

HAMILTON-MILLS WEEKLY

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WONDERFUL!! DAY OF MIRACLES NOT YET PAST - DOCTORS AMAZED - ASTONISHING!!

Confronted with a surgical operation almost unique in the annals of Military Hospitals, Acting Colonel Butler with his characteristic ingenuity performed it and thereby opened up an entirely new field in this line of work.

MOST WONDERFUL

The case was one of practically complete disability and doctors were at a loss as to what to do to help the man get back into civilian life as a self supporting and producing member of society.

UNBELIEVABLE

But Colonel Butler was equal to the occasion. He procured a well developed monkey from the Riverdale Zoo, removed the large jaw muscles and grafted them on to the jaws of the patient. The operation was successful and the MAN has already had several offers from large Walnut factories to accept a position as CHIEF

NUT CRACKER

OUR HERO

Colonel Butler with the modesty of all great men gave most of the praise to the surgeons who assisted him and it was with great difficulty he was persuaded to pose for his photograph.

POOR FRENCHY

High diddle-diddle
The Frog and his fiddle
Would make a dog howl at the moon

The patients all threaten
To have him in court
If he doesn't lay off it soon

WEATHER - TOO COMFORT-
DED COLD FOR CONFORT
- WORSE TOMORROW -



THE ORDERLY OFFICER'S LUCK!!

A particular nice O.O. always deserves a nice supper. If you don't believe us ask Miss Barden.

Being actuated by a desire to please one of the aforesaid officers and believing in the old saw "Feed the brute," Miss Barden decided to make him an "omelette de luxe," you know the kind, about two inches thick, light, fluffy and chiefly air. You take a big bite and think you have a mouthful but it collapses like an exploded soap bubble.

But to get on with the job itself. She broke the eggs in one dish, separated the yolks and whites into two others, beat them thoroughly and mixed them in another dish and then poured them into the frying pan. We won't dwell on the result, Miss Barden's culinary skill being only too well known.

But along about midnight the night orderly called her
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FLEECED of SAVINGS

IS IT BILLIARD ROOM BILL?



Complaints received by the Deputy Chief of Military Police, D.O.H. state that a long lean individual with a black moustache and curly hair has been accosting visitors and patients, telling a hard luck story about street car fare and asking for the "loan" of two, three and even four cents

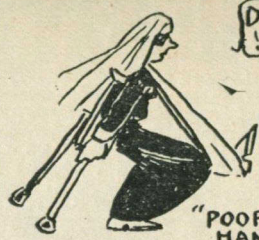
AWFUL

Last week he wangled two cents out of Mr Blackburn, a poor, unsuspecting Salvation Army Chaplain, and later was found in that notorious gambling den, the Conteen, matching the coppers with two Staff Sergeants.

The Hospital Police have offered a reward of 8 cents and a "buckshee" ticket to the Gaiety, for information leading to the capture and conviction of this man

Do you know him?

The soldier has a sorry life,
He works in rain or sleet,
His uniform is full of holes,
His boots are full of feet.



HECK!

"POOR MISS HAMMELL"

into the kitchen where he stood sorrowfully regarding the pile of dirty dishes in the sink.

He picked up one, held it aloft and said in an accusing voice "You do dis!" "Yes Revis!" answered our doughty sister. He picked up another with the same words "You do dis!" Again she answered "Yes" He repeated the performance with the same question until his arms were full of eggy dishes, then with a look of utter contempt he dropped them all in a heap: "One omelette - six dirty dish, for me to wash - Huh!! you some cook. Good night!"

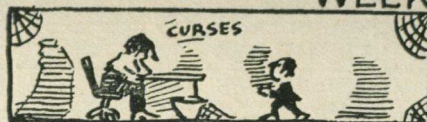
Our Sister is so very nice,
Our V.A.D's a Jewel,
Our M.O. cannot be improved,
Our orderly's a (-----?).

[I DON'T KNOW I'VE BEEN HERE ALL MORNING AND HAVEN'T FOUND ANYONE YET !



WHERE COULD I FIND MR. LUMBY?

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO US IF WE GET CAUGHT IN A SNOW STORM!!



CURSES

EDITORIAL

Watching the world through a mirror has its funny sides. The other day a perfectly darling young thing, of about seventeen summers (and winters), came dancing brightly along the roof. She stopped in maidenly embarrassment when she saw herself being solemnly regarded through half a dozen mirrors.

With downcast eyes she announced to no one in particular "O-o-o-oh! He sees me in his mirror." Then taking her courage in both hands she sidled cooly up alongside one bed and asked in dulcet tone "And can you see everything like that?" He answered a rather dubious "Yes."

A moments silence, then in another burst of confidence she said "I can see your face in the mirror but it is upside down." He explained the laws of reflection and added that he saw everything upside down. She waited a minute then came the frightened, whispered question "Can you see me upside down?"

His affirmative was followed by her precipitate departure her cheeks flaming and one hand frantically clutching her skirt. She allowed the poor man no time to explain that it was only an optical illusion and we have not seen her since.

Moral—Profit by the mistakes of others

The orderly has a lazy time,
His work is never done,
The Sister has to chase him
round,
She does not have much fun.

Society

WHO'S WHO & WHY

The wedding took place at high noon of Miss Olive Fifty of N. B. and Mr. Edward Chaisson (known to all as Frenchy) at the home of the groom Christie St. Toronto.

The bride, who was attended by Minnie De Sasters, was gowned in a beautiful creation of Georgina silk and carried a bouquet of rolling pins while the groom in a gorgeous suit of tan was supported by Mr. Fracture Board.

The happy couple are spending their honeymoon quietly at home.

The groom leaves a host of sad young lady freinds to mourn his loss



CRUELTY

"TO ANIMALS"

The other day I saw a slight determined-faced man coming down the street in evident difficulty. Attached to each hand was a clawing, kicking, squealing and just as determined youngster of about eleven years of age.

It was plain that the youngsters were trying to get away and it was just as plain that their captor was not going to let them.

But he was having a rough time of it. The kids were flying around like a couple of chickens with their heads cut off, and one finally worked around in front of the grim perspiring man, where he landed a beautiful kick on his shin.

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LUMBY'S SURE SINUS HEALER MARVELOUS DISCOVERY!!

Mr. George Lumby, formerly of Guelph but now resident in Toronto has applied for patent rights for a new process, which he claims, will revolutionize post-war surgery.

Some of our greatest surgeons have been battling for



years, trying to discover some cure for wounds which will not heal. In some cases they were successful but in others they were not.

Mr. Lumby, realizing the crying need for a dependable remedy and having long and continuous experience with an open wound, started experimenting and has finally brought out "LUMBY'S SURE SINUS HEALER"

The inventor describes it as a piece of rubber, cut from an old bicycle tire which fastened over the wound with a special preparation of Goo or cement effectually seals the opening and prevents all discharge.

Mr. Lumby is at home to prospective purchasers from 7 to 9 P.M. at his home on the D.O.H. roof

I LIKE PUMPKIN PIES -
WHAT OFFERS - APPLY
FRENCHY - ROOF WARD -

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Hamilton-Mills Weekly
Dear (?) Editor :-

In the paper for Sept 11th you tell everybody I'm a crook for sell bead bags too high. Maybe you think they cost not much to make? Maybe you think beads cost nothing at the bead foundry. Eh? To make bead bags needs beaucoup brains, so it aint like writing a newspaper - all you do is find out what aint true and write lies about it. I only charge what they're worth. Just like your paper. Comprenez-vous? If I would make bags like you draw pictures of me, I would go into the fish business. I hope you print this.

Yours until you do
Franchy

The man muttered something under his breath and hoisted one kid up, catching the slack of his trousers on the top of a picket fence where he hung like an animated jumping jack, then sat down on the kerb yanked the other hopeful across his knee and treated him to an excellent example of the modern application of "Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child"

He finished that one, changed him for the one on the fence and repeated the dose, then taking them by the hand again he walked majestically down the street with his still bawling but quite tractable charges floundering in his wake.

Now if any of our readers happen to see a similar occurrence, don't call a policeman or interfere yourself. The man is Mr. Frank Sharp, one-time secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at the D.O.H., carrying out his new duties in connection with the Juvenile Court, and he seems able to cope with his difficulties