

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

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No. 2.

JULY, 1916.

## THE FIRST CONVOY.

A TOUCH of the dreary had crept into the life of the Hospital when May passed out and still no convoy. True, there had been for three or four weeks from 20 to 40 medical cases, mostly men who had in the early days of the call to the manhood of the Empire answered with a ready "Here I am, send me." They had been sent; many months had passed since they had had their baptism of fire. The Huns' bayonet had never touched them; the Huns' bullet had not found in one of them a billet; the Huns' high-explosive shell had not dug the grave of any of them; but cold, wet, exposure, and other auxiliary forces of dread disease had accomplished where bullet, bayonet, and shell had failed, and had laid low these two score sons of the Empire, who were the only cases for many weeks. What were two score patients among nearly as many medical officers, not to speak of four score nursing sisters? The best from the skill of all was of course ungrudgingly given, but this, in extent at least, was not the fulness of work for which practices and homes and friends across the sea had been abandoned. True, there was no lack of pleasure of its kind—golf, tennis, visits to London and to historic places, social meetings—to healthy men and healthy women these things spell enjoyment, but again, not for a holiday had old Ontario been left for the Motherland. The call that had been heard and had been answered readily was the call of the wounded. But May was out and the wounded had not come. It was not a churlish discontent with conditions that in so many ways spelt enjoyment that made for the restless, unsatisfied spirit that was closely akin to dreariness in the last days of May and the first week of June. It was surely a divine discontent of earnest spirits that had so far been denied the opportunity of manifestation of skill and care, of battle against bullet, bayonet and shell, in the bodies of the still-living—to offer which as a contribution of personal effort in the Great War the members of the unit had come afar. Appreciation of the lesser things could not stifle discontent with the absence of the "real thing." But the day came at last. "A convoy of 150 will arrive at 7 to-night" was the word that passed along in the afternoon of June 8th. There had been rumours on previous occasions which had failed to materialise, and there was a certain amount of scepticism for a time. But once the official declaration had been made, scepticism, dreariness and discontent vanished. Quietly and without fuss all preliminary orders were carried out. Fifteen minutes before the time the train was due the motor ambulances were in line outside Orpington station: stretcher bearers were lined up: the officers in charge

at various points had everything in readiness. Young Orpington and older Orpington of either sex gathered in strong numbers on either side of the road leading from the station. There was a wait of ten minutes; unusual quietness pervaded the station in spite of the many in the immediate proximity. A signal drops: a whistle is sounded. "Here she comes" came sharply from the lips of a station official, and as he spoke, around the bend away up the track glided the powerful engine drawing a train as long as the station itself. And the freight that was borne on that long line of carriages! It was a freight of men who not three days before had as at the mouth of hell fought against and helped to drive back the minions of the foe not only of England and of the Empire, but of humanity, who, in his bedevilled lust, had for years drawn upon and perverted for his ultimate hellish purpose, every God-given faculty incarnate in himself or his people, so that when the day of Seeming Opportunity should arrive he might most readily and ruthlessly smash from off the face of the earth those men, be they in thousands or ten times ten thousand, who should dare to lift the hand of manhood to stay the slaughtering march of a mighty brutality. Relatively those borne on that train were but a little sample of the fruitage of the horrors of war. To those who in the earlier days of the war had at one or other of the fronts been among, or of, the wounded, the message of the train, whose sinuous length glided into Orpington station in the soft, waning light of that evening in early June, and of the eager faces which in spite of bandaged heads or splintered arms were pressed against the carriage windows, was not, we presume, as startling and as impelling as it was to the far greater number for whom this was a first experience of close, personal contact with a large number fresh from the field of carnage. Yet to all it must have been a message of irresistible appeal to that which is best in man, woman or child. Some master of oratory may from platform in crowded hall tell the story of what our men have gone through and how great their claim upon the unfighting and the unfought, with such power and eloquence as shall make his hearers, even though they be strong men, blink their eyes and bite their lips as they listen; some skilled painter in words may so use his pen to tell the story that strong men will mutter something twixt an oath and a prayer as they read, but neither speech nor screed of the greatest of orators or greatest of writers will ever tell the story with the eloquence and soul-reaching, silence-impelling power with which the "first convoy" brought it home to the greater number of those who for the first time in their lives gazed upon such a procession as emerged from train and from

station. First "the walkers," or in some cases the hobblers—those who, wounded and torn in places, could yet walk or get about without being carried; then slowly and tenderly one by one in long succession were borne on stretchers to the ambulances those so broken and smashed—in body only—that they were practically helpless. As the first ambulance loaded with "walkers" turned out of the station yard it was greeted by the crowd—with a silence that was intense, but broken suddenly by a cheer, which, however, as cheers are ordinarily counted, was not a pronounced success. But the lack of sustained volume spoke not of waning appreciation or of wilted patriotism, but of other things at work deep down in the hearts of those who looked and looked and wanted to cheer, but could not. So well had plans been organized and so well had they been carried out that within an hour and a half of the arrival of the train at Orpington Station the last of the 150 of the "first convoy" had been fed, bathed, and put to bed.

An arm gone from this one; a leg off another; bullet or shrapnel with lodgment, as it seemed to a layman, in every part of the human body—battered, mangled, and badly smashed were most of the 150 who formed the "first convoy." There were those whose homes and dear ones are in Old Ontario, or eastward to the Atlantic, or west over the Rockies; and others whose closest ties reach out beneath the Southern Cross, and who look for the day when they will once more "be home" in Australia or New Zealand; and others again to whom England, Ireland or Scotland is homeland and birth land; but no matter whence they had come to answer the call, they were men of the Race: men of one effort and thought in the hour of the Empire's need; men of one spirit still. The Hun, by bullet and gas, by shell and shock, had scattered their limbs and broken their bodies, but had failed to crush or wound or change the spirit of the men of the "first convoy." Glad, thankful, to "have come through," and that it "was no worse," anxious to "make the best of it"; grateful in manner and in word for any attention or kindness; prepared, "if fit," to go back, but no boastful keenness to do so: of such as we have seen and heard them are the wounded of the first convoy—Canadian, Australian, New Zealander, Old Countryman, English, Irish, Scotch—battered and torn in body in one hundred different ways, but one still in the spirit of the Race. And as we see and hear them and take in the full significance of it all, which of us among the unfighting and the unfought does not find it a hard struggle not to invoke the curse of Heaven upon the enthroned barbarian and his even, if possible, more brutal broodling, whose lust of self and tyranny have wrought

the havoc of men's bodies and of women's hearts, of which the first convoy was but a little sample. And yet, be we man or be we woman among the unfighting and unfought, which of us does not supersede the curse, stifled or unstifled, with the thought, spoken or unspoken, "Thank God I too am of the Race which can fashion the spirit of men in the mould such as that of the wounded of the first convoy."—ZETO.

## AT THE NURSING SISTERS' QUARTERS.

AT LAST we are happy. I mean the Sisters. Something to do without a rush is a splendid start. Never will we forget our first wounded men. How we pitied them before they came and how we loved them after. We had tried to think they would be pale and hungry, and shell-shocked and home-sick, and when they explained that they had just stopped a bit of something for Fritz, and seemed jolly well pleased about it, I believe we were downright disappointed. How their eyes twinkled when as many as five or six attempted to help them into bed! How they wondered about the what and wherefore of the pigs! In fact, they just seemed to be trying to decide whether it was a trench dream or just a Canadian hospital. What a delight it was to turn the water on in the bath and introduce them to it! With what gracious glances we lit their cigarettes! And now, when we look at their happy faces and see the kind of stuff they are made of, we begin to wonder why we were so far afield in our imaginations of wounded men. "Say, this is a good dinner, Sister. I haven't had one like this for nine months." If Messrs. Fox and Henry, caterers, would only stroll through the wards instead of the serveries at meal-time and watch the boys' faces when they see their plates, they would

surely add another vegetable, and perhaps a salad or an ice to the bill of fare.

I wonder who planned the serveries, or perhaps I mean the service. Someone with a Royal Red Cross, I guess. What with the dishes red hot, and the dinners being put on them at the rate of so many per second, and people losing plates and tempers and things, it all seems like a threshing at home. And there stands Sister MacAdams, watching every move just like the boss thresher.

In the Wards things are settling down, and dressings are often done in good time, in spite of the fact that the medical officers are kept busy looking for the shrapnel and bullets that there was no time to look for over in the clearing stations. That reminds us that very soon we may have to train a new lot of them, since most of these have volunteered for service in France.

RACHAEL.

## RESTORED.

"WHERE is it? I've left it in the taxi. Oh, bother! I knew I'd do it, for I haven't used it for two years. Stop him, someone; that one up there." But he had gone too far. This was in front of Stuart's, just at lunch hour. Four uniformed nursing sisters had just stepped from the vanishing car and discovered that "it" had been left behind. I stopped, of course, inquisitive like all the others in the crowded thoroughfare. Was that a Canadian badge on their shoulders? Then they took to running and calling and waving, but it was impossible to catch up. One who seemed to have some presence of mind hailed a passing taxi-cab. "Follow that taxi." For a minute it was like a "movie." You know how cabs chase each other. I tried to guess what "it" was. "It" might be an ear-trumpet or anything. I resolved to find out, so kept within sight of the excited three. "Ye gods! that looks like Matron Smith. But who could be speaking to her in that tone of voice?" Presently the chasing taxi person returned, and if it wasn't Sister Cook. And there—but it couldn't be—yes it was—Sister Mattice who rushed up and embraced—an umbrella.

cared for the country folk around them. The beautiful grounds and walks, very secluded, and "far from the madding crowd," are so restful. I don't wonder so many come from the New World to England; after their strenuous life in the Western world they enjoy the relaxation and ease, which can only be found on one of these old-world estates, where the true art of living seems to be solved. Wales is full of historic interest, and leaves traces of Roman occupation everywhere. Chester Cathedral, which I visited, is very beautiful. It contains much of interest to lovers of Art. There is a great deal of fine wood carving. The carved pulpit is especially beautiful, with its figures of Christ, in different historic scenes, carved in bas relief.

Some beautiful religious pictures done in Mozaic were very fine; the colourings exquisite. The stone wall about the older part of Chester was interesting, having been built in the time of the Romans I understand, and the old Royal Castle built upon the River Dee. One fancied oneself transported back a thousand years or more, when fighting was necessary most of the time, and the strong were always harassing the weak.

In England one surely meets true hospitality. It is delightful to feel absolutely free to do as one pleases, and at the same time knows that one's wants are constantly being attended to, without any creaking wheels, as it were. To drive, motor, and visit the lovely old homes about the neighbourhood, or walk through the beautiful grounds, lounge in easy chairs under the

trees, listening to the exquisite songs of our feathered friends, that is true enjoyment, and I feel sure such a life of communion with Nature would heal any sad heart, and make life worth while.

JOE.

## A MOST EXCESSIVELY ORDERLY ORDERLY OFFICER

From somewhere near the line he came to us, With smileless face that oft betrayed a sneer When he would meet skirted lieutenants who Had come to care for just such men as he. Sisters indeed! and with two stars bedecked, Showing a rank that they have ne'er deserved.

What be they? Nothing but the working class From my crude Canada. They cannot even dance.

Two stars! What next? They should be made to know Their place. They are but women, and should feel

Subservient to man, whate'er he be, Whate'er his rank or race, and not speak first,

Or answer back, or look for a salute In passing; but should do as they are told. What else were women made for but to please

And serve and marry if they get a chance? Come Saturday, and they shall know what their

Great rank will do for them, when I inspect The wards, and give account to the C.O. Of things that I do find.

Tramp, tramp, he came With all his gorgeous, tramping, powerful train,

Inspecting. "How came these boots? Dost not know

That such as these should hidden be from view

Of persons great? Much neater too." And up

And on he went, at every step more bold And consequential. The savage Kaiser scarce

Dare face his angry, vicious look of hate. "Oho!" saith he, "what have we here? Is this

The way you spend your time carousing here On tea and cats? 'Tis fine, this thing, for sure."

Replied the Sister, "You do wrong our drink,

'Tis coffee, sir,"—not meekly either, for, It is not well to be too meek with men

So disagreeable. Then as she saw The angry Scot grow red of face, and fell With rage, "We have permission to," she said,

"From Matron Smith." Now most men would have flinched

At this. But our brave warrior only stared, Then haughtily replied "You're sure of this?"

And quick as wink his notebook he outdrew, Took down the time, the place, the girl. "Bold woman, you shall answer for that speech.

How dare you speak like this to me, or to Any man? You're not my equal." With that

He strode away.

Hard task, vain hope, to try To analyse the minds of men. What matter? Why should such trivial things disturb us so,

Vexatious and distracting though they be? And then I think and think how I can bear To leave this place where are some optimists,

And go to France, whence come such ruthless pessimists.

And while I pondered thus, I saw, methought, A clearing station full of wounded men, And I wished that I was there.

RAKE SPEAR.

## BITS OF IMPRESSIONS.

(BY A NURSING SISTER.)

WE all like to look back upon the golden days of our childhood, and remember the wonderful castles we used to build; the things we wished to do; and what we wished to be. Often we smile sadly and tenderly, even indulgently, on some of the wonderful things we were going to do, when we grew up. My first recollection of an ambition was to be the Mysterious Being, who jumped through the blazing hoop, from the back of a white horse; such as used to delight childish hearts when going to a circus, is one of the great events of life. Of course, no ordinary human being could belong to that mystic band of performers.

Soon, up the ladder of our mental and spiritual development, we climb; never really attaining our highest desires; for ideals have the habit of going bigger as we grow older. Since coming to England, one of my early castles-in-the-air has come true—to visit in an old English home covered with ivy, and surrounded by the beautiful grounds, for which England is famous.

Of course there must be a ghost to make it more interesting; and to my great delight the home I visited did really have the traditional ghost, although I cannot say it bothered visiting me. However, I experienced the shiver, when I climbed to the guest-room after having declared I was not afraid to go alone, and made a dash for the matches to light all the candles in the hall before I heard the rattle of any chains or was touched by a white mysterious hand. It was really with great relief that I wakened in the morning to find that I had experienced no hair-raising visitations.

A four-hour trip from London brought me in a charming part of North Wales, in sight of the beautiful Welsh hills, where (they say) the snow may always be found on the highest peaks. The old hall I visited had been at one time a monastery, and is covered with that lovely ivy which makes these old places "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

The chapel connected with the hall is not used, but one can weave all sorts of fancies about these monks of old, shut in from the world, who spent their time in prayer, and doing good to all who passed their way, and

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**AN "ACCIDENT."**

ONE bright summer morning, the gallant Major, who, "before the war," had been a Clarke in a Taylor shop, and was without Parr as a Fisher, decided to spend a day hunting. He ex-Hume-d his old Gunn from its Downey nest under the eaves, cleaned both Chambers with his wife's Pinkey, mixed himself a Collins and was ready for action. A good cup of Black coffee was his usual morning beverage, but Hanna, the Cook, usually made the coffee so Riley, it was either a Collins or a Gooderham and Worts, so he chose the former. He donned his old MacIntosh, and cran-King his Little Ford was soon bowling merrily through Green-street-Green, towards a clump of Greenwood beside a stretch of Marsh where he had heard a Black Fox made his home in a thicket of Kane, and he was fairly Aiken to get a shot at him, or, perhaps, with luck, he might secure a brace of Partridge, which would be no small help should he wish to Currey favor with the Bishop the following Sunday.

The Major was feeling very happy. The motion of the car was exhilarating, and as he could usually guide it quite easily without Bunting into the landscape, he hummed his old favourite, "Binden on the Ryan," and felt at peace with all the world.

A sudden Russell beside the road caused him to give his Little Adams express a Fallis turn which sent it Hilker-skiliter into a group of innocent urchins, and the Major was horrified to perceive one of them lying Stark and apparently lifeless beside the car. Uttering his usual blasphemy—"Great Scott!"—he hastily applied the brake, Rose from his seat, and hurried to the rescue, relieved to find very Petty injuries from a thump that would have done credit to either Sharkey or Sullivan in their palmiest days.

But the day was spoiled for the Major. His nerve was gone—nothing was to be done but return where he hoped a glass of Holland gin would restore his shattered nerves, and perhaps, with a copy of the "Stretcher," he might be able to Reed himself to sleep, sorry that everything was not Weldon.

NOSRAC.

**SPORTS.**

ON Wednesday, June 21st, a number of our unit journeyed to Uxbridge to play a game of baseball with a team of a Canadian Convalescent Home stationed at that place. The game, which lasted seven innings, commenced shortly after the arrival of our team, and was keenly contested from start to finish. Although our team was picked on short notice, nevertheless it was a great credit to our unit, and with practice will be in fit shape to accept and issue a challenge to any team in the country, without fear of losing its present reputation.

Sergt. Doherty held the mound for our team, with Pte. Dufresne assisting him as catcher, and they formed a battery, which contributed largely to averting disaster. While, as was inevitable, there were occasional flagrant errors, the play on the whole redounded to the credit of the team. The following is a summary of the game and the line-up for both teams:—

Uxbridge			
Name & Position.	Runs.	Hits.	Errors.
Roy (C.)	2	1	0
Pickup (1st B.)	0	0	0
Jardine (2nd B. & P.)	1	2	0
McWinny (2nd B. & P.)	1	1	1
Carruthers (S.S.)	1	2	0
London (C.F.)	0	0	0
Hood (R.F.)	0	1	1
Binden (3rd B.)	1	1	1
Garner (L.F.)	0	0	0
Total	6	8	3

Ontario Military Hospital.			
Name & Position.	Runs.	Hits.	Errors.
Sgt. Bradfield (L.F.)	0	0	0
Pte. C. Kelly (2nd B.)	0	0	0
Capt. Currey (S.S.)	2	2	0
Pte. Dufresne (C.)	1	2	0
Capt. Fallis (1st B.)	2	2	1
Capt. Aitken (3rd B.)	0	1	2
Capt. P. V. Graham (C.F.)	2	3	0
Sgt. Doherty (P.)	1	1	0
Capt. Lawson (R.F.)	1	1	0
Total	9	12	3

Two Base Hits.—Jardine, Capt. Lawson  
 Capt. Aitken, Capt. Pickup, Capt. Currey.  
 Strike Outs.—Sgt. Doraty, 5; Jardine, 2; McWinny, 3.  
 Hit by Pitcher.—Sgt. Doraty, 0; Jardine, 1; McWinny, 1.  
 Bases on Balls.—Sgt. Doraty, 2; Jardine, 1; McWinny, 1.

All who were present from our unit report a fine time, and were favourably impressed with their unit and the kind way in which they were treated, and look forward with pleasure to the time when we can return their kindnesses.

Dominion Day will see the return game between the O.M.H. and Uxbridge teams. Those interested in baseball should be on hand, as a fast game is expected. It is also hoped to have some outside attractions.

One of our kind friends has been good enough to supply lacrosse sticks to the unit. So far these have not been used beyond yard practice, and those interested in the Canadian national game should organise a team at once.

Tennis seems to be the game played by the members of the unit. Every afternoon and evening can be seen groups of our officers wending their way toward the village.

Golf croquet is also rather popular. Some exciting games are played on the lawn of the Boundary House.

The historic game, "Bowling on the Green," has many followers. Some of the ends are wide enough to allow our genial Major to pass between the Kitty and the "shot," but all this notwithstanding, we

have hopes that when we return to Ontario it will be the unbiassed opinion at Niagara that no more remarkable bowling has ever been witnessed there than will be provided by the O.M.H. units, particularly those skipped by Major MacKay and Capt. W. H. Fox.

CRICKET.—A generous provision of all accessories, excepting a practice net, was secured a few days ago at a comparatively very low cost, thanks to the assistance of "Orion," sporting editor of the London "Daily Express." A meeting was held on Wednesday evening. By permission of the O.C., a representative Cricket Committee was appointed from the different messes. It consists of Capt. Vipond, Sergt. Matthews, Corpl. Whitely, and Pte. Allbone. It is hoped that each member of the committee will impress upon the members of his respective mess the advantage and necessity of frequent practice. A "casual" practice pitch is being prepared on the high ground where the sports were held, but we have reason to believe that before many days have elapsed we shall have been accorded the use of the ground of the Orpington C.C. A single innings match will be played at 6 p.m. on Monday, July 3rd—Officers and Sergeants v. Corporals and Privates. Colonel Cameron, at one time and for many years a well-known player in Toronto, and at all times, including the present, a constant supporter of the game, has kindly promised to act as an umpire.

**CAPTAIN GUNN GOES NORTH**

The Editor has asked me to give you a few impressions of a visit to Scotland two weeks ago. As my trip was necessarily hurried, these impressions will as a consequence be very brief. Leaving London at ten in the morning by the Great Northern Railway from King's Cross Station, one passes swiftly and pleasantly through the beautiful Midland counties, passing without slackening speed, many large and important cities and towns, making one wonder how it is possible to support and maintain such industry. Peterborough, a city of 40,000 inhabitants, is our first stop. Here lunch baskets are ordered, to be put on the train at our next stop, York, the railway company having discontinued carrying dining cars owing to military orders. Arriving at York we wish for time to visit this historic old place, but are only allowed five minutes. Then on again to Newcastle, being able in the meantime to enjoy a dainty lunch provided for us at York. Who has not heard of Newcastle-on-the-Tyne, famous for its many industries. Between Newcastle and our next stop, Berwick, we travel for many miles along the North Sea shore, so soon to be the scene of the great naval engagement—the Battle of Jutland.

Leaving Berwick, we reach Scotland by crossing the River Tweed, and as our train is running "on time," we arrive at Waverley Station at 6 p.m., having covered the 400 miles from London in eight hours. Perth is reached shortly after seven, after having crossed the famous Forth Bridge, where one gets a fine view of part of the Grand Fleet. Here I met my brother, who is attached to H.M.S. "Osprey," and whom I had not seen for some years. We spent the night in Perth, and the following morning travelled to Dundee. Here my brother received unexpected orders to return to his ship, so I was left to my own devices. Spending another day I saw as much of Dundee as the time would permit, including a trip over the famous Tay Bridge, the longest in the world. Returning to Edinburgh, my "leave" would only allow me to spend one day there, much too short a time to even get a glimpse of this beautiful city, but long enough to form the resolve not to return "home" without spending at least a week exploring this historic spot.

These impressions would not be complete without recording on incident which occurred on the train returning to London. In my compartment were two naval officers—a young man of unknown rank and an older one, evidently holding the rank of Commander. It was the second morning after the great naval engagement. The older officer was as silent as the Sphinx, but the younger man was full of the most harrowing details of the result of the battle, giving us all the impression that Britain had sustained a most serious defeat. It was no relief when the Commander called the young officer out to the corridor to lecture him on his volubility—the action tending to confirm our fears as to the British losses. Happily, we learned on arriving in London that instead of a defeat it was a splendid victory.

**LOST, FOUND & WANTED.**

LOST.—Manuscript of "impromptu" sermons; being his own composition, loss greatly deplored, and Captain M. M. Crawford will greatly appreciate their return and bless the returner.

FOUND.—On several occasions on shelf in west corridor bath-room, much-used heel blister pad. Owner, upon applying to Sanitary Officer, can learn what has become of his souvenirs—and what may become of himself if he persists in helping the Quartermaster by abbreviating the breakfast appetite of those who take a matutinal bath.

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# HERE AND THERE.

BY ZETO.

Of course we have the "Shakespeare Bug." We had forgotten it. It had been in a state of coma since the war broke out. All these tercentenary celebrations, however, brought it or him into action once more, and wandering through the Officers' Mess it was struck with greater conviction than ever with the greatness of the Bard of Avon, not only as bard, but as a prophet. Who would have thought that the great mind at work over three hundred years ago could have written so faithfully of the future as is evidenced if you let the Shakespeare Bug flutter freely round the quarters, e.g.:

'Twas Friday in the Mess Room:  
"A very ancient and fish-like smell."  
"Tempest," Act 2, Sc. 1.

As another officer observed to Captain D. Campbell:  
"Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now."  
"Merry Wives of Windsor," Act 2, Sc. 1.

Surely he had Captains Fallis and Kane together in view:  
"This is the long and the short of it."  
"Merry Wives of Windsor," Act 2, Sc. 2.

The reason why so few attended Service in the chapel on two recent Sundays:  
"The rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril."  
"Merry Wives of Windsor," Act 3, Sc. 5.

Lieut. Gooderham differs when it is a matter of needing only one at P.P.:  
"They say there is a divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death."  
"Merry Wives of Windsor," Act 5, Sc. 1.

Some of us are ardent believers in Shakespeare:  
"That in the captain's but a choleric word,  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy."  
"Measure for Measure," Act 2, Sc. 2.

Then ask the waiter for "comparisons":  
"Comparisons are odorous."  
"Much Ado About Nothing," Act 2, Sc. 5.

Alas! we do not in this Mess:  
"And men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper."  
"Much Ado About Nothing," Act 1, Sc. 1.

As Captain Campbell lined up alongside the Padre and Captain Fallis for a shave before the matutinal bath:  
"Another lean, unwashed artificer."  
"King John," Act 4, Sc. 2.

As Captain Hilker-Thomas-Taylor explained:  
"We have heard the chimes at midnight."  
"King Henry," Act 3, Sc. 2.

Who was the Colonel Cameron Shakespeare knew?  
"Turn to him in any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,  
The air, a charter'd libertine is still."  
"King Henry V.," Act 1, Sc. 1.

And he did thus foreshadow Capt. C. R. Graham:  
"He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
or Jove for his power to thunder."  
"Coriolanus," Act 3, Sc. 1.

Captain Fisher's unspoken thought:  
"What all my pretty chickens and their dam,  
at one fell swoop."  
"Macbeth," Act 4, Sc. 3. (N.B.—Probably Capt. F. does spell it with a final "n," but that's another story).

As Captain Hilker observed, less poetically but more forcibly, when he drew nothing higher than a seven spot in his last poker:  
"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."  
"Macbeth," Act 5, Sc. 1.

An Adjutant's adjuration to Buff Orpingtons:

"Lay on . . .  
And damn'd be 'her' that cries 'Hold,  
enough.'"  
"Macbeth," Act 5, Sc. 1.

Lieut. Lucas pleads guilty and asks for time:  
"He wears the rose of youth upon him."  
"Ant. and C.," Act 3, Sc. 2.

Captain Harley Smith's practice and precept—not as you like it—but:  
"For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood."  
"As You Like It," Act 2, Sc. 3.

As Captain Shenstone enquiringly murmured to the Chaplain:  
"Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?"  
"As You Like It," Act 3, Sc. 2.

Without beating about the bush, some don't like it that, being a dry mess, they cannot verify the immortal William this time:  
"Good wine needs no bush."  
"As You Like It."

There may be a new interpretation some morning when Captain Jamieson emerges from his morning tub:  
"Whose words all ears took captive."  
"All's well . . .," Act 5, Sc. 3.

The thought of the Orderly Officer as he heard the bugler bugle:  
"Thou hast damnable iteration."  
"King Henry IV.," Act 1, Sc. 2.

The Unit's unanimous greeting to the Crown Prince:  
"There's neither honesty, manhood nor good fellowship in thee."  
"Ibid.," Act 1, Sc. 2.

Captain Hilker not willing to risk his all:  
"But, in the way of a bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."  
"Ibid.," Act 3, Sc. 1.

Let Captain Jamieson be warned:  
"For my voice, I have lost it hollalaing and singing of anthems."  
"Ibid.," Part 2, Act 1, Sc. 2.

Alas, shall we mourn Sir Henry soon?  
So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long."  
"King Richard III.," Act 3, Sc. 1.

But don't forget your Sam Browne and leggings even if it be 8.29. They at least are necessary:  
"And then to breakfast, with what appetite you have."  
"King Henry VIII.," Act 3, Sc. 2.

Forgotten in the stress of pugnacious delirium by Captains Campbell, Lawson, Fallis, Currey and Jamieson, as they stood on a recent midnight by the corridor door, through which they all returned with signs of the muddered conflict in which they had been engaged:  
"Press not a falling man too far."  
"Ibid.," Act 3, Sc. 2.

Captain Currey as Mr. Bloomfield Brambleton, but he is shaping very hopefully 'n private life without the aid of stage accessories:  
"He was a man of an unbounded stomach."  
"Henry VIII.," Act 4, Sc. 2.

We recognise Captain Thomas without the help of the X-ray:  
"A feasting presence full of light."  
"Romeo and Juliet," Act 5, Sc. 3.

And Captain Crawford thought aright:  
"Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more.'"  
"Macbeth," Act 2, Sc. —

Suggests 1.29 p.m. on the day of the O.C.'s parade:  
"Now spurs the lated traveller apace  
To gain the timely 'inn.'"  
"Ibid.," Act 3, Sc. 4.

When he failed to finesse his Queen, Capt. Clarke had thoughts about his opponent's ace:  
"Out, damned spot—out, I say."  
"Ibid.," Act 4, Sc. 1.

As Captain Lawson failed to see the letter by his plate:  
"A countenance more in sorrow than in anger."  
"Hamlet," Act 1, Sc. 2.

The mission of Captain McArthur:  
"The time is out of joint; O cursed spite  
That I was ever born to set it right."  
"Ibid.," Act 1, Sc. 5.

IT will be a source of gratification, not only to the unit, but to her many friends and one-time charges now in different parts of the world, that the faithful and devoted services of Nursing Sister Brenda F. Mattice, Assistant Matron of O.M.H., were recognised on Tuesday by the bestowal upon her by His Majesty the King, at Buckingham Palace, of the Royal Red Cross. While the work of Nursing Sisters at all times appeals to men and arouses or quickens feelings of gratitude and admiration, it is in the dark days of war, and amidst its horrors and dangers, that the light of the daughters of the "lady of the lamp" shines with even fuller glow of devotion and self-sacrifice and heroism, and that the manifestation of these qualities, with others peculiarly their own, should have recognition similar to that accorded to male participants in the war is most fitting. We most heartily congratulate Sister Mattice, whose services during the war date from September 23rd, 1914, and have taken her to as near the front as Nursing Sisters are allowed.

WRITING to Sergt.-Major Campbell, the President of the Sergeants' Mess of the Canadian Red Cross Hospital, Taplow, says: "The Ontario Stretcher" has been read by most members, and the comments have been so favourable that I enclose you post office order for 4s. for four copies monthly." Men of good judgment evidently in the Sergeants' Mess at Taplow, although we blush to say it. At four bob per blush, however, we can afford to keep on getting "read."

ALTHOUGH but a layman, we are not strong on diagnosis, but we would wager our share of next Friday's fish that the caressing twitch of his fingers, and smack of his lips, and love glint in his eye, whenever a dog draws nigh, portend that Captain Jamieson is in for a bad dose of Amor Canis Mortui. Such is the fate of bacteriologists.

LIEUT. Allan Shenstone, of the Royal Engineers, brother of Captain Shenstone, of this unit, has been specially mentioned in Sir Douglas Haig's despatches. Lieut. Shenstone has been a visitor at the Officers' Mess when on leave from the front. The news of his well-merited honour will be welcomed on his own and on Capt. Shenstone's account by every member of the mess, and by many other friends in England and in Canada.

"BALKED."—No. Noise in the billiard room while players are engaged in a game of billiards is not the rule of billiard rooms, private or public. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule, and if we cannot keep the rule, it is "up to us" to provide the exception. We are exceptionable providers, worse luck!

N. S.—The blue flower which grows around the grounds, with a white centre at the top, is, we suppose, as you suggest, of the bluebell family. We agree with you they are very pretty, but we cannot swallow your assertion that while looking for birds' nests at the far end of the grounds you got an occasional glimpse of one that was over 3 feet high. In all probability what you saw was not a flower at all, but the Home Sister, in her nursing uniform, taking a stroll.

NOT a few members of the unit, and of course those who hail Toronto Varsity as their Alma Mater, will have met Professor Vandersmissen, who has been residing for some time in Bromley, and we are sure their deepest sympathy will go out to him in the recent loss of his son at the front. In connection with the bereavement that has befallen Professor Vandersmissen, there has been brought to our notice a coincidence which, were it not vouched for by unimpeachable authority, would be hard to credit. In 1866 Professor Vandersmissen, Professor Ellis, and the late Professor Mackenzie, all later dons at Toronto Varsity, as young men took part in the engagement with the Fenians at Ridgeway. On the 50th anniversary of the day on which they thus fought side by side, a son of each was killed or wounded in the Great War!

LIEUT. Gordon Smith, of the Royal Artillery, younger son of Captain Harley Smith, of this unit, is with his battery in the firing line. In a recent letter he tells of his first day's experience, which would appear to have been quite sufficiently exciting. Another son of Captain Harley Smith is a member of the Royal Flying Corps.

IT is open to one whose office and duties are not involved in that particular work to voice admiration at the skill and thoroughness with which our convoys are handled. We heard a tribute paid by a railway official whose duties have been confined to trains of wounded since September, 1914, that is well worth repeating, and that cannot fail to be a source of gratification not only to those immediately concerned, but to those responsible for the organising, and to those in Canada by whose decision the Ontario Military Hospital came into being. It was just after the removal of the last patient from the train that brought our first convoy that the railway official in question said that in all his uninterrupted experience on convoy trains he had never seen one cleared so quickly and so dexterously. From personal observation we know that the same thoroughness and expedition, and consideration of the comfort of the men, characterised the reception and handling of the wounded on their arrival at the Hospital.

IN referring to the expeditious way in which our wounded are transferred from station to Hospital, it would be an ungrateful and ungracious thing to omit mention of the spontaneous kindness of several residents of Orpington and Bromley and surrounding districts in offering the use of their private motor-cars.

WHEN the order for all officers to wear frogs was issued there was enough croaking to suggest that every officer without a frog was full of frogs.

L. F.—Cannot help you. In the words of the bard: God made him, so let him pass him as a man. That is the view of the law, and great as is the provocation, it would not justify murder. An injection of spiritum silientiae might accomplish something, provided the needle were an automatic pump attached day and night. We would do a great deal to gratify the bacteriologist, but your suggestion that this would be a splen-

did opportunity to serve Science and ourselves at one and the same time won't work. Better that, of course than a faithful dog, if it come to a choice—but—go and play billiards with Captain Hilker: then you will want to slay someone else.

THE "Stretcher" extends hearty congratulations to Corporal L. J. Rimmer, now of his unit, who, as a member of the 10th Battalion, so "did things" at the front that he has now been mentioned in despatches and received the D.C.M. May his years be so many that he shall live to tell a score of Rimmerettes of the third generation what he did and how he did it. Lapse of years may loosen his tongue, but at present he will only break the silence of blushing modesty with a declaration that he only did what heaps of others did.

THERE was genuine disappointment all round when it was learned at the last moment that the distinguished General who was expected for dinner was unavoidably prevented by sickness. The wind, however, was tempered to the shorn lamb, in that the disappointing news was not received in time to change all the arrangements. We respectfully express the ardent hope that all distinguished people will at least accept tentatively any invitations they may receive to dine with the Mess, and if perchance circumstances should intervene to prevent their carrying out the engagement, a telegram or other message WELL ON IN THE DAY APPOINTED—NOT EARLIER—would be far less disappointing to the members of the Mess than if they had three or four days to brood over it.

NOCTURNAL SPORTS.—CURREY V. CLARKE.

1st Innings.

An awful noise  
All sleep destroys  
In the Western corridor:  
Sounds like a lion's roar.  
Investigated in a hurry,  
Soon find "no cause to worry,"  
Just a snore—nothing more—  
But deeply pity Mrs. Currey.

2nd Innings.

Once again an awful din  
Through closed doors rumbles in;  
Makes you madder than before!  
Determined now to spill some gore!  
Out you go—All is dark,  
But in time the place you mark.  
Still a snore, and nothing more,  
But now you pity Mrs. Clarke.

THE exigencies of duty will prevent anything like a "celebration" of Dominion Day, but if the O.M.H. baseball nine beat the Uxbridge Hospital combination, and the members of the cricket elevens get in some good practice, and the Orpington boys' band comes over, and there is a good entertainment in the evening, and the Mess Committee goes strong on strawberries, and the weather is fine, and everybody—members of unit and patients—has a good time, we shall feel that in a way we have kept The Day. Man wants but little here below, but he wants it all on Dominion Day you know.

ZETO.

M. M. O'Donnell, M. M. Parker, M. M. Partridge, G. Petty, R. V. Penhey, F. H. Pownceby, R. F. Pringle, G. Radcliffe, M. E. Redmond R. F. Reed, A. B. Riley, E. T. Rogers, A. Roman, L. E. Rose, E. W. Russell, G. G. Sangster, E. E. Scott, E. Sharkey, M. V. N. Sinclair, H. N. Smith, H. L. Smith, R. A. Smith, M. G. Stovell, M. Sullivan, M. Tait, A. C. Wallace, O. E. Weldon, C. E. Van Alstaine, G. Cook.

Sergt.-Major W. A. Campbell, A.S.M. F. Dooley, A.Q.M.S. J. A. Robertson, S.Sergt. P. Melia, S.Sergt. G. O'Shea, A.S.Sergt. F. E. Burstow, A.S.Sergt. E. Caldwell, A.S.Sergt. E. Davis, A.S.Sergt. A. E. Sartin, Sergt. C. C. Evans, A.Sergts. W. Doraty, H. L. Edwards, G. K. Gray, P. Jeffery, J. H. Lough, A. D. Mathews, A. K. Butler, P. Jones, W. R. McLeish, H. A. Maclaren.

Corpl. J. Cook, Corpl. R. H. Turner, A.-Corpls. R. S. Bennett, R. Gervais, G. W. Fleming, G. B. Harper, B. Leach, J. Morland, M. A. Powell, C. C. Ramage, W. Reeves, F. Shephard, H. Thistlethwaite.

Ptes. F. Averill, G. B. Adams, W. Arnold, H. Bainbridge, J. Barnes, I. Beal, R. Bell, J. Bolingbroke, W. Boyce, F. S. Boyd, G. Bremmer, A. Brizard, W. Braithwaite, W. Broumpton, G. W. Bullocke, A. Brookes, A. T. Capper, J. Clark, G. Claxton, C. S. Clark, W. W. Clothier, J. Cody, F. W. W. Cooper, W. Cooper, G. Cowell, J. Creery, J. Curry, F. Dear, T. Deans, H. Dent, E. G. Drewett, A. Dufresne, A. H. Dyer, W. Early, P. G. Fitzgerald, W. L. Garnier, D. Gillispie, C. R. Goter, J. Gordon, D. K. Graham, W. P. Griffiths, N. Guerard, H. S. Hale, S. J. Hacquoil, C. A. Hancock, A. Harrison, C. A. Harrington, E. Hawkins, W. H. Hewett, R. Hetrick, J. F. Hockey, A. W. Hopewell, J. G. Howard, F. E. Hinds, C. Hillier, R. C. Hurry, C. C. Ingram, A. Jackson, M. G. Jenkins, G. Johnson, D. Johnson, T. A. Johnstone, A. Julius, R. S. Jones, R. J. Jones, A. Kelly, E. A. King, G. L. Kinghorn, E. Lampard, F. Laffin, M. Larkin, J. Levine, T. Luff, L. M. Levey, A. E. Leigh, H. D. Leveridge, F. G. Maunders, R. A. Metcalf, D. Moodie, S. Motton, W. Mowat, C. R. Mills, J. Murray, W. Murrell, G. O. McCallum, J. McGillivray, N. McKay, J. P. McKinney, W. McKinnon, H. McLellen, J. McPherson, J. Nathan, J. Neville, A. Newmark, H. N. Penrose, A. W. Perks, H. E. Perinchief, E. J. Peters, Bugler H. Philbrook, Ptes. W. Porter, J. Porteous, J. W. Pratt, F. Price, H. J. Reeves, J. F. Riley, W. H. Robertson, W. Robertson, W. J. Rogers, G. Rowe, A. J. Sanders, V. W. Saunders, M. Sellar, O. Sevigny, L. Seymour, T. Scott, A. Shano, H. Simpson, W. H. Simpson, A. G. Skeffington, C. L. Spencer, J. M. Stewart, H. L. Stevenson, J. Sullivan, R. W. Ticehurst, T. V. Timoney, J. S. Thompson, J. T. Tompkins, J. Torrens, S. Turnbull, W. Uttin, H. Vickers, J. Vokey, H. M. Wallace, W. Welch, L. M. Weston, A.-Corpl. M. V. Wilson, Ptes. R. Wilson, E. A. Winson, J. W. Young.

NOMINAL ROLL OF ATTACHED OFFICERS AND OTHER RANKS:—

Capt. G. G. Hume, Capt. F. Vipond (Chaplain), Capt. H. Taylor (Paymaster), A.Sergt. F. M. Bradfield, Cpl. F. Whiteley, Ptes. A. H. Alabone, B. O. Butler, A. H. Doupe, Drv. T. Fryer, Ptes. H. Hollands, B. H. McGee, N. A. McKenzie, Drv. W. J. Norman, Pte. R. Villiers, Sergt. P. Gammon, Sergt. W. R. Gash, Sergt. E. Whately, Corpl. L. J. Rimmer, Corpl. H. W. Cunningham, Lce.-Corpl. J. Brown, Lce.-Corpl. R. Miller, Ptes. W. R. Baker, E. H. Cole, G. M. Elliott, G. Garden, M. W. Godley, N. Hagerman, A. E. Haddell, G. A. Lamarsh, W. Langford, F. C. Lenson, G. Loomes, G. W. Moore, J. Murphy, E. C. Prater, H. J. Richardson, W. H. Russell, G. Stevenson, F. Street, S. Summerfield, C. H. Thomas, H. Turner, S. J. Uren, P. E. Verrell, A. N. Turner, T. F. Quinlan, and Bugler W. Fowler.

N.S. Pepper.—We agree with you that Captain C. is the very nicest M.O. there is, except one.

ONTARIO MILITARY HOSPITAL.

NOMINAL ROLL OF OFFICERS, NURSING SISTERS, N.C.O.'S AND MEN AT JUNE 1ST, 1916:—

Lieut.-Col. D. W. McPherson, Lieut.-Col. I. H. Cameron, Lieut.-Col. G. Chambers, Major M. K. Wilson, Capt. S. M. Fisher, Capt. C. R. Graham, Capt. E. C. McArthur, Capt. W. H. Fox, Capt. G. W. Aitken, Capt. D. A. Campbell, Capt. T. A. Carson, Capt. W. J. Clark, Capt. M. M. Crawford, Capt. D. V. Curry, Capt. L. C. Fallis, Capt. P. V. Graham, Capt. A. B. Greenwood, Capt. A. Gunn, Capt. A. E. Hilker, Capt. R. A. Jamieson, Capt. G. M. Jepson, Capt. J. E. Kane, Capt. D. L. Kennedy, Capt. A. S. Lawson, Capt. A. McKay, Capt. R. L. Parr, Capt. E. F. Richardson, Capt. E. Ryan, Capt. N. S. Shenstone, Capt. H. Smith, Capt. W. B. Stark, Capt. R. A. Thomas, Capt. R. J. Wilson, Capt. C. D. Fripp, Lieut. G. K. Lucas, Lieut. W. H. Armstrong, Hon. Lieut. H. S. Gooderham, Matron M. H. Smith, Nursing Sisters B. F. Mattice, L. Adams, E. A. Anderson, M. A. Armstrong, F. C. Bindon, M. Bishop, H. Black, A. J. Blackwell, M. E. Bunting, A. A. Carscallen, E. M. Cass, M. Chapman, C. M. Collins, A. J. Coulter, M. L. Currie,

L. E. Denton, C. R. M. Devett, R. R. Downey, I. B. Driffin, E. M. Evans, M. W. Ferguson, W. E. Forbes, E. J. Ford, A. I. George, E. Gilbert, F. Gleeson, C. G. Green, B. M. Hanna, N. L. Harper, A. G. Hogarth, E. Holland, G. Holland, A. B. Kennedy, M. H. Langman, C. Lawrence, C. J. Little, E. A. Lunman, R. Macadams, M. McIntosh, M. R. Marsh, H. F. Marston, J. I. Martin, G. H. Lavety, H. J. McCarthy, E. McClelland, M. McKenna, M. A. McKenzie, M. B. McMahon, G. McPherson, J. Milne, E. Mills, M. Y. E. Morton, M. Motion, K. M. Murray,

HOMESDALE LAUNDRY & DRY-CLEANING WORKS, BROMLEY.

DRY-CLEANING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

INSPECTION INVITFD.

Manageress, M. SEARLE.

**MESS ROOM CHATTER.**

BY WELLANDGOOD.

What is asked:—

Who was the member of our Mess who met the pretty young lady at Charing Cross Station some time ago? And why wouldn't he recognise his brother officers?

If two of our junior officers should not have a chaperone when they go away for so many week-end trips?

Why the Registrar's Orpington hen refused to bring up her chicks? And if the treatment given her "master" the day the group photo was taken had anything to do with her negligence?

Who the officer was when viewing a "free for all" in the M.O.'s corridor, asked "Is this a private fight, or can anyone get into it?" (He must have been a Highlander!)

Why the Matron threatens to keep a fire extinguisher in her room?

N.S. Inquirer.—The officer you ask about is a regular member of the Officers' Mess. We think you could charge him mess dues from your mess too if he spends so much time there.

Disappointed.—The Censor will not let us publish the reason a certain naval officer was recalled to his ship. We are afraid you will have to forego the pleasure of seeing him again for some time.

"Who will have a game of pin billiards?" Well, the whole mess can't play, there are only twelve cues.

"Now don't act in that rough manner. You are not at home now."

**AN APPRECIATION.**

THE members of this unit have been singularly fortunate in the way they have been treated by friends in and around Orpington. The first few weeks, with their rain and mud, did not make one particularly keen about this part of England. On one of the dullest days came an invitation from the President of the Knoll Golf Club for the officers of the unit to become playing members of the club at a trifling fee. Many availed themselves of the kind offer, and the first bright afternoon the "would be" golfists proceeded Knollwards.

Since then numerous invitations have been received, and Medical Officers and Nursing Sisters have availed themselves of many very pleasant afternoons at tennis, evenings at bridge, and splendid dinners. The tennis is indulged in by a few, the bridge by several, the latter by ALL.

We have had the opportunity of going over magnificent estates, of taking lovely motor drives, and we appreciate all that has been done for our enjoyment. If possible, we would say to our many friends, "When the war is over come to Canada, and let us, in part, try to return some of the pleasure we have experienced in Kent."

WELLANDGOOD.

**A "DE-RICE-IVE AFFAIR."**

HUNT the Slipper is an old-fashioned children's game which a couple of Corporals have abandoned for hunt the bridegroom and bride. Pte. Cody, whose gentle voice on "H" sharp is oft-times wafted ten times as far as the S.M. can carry his pom-pom, slipped secretly into the matrimonial halter one day last week. It went against the grain with the two Corporals that they and others were to have no part in the fun, but although uninvited, they determined to bear an offering of rice to cast upon Mrs. Private Cody and her hubby. The proximity of pay-day and the generosity of others made the first step possible, and they invested in a pound of rice. Thus armed, and with pickets out, they made stealthy raids on parish church, Registrar's office, station, and every other conceivable place where a bride and bridegroom might be supposed to be. The Corporals came back—and so did the rice.

**WHAT IS AN ADJUTANT?**

IN the last issue of "The Listening Post," that most readable "Military Monthly," published by permission of the Officer Commanding 7th Canadian Infantry Battalion, and of which Captain W. F. Orr is editor, "Slangis" contributes a most timely article entitled "What is an Adjutant?"

"You have probably heard a parallel question asked 'What is love?' Don't please confuse the two or think one has any bearing on the other. The answer to either question is equally difficult. All we know is,

that an Adjutant is a necessary evil. What the word is derived from is of little moment. Derivation in this case is superfluous. What we are really interested in is, what are the duties of the MAN?, who signs his name followed by the double-handled title of Capt. (usually) and Adjutant. I say "man" advisably, for we are often apt to wonder whether we should not substitute the word 'Machine.'

But if you really want to try an interesting experiment, just go up to the Adjutant of your own battalion, and ask him what he thinks he is? The result will probably be that the only information you elicit will be to the fact that 'you will take charge of a working party to-night at eight p.m. and report to the sapper at I . . . F . . . and put out the fire that has been raging there for days past.' Or something else equally enjoyable. But Adjutants have their uses. For instance some of them have a little black book wherein are names, and opposite the names—DATES. This is known as the 'leave book.' It is a wonderful book. As far as I can make out it is never referred to except when a request comes through from—oh you know—'for names and destinations, etc.' But, if you, being desirous of knowing approximately, when you can expect to go on leave, just to let your people know—well—you can learn quite a LOT of things in a very short space of time, but nothing at all about the point at issue.

One man was foolish enough to enquire about his leave over the 'phone. It would hardly be policy to state exactly the reply. But, one of these days, this war will come to an end, and the erstwhile Adjutant will become—perhaps—a more or less respected citizen. So when this happens—be charitable. Should you, as another respected citizen, meet him, give him the 'glad hand.' Don't be spiteful. Don't, above all, hold it against him that he was once an Adjutant.

We could go on writing a whole lot about Adjutants, but space does not permit. Another time, perhaps."

**HONOURED.**

The second monthly meeting of the London Area Mess was held on Friday afternoon, June 16th, at the office of the A.D.M.S. London Area. The Hospital Supply Officer provided a most interesting talk to the representatives of the various Hospitals, on the subject of Hospital Supplies, and made an earnest appeal to the members present for their whole-hearted co-operation and assistance in that burning topic of the day—Economy.

At 6 o'clock the meeting adjourned, to re-assemble at 7 o'clock at the Holborn Restaurant, where an excellent bill-of-fare and a most enjoyable evening were rightly anticipated. At 7 o'clock about 60 members and guests of the London Area Mess sat down to do justice and to do their duty to an excellent and well-served meal, in the historic Caledonian Room. When the inner man had been amply and fully satisfied the toast of His Majesty the King was drunk. The members and guests were then provided with a rare good evening's entertainment, which was greatly appreciated by all present. Early in the evening Lieut.-Colonel McCombe, when proposing the health of our D.M.S., conveyed to the gathering the good news that the French Government had honoured our worthy chief, and honoured Canada and all Canadians, by conferring on Surgeon-General D. Carleton Jones the "Legion D'Honneur" officio, a distinction richly deserved, by a soldier who has rendered invaluable services not only to Canada but to the Empire and to the Allied Cause.

The best intentions must be credited to the Medical Officer who was trying to order salad for the whole ward. But it is hard to understand why he chose the diet sheet of a milk diet patient to order three bunches of lettuce and three of onions.

**SERGEANTS' MESS.**

HERE we are again. We wonder how the sore-heads like the trimming that the Canadian "Bums" and "Blackguards" handed to the Horrible Hungry Huns at Ypres. Very nice for your arm-chair strategists who have such a yellow streak that they would sooner be sneered at than don the King's uniform.

We had a very enjoyable little evening on June 9th, when a joint concert was given by the Officers, Nursing Sisters and Non-commissioned officers and men. The men put on two or three enjoyable numbers, and rumour has it that the officers and Nursing Sisters clubbed together and got hold of some professional talent. We might mention names, but we might be up agin it for libel. Sergeant Bradfield presented "The Girl from Mimico," which title brought to us many thoughts of that noisy little village across the pond. Later on Sergeant-Major Campbell and Sergeant Bradfield presented an impromptu bunch of sense and nonsense entitled "A Study in Black." We would like to know if it is true that the Sergeant-Major hasn't got all the burnt cork off the back of his neck yet, and why it is that the Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant of the Honourable Artillery Company got sore because reference was made to the immense waist measurement he sports around?

We would like to take the opportunity of stating for the information of all concerned that Staff-Sergeant Sartin acquired his highly-coloured proboscis by much exposure to the sun and wind during his twenty-one (keep it dark) years in His Majesty's Marines.

Why is it that certain of the Nursing Sisters continue to call the Staff-Sergeants Corporal?

Who stole Sergt. Bradfield's rum ration?

Is it true that he was caught in the act and the rum appropriated by the Provost Sergeant?

Is it true that the Regimental Sergeant-Major intends putting in for six days' leave to go fishing? Is he going to take Davies and Edwards along for fish?

Lucky old Jeff!

Why should Staff-Sergeant Davis try to make such a poor imitation of our ex-Naval representative's bulbous nasal appendage with red lights?

Is it true that Staff-Sergeant Davis used a bottle of Bust Developer, mistaking same for hair tonic, and what is the use of trying to grow hair on wood, anyway?

Do the duties of the Sergeant attached to the Dental Corps, same sergeant being yclept "Toothless," require him to stand on his head for five minutes each evening before retiring?

Who stole the Sergeant's girl at Farnborough?

Who's got a yellow streak? Want to fight, Irish? Oy how I hate Irish!

I know, Editor, but I've got another "stick" of real good dope to hand out yet. What's that? Oh, all right, I guess it'll keep. Don't step on any rusty tacks, eh? Goo'-bye.

BACKBONE.

**THE WORLD'S STORES**

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**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 I.**

1. Now it came to pass in the eighth month of the year 1914 A.D. in a far off land the clouds of war were gathering, and the cry went through the land for the soldiers to prepare for battle.

2. Now there dwelled in a City called Toronto a great Chief, great of mind and stature, who's surname was FOSTER.

3. He, being a Prophet of great wisdom, said this will be a long and bloody war, therefore I will call together the tribes of the Cross of Geneva.

4. And straightway he did send messengers unto the leaders of the tribes known throughout the land as the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 19th.

5. Saying, on or about the sixth day of the eighth month, you and your disciples will gather together with one accord at a place called Long Branch and there dwell in tents in the wilderness.

6. Here they did gather, and for four-and-twenty days improved their knowledge of the great task before them.

7. Now on the thirtieth day of the month the Great Chief said on the morrow you will journey unto a place in the mountains called VALCARTIER.

8. And it came to pass that on the day appointed the tribes did arise early in the morning and rolled up their beds and walked to a station on a street called CHERRY.

**CHAPTER II.**

1. At the tenth hour all the tribes with their leaders, their horses, and their chariots were within the train.

2. The Great Chief in all his glory being within also.

3. Now on the first day of the ninth month at the fifteenth hour the train with the tribes did arrive at the camp in the mountains.

4. And as they marched into the camp their eyes were opened wide with wonder, for there lie before them the tents of thousands of the soldiers of battle.

5. Who had gathered together to wax strong in mind and body so that they might smite the "Boche" in the days to come.

6. Now, when all had been put straight in the new camp, the Great Chief sent a message unto the tribes, saying:

7. We are all gathered together with one accord, and you shall no longer be known as the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 19th, but shall be known to all the world as the 2nd Canadian Field Ambulance.

8. And I have chosen from among you one who is to be your commander, he being a Scotchman who's surname is McPHERSON.

9. He being a physician and of great learning in the ways of the Cross, a man slow to anger and possessed of great forethought, and he will work for good among you.

10. From the tribe of the 14th I have chosen to command B Section one David, who's surname is BENTLEY, he being a physician and a tribe leader of great fame, a man Sans Hair and gifted of song, who's favourite was that of the hen that had a wooden leg.

11. And from the tribe of the 11th I have chosen one Ethelbert, whose surname is HARDY, a physician of great fame, a man of wit and wisdom and of great daring, and having great control of the language of the dumb and well learned in the art of signalling.

12. And from the tribe of the P.A.M.C. I have chosen one Arthur, whose surname is SNELL; he will bring with him his grand and noble steed who is called Peter.

13. And also from the 14th tribe I have chosen one George, who's surname is MUSSON, being a physician from a place called Chatham; he is slow of action but sure of purpose, much learned in all the arts but that of mind reading.

14. And again from the tribe of the 14th I have chosen one James, who is also a Scotchman, who's surname is FRASER, he being a physician from a place called Walkerton, he being a great lover of the pipes, and their music does so soothe him that a little child could play with him.

15. And now again from the 14th I have chosen one William, who's surname is BURGESS, he being a physician of some repute from a place called Leamington, a man who in his youth did travel on the great waters, and even like Jonah was cast into the waters, stirring tales of which he will import to you in the days to come.

16. From the tribe of the 11th I have chosen one Percy, who's surname is BROWN, he being a physician of great renown from a city called Toronto; he is a man careful of his sheekles, and should one falleth on the floor will search diligently till he doth find it, and woe be unto him that trampeth on his toes.

17. And from the 10th I have chosen one Thomas, who's surname is McKILLIP, he being a physician in the making, given much to detail, and who, when he doth come forth, doth bedeck himself with all his implements of war.

18. Also from the 10th I have chosen one Howard, who's surname is JEFFS, he being short in stature and likewise in temper, and being possessed of the strength of an ox, which it will behove you all to mark well. He will bring with him one who will share his tent and bed, and her name is FLOSSIE.

19. From the 11th I have seen fit to choose one who is known to you all as FOX, he being not a physician, but has much learning in the ways of the Cross; he will be the Quartermaster, being a man of long memory and short conscience, taking ways, and some diplomat. Verily I say unto you, the sufferings of Job will be as nought to the discomforts of those that provoke his wrath by rending their garments or wasting their substance.

20. And now that I have chosen those who shall henceforth be known as officers, I will give unto the Commander the power to choose those that shall be known as the N.C.O.'s.

21. And it came to pass that the Commander did choose each according to his knowledge.

22. To be Sergeant-Major he chose an Irishman who's surname was CLIFTON; to be Q.M.S., one of the same race, who's name is ROGERS.

23. To be Commanders of Sections, one McINTOSH, a Scotchman; also one KEITH of the same race; and one WATTS, a Saxon.

24. To be compounders of medicine, one JEFFREY, one WHITE, and one PATERSON.

25. And the remainder were chosen, every man according to his knowledge in the ways of the Cross.

26. And it came to pass that he divided them up into divisions, one Tent Division and one Bearer Division, and the remainder drivers of the chariots, making in all 250 souls.

27. Now from those that were left they will be carriers of water.

28. Now for four-and-twenty days did they tarry in the camp in the mountains, gathering together raiment and supplies of war, and marching in review order before Dukes and others high and mighty in the land, in order that we might be proven as to our fitness for battle.

29. Now it came to pass on the 25th day of the 9th month they did again strike their tents, roll up their beds, and did journey to a city called Quebec, and did there enter into a great ship that was called Laurentic.

30. Who's dimensions were 565 cubits long, 67½ cubits wide, and 15,740 tons burdens, and a speed of 18½ knots.

**CHAPTER III.**

1. Now at the eleventh hour the great ship cast off and dropped anchor in the mighty river St. Lawrence.

2. There she rested for four and twenty hours, and again at the eleventh hour the anchor was weighed and the great journey had begun.

3. And on the second day we came to a place called Gaspie Bay, and here we did tarry for four days, for it was written that all the great ships to the number of thirty-two.

4. Should gather together at this place, together with the ships of war.

5. And on the day appointed, which was the third day of the ninth month of year nineteen hundred and fourteen.

6. And at the third hour the Great Chief of the ships of war did speak unto the Commanders of the ships of burden by means of signals, saying:

7. Hearken unto what I say unto you. Ye shall form yourselves into three columns which shall be known as X., Y., Z.

8. In the X Column shall be the ship of war H.M.S. CHARYBDIS, and in their order shall be the SCOTIAN, BURMUDIAN, ZEELAND, CORINTHIAN, VIRGINIAN, ANDANIA, SAXONIA, GRAMPIAN, LACONIA, MONTREAL, ROYAL GEORGE.

9. In the Y Column H.M.S. DIANA, The CARRIBBEAN, ATHENIA, ROYAL EDWARD, FRANCONIA, CANADA, MONMOUTH, MANITOU, TYROLIA, TUNISIAN, LAURENTIC.

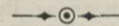
10. In the Z Column H.M.S. ECLIPSE, The MEGANTIC, RUTHENIA, ARCADIAN, ALAUNIA, IVERNIA, SCANDINAVIAN, SICILIAN, MONTEZUMA, LAPLAND, CASSANDRA, FLORIZEL.

11. And on the right hand side will be the H.M.S. GLORY, and on the left hand side will be the H.M.S. PRINCESS ROYAL, and in the rear will be H.M.S. TALBOT.

12. Now it came to pass when these signals had been understood and all was in readiness for the great journey, behold from the distant shores of the bay a small boat was pushed off, and as it drew near

13. There could be seen standing in the bow the Great and Mighty Chief and Commander, SAMUEL, and as his boat drew nigh unto the great ships a mighty cheer went forth from the thirty thousand of his soldiers who were leaving the homes and dear ones

14. To fight for their King and country in the lands across the seas.



**TUESDAY!  
C.O.'s INSPECTION.**

**A PATIENT'S LAMENT.**

(BY P. A. SHUNT.)

I.

Sister came in with a serious face—  
That wasn't like Sister!  
And stalked up the ward at a furious pace—  
Quite unlike Sister.  
She said "Hurry up, now, and clear this away,"  
This was our breakfast I am sorry to say.  
"It's Tuesday, you know." Someone said  
"Yes, all day,"  
And that annoyed Sister.

II.

She then made us finish without saying grace—  
How wicked of Sister!  
And started re-making each bed in the place—  
A new stunt for Sister.  
I felt sorry for those with bad legs or trench feet.  
For she dusted their eyebrows to make them look neat,  
And promised each "Castor Oil" if he ruffled his sheet—  
Nice ways has our Sister.

III.

She omitted to come and ask after my health—  
How thoughtless of Sister!  
And she didn't see Pat smoking Woodbines with stealth—  
That wasn't like Sister.  
But she "skeeried" us round as we cleaned up the ward,  
Made us polish gas burners and dust each blind cord,  
And kept "blessing" the day till I thought  
"Thank the Lord—  
She is only my Sister."

IV.

Then she looked at the lockers and started to rave—  
That wasn't like Sister!  
She actually noticed my face, and said "Shave"—  
Might have been my own Sister.  
Dressed the beds by the right with stern words of command,  
Passed rude remarks on my tie, though I've only one hand,  
Said we looked like a wretched interned German band—  
That was unkind of Sister.

V.

Then in came a Sister with rings on her arm,  
And said to our Sister:  
"The Colonel's not coming"—just like that, quite calm—  
But it did rile our Sister.  
The patients went round finding doors they could slam,  
Nurse quite lost her temper, she's as mild as a lamb,  
And as I turned away I heard someone say  
D—!  
Could it have been Sister?

### "CORPORALS' MESS."

YOU will probably have noticed, Mr. Editor, that the first number of your esteemed paper lacked a body. Etymologically at all events we can claim that distinction, and we shall endeavour to show ourselves a "live body" and not a "Corpse" Mess. The "corpus" contains the "cor," the body the heart, and while we naturally do not wish our name to be expanded by the insertion of the letter "e," we do wish to assure you that our hearts beat true, whether it be on the field of battle or in that subtler field where men will hazard their all to achieve success.

Having introduced ourselves, we desire in a practical manner to convey to you our hearty wishes for the success and popularity of the "Ontario Stretcher."

#### HISTORY OF THE MESS.

For many days prior to its inauguration on May 9th, 1916, Corporal Turner might have been seen wrapped in thought. His brow, ever pensive, was furrowed with lines of care. He smoked furiously. Cumming's poems, "Songs of a Sick Tum-Tum," were near at hand. Suddenly the title attracted him. In response to the law of gravity, his pipe, as he gazed open-mouthed, fell to the floor.

"Just what ails me," he gasped, "I need a stretcher."

And so the Corporals' Mess became a reality, with Turner as its first President. Of Vice-Presidents there seem to have been no end, for with so many varied tastes it is not easy to satisfy each man's fastidious cravings. Our Corporal-cook, M. A. C. Powell, is proving himself a worthy successor to the great thinker of the past.

#### MESS MEETINGS.

Four well-attended meetings have been held, and the spirit of camaraderie has been most gratifying. The erudition shown on these occasions has been wonderful indeed, and the moral atmosphere decidedly ennobling. Matters of extreme moment have been thrashed out, now and again literally, and we have proved ourselves awake to the needs of the hour. The wise use of H.P. sauce has added vim to our arguments, and repartee has assumed colossal proportions. Our fondness for pie should be a sufficient criterion as to the excellence of our characters. We leave each meeting convinced that we will raise the tone of the hospital and strengthen its esprit de corps.

It was with peculiar pleasure that we placed on record our pride in our comrade, Corporal L. J. Rimmer, of the 10th Battalion, who, after being mentioned in despatches, has been awarded the D.C.M. On his own request we make but brief reference to his valour. Canada has shown that she has worthy sons, but they are greatest upon whose brow shines the nimbus of humility.

#### QUESTIONS THAT ARE ASKED.

Are the N.C.O.'s to be asked to a certain Corporal's wedding in August?

Why does another Corporal's wife find it wise to reside in Orpington?

Does another believe that platonic friendship can be cultivated with a grass-widow?

How did Corporal X. succeed in showing his stripes so well in the Hospital Group?

Who is the sporty Corporal who came down from London in a taxi recently?

Did two Corporals who spent an afternoon in the Bromley Summerhouse bar-maids?

Why do some of the Orderly Officers ask if there are any complaints when they stand by the Corporals' tables?

RASPBERRY.

#### STAGE-STRUCK!

"Ontario's Overseas Thespians"—which embraces—not embrace—any members of the unit who feel they have any histrionic tendency, and are willing to work to develop it, made a most excellent start on Friday, June 16th, with "Who is Who?" Those taking part were Capt. Currey ("Brambleton"), Sergt. Bradfield (the model young bachelor, "Simonides Swanhopper"), Pte. Richardson (Lawrence Lavender, a valet), Nursing Sister Carscallen ("Matilda Jane"), Nursing Sister Bunting ("Cicely"). On Friday, July 21st, the farce "Bowled Out" will be presented, the cast being:—"Yearner," Sergt. Bradfield; "Arlington," Capt. Currey; "Quorms," Pte. Griffiths; "Kidmon," Pte. Saunders; "Mrs. Bufton," Nursing Sister Marston; "Marian," Nursing Sister Gleason; "Sarah Ann," Nursing Sister Carscallen.

\* \* \* \* \*

An entertainment for which the patients

will provide the programme will be an "extra" in the near future.

\* \* \* \* \*

The company of singers who kindly came to us early in May, under the management of Sergt. Jones, will provide the concert on Friday, July 7th, and on the following Friday the "Scarlet Runners" will again appear.

\* \* \* \* \*

Among those to whom we have been indebted for much appreciated help in providing entertainments for patients and all members of the Unit are the boys of the Orpington Orphanage, whose masterly work as a band reflects great credit. The Orpington Orchestra provided the larger part of the evening's programme on one occasion. "The Scarlet Runners," a quintette of Bromley ladies, were much appreciated alike on and off the stage. Captain Morell, the Chaplain of the Honourable Artillery Company, scored a big hit with his presentation of character songs. Private "Nobby," as a "Drum-head" soloist, suggests that even in the trenches (the ranks of the H.A.C. could provide a complete programme in one member. The most varied entertainment was that provided quite recently by Mdme. Edna Thornton and Miss Caroline Hatchard, both well-known members of the Royal Opera Company, and Miss Marguerite Swale, and Mr. Rupert Hazell and Mr. Ernest Sewell. From the first number to the last the enthusiasm and appreciation of the audience was maintained at the highest pitch.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a kindly thought that inspired Mr. Spencer-May, proprietor of the Orpington Picture Palace, to invite the wounded who were able to go to attend a full performance free of charge. In close formation the Battalion of the Broken went to the assault, and easily succeeded in gaining an entrance into the Palace, where they exploded loud bombs of laughter, and finally sent a volley of Loud Cheer throughout the building as a token of appreciation of Mr. Spencer-May's having voluntarily cut away the barbed-wire entanglements of admittance fees.

### FROM THE CHAPLAIN TO THE PATIENTS.

AT present there is only one Chaplain of the Ontario Military Hospital, who is a Clergyman of the Church of England, but provision is made for members of other communions to be visited by Ministers of other denominations if they so desire.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Church Parade for others than Roman Catholics is held at 9.30 every Sunday morning in the Recreation Hall. The R.C. Church Parade is announced in orders for the day.

\* \* \* \* \*

Holy Communion (Church of England) is administered in the Chapel at 6.30, 7.30, and 11.30 a.m. Sundays, and 6.30 on Thursdays.

\* \* \* \* \*

Any patient wishing to see the 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 enclose in envelope provided and already addressed "Chaplain," and hand to Nursing Sister or Orderly.

\* \* \* \* \*

Short Services are held in four wards every Sunday afternoon from 3 to 4.15, and the Chaplain will be glad if the patients of these wards who are not confined to bed or ward will attend and help to make the Services as hearty and helpful as possible for those confined to bed or ward.

\* \* \* \* \*

By the kindness of the Vicar of All Saints', Orpington, and of the organist and choir-master, we have the much-appreciated help of the choir-master and several choir boys.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Chaplain would like patients of any denomination to clearly understand that any help he can render in any way he will be glad to give.

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