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Vol. II.

No. 33.

Monday, September 23rd, 1918.

"Stand Easy."

Chronicles .. of .. Cliveden.

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at No. 15 Canadian General (Duchess of Connaught
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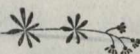
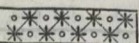
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CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ... CAPT. A. BURTON WILKES.
BUSINESS MANAGER ... A/SGT. LESLIE S. CUMMING.

Vol. II.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23rd, 1918.

No. 33.

Editorial.

It is rather a difficult proposition to write an editorial when many miles away from the seat of action which furnishes the necessary material for its composition. There is also the lack of stimulation in the form of telephone messages from The Argus Press, the arrival of proofs from the compositor, and the terrible fear that there will not be sufficient copy. Added to this, there is the fact that the Editor is away on his six days' semi-annual leave—surely a cause for relaxation.

However, in the event of there being no editorial from the far more able pen of Major H. M. Nicholson, who has kindly consented to guide the little paper through its 33rd issue, it was felt that his kindness should at least be acknowledged.

It was also thought meet to draw attention to the kindness of Mrs. Hugh Adams, who has contributed such an excellent short story to this number. As "Maud's Birthday Party" is just one of a series, we hope it may be our good fortune to publish others, which will satisfy the many eager appeals for short stories. Mrs. Adams is doubtless well known to many of you, if not through her own presence at the canteen, or at her hospitable tea parties at "Orchard Poyle," through her writings in such periodicals as *The Tatler*, *London Opinion*, &c., and may we in future add the CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN to that &c.

Being quite ignorant of the pages to follow, we hope that there will be some mention of the Officers' Mess Dinner, given on the 12th inst., in honour of Lt.-Col. Goldsmith, our new O.C.; a very successful function it was, with many excellent after-dinner speeches—doubtless prompted by the pre-war excellence of the menu.

It is rather difficult to mention in closing that we were very disappointed to find it was impossible to reduce the price of the last number. Upon looking more carefully into the matter it was found that, with the present amount of advertising and circulation, we couldn't reduce the price without suffering a pecuniary loss, which the auditors forbid.

However, where there is life there is hope, and if we continue to sell out the whole issue, as we did with No. 32, and keeps on increasing in circulation, there will be a reduction in price in the near future. The success in the sale of the last number was taken as an assurance of approval in its changed appearance. If there are any suggestions for further improvements, which will not, may we add, entail further material expenditure, it will be the greatest pleasure to receive them and, if possible, act upon them. It is hoped that many may be forthcoming and many valuable ones, as it is *your* paper, don't forget that.

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Full information may be had at the Chaplain's office.

The Manceuvres of Maud

(By her Little Sister).

Maud's Birthday Party.

I wish I were more like my eldest sister, Maud; not only in looks—of course everyone wants to look like Maud—if ever a face were a fortune Maud's is, but it's her manner I'd really like to have been gifted with.

Maud's manners are perfect; she's got the most charming way of treating every subject, whether she approves of it or not, as if her ideas exactly coincide with what the person she is talking to thinks.

This sounds rather involved I am afraid, but let me give you an example of what I mean.

Aunt Chrissy came to stay with us the other day and brought with her her latest treasure—the dearest, sweetest, little Pekinese that had taken a prize because it was so small.

She called it Mr. Wu and the moment I saw it, with its hair neatly parted down its back, I fell head over ears in love with it, and felt that I'd never wanted anything in life half so much as a real live Pekinese.

Of course it was unfortunate that the first thing he did was to dash at Maud and go headlong through the lace flounce of her newest evening dress. To my mind, Mr. Wu's playfulness is his great charm—most prize dogs are so haughty. I pointed this out to Maud, but she didn't agree.

"I hate all dogs," she said, "nasty horrible things. They are only a lot of trouble and you've got to pay for a license to keep them—and they are always eating your slippers or lying on the chair you want to sit down on. It's all very well keeping a mastiff or a bull dog for protection—there's some sense in that because they live in a kennel away from the house—but I hate pet dogs and I loathe Pekinese. That flounce is going to cost me £4, and four pounds is four pounds since father has taken to grumbling over war prices and practising economy to such an extent that we'll soon have to go about in sack-cloth and ashes, for we won't be able to afford anything else."

Maud was so upset over her lace flounce that she wouldn't even let me walk poor Scamp down to Lady Halvo's, although I offered to take him on the lead, and she knows he's a great favourite with the convalescent officers. Of course they missed him—no sooner had I got in than the little Lieutenant said, "Hello! where's Scamp?"

I was so vexed that I blurted out the truth.

"I've had to leave him at home," I said, "because Maud says she doesn't like having dogs about with her."

"Not like dogs?—Aren't you fond of dogs, Miss Beetham?—You can't mean it?" One after another asked the question in surprised interrogation exactly as if so simple a fact was unbelievable and couldn't possibly be true.

Of course Maud's instinct told her they were all disappointed; it wasn't what they had expected of her.

"Well!" she explained in her prettiest and most confiding manner, "I haven't had much chance of getting fond of them—I never really had a dog of my own—you see. That makes such a difference doesn't it? We've just got an aunt staying with us now and she has a little dog she is devoted to. It was given her by her late husband and she never lets it go out of her sight. It's got to be a real companion and she never lets it she'd do without it. But then you see she's a woman without any outside interest, and I always seem to have so much to do."

"You're always doing kind things for other people you mean," said the little Lieutenant, warmly blushing as he spoke, "you mean you never have time to think of yourself," and I felt, rather than heard, a murmur of assent and approval sweep round the room.

That's so like Maud—without actually saying anything she always makes people think she's in the right, what she seems to forget is that she only thinks of kind things, then she makes me do them.

But I could see she was pleased at the turn the conversation took

although she interrupted the Major just as he was going to say something and laughed and said, "Oh, nonsense, you're all much too nice to me. By the way, what are we all going to do this afternoon?"

As usual, everyone waited for her to make a suggestion.

"I thought we might play pool in the new billiard room if you liked. I'm sure Lady Halvo will think you don't like it if nobody goes near it, and after all her trouble, it does seem rather a shame."

"Pon my word you do think of everything," said the Major, and for once he was right.

Maud has a wonderful gift of pleasing everyone and getting a good time into the bargain. She had noticed a little time ago that all the invalids were beginning to get tired of the recreation room and Bridge and games, and she begged papa to offer to lend Lady Halvo the billiard table, which nobody uses now Jack has gone to France—except mamma, who found it very convenient for cutting out shirts for soldiers on.

Of course, Papa assented, and old Lady Halvo, who is a lump of good nature, turned out of her big drawing room and now sees her friends in the boudoir, so that the wounded officers can have a billiard room all to themselves. But, although both papa and Lady Halvo had really put themselves out, I don't believe there was one of the invalids who didn't give Maud the sole credit for their added amusement.

We played Cork pool for a little and then Maud taught us a new kind of billiard bowls which everyone could join in, even the man with a shattered arm who couldn't hold a cue, and she made it so interesting and exciting that we played on and on until it was quite late, and the car had waited for an hour or more, until I began to wonder what Papa's temper would be like at dinner time. But Maud didn't seem to trouble, she was only so delighted that she had found something to make the time pass pleasantly for them. Nobody knows better than she does how bored and fretty they get—as they all confide their trouble, and go to her for sympathy.

Just before we did leave, the Major, who is really getting very silly, asked if it was going to be a whole week before we came again.

Then it was that Maud had her inspiration, "Oh! I'd nearly forgotten," she said, "I want you *all* to come and have tea with me next Monday. It's a birthday party," she explained, "with a real birthday cake, with only a few other visitors besides ourselves. Birthday parties are no fun except you have your own real friends at them, are they?" and she looked up at the Major, who was holding her coat for her, as only Maud knows how to look, and shot a glance at the little Lieutenant as he handed her her muff—but I noticed the one person she did not look at was me. Indeed Maud carefully avoided my eye.

Everyone accepted her invitation, so cheerfully and joyously, that I almost forgave her, and all the way home she talked so nicely about the party, and seemed so eager to fall in with any suggestion I made as to how we should entertain our guests, that I quite enjoyed myself, especially as I sat on the little seat and nursed dear Mr. Wu, whom I had coaxed Aunt Chrissy to send to meet us, and I wondered what I should do when he left next day, which was Saturday.

I must confess I'd been a little afraid of what Maud might say when she found him waiting in the car—that was not until I heard her give her invitation for the birthday party; but all she said when she saw him was, "I can't imagine what anyone can see in a Pekinese." Then she went on talking about her arrangements and whether papa would really be nice and get the Topsy Turvy Troop to come, and sing and play, and make a real party of it.

Maud said now that the billiard room was empty it would make a lovely concert room, and we could move the piano in, and sprinkle chalk on the floor, and ask some of the neighbours in, and those who wanted to could dance after tea if they felt like it. It was just as we turned in at the gate Maud suddenly remembered that she'd never asked Lady Halvo to come, and it was too late to catch the evening post.

"Never mind," she said, "you can run down can't you Winney, dear? It would be an excellent opportunity to take poor Scamp for a run—he

hasn't been out all to-day you know."

That's so like Maud—I never knew anyone so clever at turning every little trivial detail to her own advantage like she does. Of course, I had to go.

As soon as breakfast was over, Maud gave me the note and asked me if I would be very nice and walk very quickly so that I could be back in time to say good bye to Aunt Chrissy before she left at lunch time.

I confess I was cross. I didn't want to go a bit, as Aunt Chrissy's maid had promised I might brush and comb Mr. Wu while she packed, and take him for a walk in the garden afterwards.

Maud was very nice about it. She said she'd have gone herself only she had to go and talk to Papa about writing to the Topsy Turvy Troop, and if I'd take the note she'd give me the remains of Captain Breakspere's last box of French chocolates and she'd get Aunt Chrissy to let me take Mr. Wu instead of Scamp.

Afterwards I was glad I'd gone; for half-way there I met the little Lieutenant and the Major, and they turned and walked back with me, and I introduced them to Mr. Wu and told them all about his winning a prize noon. I said "we" on purpose, because I notice if I talk about my own concerns nobody even takes the slightest notice.

It was just then I noticed the Major look at Mr. Whitty, and Mr. Whitty looked at the Major and nodded, and then Mr. Whitty said, "Look here, Miss Winney, we're going to take you into our confidence—you know noons to come and cheer us up" (they seem to have overlooked the fact that I'd given up my afternoons also); "Well, 'er—well—the fact is, we all thought we'd like to give her something, just a little remembrance of it then—the Major and I are going up to town to-day to get it. We had thought of a platinum watch bracelet, but do you think a Pekinese would be nicer?"

I stood stock still, and my eyes nearly jumped out of my head with delight.

"What," I said, "do you really mean a real live beautiful darling Pekinese like Mr. Wu?"

The little Lieutenant nodded. "I know where I can get one that might be his brother," he said. "What do you think?"

"Think? Think? I think a Pekinese is worth all the silly old platinum watches in the world—that's what I think." And in my excitement I hugged dear Mr. Wu so tightly that I'm afraid I very nearly choked him.

It was just then Lady Halvo met us and I gave her my note, and the other two said good bye, and went to catch their train before I could say another word. I don't know how I got home. I was so thrilled. Just as I got inside the gate I caught sight of Maud; and as I did so I had a horrid remembrance of how she'd tried to coax a watch bracelet out of my mamma and papa last Christmas, but papa's economy fit was at full blast just then. He insisted on scrapping all Christmas presents because of the War, and making us do the same, and sending £50 to the Prince of Wales' Fund instead.

I looked at Mr. Wu and felt a little guilty, tho' I couldn't help smiling to myself.

Really Maud had deserved it, I thought.

It was at that moment she said in her nicest way, "Well Winney, dear, you seem to have enjoyed your walk. You're one big beam."

"Yes," I said, bending over Mr. Wu's bow, so she shouldn't see I was laughing. I'm thinking about Monday's party. "It's all right," she assured me, "father's going to get the Topsy Turvy Troop. I'm so glad you're so pleased, Winney, dear," and she slipped her arm affectionately through mine.

That's so like Maud, she always is so affectionate that, if I'm not doing exactly what she wants me to, she manages to make me feel thoroughly

uncomfortable, mean and unjust.

But I forgot all those feelings on Monday, when, before the party really began, Lady Halvo and her guests arrived, bringing with them the sweetest Pekinese, tied up in a big blue bow and lying on a pale blue satin cushion. The little Lieutenant presented it to Maud and said something about her mentioning she'd never had a dog of her own, and so they'd bought her one and they hoped she'd like it.

I coughed then—I was so afraid they might spoil it all by talking of watch bracelets— but happily that was averted.

Maud cast one glance at me. Then she rose nobly to the occasion—
 “Really,” she said—“really I don't feel I deserve this.” And, by the look in her eye, I knew she'd included me in that speech. I didn't hear the rest of it, but it was apparently quite satisfactory, and the blue of Mrs. Wu's bow looked so beautiful against Maud's new pink dress, that she held her in her arms for quite a long time, and they made the most delightful picture. Of course, Maud thought she'd been awfully clever, and had scored off me, but I didn't feel so unhappy about the platinum watch bracelet as I might have been under different circumstances, for you see, although both the party and the present were hers, she forgot to mention the fact that the birthday was mine.

MRS. HUGH ADAMS.

In Memoriam.

P.T., Capt., R.F.C., Pilot in 22nd Squadron, 10th Wing. Aged 19 years.

Father, I thank Thee for the precious gift
 Thou gavest me,
 And Father, now of my delight bereft,
 Yet thank I Thee.

I thank Thee for the happy springtide years
 His to fulfil,
 Yea, in my desolation and my tears,
 I thank Thee still.

I thank Thee for his purity of heart,
 His steadfast faith;
 I thank Thee for the high heroic part
 He chose till death.

I thank Thee for the evil he defied,
 The victory won;
 I thank Thee that he lived and that he died
 A noble son.

I thank Thee too, that never stain or scar
 Was on his name;
 That in his life and death, in Peace and War,
 He played the game.

I thank Thee most, that with his failing breath
 His friend he shielded;
 Not even in the cold embrace of death
 His courage yielded.

O may his fragrant memory abide,
 And may I be,
 Upheld by Love, through sorrow sanctified,
 And worthier Thee.

E.B.

Qui ante diem perit sed miles sed pro patria.

A SWEET MEMORY.—Think of sugar and a lump comes in your throat.—Punch.

Ward Notes.

F.1.

Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes! Here we are again. Owing to the pressure of work of late, we have been unable to contribute to the leading magazine of the day, but from now on we hope to amuse you, one and all.

If anyone has any spare methylated spirit or talcum powder, will they kindly send it to F.I. Ward, as there is a great demand for same.

Any patient requiring manicure or shampoo, can receive treatment from Sister —, F.I. Ward, by applying between the hours of 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. Oh yes! Everybody's doing it here. Our latest craze is standing on our heads with out legs in the air, and I can tell you some of the boys are quite expert at the game.

We have had a change of staff lately, so our noble friend, Everton, now becomes O.C. Dressing Carriage, and he is assisted by friend Taffy. Our "Office Boy" has paid the dentist a visit, and we are sure that he enjoyed it. We hear from good authority that he may try another visit!!!

We are very sorry indeed to hear that our orderly's girl at Maidenhead has given him up. Never mind, Jock, there are lots more fish in the sea. How 'ard things are these days! We hope that it will not upset him too much, as it may interfere with his work, and we should miss him very much if he fell sick.

Things we should like to know—

Where did "Digger" learn the long stitch?

Who was the Aussie who was going to see the police off?

Where is the Strawberry Jam coming from lately?

Why did "Digger" sell his fishing tackle, are there no more fish in the river?

F.2.

In the limelight again, this time as a femur ward. Guess we can fix 'em up alright.

Our old friend Stan. is on his "home" leave. Good luck to him, he's one of the best, and he deserves the finest that comes by. Congrats. to Jimmie. Who says he had a single ticket when he came across?

Yet a few more of the boys have gone. It is now a case of the survival of the *unfittest*, we presume.

We wonder if Dvr. Jimmie is going to fly to the V.A.D.

We know more about Aussies now than ever before.

Who proposed O. Langlin as Minister of Information?

We still want a batman for the old man. What offers?

The short entertainment in the ward was immensely enjoyed. "Samoa" would be acceptable.

G.1.

Oh, Bert! How could you refuse a poor *silent* suffering hero five minutes of your valuable time.

Glad to see G.I. is not forgotten by the old boys, especially "Percy."

When is the Donkey Derby coming off among the Sisters?

I wonder why our new night sister always hides the milk pitcher.

Among the many promotions of Gee One is Musson from i/c Dressings to 2nd i/c Kitchen Staff.

Ask Rutledge about Sarah.

"Gas! Gas! Gas!" some one cries, and everybody wonders. "It' alright," says the mail-man. Just calling out the mail for Pte. Gass."

What will some of the "lady friends" at Maidenhead do when the decent married man leaves for the land of the maple?

We are sorry to see our friend, Tich, getting in the wrong after leaving the kind motherly care of Sister Kay. But, of course, he has got a good excuse now—he's a poor married man.

Who put the saw-dust in Mac's bed?

What will "Slim" do when Daisy's broke?

"Ben" is holding the line heroically in the kitchen, while "Taffy" is away on leave.

It was with great regret that we parted with Capt. Mann, our M.O. Still, our loss is France's gain. So we say, "Congratulations, Major; good luck, and a safe return." "GEE ONE."

G.2.

We regret the loss of the recent O.C. Dressing Carriage, who was known to all as "Raspberry." Also our "Whistling Coon," Guss, who has forsaken khaki for "civvies." Not forgetting "Tin Ribs," better known as "Paper Chest," off the verandah. Our loss was G.1 ward's gain.

We are sorry for the loss of our Night Sister, and her happy face will always be welcomed in the ward.

Why do we get short ration of stout?
 We think it is the fault of issuer out.
 It seems the same with the ration of bread,
 If we get much less we'll soon be dead.
 This is a complaint I'm sorry to say,
 Reaches my ears three times a day.

Things we would like to know—

Why does our Professional Singer scratch his neck when visitors play the piano?

J.1.

"Jim" Goodsell having left us for Netley, we beg to apply for a new "Sleeper." Must be loud snorer, or useless.

The tea and entertainment provided by that talented comedienne, Miss Daisy Jerome, was greatly appreciated and thoroughly enjoyed by some of our boys, as was also the trip to Windsor Castle, and the drive and tea kindly given by Mrs. Lionel Jackson. We would, however, like to remind those who went "to Bray," that a certain animal did likewise.

Did friend Raynor really appreciate his "futurist" discharge?

Does J.2 really have fits (Fitz)?

We place it on record in this issue of the STAND EASY, that our Canadian, Roddy McDonald, is really Scotch, though we have not been privileged yet to see him in kilts.

"Tank" you Cpl. Smith, although those ward notes you volunteered to write are not in time for the printer; or is it merely that you have not yet had time to collect your scattered thoughts?

We have an artist in this ward which may interest you, Mr. Editor. He can draw pictures as well as smoke. We are afraid that he is rather shy, but he is a very orderly individual.

We heard a band playing in H.1 one evening, but the music only lasted a "Short(t)" while.

Is it a matter of "Merritt" to "Hunt" for shirt buttons in this ward?
 "JAY ONE."

K.1.

A hearty welcome is extended to our new comrades, and we hope they will enjoy their time spent with us.

The brasses have lost their brilliant "shin(es)" since you left us, Sgt. Who is it fights his battles over again in his sleep? No prizes for correct answer.

What has happened to our Debating Society? Surely they aren't short of topics. Perhaps they have caught the strike fever too. We hope so.

Who started the "nightly barrage" stunt? S'hush, mum's the word. We think that a word of praise is due to our new O.C. Kitchen. He is carrying on the "eats" department in a very capable manner. Oh, that cocoa at night!

Welcome! And wishes for an extended sojourn to our new Sister.

K.2.

We recently enjoyed a river trip to Windsor on the "Good Hope," and partook of a fine spread, for which we must thank Sister Mack and her helpers, who, we understand, were preparing sandwiches, &c., for three hours. The old "Good Hope" left her moorings at 1.30 sharp, with a merry load of about 60, in good weather. We were particularly interested in some trick cycling stunts displayed on the river bank by an old friend, "Queens," he certainly is a "trump." His "in off the lamp" effort brought the house or rather, the boat down. The upper deck was the most popular part of the boat, from where one could view the surrounding country and study the animals and the "birds." Those members who favoured the cabin, in preference to the deck, were interested in another kind of "deck," and the only intimation we had of their presence was strange and spasmodic remarks such as, "seeyer," "youstay boys," and "upanother." We made Windsor in good time and enjoyed a short tour of inspection, during which time a certain party made a certain purchase of a certain fishy commodity. For further information see small handbills and interview our beloved friend, who has earned for himself the most appropriate *nom de guerre* of "fine large shrimps." Having so often versed his partiality for to receive such a generous contribution. Three "reports" from the "Good Hope" rounded up the merry party, who were, doubtless, attracted by the thoughts of a sumptuous repast, or, as more commonly expressed, a "blow out." The homeward journey was, unfortunately, marred by heavy rain and the "Stripped Deck" was largely patronised.

H. J. B.

Alex. 2.

From Ryan's account of his adventures in the firing line, chasing the Hun, we should imagine he had an ample amount of courage, but it certainly failed him when the M.O. appeared on the scene with the needle.

We are very sorry that our athletic Sister has been transferred to other duties in the hospital. No doubt her loss is keenly felt by the chair and crutch patients, who partook of their sumptuous breakfast in bed. Her successor has evidently been trained by the W.C.T.U. in the virtues of early rising, which are now being rigorously enforced.

Who was the man who, after being warned not to proceed and participate in the pleasure of a boat trip to Windsor, returned with the party in a much bedraggled condition? When cross-examined by the Sister, he stoutly denied the accusation!

Will some one tell us why the O.C. of the kitchen staff was so reluctant to provide a patient with further liquid refreshment when requested to do so, and whether the Night Sister's influence helped him to decide?

Apparently the young Toronto vocalist failed to profit by the advice tendered to him by a few of his world-wise seniors, as, recently, our P.S. found it necessary to further impress upon him the dangers confronting an inexperienced and prepossessing youth after dark.

A certain young Scotsman is often seen among a numbers of boys from the Dominions relating stories of the exploits of his Division, but we are sometimes inclined to be like "doubting Thomas" when he is unable to tell which division he really belongs to. Anyway, Jock, when the papers report storm troops "in action," don't look for the line on the map, look at the direction the arrows are pointing.

All the boys of the ward unite in offering congratulations to Pte. Hosegood on his marriage, which took place on Sept. 14th. Long life and happiness, Allan, and may you soon be comfortably settled in "A little Grey Home in the West."

On Major Jackes' departure from our ward, Sept. 16th, a presentation was made by the boys of a silver cigarette box, suitably engraved, as a small token of their appreciation for his consideration while in charge of the ward. His departure is deeply regretted by all concerned, but he leaves to take up more important duties elsewhere. May success attend him in his new appointment.

Ontario 1.

Who is it who gets so little sleep at night? Do the spurs jab him, or is it due to soft diet and stout (murmurs of Maidenhead)?

Yet another flying machine has been introduced—the fourth within a month. Who was it that woke up at 10.30 and found the dynamo could not speak. His remarks should be kept secret, although he was sweating all the time. Good old “Shell Shock”!

Who is the proud Lancastrian who, when asked where he was born, said “North Staffordshire, Lanes.”?

Who is it who has had to invite his sister to the neighbourhood for protection against the attentions of the young ladies of the district? Good looks are such a bore. Or is it the spurs which attract?

Ontario 2.

If you want to get the “wind up” in the kitchen, tell them “the Colonel is coming round.”

We were sorry to part with one of the old boys, Bdr. Moat, but wish him well in “civvies.”

If you want to hear good singers, come round when Sister Smith is spraying the throat patients. Everyone a baritone!

What is wrong in the kitchen, that the mice need to start feeding on the piano? Ask Parker.

We hear that one of the boys is about to be married, and wish him the best of luck. Happy days, Brickell.

Yukon.

Our phonograph should appear before a T.M.B. Please arrange, as we are anxious to participate in a sweepstake on the finding. If phonographs have femurs, ours should be in a splint.

Our Night Orderly should indulge in a pair of Phillips's rubbers. His policeman-like footsteps remind one of any Yorkshire town at 5.55 a.m.

All Yukonians are delighted to see Sister Baker's smiling face again, and glad to know that she is once more her old self.

We certainly had a dandy boat trip to Windsor on Saturday, 7th inst., and our voices are raised in praise of the organizers. Items like that are what make our stay in hospital worth while.

Prior, of midnight serenade fame, and Port, our late authorised Secretary, have gone from us to take another chance in the great war. May the monster deal lightly with them.

Canteen Notes.

Will all our patrons please note that, so long as we continue to be favoured by the Match Controller, we can supply this rare commodity two days per week, viz., Wednesday and Saturday? For the sake of fair distribution, please remember our condition of sale—“One man, one box.”

Our match salesman is a particularly hard-hearted individual, having been crossed in love three times, so you cannot reach his emotional side and secure extras with heartbreaking tales of “your pals who lie in bed,” &c. We have recently secured the services of an outdoor salesman, whose duty it is to provide for the bed patients, and it will help him in his bi-weekly match tour if those bed patients will have their “dolly bags” handy on his approach.

For the information of those who have not yet apparently “wised up,” the name of the cigarettes in the red packets is “B.D.V.” The popular mistaken versions are: “B.V.D.,” “V.A.D.,” and we have even been asked for “B.A.D.”!

We were pleased to see the finished appearance of the chair patients at the recent concert, as it justifies us stocking brilliantine.

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V.A.D. Notes.**HIGH WYCOMBE.**

Our Matron is away at Brighton, enjoying her holiday and rest. We miss her. Sister Brookhouse is carrying on. Sister Jacobs is back, and taking night duty.

Welcome to the new Taplow boys. It seems like old times to have a batch of 20 odd in again. A number of our old friends have gone, some for holidays and many for work. Our best wishes go with them.

The Rev. Terry Coppen, the Wesleyan Chaplain, has left the town. He always took a great interest in the patients, and has given them many pleasant hours with foreign talks and games of chess. The Rev. T. Seed is taking his place.

We are hoping to have a Jumble and Fancy Sale, in aid of the Comforts Fund, at the end of October.

Any gifts or donations may be sent to the Commandant. This fund provides the smokes, stamps and outings for the men, besides helping to pay for the work materials.

The return cricket match, between patients and veterans, proved an exciting game. Our team did themselves justice and shaped better all round, they were out to win, and Pte. Newell's 80 did the trick. The veterans were not up to former strength, although, but for fine bowling of Clewes, they would have won. Our best thanks to Councillor Gibson and Mr. Bartlett for again giving the whole hospital the excellent tea, also to Mr. T. Thurlow for such a pleasant afternoon.

The weekly whist drives have been as usual, but our active M.C. has left us. Many thanks for all his help.

Our best thanks to the Salvation Army for their splendid gift of hot-house grapes, tomatoes and apples. The boys much appreciated them.

Can anyone explain this unexpected cold snap? Some say "Somers" gone.

Hymeneal.

There was a great stir in the camp on Saturday afternoon, when news came that Capt. Charles D. Farquharson was under orders to proceed to France. Even under ordinary circumstances there would have been more than the ordinary ripple of excitement, as the Pathologist is a very popular member of the staff; but, because the 25th inst. was the date when he was to join the benedictines, there was some anxiety as to what could be done under the circumstances. The bride-to-be, Miss Marian F. King, was a member of the nursing staff, and the Matron (Miss Russell) was appealed to, with the result that an impromptu wedding was planned. The Chapel attached to the Hospital could not be used for the solemnization of marriage, so it was arranged that Hedsor Church should be the scene of the happy event.

The marriage was strictly military, and the church itself made a most pleasing setting for the wedding party. The bride, in the C.A.M.C. nursing uniform, looked very pretty as she entered the church on the arm of the Officer Commanding (Col. Goldsmith), who, in the absence of relatives, gave her away. Her bridesmaid was Sister H. B. MacDonald, also in uniform and looking charming, while the best man was Capt. Paterson, the groom's co-worker.

The ceremony, which was performed by Capt. Trench, the Chaplain of the Unit, was simple and impressive. The music was well rendered by Sister Best. The choir sang "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden" during the service, while the guests left the church to the strains of "The Marsellaise." As the bride and groom came down the aisle, after signing

the register, the Sisters strewed rose leaves in their path, and the Officers formed a guard of honour outside the main entrance, through which they passed on their way to the carriage.

The Matron and Nursing Sisters held a reception at their Mess, Taplow Lodge, for the bridal party. The bride most gracefully "wielded the sword" and started to cut the cake, being ably assisted by Sister Grey and Sister Baker.

After the toast "The King" (proposed by Capt. Endacott), the O.C., in a most appropriate speech, struck a very happy note when giving salutary advice to the one usually needing it most! The health of the bride and groom was then proposed by him and drunk, and "For they are jolly good fellows" sung. The Officers followed this by three cheers and a "tiger." The bridegroom, in a few well-chosen words then replied. Later, Col. Meakins proposed the health of the bridesmaid, to which Capt. Paterson very aptly responded.

It is greatly to be regretted that, owing to the short time at the disposal of those making the arrangements, no outside guests could be invited.

The bride looked very smart in her travelling gown of blue whipcord. She also wore white fox furs, the gift of the groom. The happy couple left for Eastbourne and other places on the south coast. They carry with them the very best wishes of their friends at No. 15 Canadian General Hospital.

We pray that God may bless them in their new walk in life, and that happiness and success may be with them in their new undertaking.

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