day
Along of him calling me "Popinjay"—
'Ere! If you looks close, in illusive grey
Our knife-boards proclaim "A Berlin!"

FRANK G. VAUGHAN.
30, Priory-road, West Hampstead, S.W.



Captain Fallis has been wearing "the smile that won't come off" since returning from Falmouth with his wife, whom he met on Saturday, August 19th, on her arrival from New York per S.S. Noordam. Mrs. Fallis has taken apartments in Orpington, and Leslie's "cup of joy" is now complete.

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TO AND FRO.

SOME time ago the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel MacPherson, received instructions from the Ontario Government, through Colonel Pyne, to have placed on a named number of beds in the wards, suitably engraved tablets, indicating that the beds marked had been donated by certain organizations in Ontario. Colonel Pyne stated in his letter that, as sums of money had been received by the Government for this purpose, it was their desire to have this recognition made. The tablets are now all in place, and stand as testimonials to the good work being done by these organizations towards the relief and comfort of Ontario's sons, who are battling for the Empire. No. 1 Plate is inscribed "Donated by Pembroke House Y.W.C.A., Toronto, Ontario." No. 2 Plate reads "Donated by Veterans of Chap. 66. I.O.D.E., Toronto, Ontario." Then there are twenty plates bearing the words "Donated by Independent Order of Odd-fellows, Toronto"; and a plate inscribed thus: "Donated by the Canadian Free Library for the Blind." This last represents a sum of money collected by the Toronto Librarian of the Canadian Free Library for the Blind, from members of the Library throughout the province. This in particular is a real sacrifice, coming as it does from those so sadly afflicted. However, they have given willingly, happy in knowing that they are helping to relieve the sufferings of those who are fighting for them.

Another Chaplain has been taken on the strength of the unit in the person of Major Davidson, who came here from Shorncliffe to share the Church of England work with Capt. Buckland, who has been looking after the C. of E's in conjunction with Capt. Vipond. As the great majority of patients here are Anglicans, two Chaplains are required for them. So Major Davidson has been sent to fill the vacancy caused by Capt. Vipond's transfer to Buxton. The "Stretcher" extends a hearty welcome to Major Davidson, and wishes him every success in his work here.

A Board of Officers, consisting of Colonel Bridges, Captain Carson, Captain Davey and Captain Monks has been working at the Hospital during the latter part of the month in connection with the taking over of this institution by the War Department. Up to this time the Hospital was still directed by the Ontario Government. With the completion of the new dining hall, orderlies' quarters, and isolation building, everything is complete; and on the termination of the Board's work here, Ontario's magnificent gift to the Mother Country passes formally under the control of the Militia Department.

"As others see us" was well exemplified the other evening when we witnessed, for the first time, the "Movies" of scenes in and about the Hospital. They were taken a few weeks ago, at the instigation of the War Department and the Ontario Government; in the first instance, we understand, for historical purposes, and secondly to be sent to Canada that the people there may get some inkling of the work that is being done by the Canadian Medical Corps. Of course they will be of especial interest to our friends in Ontario, picturing as they do Ontario doctors and nurses at work in Ontario's Hospital overseas. We have the camera man's word

for it, that technically the pictures are a success; and in our inexperienced eyes at least, they are excellent, showing as they do every phase of the Hospital work, and the different members of the staff pursuing their various duties.

We sat and watched ourselves at work and at rest; in the wards and about the grounds; in the operating room and at the dinner table, and by the time the reel had been run through a goodly number of us had come to the conclusion that we had no desire to take up moving-picture acting as a profession. Yet we have not a doubt that Mary Pickford would gnash her teeth with envy, or that the fame of Maurice Costello or William Anderson would pale into oblivion should some of our Nursing Sisters or Medical Officers ever decide to forsake the Service for the Screen.

Every inch of the film was greatly enjoyed by us all, and a great deal of amusement was caused by various individual characteristics being so plainly evidenced. It is to be hoped, however, that the people of Ontario will not conclude that there is such a marked uneven distribution of labour among the staff as the camera would lead one to believe; for while some have been caught at almost every turn, there are others whose main feats are performed at the dinner table—victims of circumstance, no doubt, or, of what is much more human—good appetites.

We have seen ourselves "as others see us," and whether we were pleased with ourselves—be it through modesty or otherwise, we will not say—we will leave it to the people of Canada, and Ontario especially, to pass judgment. We know they will be delighted to see familiar faces, faces of those near and dear to them, even if only on the screen; and they cannot fail to be deeply interested in the well-constructed and equipped Hospital which has been erected, through their patriotism, on this side of the water.

The "Work-bug," which we have alluded to previously as being the sole property of Captain Fox, has been working overtime of late; as evidence of which we have had the Dance, enjoyed so much by us all. The germ of the idea, we understand, originated in Captain Fox's fertile brain, and, despite his other labours, with the very capable assistance of Nursing Sister McAdams and Captain Gooderham, he gave us a social evening which was voted a success by all.

The report that "Zepps were about" cheated us out of about the last hour of the dance, and forcibly recalled to our minds more serious thoughts. Yet, as the lights were hurriedly switched off, amid lamentations from the dancers, the couples quickly left the hall, to stroll homeward in the shadows; and here the thought struck us: "Ill blows the wind that profits nobody."

The "Stretcher" extends its heartiest congratulations to Captain H. S. Gooderham and Captain K. Lucas upon their appointment as Honorary Captains and Quartermasters. Though young in years, they are growing old in experience in the service, and are both very efficient and capable officers.

To our good friends in Orpington and various other places we are deeply indebted for their hospitality, and for providing so many delightful concerts and entertainments for the patients and staff. Life, no doubt, would become quite dreary were it not for these breaks in the monotony of the daily routine of hospital life. And there has not been a week that someone has not brought to us a party of talented artistes to furnish an evening's entertainment. It goes without saying that they are enjoyed and appreciated by all. Could the parties responsible be in the wards, and mingle with the patients, after one of these evenings, they would, we feel sure, feel amply repaid for their efforts. Jokes repeated, snatches of song whistled, imitations of the performers attempted, plus the general improvement in the spirits of all, indicate that the artistes have been successful in accomplishing their object of making the boys forget their troubles—for a time at least: of taking them out of themselves, as it were, and placing them in surroundings familiar and dear to them; of awakening in their minds pleasant memories and recollections of the past, and bright hopes for the future. This spirit is transmitted to their less fortunate brothers who are unable to leave their beds, and thus the whole atmosphere of the place is improved. The boys have been cheered in soul though sore in body.

Surely this is a form of benevolence, at once gratifying to those who are performing it; and we who are doing our best to heal the flesh can only say to those who are looking after the spirit of the troops that their work is being excellently done, and is greatly appreciated.

The "Stretcher" is evidently growing in popularity on both sides of the Atlantic. One of our Toronto contemporaries has the kindness to devote almost a quarter column to singing the praises of our paper and our institution. The latter, we hope, deserves all the good things said about it, and we are justly proud of Ontario's Hospital in England; we hope, moreover, that our friendly critics will not be offended if we rather object to being called "a curiosity." We are aware that our paper, like the human body, is "fearfully and wonderfully" made; but to describe it as "a curiosity" is going a bit strong, we think. However, we wish to thank them for their kindness in receiving us into the Realm of Journalism as a paper at all; and we hope our future endeavours will be an improvement, if possible, on the past.

Now that the "Stretcher" is fostered by a medical man, after being orphaned by the loss of its founder, Captain the Rev. F. Vipond, it is to be hoped that the scribes of the unit will not forget the characteristic laxness in collecting of the profession, and contribute generously any material suitable for publication. The object of the "Stretcher" is to chronicle, in a fashion at least, some of the more important events of our life in the Hospital; events which, though trivial to us now, may in years to come, should we recall them, be significant of much.

So far in its short life the "Stretcher" has been a success. We wish this success to continue, and this can only be made possible by the hearty support and co-operation of

every member of the unit. So we would ask that

If you hear a funny joke,
Let us know.
Or some news about a bloke,
Let us know.
If you want another job,
Or your change is short a bob,
Or your story lacks a "sob,"
Let us know.
Don't forget we want your bit,
Let us know.
How the show looks where you sit,
Let us know.
'Bout the other fellow's grit,
How the Huns are bound to quit,
And how your Blighty clothes will fit,
Let us know.

SENTRY.

FAMOUS SAYINGS BY GREAT MEN.

"I haven't much to say to you to-day, gentlemen, except—"
"Ha! ha! ha!" "D'yu see." "You unerstan."
"Let us look in the dictionary." "It comes from the Latin root—"
"Never mind, gentlemen." "It's all right, gentlemen." "Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!"
"Wow!"
"Absolutely."
"Hand me the small pair of scissors, thank you."
"Speaking from a purely anatomical standpoint."
"When I was in France."
"Gearl." "According to K.R. and O."
"— (chorus): "Another little drink won't do us any harm."
"Obligations." "Moral awakening." "The hand of God." "Temperance."
"Gee-whiz."
"A little Pep."
"How much will it cost?"
"North Bay."
"That clock is ten minutes' fast."
"The day's hostilities cease. I'm going to get deaf, dumb and blind drunk;
Won't that be all right, Harley?"

OFFICERS' MESS ROOM CHATTER.

On Saturday, August 19th, several officers and Nursing Sisters had the good fortune to visit Penshurst Place, the estate of Lord and Lady De Lisle and Dudley. We took the train to Sevenoaks, and motored from there to Penshurst through beautiful southern Kent. Penshurst Place is situated on high ground, and from it a very beautiful view can be had of the surrounding country.

We were met by Lord and Lady De Lisle and Dudley and their daughter. They showed us over the castle, and explained to us the different points of interest. The original castle was built about the year 1300, and has been in use ever since. The Earl of Leicester, who was a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth, rebuilt a great deal of the castle, and added to it.

The first room we visited was the old Baron's Banquet Room. It is an immense big place, with a huge fireplace in the centre of the room, and a spit large enough to hold a whole ox. Down each side of the room run the old tables and benches. At one end is built the minstrels' gallery.

Passing up a winding stone stairway one finds oneself in the ball-room. Here Queen Elizabeth danced with the first Earl of Leicester. The paintings of the different members of the family are superb, and the furnishings, especially the rugs, are magnificent. Much of the furniture is Italian, being brought over by one of the owners in the 17th century. The stone fireplace, plain pillars, and oak panelling are typically old English.

As we passed from one room to another we were struck by the magnificent paintings, and in the tapestry room the walls were covered by this beautiful material, which dates back to about 1780.

We had tea on the lawn, overlooking the Italian garden, which was very pretty indeed. Afterwards we visited the garden, the old church and chapel, which was built the same time as the original castle. Some of us took a walk through Penshurst village, which is very quaint and old-fashioned.

Then we were permitted to see the main part of the castle, and have explained to us the armour and fire-arms of the different ages represented.

Altogether we had a most interesting and very enjoyable afternoon: one that shall long linger in the minds of those who were there. We all felt very grateful indeed to Lord and Lady De Lisle and Dudley for their kindness and hospitality.

SPORTS.

CRICKET.

Several cricket matches have been played lately.

On August 19th the D.M.S. Staff visited the Hospital and won by 78 to 19. For the winners, Wells was highest scorer with 20 runs. Major Wilson scored 7 for O.M.H.

The 2/7 Cyclist Devon Regiment team played O.M.H. on August 24th. Captain Carroll for the Devons gave a beautiful exhibition of batting, scoring 101 runs not out. The visitors declared at 137; and O.M.H. scored 55 runs in their innings. Sergt. Bradfield (20) and Sergt. Gammon (13 not out) were highest scorers.

On August 26th the Orpington C.C. visited the O.M.H. The Club scored 21 in their innings, and O.M.H. scored 45. Sergt. Jones played careful cricket for 17 runs.

BASEBALL.

The Ontario Military Hospital Baseball Team visited Reading on August 26th to play the return game with Bearwood Canadian Convalescent Hospital. Before the game there was a parade of the two teams and supporters.

The game until the fifth innings was very close, 1-1, when the home team, getting several lucky breaks, scored 5 runs. The final score was 11-3 in favour of Bearwood.

CROQUET.

Golf croquet has been very popular lately. 'Tis said some officers do without dinner in order to get to the lawn first. It is perhaps just a question whether the game is so popular itself, or do blue uniforms, which also visit the lawn, have some attraction?

WELLANDGOOD.

SOLDIERS' COMMANDMENTS.

- 1.—The colonel is the only boss; thou shalt have no other colonel but him.
- 2.—But thou shalt make unto thyself many graven images of officers who fly in the heavens above, of staff officers who own the earth beneath, and of submarine officers who are in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt stand up and salute them, for the C.O. thy boss will visit with field punishment unto the first and second degrees all those that salute not, and shower stripes on those that salute and obey his commandments.
- 3.—Thou shalt not take the name of the adjutant in vain, for the C.O. will not hold him guiltless who taketh the adjutant's name in vain.
- 4.—Remember thou shalt not rest on the Sabbath Day. Six days shalt thou labour, and the seventh day is the day of the C.R.E., on it thou shalt do all manner of work, thou and thy officers, thy non-commissioned officers, thy sanitary men, and the Kitchener's Army who are within thy gates and thy trenches (for instruction).
- 5.—Honour the army staff that thy days may be long in the Corps Reserve, where one day they may send thee.
- 6.—Thou shalt kill only Huns, slugs, lice, rats, and other vermin which frequent dug-outs.
- 7.—Thou shalt not adulterate thy section's rum ration.
- 8.—Thou shalt not steal or at any rate be found out.
- 9.—Thou shalt not bear false witness in the orderly room.
- 10.—Thou shalt not covet the A.S.C.'s pay, nor his motors, nor his tents, nor his billets, nor his horses, nor his asses, not any other cushy thing that is his.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW:

Why Captain Clarke persists in saying the war will be over this fall?
The boundaries of "the three-mile limit."
What makes Captain Lucas blush?
If Captain Crawford would not make a good Francis X. Bushman?
Why Sisters Downey and Green are so stingy with their new Victrola?
The name of the party who sent one of our M.O.'s a consignment of pyjamas, and evidently overlooked the fact that it requires two pieces to make a suit.
Which of the Night Sisters is partial to pink; and if there are not others (not Sisters) who are more partial to Green?
Where the N.C.O.'s get all their information.
The name of the Nursing Sister that indented for barbed wire to keep the cats off the dining-room table at night.

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AT THE SERGEANTS' MESS.

Why does Staff-Sergeant Gray go to Catford so frequently?

○ ○ ○

How is it that Staff-Sergeant Sartin does not spend as much time in the Mess as he used to, and why does he need a bicycle to go home at night?

○ ○ ○

How many of the Nursing Sisters have fallen in love with "Skip"?

○ ○ ○

We regret to know that Sergeant-Major Dooley and Sergeant Matthews are laid up and in durance vile, as it were, in hospital.

○ ○ ○

The monthly dinner of the London Hospitals Sergeants' Mess was postponed this month owing to the inability of many of the members to be present. Looks like the Sergeants do a little work once in a while.

○ ○ ○

A Billiard Tournament of the Sergeants' Mess of this unit has just been completed. Result: Winner, Staff-Sergt. Jeffery. Lucky old Jeff. He can fluke better than Doraty. Hence the "win."

○ ○ ○

Staff-Sergt. Davis has left us for fields anew, and the R.S.M. is bemoaning his fate as he has no one to converse with in the Welsh language. As Lloyd George used to say: "Eistegduibfoshrms."

○ ○ ○

We will present a fresh egg to anyone who can translate the honourable gentleman's pet phrase.

○ ○ ○

Our congratulations to Lieut. W. G. Buswell and Captain D. M. Murphy upon their elevation to the dignified position of Quartermasters. They were two of the most popular Warrant Officers in the Medical Services, and their promotion is well deserved. Lieut. Buswell, by the way, has only recently received the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

The Sergeants' Mess of the Ontario Military Hospital held a commemorative dinner in their Mess Rooms on the evening of August 4th, this date being the second anniversary of the declaration of war.

Lieut.-Colonel D. W. MacPherson, Lieut.-Colonel Elmsley, Captain Fisher, Captain Ryan, Captain Parr, Captain Greenwood and Captain Crawford were the guests of honour.

Sergt.-Major Campbell (W.O.) presided as toastmaster, and the toasts—"Canada," "Ontario," "The Canadian Army Medical Corps," "The Allies," and "Our Fallen

Comrades"—were ably proposed by Sergt. Lough, Quartermaster-Sergt. Robertson, Sergt.-Major Dooley, Staff-Sergt. Sartin and Captain Crawford.

The toasts were responded to in a like manner by Colonel MacPherson, Colonel Elmsley, Captain Fisher, Captain Ryan and Captain Fox.

The dinner itself, to use the phrase coined by our brethren hailing from the Western shores of Canada, was "Jake, with the levers up."

There was fish and more fish, and chicken dressed and undressed, and a very meagre portion of red ink misnamed "port wine," in which we drank the King's health, and altogether it was the unanimous opinion of all present that the feed was well worth "saxpence," but some of the members refused to contribute more than a shilling.

As the proceedings drew to a close Captain Parr, in a fitful burst of oratory, proposed a toast to the Sergeant-Major and Sergeants, and a very happy evening concluded by the singing of the National Anthem and the mournful notes of "Last Post."

BACKBONE.

CORPORALS' MESS.

Sunday, August 20th, was "THE" eventful day in the life of Corporal M. A. C. Powell, and while we congratulate him heartily on the bold step he has thus taken in venturing on the rolling sea of matrimony, we beg permission to resurrect an old pun and remind him that married life is not longer than bachelor life, but only seems so. George Robey in the "Bing Boys" declares that marriage is a punishment for telling lies. Evidently the Alhambra star must be mistaken, for we have been assured that it was love at sight with our esteemed chief. A trio from the Mess attended the function and assert the groom looked perfectly charming in a suit of khaki with hat to match. Travelling costume, ditto. Sandwiched in between our expressions of felicity for marital bliss, we beg occasion to remark that we trust all Cornl. Powell's troubles will be "little ones."

○ ○ ○

Speaking of this wedding leads us to inquire into the identity of the Corporal who was "flim-Fleming" the girls that he was a married man.

○ ○ ○

The Mess regrets the departure of L. J. Rimmer. Corpl. Rimmer was a good soldier, and his qualities admired by all who knew him. Word from him at Caesar's Camp, Shorncliffe, speaks of improvement in health and progress in his work.

○ ○ ○

We welcome to our midst Corporal S. Deans, who recently transferred here from a Field Ambulance Unit in France. Corpl. Deans has been wounded, and for distin-

guished service in the field has been awarded the Military Medal.

○ ○ ○

Who is the Corporal that resents the criticisms directed at the flappers in a London illustrated paper, and why does he "flap" around Lewisham so often of late?

○ ○ ○

"Sanitation" Turner says he has inaugurated a new sport, i.e., "Showerbathing flies."

○ ○ ○

Taking stock is Corpl. Reeves' favourite pastime, especially in the hot weather. Figuratively speaking, he is a live wire on the job. Did anybody get a shock?

○ ○ ○

Did one Corporal fondly enjoy the embrace of a barmaid recently? Are the Maxwell Arms to be declared out of bounds as a result? The thought of such an event occurring leaves a nasty brown taste in one's mouth.

AT THE MEN'S MESS.

It is said "Lizzie," of the main kitchen staff, is getting on fine with his new flapper, and no doubt he will make a very domesticated husband.

○ ○ ○

Of course we all congratulate our N.C.O. who entered into the holy bonds of matrimony, and also Mrs. —, and we extend the good wishes of all the N.C.O.'s and men of O.M.H.

○ ○ ○

Why is it that Mary, of the M.T., always goes after the same car? Is it because it is a Fish-er?

○ ○ ○

Who was the motor-cyclist who tried to knock a hole in a brick wall? Did he Foul-er?

○ ○ ○

Boys, have you noticed the plums are in season; you can have all you want for supper (?).

○ ○ ○

Don't you think it was very impolite of a certain lady of Orpington to say "Here comes Mutt. and Jeff." when it was two of our officers returning from the golf links?

○ ○ ○

One of the very prominent citizens of Chislehurst village is likely to lose one of his daughters in the near future.

○ ○ ○

The Orpington dressmakers, we hear, are out on strike for a rise in wages. Will the rise be proportionate to the recent rise in skirts?

○ ○ ○

The coquette laughs and sorrows not,
As she her conquests doth recall;
'Tis better to have loved a lot
Than never to have loved at all.

○ ○ ○

A good resolution for us all:—
Go to our knees at the hour of seven,
Let's think of our friends on earth and in
heaven,
Ask help for our wives and sweethearts and
mothers,
And pray to God for our fallen brothers.

○ ○ ○

Don't you think the auctioneer at the sports last month was on the Hog?

PIP.

REWARD.

LOST.—Somewhere at the Ontario Military Hospital during the week ending July 1st, one open-work dressing gown, lined with pink satin, and with collar and cuffs to match. Crepe de chine insertion in neck and bosom, tied with purple baby-ribbon about the throat, with a girdle of fine manilla rope secured over the hips, with silver-plated fence wire. Each dome fastener is held in place with a mauve, gold-tinted ribbon attached to the gown. A reward of 6d. will be paid to anyone returning said article, and no questions asked. Anyone harbouring this gown after July 20th will be prosecuted under the Defence of the Realm Act. For further particulars apply to the Night Supervisor, or one of the M.O.'s.

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**ANSWERS
TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

D. L. K.—No, the Quartermaster is not supposed to supply you with black currant jam on request. Such luxuries are only for the Sergeants.

C. R. G.—Yes, certainly. All promotions in the Canadian Militia are made on merit; personal or political influence has absolutely no weight.

H. S. G.—We have heard insect powders will kill fleas on cats. A much better plan, and one we would strongly recommend, is to soak the animal in gasoline and place it close to a flame. This method has never been known to fail.

N. S. G-n.—No, we know of no better or more practical method of detecting the odour of alcohol on the breath. However, we freely confess we are not expert in such matters, and would suggest you consult some married woman.

N. S. B-n.—We are unable to estimate the value of your splendid advice in £, s. and d. However, the knowledge that you have rendered a fellow-being such a service should be reward sufficient in itself.

N. S. M-h.—As far as we know, there is no regulation in K.R. and O. to prevent you from using the O.R. as a place to practice roller skating. We feel quite certain the floor is substantial, but might suggest pillars.

Several Nursing Sisters.—No, "on command" does not mean that the officers in question have been sent abroad in "command" of a Division; nor does it mean they may be recalled "on command" of any particular individual. It is a matter distinctly with the A.D.M.S. office.

R. A. T.—Personally we would call it a draw under the circumstances. Of course, if the Marquis of Queensberry rules were not enforced, as you say, you might claim the title on a foul.

Several Night Nursing Sisters.—No, as far as we know the R.S.M. is not on the consultant staff of the Hospital.

Night Orderly.—We understand Night Supervisors are appointed by Royal Warrant, and cannot be dismissed without the consent of the British Cabinet, General Sam. Hughes, and the Hague Convention.

An Admirer.—The climate may have some effect in the change of colour, but not knowing the previous hue cannot say whether a hair-dye would be of any benefit.

Music Lover.—No, we know of no song entitled "The Braes of Yarrow." The M.O., Nursing Sisters, or patients in the vicinity of the ward might supply the information.

Eighteen Australian Patients.—(1) No, two pair does not beat three of a kind. (2) Certainly you have the right to cut the cards, even if he is a Canadian. (3) No, the Hospital does not furnish chips; apply to any N.C.O. (4) No, dealing from the bottom is not considered good form. (5) No, it is not the custom to pay partners.

The Twins.—Very sorry we cannot give you any information on the subject. This is a strictly family journal, edited by an officer with a keen sense of right and wrong; consequently such topics are absolutely forbidden. P.S.—We will be glad to advise you privately.

R. J. W.—No, as far as we know the Hon. T. W. McGarry is not the supreme head of the Militia in Canada. You must have taken the officer up wrong. Kindly inform us where you received your information, and we might advise you.

T. A. C.—We feel quite certain this is not a training school for padres. They are merely relieving M.O.'s "on command."

Military Police.—No, there are no wild animals in the Officers' Mess; the noise you refer to might have been caused by Captain Jamison singing, Captain Shenstone taking a bath, Major McKay shaving, Captain Clarke using a new brand of hair restorer, Captain Kennedy arguing, Captain Crawford peacefully sleeping, or Colonel Chambers after a brilliant run of five at billiards.

One of the Sisters.—(1) Yes; Capt. Hilker hails from Hamilton. (2) We are quite ignorant of the name of the church he attends. (3) We scarcely think his spiritual adviser could force an apology.

The Padres.—(1) We know of no reason why you are now sleeping in the officers' quarters. (2) No, we heard of no complaint.

Several M.O.'s.—We understand being relieved of the duties of Orderly Officer is a reward for gallantry under fire: somewhat similar to the Victoria Cross.

TO THE NURSING SISTERS.

AN APPEAL:

WHEN the Editor asked me to write something for this issue from a Chaplain's point of view, I am quite sure he never intended that I should write what I am going to write. Instead of news notes, I am making an appeal, and in a quarter in which we are accustomed to find a gracious response. As a staff we are out to heal. Those wonderful patients of whom we are so proud, and who help us so often as we try to help them, are at the parting of the ways. At least one chapter of their lives, as soldiers and as men, lies behind them. Nobody tells all that he has seen: nobody tells more than a fraction of what he has felt. Even the man who is returning to duty will find himself in new surroundings and with new responsibilities. Going back to civil life, whatever the disability for service, has its own cares and temptations and tasks. Can we be right, any of us, if the healing of the Hospital be confined to the mending of bodies only? All that is worthy that has been accomplished by the best of us has been accomplished as the result of some victory of the soul. And soul-victories mean God. May we not seek Him better during this 'tween-times of Hospital life? There were resolutions made in hours of danger and pain which it will take high manhood to carry into effect: it is so much easier to vow than to pay. Opportunities enough are ours at Orpington. Why should we not be using more freely the Sunday services, and especially the family worship each week-day morning at 8.30 in the Recreation Room? The fact that half, and more than half, of us have duties that prevent our attendance should only make the rest of us keener. War has taught us to pray for others as well as ourselves, for comrades, and those at home, and those who are trying to help us. And it is just in this connection that I want to make my appeal to the Sisters. Without a word of slight upon the work of M.O.'s, it must be plain to everybody that the ward is the woman's realm. I am going to ask the Sisters to charge themselves with yet another task on the patients' behalf. I want them, fairly and frankly, as counsellors who are listened to because they are loved, to give the invitation to every patient, and quite

often, "Pray brothers, pray." The Sisters can't get to morning prayer, and even Sunday opportunities are on no very liberal scale for them. But what they are doing, and His blessing that is resting upon it, entitle them to say with all their heart, "Pray, boy, for yourself and me also."

PASTOR IGNOTUS.

CAPT. RYAN GOES TO CANADA.

IT was indeed with a feeling of deepest regret that, on Thursday, August 24th, we said good-bye to Captain Edw. Ryan, who left for Liverpool, en route for his home in Kingston, Ontario. Early in the week Capt. Ryan received word by cable that his wife and youngest son were both quite ill. The news came as a great shock to him, for he intended bringing his family over here this fall. However, on receipt of the cable he decided to go to them, if possible, in their time of trouble. He obtained two months' leave of absence, and sailed on the Northland, Saturday, August 26th.

He will be greatly missed by everyone in the unit for his geniality, for the keen interest he took in all that pertained to the welfare and development of the Hospital, and for his marked executive ability. He has charge of the Psychopathic Section, which he has developed to such a high grade of efficiency. He had just completed his term as Secretary-Treasurer of the Mess, which he had held since its inauguration. He was also manager of the Baseball Team, and took a keen interest in its development.

It is the earnest hope of everyone in the unit that Captain Ryan's wife and son may both speedily regain perfect health; and that ere the two months are up he will return to us, to carry on with his usual vigour the work he was so capably performing.

FOR the second time within a very few weeks the Medical Staff has been depleted. This time by the transfer of Captains Parr and Richardson to Shorncliffe, where they will do Board Work. It is understood that their transfer is but temporary; and we hope to have them back with us soon.

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BETWEEN THE WHIFFS.

Puffs from the Pipe of PATIENT PEDAGOGUE.
(Ward 20: One hour after meals).

G. B. Shaw and the present writer are engaged in a popularity competition. He says when he is seventy-five and can talk nothing but rubbish, he will be as popular as a great Statesman. Years are on his side, rubbish on ours.

○ ○ ○

And talking about talking rubbish, the question arises, who is the world's champion jaw-slinger? Samson held the record for some time; but his achievement with the ass' jaw-bone pales into insignificance beside the long-distance records of the Australian Morison or Grabwell of Lancashire. These in their turn are eclipsed by Tom and Jerry, the extremely youthful twins.

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Have you ever noticed how many great men have borne the name of Charles? Charlemagne, Charles the Bold, Charles Stuart, Charles Peace, Charles Garvice, Charlie Chaplin, and last but not least, Charlie 'Elly 'Ot.

○ ○ ○

Nature continues to produce her marvels at an astounding rate. The latest discovery is a wonderful song-bird known as the Wittel-Warbler. This curiosity has migrated to a sunnier clime, and is now classed as a "frequent visitor." The Warbler must not be confounded with the Laughing Jackass.

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If you were asked to name the world's greatest Scout, you would probably plump for Baden-Powell. In so doing you would show, in the words of Doctor Johnson, that your education had been sadly neglected. The smartest and most devoted scout is now attached to the staff of General M—, and he hails from France-in-Canada.

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Mr. Asquith's famous phrase, "Wait and see," has had a good run: but its prestige is threatened by another great man's efforts. Among others allow us to quote "Have a heart, "Carry on with the guid werck," and "Furr-git it, mon!"

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By the way, why will this great man assume such unconventional garb when paying his calls? He lately appeared in public arrayed in his native modesty and a bizarre striped dressing-gown. And is it necessary that he should be so closely followed by his ward-ers?

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Some people have strange fancies with regard to bed. We know one man who has gone to bed with a folding-chair to keep him warm: and another who would "sooner sleep on thistles," or holly as a substitute. Yet another, a Canadian of the canniest description, has a horror of being found dead in this country. We appreciate his respect for the Motherland.

○ ○ ○

There is, we are informed, no truth in the rumour that a certain estate in Kent is to be re-christened "Out-of-Boundary Park." Good 'eavens, no!

—○—

**THE FIRST BOOK OF THE
CHRONICLES**

Of the 2nd Canadian Field Ambulance.

AS IT IS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM, SON OF HISDAD,
SURNAMED THE FOX, AND A CAPTAIN AND A
MASTER IN THE GREAT ARMY.

CHAPTER V.

1. On the 15th day of the month we did leave the ship, and at the eleventh hour the tribe, the horses and chariots were on the train.

2. And for three nights and three days we did travel through this foreign land of France.

3. The men of the tribe were herded together to the number of forty in each wagon, that in times of peace were used for sown and other beasts of the fields.

4. And great was the discomfort thereof; but they murmured not, for they were true soldiers, and knew the paths of pain were theirs, and they would go forth with healing and with hope.

5. And it came to pass on the 18th day of the month we did arrive at a place called Strazelle, which was a village not far from the City of Hazebrooke.

6. The night was dark and the rain did fall in abundance, and the horses after their long journey could not draw the chariots with their heavy loads.

7. And many were left on the roadside and some in the ditch. The drivers knew not the road and the sharp turns thereof, and great was the fall; and the tempers of all were sorely tried.

8. The night was far spent when we arrived at the billet assigned to us, it being a farm-house of many years' standing. The men did huddle together in the straw in the barns, and did sleep soundly, which the noise of the guns in the distance did not disturb.

9. The officers to the number of eleven did go into the house and did make up their beds on the floor, which was of stone, and as did Jacob of old, who used a stone as a pillow and did dream dreams.

10. On the morrow we did arise early and did go into the school-house in the village and did make it into a hospital, and did minister to the sick.

11. On the 20th day of the month the great General and Commander-in-Chief, whose surname was French, did inspect us and our hospital.

12. And did say unto our commander "On the morrow you will send your section leaders each with four men and one ambulance to a place called Armentieres, that they may learn the ways of the tribe of the Red Cross in battle."

13. And the commander of the tribe did call unto him the Section 1 leaders, whose surnames were Bently, Hardy and Snell, and did give unto them the message he had received, and they did go to the place appointed.

14. And the remainder of the tribe did tarry in the village and did care for those that were sick.

15. And on the twenty-first day of the month the General sent a message unto the Commander saying "Send me three more of your officers that they may also gain knowledge."

16. And the Commander called unto him one Brown, Burgess and McKillup, and said "Get ye your horses and go to your brethren," and they straightway did as they were told.

17. And it came to pass that we did tarry in this village for thirteen days, and when those who had been sent away returned we did journey to a place called Bac. St. Maur.

18. Here we did again make a Hospital in a school-house, and did send a portion of the men and officers to a place called Fleurbaix, in order that they might be close to the trenches to minister to the wounded.

19. For we were now on the fields of battle, and by night and by day the noise of the guns did not cease, and in the night time the heavens were alight with the star shells sent up from the trenches.

20. For twenty-six days we did dwell in Bac. St. Maur; and on the twenty-seventh day of the month we did journey to a place called Neuf. Ber. quin, and did again prepare a hospital.

21. For ten days did we tarry here, and on the sixth day of the month did again journey to a place called Steenvorde, and did make again a hospital in a school house.

22. And it came to pass that on the eleventh day of the fourth month we were all gathered together in a field, it being the Sabbath Day, and the General of the army with which we were to fight in the trenches did speak unto us, saying:

23. "Comrades from across the seas, I am greatly pleased to have the honour of having such gallant troops under my command. On the morrow you will journey to a place called Ypres, in Belgium.

24. Here you will come close to the enemy, who is very truculent, and you must always be on your guard by night and day." Thus spake General Smith-Dorrien.

25. And on the day appointed we did journey to Ypres, and did make our hospital in a large chateau in the city, and did make great preparations for the care of the wounded.

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