

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

No. 5.

OCTOBER, 1916.

Price 3d.



OUR HARBOUR.

"Hurrah! the Heads!" And as we look we see the break in the cliffs, which every minute grows more distinct, so now it will not be long before we see "Our Harbour" once more. Bruno is beside me. Bruno has been my cobbler since we first went to camp—those days when we learnt the intricacies of modern warfare, forming fours and presenting arms, under the tuition of that sergeant-major with the loud voice and the red nose.

The "Captain Cook" is coming out now to give us a pilot, and as he, the pilot, clammers up the Jacob's ladder, a picture is conjured up before me of that laughing, shouting crowd on the troopship when we left dear old Sydney. It seems ages ago, but I still remember how my heart beat faster when we dropped the pilot, and as he left us, with a cheery wave of his hand, we seemed to have lost the last link with home.

Bruno is very quiet. Strange for him to be so quiet, as on the trip home he has been one of the happiest souls on board, and his great big grin cheered many of us when we were down in the dumps.

We are going through the Heads now, and the appearance of the hospital ship, with its big red crosses and broad green band, is the signal for a medley of sound from the vessels in the harbour, and as they all take it up the hills throw it back to us as one big roar of welcome.

Ha! there's Manly—good old Manly—with its beach and surf, and, oh! for the good times we had there. There's Watson Bay on the left, and how good it all looks. Many and many a time has the old story been told on its slopes.

The Harbour is just as busy as ever, with its crowd of ferry boats and white-sailed cutters, and as they pass us the crowds on them cheer and cheer, as if it was all they had to do in life.

We have Parsley Bay on our left now, and on our right the Spit, and, oh! the beauty of it. The white houses with red tiles, in a setting of bright green, seem to be a big slice of heaven, because this is home.

There goes Bruno's hat, but I don't think he noticed it, as his quiet spell has passed, and he is cheering like a maniac. The windows of the houses seem to be alive with fluttering handkerchiefs, but many a tear is falling, and many a heart aches for those who will never come back.

In the distance, over on the right, I can see Balmoral, where we had our week-end camp: just those lazy days when we divided our time between the water and sun-bathing on the beach. There were seven of us there, but the big war has played havoc even in our little camp, as we only number three now.

We are passing Fort Denison now, or as it is generally known, Pinch-gut. It is just a rock in the harbour, with a few low stone buildings, but the name of Pinch-gut survives from the old days when the worst of the convicts were quartered there, and starved into submission to authority; hence its name.

Bruno is quiet again as we are passing Rushcutter's Bay, and that is where Bruno lives, so I suppose his thoughts run in the same train as mine: whether those good times before the war will ever be again.

On our slow progress up the Harbour we

ON THE LAWN.

Once more, through the kindness of Mrs. (Col.) D. W. McPherson, the many patients of our hospital were entertained at a delightful garden party on the lawn of Boundary House early in the month.

Over 400 "up" patients were present and enjoyed the many pleasures Mrs. McPherson had so thoughtfully prepared. The Boys' Band from St. Joseph's Orphanage played delightful music, frequently rendering popular airs, in which the patients joined and sang the choruses heartily and loud. Cake, fruit and pleasing drinks were passed continuously by Mrs. McPherson and many of the Nursing Sisters, who generously assisted in helping the "boys" to enjoy the afternoon. When the band at last played "God save the King" a more happy, cheerful, and well-satisfied crowd of patients would have been hard to find, and Mrs. McPherson is to be congratulated on her thoughtful kindness and generosity in contributing so largely to that particular phase of hospital life which is so essential where the best results are demanded. The above photo was taken during the afternoon.

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING COLUMN].

pass a cruiser and two destroyers taking in stores, and as we pass their coal-begrimed crews give us a real hearty cheer, as only sailor-men can. The appearance of these black-looking ships serves to remind us that the war we seem so far away from now is still a grim reality.

Over on the right we see the North Shore in all its beauty, the cluster of small bays, the green slopes rising up to the hills at the back, and the houses looking like dolls' dwellings perched on the sides of the hills, and still the waving, cheering crowds.

We are passing Woolloomooloo Bay on our left now, with its mass of ships from every part of the globe, and its busy wharves.

Now we are up to Circular Quay, and as we swing round we look down the Harbour and wonder if there is a place in the world which can compare with "our 'arbour." Anyway, to us there is not.

We can see the crowds on the quay now—mothers, sisters and wives. Bruno's face seems strangely white, as somewhere in that crowd there is a girl. He showed me her photo once, and when he got her letters he seemed if possible happier than he usually was, and I don't wonder after I saw that photo.

The tug-boats are pulling us into the wharf now, and we try to pick out the faces of our dear ones in the crowd, but these sights are not for Bruno, because, you see, Bruno is blind.

CAPT. CURREY ON LEAVE.

The unit has suffered a considerable though temporary loss in the departure of Captain Douglas V. Currey, who left for his home in St. Catherine's, Ontario, on Sept. 18th. As a Medical Officer his work has been above criticism, and he has been the leading figure in the Baseball and Tennis activities of the unit. He acted, also, very capably as Mess Correspondent of the "Stretcher." We all hope that the health of his family will permit of his early return.

MEDICAL ETIQUETTE.

It is not well to pay too much heed to mere rumours. Sometimes one may with profit discuss them. There has been prevalent an ugly rumour, coming from different sources, to the effect that some British medical men are charging fees, and unduly large fees, to men in uniform, both privates and officers. It is also said that some of these consultants are on the staffs of Military Hospitals, and that after men are well enough to leave the Hospital they are transferred, in some instances, to Nursing Homes in which the consultants are financially interested, and in which the patients are charged exorbitant fees for treatment. A patient came to this hospital a few weeks ago for treatment. He had consulted a London physician, who charged him three guineas for advice. We repeat—these are rumours. They ought to be sifted. If they are unfounded, we shall be only too glad to retract and apologise. If they are well-established, they reveal an astoundingly low standard of the profession. In Toronto, at the beginning of the war, the medical men unanimously decided not to charge any fees to the families of soldiers. We believe that no Toronto man charged anyone in uniform for any medical treatment. They also agreed to attend the patients of their confreres who had given up their practices and had devoted their services to the country's need, and to hand over the fees to the absent doctors. And our colleagues at home are doing many acts of unselfishness in carrying out this generous resolution. The Colonial soldiers are mingling in camp and hospital and on the battle-front with their British cousins, and learning to know them as they have never known them in the past. This is a good omen for the unity of the Empire that is to come. What a calamity it would be—a national calamity—if, through any indiscretion or thoughtlessness on the part of leaders in our noble profession in England, whether English by birth or English by adoption, this better fellow-feeling, this closer drawing together of the various elements in that great Imperial union, this growing esprit de corps, should be marred or destroyed, and in this way, one of the greatest benefits arising from this horrible war should be hindered. Perhaps our good friend, "The British Medical Journal," might express its views on this subject. We have a noble profession, with glorious ideals and the most precious traditions. May it be our greatest aim, our most earnest effort, to keep the sacred name of doctor untarnished by any of the sordid things in life! Above all, may the love of accumulating filthy lucre, which has brought so much disgrace and dishonour, during this war of self-sacrifice, to hundreds of shirkers who can never rise above the low level of hoarding coin—may such base love never cast its shackles upon the members of the profession of medicine. Let us ever remember the grave responsibility that rests upon us, not only to solve all the scientific problems that yet remain shrouded in mystery; not only to relieve suffering and to administer comfort; but also to so live and act, that we may reflect glory on a profession that has earned for itself, in the annals of history, the highest place in the history of the world.

X. Y. Z.

TEA TALK.

Among the visitors to the Mess this month was a friend of Sister Cass, Sister Papst, who is with the Imperial Nursing Corps. She is having a well-earned rest after doing duty in Alexandria, Egypt, and on a hospital ship running between Salonika and Malta. Her interesting stories and experiences would have made the "White Linen Nurse" change that tired expression of hers to one of amazement.

Sister Nully, of Orillia, Canada, also with the Imperial Nursing Corps, visited her class mate, Sister Devitt.

We felt very much like "Schools out" when Matron Smith announced that "Leave" would commence. With her usual kind thoughtfulness she is arranging for Sisters whose homes are near, to spend Christmas with their friends—and also we can whisper those of us who are less fortunate are going to have a nice little surprise—another kind inspiration of the Matron's.

Sisters Helen Smith and Roman entertained a number of friends at the tea hour on Sept. 28th. The lovely fall flowers added a touch of colour to the pretty Mess Room, all present enjoying the kind hospitality of the young ladies, who were so solicitous for everyone's comfort.

Among the fortunate ones who had leave were Sisters McPherson, McCarthy, and Home Sister Cook. Sister McCarthy spent a delightful time with friends in Ireland, and was lucky in not having one rainy day.

Sisters McPherson and Cook had planned a trip to Scotland, but had to disarrange their plans, owing to the word coming that Sister McPherson's young cousin had been wounded. After several days of trying to hurry the War Office to get news of him, she found he was safe in England, and she was able to "carry on," having unfortunately, through unfavourable weather, to forego the trip through the Trossachs.

The sympathy of the Mess is extended to Sister Gwendoline Holland in her bereavement, through the death of her brother-in-

law, Captain Renaud, 22nd Canadians, who was killed in action in France. Captain Renaud leaves a wife and infant son.

We are glad to report the progress of Sisters Martin and Langman, who have been on the sick list for several weeks.

Sister Stovel has returned from Margate, looking much better for the change.

Our best wishes go with Sister Chisholm, whose marriage to Captain Oliver Hamilton, R.A.M.C., son of Dr. Hamilton, Elm House, Hawick, N.B., Scotland, took place at the home of the groom's parents on September 15th. Unfortunately we cannot give the details of the "bride looked charming," which is always so interesting to the ladies. The happy event is the culmination of a romance which started in France, and we wish them both many years of happiness.

Owing to the enterprise of Sister Sinclair's two small nieces, of Likomburg, Ont., Ward 12 is rejoicing in the possession of a new gramophone.

Mrs. P. T. (Col.) Rowland and Mrs. C. (Maj.) Adams, of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., came down from town to have tea with Sister Hogarth.

Sister J. Stronach, late Matron of Bearwood Canadian Hospital, has been taken on our strength. She, with Matron Smith and Sister Mattice, make three of our staff who have seen active service in France, all having been members of the first contingent. From the flattering reports we hear of Sister Stronach's popularity with her associate sisters, we feel we are most fortunate in having her among our number.

An unusually large number patronised the tea room in the Sisters' Mess on Saturday, Sept. 30th, when a number of visitors who had been over to watch the cricket match, and the visiting cricketers, dropped in for a friendly cup after the game.

Sister Stinson and Miss Mildred Allen, of Toronto, were down from town and had dinner with Sister Downey.

Sisters Morton and Collins have left for a trip to Ireland.

Miss M. Jacobs, A.D.M.S. Staff, has returned from Taplow.

Miss Ann Merrill, late of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, and Editor of the Woman's Page of the "Edmonton Journal," now on war journalism in London, came down to the hospital on a commission and paid a brief visit to the Mess. Miss Merrill was present at the formal opening of the hospital in the early spring, and was much interested to see the changed scene when she looked at the busy wards, and later drank a cozy cup of tea in the pretty Mess Room.

Having tonsillitis is not to be recommended as a pastime, or as a means of finessing a leave—as a means of getting to the seaside, perhaps, if you are sick enough—but as a means of avoiding the nerve-stretching, news-stretching editor of the "Stretcher" it is nothing; you must be dangerously ill with the Pink Form in the Orderly Room. Neither is the seaside, or rather a seaside Convalescent Home, to be recommended as a suitable place for the propagation of ideas or opinions or aspirations such as—well, for instance, those expected of you by that ambitious editor. Reflection of some bitterness is the consequence of a week at the sea, and a last-minute wail for copy when you haven't a flicker of a thought of escape or resistance.

It is almost six months since we came to England. We have been busy, but we have thoroughly enjoyed every busy minute of it, and appreciate more than ever that it is a privilege to be here and to be busy. Our adaptability to new circumstances and our responsiveness have been proven. At least a few hardships were anticipated, but none have been experienced. Perhaps we are disappointed about the hardships, but none the less hopeful of sharing some later on, just by way of experience; our few busy months have afforded us little time to whine for them. When doing duty in a civil hospital one longs for a rest and a change after a busy time, but here it is different. As convoy after convoy of wounded come in, enthusiasm increases; and as the men go back in good health and good spirits, with wounds healed, fresh encouragement is gained and energy renewed. If you ask each Sister how she feels about being here she will probably tell you that she is perfectly content; or, she may tell you in an undertone that she has an unsettled feeling which she reluctantly or boldly attributes to a lurking desire to go to France; or, having caught that persuasive note of hope from the medical officer who still declares that the fighting will be over by Christmas, is sublimely living in the present and incidentally filling her trunks. Then, too, there is a sight-seeing antiquarian who persistently smothers the foggiest notion that there is an off-chance of the war ever ending at all.

But let us pray that it will end, and that more Zeppelins will be brought down, and that the Staff-Sergeants really do realize this time the common necessity of keeping patients in subjection and of keeping the wards tidy and orderly. It appears for the seventh time that they are to undertake this. We realise that a crisis has occurred. We are all, or we ought to be by this time, familiar to weariness with announcements that the crisis was imminent. The change is interesting, because it is a way of meeting a problem which presses very urgently upon the Sisters at the present time. To those in our midst who have spent endless energy imploring patients to keep tidy lockers, it seems too good to be true that a casual look of disapproval and a mumble or two about a Ward Master is likely to work miracles of discipline and order.

The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Rochester visited the Hospital on the 27th ult. and administered the Rite of Confirmation to seventeen of our patients, who had been carefully prepared by the Anglican Chaplains. The Bishop's address was military in character, and well-suited to the occasion.

We learn from an Ontario paper that the boys at Camp Borden have written a parody that goes with the chorus music of that favourite song "Mother." It is making a big "hit," and runs like this:—
"B" is for the beans we have for breakfast,
"O" for the oatmeal we never see,
"R" is for the rind that's on the bacon,
"D" is for the dust we have for tea.
"E" is for the eggs they feed the Sergeants,
"N" is for the night we had the row;
Put them all together they spell Borden,
The place they're stowing soldiers now.

SPECIAL INVITATION.

AUTUMN DISPLAY
OF
FASHION GOODS.

Will you make a point
when next in Bromley,
to call and look round
this store?

FREDERICK MEDHURST, Ltd.

HIGH STREET,
BROMLEY, KENT.

(Book to Bromley South Station.)

TEA AND REFRESHMENT ROOMS.

MUDIE'S

Confectioners. Chocolates & Sweets by leading makers

Mineral Waters in great Variety. Home-made Ices.
Tobaccos and Cigarettes. Pictorial and Local View Post Cards.

CHISLEHURST RD., ORPINGTON.

HIGH-CLASS GROCER.

Provision, Tea and Coffee Specialist.

J. GOODWIN,

WINES, SPIRITS & BOTTLED BEER MERCHANT.

ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

HIGH ST., ORPINGTON. AND AT ST. MARY CRAY.

!-?-!-?-!-?

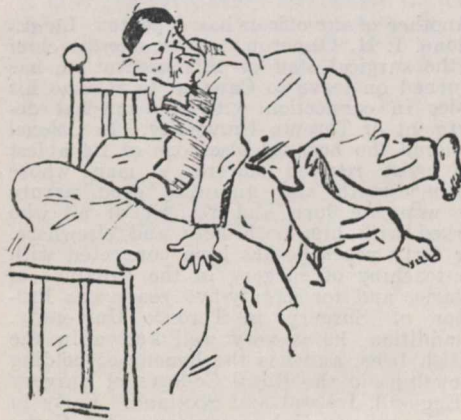
This is what happened in Ward 19 on the night of the Zepp Raid. Sergeant Whatley going through some stunts.

No. 1.



2 a.m.—CRASH!

No. 2.



Boom!

No. 3.



"COME ON, SISTER, LET'S SEE THE FUN!"

No. 4.



"I CAN'T SEE IT!"

THE PATIENTS.

Hitherto in issues of this periodical a considerable amount of space has been devoted to describing and commenting on various aspects of this hospital, its equipment, personnel, buildings, etc., but very little has been told about those who form by far the most numerous portion of our community, and who, though possibly not an actual part of the hospital, are more or less essential to its existence, and to whose good opinions the institution is indebted for its reputation, viz., the patients.

Gathered from all the base hospitals in France and elsewhere, and from all portions of the battle-front, their numbers embrace representatives of every country of our world-wide Empire—lanky Australians, wiry Canadians, sturdy Scotsmen, witty Irishmen, with English Tommies predominating in point of numbers. Any ward might well be regarded as a miniature Imperial conference, with but few parts of the Empire unrepresented. It is interesting, also, to try to estimate what troops are taking part in active operations by observing the proportion of each nationality in incoming convoys.

Patients in general are very docile and good-natured creatures, though exceptions are by no means rare. As a rule, however, the quarrelsome and discontented are those whose wounds are very slight, or men suffering from chronic complaints, to which they were subject before enlistment, and whose sole ambition is to get out of bounds and have a good time. Such cases in a general hospital, however, thanks to the custom of "pushing them along," are rather rare. On the other hand, in many instances, the very best patients, and those who are most grateful for any little attentions paid them, are the poor fellows, too weak even to raise their heads from the pillows, victims of Gas, Gangrene, or other forms of severe infection.

The good fellowship amongst the inhabitants of a ward is most remarkable, probably a proof of the old saw that "Misery likes company"; a box of "goodies" arriving for anybody is invariably shared by all, as far as its contents will allow, and the one to go without is generally the recipient himself: "others first" appears to be the universal motto.

The rapidity with which new arrivals make the acquaintance of the older "lodgers," and of one another, must be rather a shock to our English friends—that is, if there is any truth in the hackneyed story about the two Englishmen who were shipwrecked on a desert island, and would not speak to each other because they had not been properly introduced. English Tommies, however, are among the first to

get on intimate terms with their neighbours. The willingness with which convalescent patients labour to help their less fortunate fellow sufferers deserves more than a passing comment. This is most conspicuous when a new convoy arrives, when one-armed and one-legged convalescents hustle around helping to bathe, feed, and even dress the newcomers; and it is remarkable that the men who have had the hardest times, and been closest to the Great Divide, are always the most eager and most intelligent workers.

Among many people at home, there is an impression that as soon as a man is knocked out his interest in the war, for the time-being, vanishes, and that it is only the slightly wounded soldier, who is able to continue the fight for a while, buoyed up by the excitement, and continues to follow the fortunes of his comrades. Such is not the case, however. In fact, the first duty of an "up" patient, when washing and breakfast are over, is, by an unwritten law not promulgated from the Orderly Room, to go in search of a newspaper, and if possible bring the newsboy to the ward or secure a fair sample of his stock before it falls to the agent of a rival ward. All the daily papers are read in the ward long before it is possible to get them in a Mess Room. A fresh success is always evident, and the health of the patients seems to improve in proportion as fortune favours our side. A sort of "sweet revenge" can be read in the faces of many a wreck of humanity. An air-raid may cause a little disturbance to some, but when the news is circulated that the raider is down, the effect is as good as a tonic. Interest fail when a man is hit! Never! It is only beginning; it has just been really brought home to him that there is a war on.

A great deal has been written in our papers about optimists and pessimists, but the proper place to see an optimistic pessimist is in a hospital ward. On arrival patients are, generally, and, always after a stormy Channel voyage, considerably "upset" and depressed. When asked how things are going, all they know is that "Our battalion was badly cut up," or "Only a few of us are left," or "Our Division is all gone." After a few nights' rest in a comfortable bed, and a good bath and breakfast, similar inquiries elicit such replies as "We gave 'em good and plenty," "We're going right ahead," "We did not lose so many after all; and look at all the 'blighters' we got." From thenceforth, as their wounds heal, their spirits rise, and though viewing things squarely, and knowing the difficult task ahead, they all agree that success is in sight, and that things never looked better. When a man begins to see things blue, it is time to investigate his chart, and look for complications.

HOMESDALE LAUNDRY & DRY-CLEANING WORKS, BROMLEY.

DRY-CLEANING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
INSPECTION INVITED.

MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH CO., LTD.

HEAD OFFICE:—
MARCONI HOUSE,
STRAND, W.C.

CITY OFFICE:—
NO. 1, FENCHURCH STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

Cheapest route to Canada, the West Indies, United States, etc.
For full rate, Plain Language, Deferred, Night Letters, Week-end Letters, E.F.M. and Press Telegrams.

Please address enquiries to—
THE TRAFFIC MANAGER,
MARCONI HOUSE.

THE WORLD'S STORES

Carry a Large and Varied Stock of
CROSSE & BLACKWELLS, LAZENBY'S, HEINZ
SPECIALITIES,
HUNTLEY & PALMER'S, MACFARLANE, LANG'S, McVITIE
& PRICE, PEEK FREAN'S BISCUITS,
CANADIAN FRUITS, VEGETABLES, ETC.

Local Branch:—HIGH STREET, ORPINGTON.

THE ONTARIO STRETCHER.

Published by kind permission of Lieut.-Col. D. W. MacPHERSON, O.C., Ontario Military Hospital, Orpington.

A Monthly Journal published on or about the first of the month during the War.

Editor: Capt. J. E. KANE.

Business Manager: Capt. W. H. Fox.

Editorial Staff: Capt. D. W. CURREY, Capt. T. A. CARSON, Nursing Sister STOVEL, Nursing Sister MCKENZIE, Nursing Sister ROGERS.

Cartoonist: Sergt. GAMMON. Special Mess Correspondents: Sergeant-Major W. A. CAMPBELL, W.O., Corpl. GRIFFITHS, Pte. FITZGERALD.

OCTOBER, 1916.

The past month has seen a number of changes in the personnel of the unit, and we regret that such is the case. These changes have been brought about by divers causes, but whatever the cause, they have all been keenly felt, as each departure has taken one from our midst whom we had learned to know and respect for his own particular good characteristics. Since this unit was first organised there has existed among the members of the staff a spirit of good-fellowship, co-operation, and camaraderie hard to find elsewhere. This has been a big asset to the welfare of the hospital, and the staff has worked in complete harmony, everyone willing to assist the other when such assistance was required.

The first break came a couple of months ago, when Captains Lawson, McArthur and Aitken went to No. 4 General Hospital at Salonika. Then Captains Graham and Frupp went to hospitals in France, and Captain Jepson to the C. C. D. at Shorncliffe. Next to leave us was our first Chaplain, Captain Vipond, who was transferred to Buxton; and shortly after his departure Captain Ryan left for Canada, but we have lately received the good news that he is returning. Our first loss in September was Captain Muncaster, who went to Bearwood. Then Lieut.-Colonel Cameron was recalled by the University of Toronto to carry on his work in surgery there; and Captain Currey went home on leave. We feel sure every Medical Officer is only too willing to serve his country in whatever position those in authority believe him most qualified to fill; yet we regret very much that it has been thought advisable to deplete our ranks to such an extent. Pleasant associations and friendships are always severed with more or less heartburnings; and to us it has been no pleasant task to say good-bye to those men who have been such congenial companions, and capable officers. Should "that destiny which shapes our ends" prevent those who have already gone from meeting us again, we can only wish them Good luck! and say to them with all sincerity, "It has been worth no small sacrifice to have known them as we have; and that there shall always remain a very warm place in our hearts and memories for every missing member of the Mess."

Aerial visitors to this section of the country have been quite common of late, and not only from what we have read, but from what we have actually seen. Apparently this is "open season" for Zepps, and the "hunters" are hard on the trail on every occasion that presents itself. The "hunting" has been good, and as a result within the last month the Huns have lost four of their "prides of the air"—their vaunted invaders of England. We stood in our doorways and watched the beams of countless searchlights pick out an intruder in the black, starless sky, hold it in their powerful glare, despite its frantic endeavours to escape their seemingly endless field of vision, while spots of fire like shooting meteors, played about it in legion, as evidence that our guns were strenuously resenting its presence. Then a well-directed shot having reached its intended goal, a red glow appeared in the white light of the searchlights, took definite shape, and illuminated our entire sky with the intensity of its fire. It glowed and paled, then glowed more intensely, sinking all the while, separated into two smaller masses of flame on its downward journey, and disappeared from our gaze behind the intervening hills, as we added our cheers to swell the vociferous expressions of jubilation echoing through the countryside. Then, shivering with cold and excitement, but with increased confidence in our aerial defences, we went back to bed, and left the far-reaching eyes of the searchlights to continue their vigilance.

We have received copies of the "Landserean Gazette," the "Canadian Red Cross Special," and the "First Eastern Hospital Gazette," and wish to compliment them all

on their excellent journalistic efforts. The "Landserean Gazette" is the official organ of the A.D.M.S. personnel, Canadians, London, and is a breezy little journal, bubbling with wit. We extend our thanks for its very complimentary remarks about us, and trust we shall maintain the reputation it gives us.

The "Canadian Red Cross Special" is published at the Canadian Hospital at Buxton, where our late Editor, Captain Vipond, is now stationed. It is a newsy, well-written four-page sheet.

The "First Eastern General Hospital Gazette" is published weekly in magazine form, and abounds in humorous articles and well-drawn caricatures.

We offer again to these, our closest contemporaries, our heartiest congratulations, and wish them every success in the field of journalism.

Our readers no doubt will notice the additional names on our Editorial Staff, beginning with this issue. The addition was a necessary one, and is bearing fruit already, not only in the increase of matter for publication, but also in the character of the work. It is desired to make the paper as representative of the unit as possible, and in order to do so more channels of communication were required, to reach the different sources of news items, and to stir up flagging interest. The new members have taken to the work with energy and enthusiasm, with the result that this month we have more copy than we can use, and it is necessary to hold some over till next month. We hope this spirit will be communicated to others who we know are "hiding their light behind a bushel," and cause them to drop their mantle of modesty, and shine forth as beacon lights in the Realm of Literature. Of course we are not alluding to the Nursing Sisters, but should that old adage about "If the cap, etc.," be applicable—well, 'nuff said.

We wish to thank the members of the unit and the patients who have helped, either by news items or original contributions, and trust they will keep up the good work.

In a very few more days, six months will have flown since our unit sadly watched the Canadian shore fade slowly into dimness, and bravely faced a future in an almost unknown field of action. Our arrival and early days in Orpington are now but memories—not always pleasant—yet filled with new and interesting experiences, congenial friendships, and associations far from unpleasant. Summer is gone, autumn will soon be over, and shortly that season of Christmas cheer will be upon us. Many of us look forward with mingled feelings of pleasure and apprehension to spending that usually happy time in England under so different climatic conditions, different associations, and to a large extent, different customs. We will enjoy, no doubt, many of the festivities so prominent at this season—the entertainments, and the various amusements and cheer, which, saddened as they must be, contribute so pleasantly to the birthday all Christian nations celebrate. And yet, we feel sure, it will be a time when our thoughts and longings for home, and friends and families will be most acute. To many it will be the first Christmas spent out of their native land, separated from their friends, and we can only hope every individual member of our unit will be prepared to assist cheerfully in making our holiday season happy and enjoyable. The patients, especially, who are unable to take an active part, must be looked after—and we feel sure, from our knowledge of the staff, there need be no fears that everything humanly possible will be done to brighten and cheer each of them. Our friends at home are doubtless sending many gifts, comforts and bundles of cheer to the men in the trenches. Let us hope they will not forget we have here many who have spent many dreary days and nights in those hellish holes, and are now paying the penalty, cheerful and

uncomplaining. Let us remember with thankfulness that our burdens, compared with many, are comparatively light, and let us forget our little self-sympathy and put forth our best efforts to make Christmas at the Ontario Military Hospital happy and full of cheer, and an occasion long to be remembered by everyone within our gates.

LIEUT.-COL. CAMERON.



Another of our officers has departed. Lieut.-Colonel I. H. Cameron, for six months chief of the surgical staff of this institution, has returned on leave to Canada, to resume his duties in connection with the surgical department of Toronto University. In Colonel Cameron the hospital loses one of its ablest and most revered officers, a man whose sterling worth and unfailing good nature has won the love and respect of all who worked with him both here and elsewhere. For forty years he has been connected with the teaching of surgery in the Province of Ontario, and for twenty-five years was Professor of Surgery in Toronto University. In addition, he is very well known in the British Isles, and has the honour of holding fellowships in the Royal Colleges of Surgery of England, Ireland and Scotland. Early in the war he offered his services to the Canadian Government, and was appointed to the staff of Taplow Hospital. After six months' successful work in that institution he was transferred to the Ontario Military Hospital to superintend the completion and equipment of the same, and to take charge until the staff was appointed. When the institution was organised and work begun, he continued as chief surgeon, and to his unceasing work and tireless energy the present efficiency of that branch of the service is in great measure due.

The evening before his departure was the occasion for a dinner in the Officers' Mess. After the King's health, the Officer Commanding, supported by Lieut.-Colonel Chambers, proposed the health of our departing comrade. Both expressed the regret which we all feel at his loss, and the hope that he may some day be returned to us. Replying, Lieut.-Colonel Cameron, in a brief but polished and elegant speech, thanked his messmates for their assistance and for their tokens of esteem, and good wishes for the future. He stated that he rather expected that he would be sent back here at some future date, as he understood that he had only been granted some months' leave of absence.

We wish him Godspeed and a safe journey, and hope that his new sphere of activity will be as pleasant to himself and those about him as it has been in the past, and that he may always have a very pleasant memory of his sojourn in the Ontario Military Hospital.

CAPT. MUNCASTER.

Changes in the staff here seem to be the order of late, and we no sooner become acquainted with a man than he is taken from us. On September 10th Captain W. H. Muncaster, our Presbyterian Chaplain, was transferred to Bearwood Convalescent Hospital to act as Chaplain there. Capt. Muncaster came to us from Shorncliffe, and was not here very long before he had found a warm spot in all our hearts, by his lovable disposition, and other fine qualities. As a Chaplain he found favour with all, and was ever solicitous for the welfare of his "flock." Besides his rank as Chaplain, Capt. Muncaster is a qualified Captain in the Combatant Forces, and did duty as such in Calgary before coming to England. We all miss him greatly, and especially the "Stretcher," for his valuable help as a journalist was always ungrudgingly given. We wish him every success in his new sphere, and hope to meet him again.

OFFICERS' MESS ROOM CHATTER.

Premier Hearst, accompanied by Colonel R. A. Pyne and Colonel H. A. Bruce, paid the hospital another visit two weeks ago and made a general inspection of the hospital and grounds. They seemed pleased with the conditions about our place.

Colonel Shilington and Lieut.-Colonel McCoombe, of the London Office, paid us a semi-official visit, and incidentally were filmed for the official records.

Dr. A. Hawke, of Galt, Ontario, who has been spending some time in the clinics of Mr. Moynihan, of Leeds, called to see his townswoman, N.S. Adams.

Captain P. V. Graham has been sent to No. 7 Stationary Hospital at Havre.

Captain G. L. Jepson has, we believe, been attached to No. T, C.C.D., at Monks Horton, England.

Captain Geo. D. Fripp has been sent along to No. 1, C.C.S., France.

Lieut. H. McCauley and Major E. Irvine, both of whom hail from Galt, Ontario, paid us a visit while here to see N.S. Bishop. Major Irvine, we are glad to say, has so far distinguished himself that he has been awarded the Military Cross. You cannot keep these Canadians down.

Major Donald and Captain Davis, members of the London Canadian Officers' Board, were welcome guests at our Board for a week-end.

Captain Howard Jeffs, who hails from Ontario, and came over with No. 2 Field Ambulance in the first contingent, had spent 15 months in France when a bursting shell landed a piece of shrapnel near his elbow. The shrapnel was removed in France, and he is now convalescing in London. He took time off to come down and spend Sunday with his former O.C., Lieut.-Colonel D. W. McPherson. We understand that he is getting a well-deserved though short leave to visit his home in Canada.

Captain Fred Sproule, A.S.C., an old friend and neighbour of Captain Taylor, our beloved Paymaster, was here for several days swapping experiences and stories with the members present.

Lieut. R. W. Simmie, who was wounded in France on August 15th, visited us on his way to rejoin the 3rd Battalion on the battle-front. He was accompanied by Lieut. McIvor, who has been invalided home to Canada.

Lieut. Chas. E. Gage, famous as one of Toronto's most popular footballers, and incidentally champion all-round athlete of the Shorncliffe area, spent a few days with Capt. M. M. Crawford. Lieut. Gage enlisted as a private, spent eleven months in France, and was finally recommended for a commission and transferred to the Engineers' Training School at Shorncliffe. He has now been granted leave to return to Canada for a time, and hopes to take up some of his final year work in engineering at Toronto University.

Lieut. Cliff Pierce, who crossed with the 59th Battalion and was later transferred to the 4th C.M.R.'s in France, was with us for a day. He is just recovering from illness contracted after three months in the Ypres salient.

Lieut. A. R. Wilson, of the 224th Battalion, Foresters, was at the hospital to visit his old pal and school-day chum, Private Anderson, who passed away here following a gun-shot wound of the pelvis.

No. There is absolutely no truth in the report that Captain Fox has been given charge of the ice plant on Shackleton's next Polar Expedition. His leave is merely to visit his home and family after more than two years' absence on active military service.

Lieut.-Colonel D. W. McPherson, our Officer Commanding, is at present "on

Command" at the Duchess of Connaught's Red Cross Hospital, Taplow. He left here on Saturday, Sept. 29th, for temporary duty at Taplow Hospital, and during his absence Lieut.-Colonel Graham Chambers is Acting Officer Commanding.

Lieut. Vernon Hearst, elder son of the Premier of Ontario, was wounded in the big advance on the Somme. He is now a patient in the Hyde Park Hospital, London, suffering from a severe wound of the arm. We all wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

Our genial Registrar and Acting Adjutant, Capt. Fisher, is at present a patient in a London hospital suffering from a mild form of septicaemia, following a punctured wound of the finger. We all miss his sunny smile in the Orderly Room, and we one and all look forward to the happy day when he will rejoin us as Orpington.

A few weeks ago Captains Parr and Richardson were torn from our presence to do Medical Board duty at Folkestone. Many were the tears shed, and many were the heartaches on their departure, but a kind providence has returned Captain Parr to our midst, while an unkind Medical Board have forced Captain Richardson, owing to ill-health, to take a long-needed rest of one month's duration.

Captain A. B. Greenwood during the month was sent to Westcliffe Hospital, Folkestone, suffering from Cornial ulcer. His recovery was augmented by a month's stay at the palatial Perkin's Bull Hospital. During his convalescence he has seen fit to accept an invitation to inspect the Grand Fleet in the North Sea, and was last seen on his way to Inverness to fulfil that somewhat unpleasant engagement. We will look forward to his description of the hardships entailed in making this hazardous journey. Our utter lack of knowledge of naval technicalities and nautical language may prevent a proper summary of his experiences.

Captain Edward Ryan, as reported in a former issue, left us in August on a two months' leave in Canada. We are safe in saying that every member of the Officers' Mess was pleased to hear that he was sailing from Canada on October 12th to join the unit here.

"MICHAEL MURPHY."

CORPORALS' MESS.

Four new Corporals grace the table boards since last writing. Corpl. Beavis hails from Moore Barracks, while Corpls. Johnson, Griffiths and Mills are newly created knights with the double chevrons.

Three members of the Mess have had holiday leave recently. Corpl. Leach visited his home city of Birmingham, Corpl. Clothier went to Bath, and Corpl. Ramage went north to Scotland.

Corpl. Reeves assigns the cause of his being un-regimental to soap-suds. Can't see the connection between the two.

Since leaving Orpington, Corpl. Rimmer has joined the ranks of the benedicts. Corpl. Turner declares it is his intention to remain in Orpington if marriage is the ultimate result of departure. We doubt his assertion.

The Corporal who had a black eye last week bears a good character, notwithstanding facial appearance a short time ago.

Corpl. Griffiths champions English girls over Colonials. Another Corporal remarked "If women look bad, they are. If they look good, they may be."

Brother Johnston is out for conscription among the "unfair" sex. His correspondence grows apace and his visits abroad frequent. He is a keen hunter who likes the chase, and follows his "dear" afar.

Who is the Corporal that is suffering great pain while his London sweetheart is undergoing mental examination?

Who is the Corporal who went out of his way to secure the loan of an opera-glass when he went to see the musical production of "Chu-Chin-Chow" recently in London?

Who was the M.O. who prescribed the ointment to be rubbed "on the itchy spot"?

Is it true that when going to London recently a certain M.O. forgot to buy a ticket for his wife?

ALL THOSE WHO REQUIRE DELICACIES

In the way of Chocolates, Fancy Biscuits, Mineral Waters, Tobacco and Cigarettes or any requisite for personal use

SHOULD VISIT

W. F. SKILTON'S CANTEN

Within the Ontario Military Hospital Buildings.

'Phones: Cray 88; Cray 33.

Telegrams: "Produce, Orpington."

PATTULLO, HIGGS & Co., LTD.,

Agricultural and General Produce Merchants.

Wholesale Dealers in Grain, Seeds, Seed Corn, Feeding Stuffs, Hay, Straw, Chaff, Moss Litter, Fertilisers, Insecticides, Fungicides, Lime, Salt, Gypsum, etc.

COAL AND COKE.

Wholesale Merchants, Growers and Exporters of Scotch Seed and Ware Potatoes, Plants, Fruit Trees, Kent Fruit, etc.

HEAD OFFICE— HIGH STREET, ORPINGTON, KENT.

Branches at Gravesend, Sidcup, Bexley Heath, St. Mary Cray, Penge, Longfield and Chelsfield; also Barnhill, Dundee, SCOTLAND.

AT HOWARD'S.

You Cannot Do Better Than Purchase All You Desire at

HOWARD'S STORES, LTD.,

BROMLEY, KENT.

18 DEPARTMENTS FULL OF CHOICE GOODS.

'Phone: Bromley 1136 (Two Lines).

AT THE SERGEANTS' MESS.

An event which was voted "One of the best times I ever had" took place on Sept. 5th, 1916, when the Sergeants' Mess held a dance in the new Hospital Dining Hall.

The dance was opened by Major Wilson, the Supervisor of the Mess of this unit.

The hall was decorated with the Allied flags, Canadian pennants and flowers. Col. and Mrs. D. W. McPherson were present, as were a large number of Officers and Nursing Sisters; also the Sergeants from various hospitals from the London area.

There were games of cards for those who did not dance, but they were greatly in the minority. It was amusing to observe some of the elder and corpulent officers waltzing about with the grace and agility of "Piccadilly Knuts."

Refreshments were provided during the intervals, and the evening came to a close all too soon (about 11 p.m.), with the singing of the National Anthem.

◎ ◎ ◎

Adjutant: Bugler, get the Orderly Sergeant.

Bugler: Very good, Sir. (Orderly Sergeant enters).

Orderly Sergeant: Sir!
Adjutant: Where the blankety-blank did that blankety-blank bull-dog come from?

Orderly Sergeant: Well, Sir, he's our new regimental mascot. He's just bitten the Regimental Sergeant-Major, Sir.

◎ ◎ ◎

Overheard in the Ward:—

R.S.M.: How many times have you been inoculated, Sister?

Sister: What business is that of yours, I would like to know.

The R.S.M. explains very carefully that this information is required by the Great High Quip of the Canadian Forces.

Sister: About one hundred times, and I have lots of dressings to do; I'm busy.

◎ ◎ ◎

Overheard in the Quartermaster's Stores:—

Private: Please, Q.M.S., would you mind changing these boots for me. I think what you were looking at on the paper was my age, and not the size of my feet.

◎ ◎ ◎

Something we would like to know:—Has anybody seen Sergt. Doraty's brother?

◎ ◎ ◎

Why do the Sergeants go to New Cross so much?

What happened to Jones?

◎ ◎ ◎

What's the matter with the Football team? Strikes us the referee threw the game away for us. Staff-Sergt. Burstow, please notice.

◎ ◎ ◎

Why is it the R.S.M. has to walk, and his batman rides a motor-cycle?

◎ ◎ ◎

If Sergeant Bradfield is in need of any nuts for his Ford cars he can have same upon application from us, as we picked up several at Cuffley after the last air-raid.

◎ ◎ ◎

We regret to announce the departure of Sergt.-Major Dooley. He had been quite ill for some time, and has returned to Canada.

◎ ◎ ◎

Sergt.-Major Dooley is one of the few old soldiers who was 41 years of age when Noah built the ark; and we are sorry that such a patriotic "Old Scout" could not "stick around" to see the finish. We wish him bon voyage and a speedy recovery.

◎ ◎ ◎

Congratulations to Sergt.-Major Robertson on his promotion to R.S.M. "I'll have a box of cigars."

◎ ◎ ◎

The Adjutant stuck a pin in his finger, and in consequence has tonsillitis, pharyngitis, laryngitis, and other diseases too numerous to mention, thereby adding to our great distress and anxiety.

◎ ◎ ◎

Applications for nine (9) months' leave, with permission to proceed to Canada at the public expense, will be received by the R.S.M. between 7.30 a.m. and the Post Office on November 31st. "It can be done."

◎ ◎ ◎

Sergeants Whatley and Gammon are in hospital, owing to a slight disagreement about Sergeant Gash. Gammon said that Gash was a mash, and Whatley took his part, and said he wasn't. "An' this is 'ow the row started, guv'nor." Notice.—Some of our readers may be big enough fools to believe this. 'Tis not so, Therese. Sergeant Gammon has psoriasis, and Sergt. Whatley D.A.H. (whatever that is). This for your information and necessary action, please.

◎ ◎ ◎

We regret to say that Sergt. Doraty has

ceased to say his daily prayers, and his endeavours to convert Kalliel have been a failure.

◎ ◎ ◎

We congratulate brother Sergt. Jones upon his success in house cleaning. His house is neatly cleaned, and the pictures are artistically hung above his bed, and the side of his bed is neatly decorated with armour of the field, including his golf sticks. His pumps are spotless under his bed, and we regret that the occasions are rare when they can be used.

◎ ◎ ◎

Who is the Sergeant that carries the Nursing Sisters' baggage from the station, and how is it that he fails to recognize his brother Sergeants?

◎ ◎ ◎

Cough!

—◎—

AT THE MEN'S MESS.

Who is the Orderly Room Clerk that makes a run to the canteen every morning for his biscuits? Is it because they are Graham?

◎ ◎ ◎

The following was taken from a letter written by one of our N.C.O.'s to his mother:—"Dear Mother, I am quite well at present. They are treating us like dogs; please send us some bones."

◎ ◎ ◎

Will that certain M.P. sit at the Corporal's table again? Not if Lewis is around. It sure was a hard one, Man.

◎ ◎ ◎

Did you notice the look on the faces of some of the Ontario boys when they heard of the long, dry spell that Ontario will have? But some of them got the tip, and had their wives and sweethearts pack away Hiram Nat Johnny Walkers in a good cool place.

◎ ◎ ◎

Which is the section of our unit that never hears the reveille? Maybe they should be struck with a motor.

◎ ◎ ◎

Overheard in the Clink:—

Prisoner: Oh! don't go away from me, policeman.

Policeman: Why?
Prisoner: Because it's the first sniff of beer I've had for three weeks.

◎ ◎ ◎

Who is the policeman who has come to the conclusion that 10s. is not enough on which to spend a week-end in London? His chances of having a good time are rather "slim."

◎ ◎ ◎

Why is it that the motor drivers sleep so sound? Is it because they get too many draughts at night?

◎ ◎ ◎

A certain Sergeant to his wife:—"Yes, dear, I have been promoted to Orderly Sergeant." Wife: "Do be good to the other Sergeants, dear."

◎ ◎ ◎

"After the Jam."

It was the day after the great Italian victory at Gorizia, and macaroni was being served for supper. "Down with Macaroni and up with Maconachie."

◎ ◎ ◎

It is rumoured that Stanley M . . . was seen with three plums on his plate the other evening. Is he going to launch out as a pawnbroker?

◎ ◎ ◎

Roy's mama makes very nice toffee. Book a taste in advance.

Of home-made toffee there's a lot,
But S . . n . er's beats it all.
It beats the penny in the slot
Right near the booking-stall.

◎ ◎ ◎

Oh, G . . ter! and what wast thou before thou joins't the Army? Prithee thou dost savour of the Piccadilly pickpocket.

◎ ◎ ◎

Who went to London on a week-end pass and came back the same evening?

◎ ◎ ◎

Oh, Wa . . . "would I were steadfast as thou art!"

◎ ◎ ◎

What's in a name? Ask Mak Alum.

C. H. LANSDELL,
FAMILY DRAPER,
MOORFIELD HOUSE (Opposite Post Office), ORPINGTON

AGENT FOR:—

Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen Clothing, Aertex Cellular Clothing, P. & P. Campbell's Perth Dye Works.

THE ORPINGTON LAUNDRY
Dry Cleaning, Dyeing and Carpet Beating Works.

SHIRT AND COLLAR SPECIALISTS.

All kinds of Family Laundry Work done with the greatest care.

ANGLESEA HOUSE, ST. MARY CRAY, Kent.

MRS. SPARKSMAN, Proprietress.

E. J. ELTON, THE FAMILY BUTCHER
ABERDEEN HOUSE, ORPINGTON.

Home killed English & Scotch Meat. - Dairy Fed Pork.

Killed in own Slaughter House, which is open to inspection at all times.

HIGHEST QUALITY. LOWEST PRICES.

— DELIVERY OF ALL ORDERS AT SHORTEST NOTICE GUARANTEED. —

A STRONG WEEK-END.

(Being extracts from the diary of a Canadian on week-end leave).

Saturday.—Left Folkestone at noon on Slow, Easy, and unComfortable train that did its level best to live up to its reputation, or lack of same, by arriving at Charing Cross just before midnight, three hours late. Owing to rumour that Zepps were about, travelled most of the way in total darkness. Seven passengers sat on each side of the carriage, built to hold five a-side. Next-door neighbour feeling very drowsy, having had a hearty dinner of garlic and "bitter." He insisted in using my shoulder for a pillow, thereby giving me the benefit of the perfume left in the wake of aforesaid dinner. On arriving at Charing Cross was nearly run over by three taxis and four motor-buses in the effort to reach the other side of the road. Eventually decided to stay on the side I was on. After having hollered myself hoarse and bribed half the London Police Force to obtain a taxi for me, I find a broken-down old car navigated, more or less, by a much-befogged and bewhiskied chauffeur who condescends to carry me to Liverpool Street Station for a mere five "bob." Arrive there to find no train to my destination until 5.15 a.m. Too late to go to bed, so have the pleasure of sitting on nice hard seat in a beautifully draughtly waiting-room.

Sunday.—Catch 5.15 a.m. train to "Somewhere in Essex," as the papers say. Have great expectations of welcome I shall get in the old village, returning after so many years of absence. Have telegraphed the old folks that I am coming. Arrive at noon. Splendid journey down. Very beautiful tint of fog all the way. Somewhat tired and stiff, but ready for good time. Arrive home to find nobody at home. On enquiry find that telegram has not been delivered as it arrived after five o'clock, but "it will be sent first post Monday." Waited on the doorstep till 2.45 p.m., when father arrives, having been thrown out at 2.30 when they closed. Mother having a little chat with a lady up the road, but soon arrives after being told of my arrival. Has the time of her life exhibiting me to all and sundry. Saw several nice girls, but couldn't possibly manage to get out of the clutches of our dear "friends," who insisted in filling me with TEA. Having had nothing to eat since mid-day yesterday, begin to get a little hungry. At last get back home and am given a real good "feed" of English fare by mother. Begin to think that at last am going to enjoy myself. After tea am invited out by Pa to "have one," and feel that I am indeed going to have a good time. Only reach the door of the "Dun Cow" as landlord informs me that the Military Authorities do not allow anyone in uniform to enter before 10 p.m., and Licensing Authorities order the place closed at 9.30 p.m. However, as a favour I am allowed inside to have a glass of ginger-beer, and almost get arrested for trying to buy my old dad a beer. Having had a splendid evening watching my paternal parent demonstrate the art of imbibing, return home at 9.45 p.m. Have good supper, and proceed to have at least a good sleep in my old bed. Awakened at 10.30 p.m. by father, who tells me that "there is something about," and advises me to get up and have a look at her. Hurriedly dress and fall downstairs in order that she may not get too far away before I manage at least to scrape a nodding acquaintance with her, only to find that the "something" is not the village beauty, but one of our old friend Count Von Zeppelin's "gas-bags." Since I am up, decide to stay and watch for the gentleman. Am arrested by the Village "Special" for lighting my pipe. At last we hear the whirr of engines, and straining our eyes see, in the beams of the searchlights that have suddenly flashed from nowhere, apparently, the vague outline of the baby-killer. The guns start firing from everywhere, until they seem to be firing with the rapidity of machine-guns. Over, under, and on all sides the little flashes of the bursting shells seem. But it is not for long. Suddenly the booming of the guns stops, and simultaneously we see a little red spot glow about three-quarters of the way along the immense gas-bag, well forward. Little tongues of fire are plainly seen gradually making the spot larger and larger, and we realize that once more one of the hawks of the night, who prey alike on young and old, on the defenceless and peace-loving women and children of our little island, has met its so well-deserved fate. The countryside seems to have gone wild. Men cheer and shout, some swearing volubly while from others one hears a heartfelt "Thank God." Women also are there; everybody seems to be in the street, some crying and others laughing and cheering. Once again some "contemptible" little gun, or "contemptible" little airman of our "con-

temptible little Army" has shown Germany's War Lord that his forces cannot ravish our "contemptible little island." While we are cheering we see the flames licking their way along the structure of the Zeppelin, and soon she buckles toward the nose, still, however, seeming to keep an even keel, though slowly dropping. But the flames are enveloping the whole of the Zep by now, and she suddenly swings upright and plunges headlong to the ground. It is all over as far as we are concerned, and so we return to our beds, but I can't sleep. How I wish that some of the boys at home in Canada could have seen that sight. How many of them would be contented to stay there while they might be here serving as part of the British Army!—not "contemptible" now, but a mighty gathering of the sons of Britain from all corners of the globe? Very, very few, I think.

Monday.—Have to get up at 4.30 a.m. in order to catch my train back to camp. It is beastly damp and foggy, and the morning air is quite cold. Then I realize, it is only really 3.30. Time rather to be sleeping than trudging to the dismal railway station, but as I leave the old folks I notice their air of satisfaction and admiration for one who has come back to the old land to do his "bit," and it makes me feel that after all, with all the trials of Army life, it IS worth while. Trip back to Folkestone a repetition of the journey coming up, but I have the memory of the night before to cheer me, and it doesn't seem half so long. Arrive back just in time. The Orderly-Sergeant just getting ready to "peg" me. The week-end has been very short, and not overburdened with the good times that I had expected, but when I think of the "great night," it sure was some week-end. SENOJ.

HARMONY IN WARD 13.

Under a snow-white counterpane
A jawing Scotchman lays;
This Scotchman is a mouthy man
And talks the live-long day.

His comrade on the other side,
Himself no common yap,
Just prays to God to send a gag
To stop the Scottie's gap.

A sapper just across the way,
With these two bosom pals,
Gives out the idea far and wide
The way to catch a "gal."

A one-time pug, long out of luck,
Raves on about his wife,
And says he loves his turtle dove
'Though she struck him with a knife.

And a Corporal just rolls the ball
From morning until night,
And loudly wonders if he'll dodge
Old Colonel Ryan's sight.

The Sergeant-Major, brave and bold,
Talks of Gallipoli;
And how the Anzacs beat the Turks
Way out there, o'er the sea.

Another artist whom we have
Does not appeal to me,
For day and night he will recite
"Oh, dear; oh, deary me."

Myself I am a quiet chap,
And never says a word,

And these things which I've told you
Are things I've overheard.

And, since I'm going Tuesday,
I'm very, very glad;
For, talking all together,
These fellows drive me mad.

ANZAC.

A SPASM.

I ain't no sentimental bloke,
But I think it ain't no crime,
If I grabs me bloomin' writin' stuff
An' bursts out inter rhyme,
About our Nursin Sisters—
I includes 'em one and all—
'Ere's where I 'as me worgi;
Just listen while I bawl.

Us blokes 'as got our bits er knocks
In one place an' another,
An' been sent 'ere to be fixed up,
They treats us like their brother.
They gives us fags an' flowers an' fruit,
An' fixes us with readin',
An' buzzes round us day an' night
To ask 'bout things we're needin'.

Through each long day they wash us, feed
us,

Fix us nice an' neat,
Leave us with our faces shinin',
Feelin' clean an' sweet.
God bless 'em all, the Sisters;
There ain't nothin' we can give
To square the debt we owes 'em
However long we live.

KING BROS., DAIRYMEN.

DEVONSHIRE DAIRY, HIGH STREET, ORPINGTON.

Milk Supplied from A. Miller-Hallett, Esq's., Famous Jersey Cows.

Devonshire Cream a Speciality.
Fresh and Salt Butter and New Laid Eggs from our own Farm.
CONTRACTORS FOR THE HOSPITAL.

Tel. FLORIST 1277.

Tel. FRUIT 199.

MRS. G. BUCKLAND, HIGH-CLASS FRUITERER AND FLORIST.

Wreaths, Crosses and Wedding Bouquets made to order.
SHOWER BOUQUETS A SPECIALITY.

MARKET SQUARE, BROMLEY, KENT.

A. J. TURNER, DYER, CLEANER & PRACTICAL FURRIER

SERVICE UNIFORMS CLEANED AND TAILOR PRESSED
AT SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES.

3, HIGH STREET, ORPINGTON.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES

Of the 2nd Canadian Field Ambulance

AS IT IS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM, SON OF HISDAD.

CHAPTER VI.

1. And when all was in order as had been commanded, and the advance stations had been opened at a place called St. Julien, and another at a place called Wiertge, the officers and men did go into the city of Ypres, and did behold the ruins of the Cathedral and of the Cloth Hall.

2. And their hearts were filled with grief when they did behold these works of centuries laid waste by the guns of the enemy; and they said one to the other "Surely this is the work of the devil, and the Lord will give us the strength to smite these doers of wanton destruction."

3. And it came to pass that in the evening of the sixth day of the week, and the seventh day of the fourth month, while the soldiers were yet at their evening meal, lo and behold there was a great noise of guns: yea, greater than even the noise of a great thunderstorm, and the flash of the guns was like unto the lightning thereof.

4. The earth trembled, and the heavens were as a fiery furnace; and the people of the city did gather together with fear and trembling, and the children did cry and cling to their mothers, and the soldiers did hasten each to his post of duty.

5. And one James, whose surname was Fraser, and William, whose surname was Fox, did hasten to the gates of the city in order that they might learn of the battle.

6. And as they passed outside the city they did meet a soldier, and they said unto him, "What meaneth this bombardment?" and he answered them saying "The Engineers of our Army have laid a mine under the enemy on Hill 60,

7. Which, when the enemy has been driven to his dug-outs by the guns, it will be fired, and our soldiers will rush over the open and will hide themselves in the crater that has been made by the explosion of the mine."

8. And even as he spake these things the earth did tremble as an aspen leaf, and there was a great light in the heavens.

9. The night was far spent when James and William returned to their billets, but sleep would not come to their eyes, and they did lay with dread in their hearts listening to the shells that passed over their dwelling all the night long.

10. And did set fire to the city in many places. And it came to pass that very early in the morning James said unto William "Let us arise and go upon the ramparts of the walls that are around the city, for rather would I be killed on my feet than in bed."

11. And they did arise and go out into the streets ere it was yet light, but by the light of the burning city they did find their way to the city walls.

12. And when they had got upon the wall they could behold the burning city as did Nero of old behold the burning of Rome; and while they gazed before them there came upon them an Officer of the Guard.

13. And he cried out in a loud voice with much anger and swearing, saying "What do ye here at this hour? Know ye not that it is written that no one may walk on these walls save those that have letters from the General?"

14. And they answered him not, for they had not with them letters from the General; and they did straightway get down from the wall and did go through the ruined streets to the place where the hospital was.

15. It was now the Sabbath Day, but the enemy did not cease his bombardment of the city. The inhabitants were running through the streets that lead to the main roads leading from the city, taking with them what valuables they could.

16. And for two days did the tribe of the 2nd Field Ambulance stay in the city, and did minister to the wounded soldiers and civilians.

17. On the twenty-first day of the month the great Chief, whose surname was Foster, did send a messenger to the Commander of the tribe, whose surname was McPherson, saying:

18. "The enemy has massed large bodies of troops against us, and will train his guns on all the roads that lead to the city, so that none may enter or leave thereof;

19. So while there is yet time get together the two sections B and C, together with their supplies and equipment, and command them to journey to a place called Elverdinge, and there remain until I send again a messenger unto you.

20. And Section A you will command to remain in the city and minister to the wounded till they have all been taken away to a place of safety."

21. And the Commander called unto him the Commander of B Section, whose surname was Bentley, and the Commander of C Section, whose surname was Snell, and did read unto them the message he had received.

22. And they did straightway prepare to leave; and at the sixth hour all was in readiness, and the Commander called unto him William, whose surname was Fox, and said unto him:

23. "In order that these sections may move with greater haste, get you upon your horse and get four wagons that belong to A Section, that these men may ride therein.

24. And when they have come to their journey's end you will return again to the city with the wagons."

25. It was about the eighth hour when the sections did arrive at the appointed place, which was an old farm about six miles from the city.

26. And while they did prepare the evening meal the guns of the enemy did burst forth with great violence, the earth trembled, and the sky was lighted by the bursting shells, and new fires did break out in the city.

27. And in the gathering darkness the sight struck horror to those who beheld it, for they knew that many were the lives of women and children who were being sacrificed in the burning city.

28. And William, as he had been commanded, did hasten with the wagons of A Section back to the burning city; and as they hastened along the road they did meet many French soldiers coming towards them in great fear, crying "The Alleman come."

29. And as they pressed their way through the maddened throng a strange scent came to their nostrils, and their eyes did smart till they could hardly see their way, and their throats burned as of fire.

CANADIAN CONCERT.

By kind permission of the Hon. Minister of Militia and Defence, Major-General Sir Sam. Hughes, a special concert in aid of the Canadian Base Hospitals was held in the Royal Albert Hall, London, on Sunday, Sept. 24th, 1916. The programme was furnished by the Canadian massed bands, under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham, with Bandmaster J. Stiggs and Assistant Bandmaster Bannocrough. Miss Eileen D'Orme and Miss Margaret Cooper also contributed pleasing selections. The magnificent hall was crowded by the friends of the many Canadian Hospitals, and a splendid entertainment was enjoyed by all. Capt. D. A. Campbell escorted about fifty Canadian patients from the Ontario Military Hospital, and represented our institution on the occasion.

OUR FRIENDS AND BENEFACTORS.

The Recreation Committee would extend their warm appreciation to the following, who have contributed to the comfort and pleasure of the patients in the Ontario Military Hospital:—

Miss M. Swale, Great Portland-street, London;
Miss M. Shrimpton, Brandon House, Halstead, Sevenoaks;
Miss Haycraft, The Gables, Blackheath, London;
Mr. Morris, Orpington;
Miss Misselbrook, Bromley;
Miss R. Henry, Wallingford Avenue, Notting Hill.

Also the devoted services given week in and week out by the ladies of the Canadian and British Red Cross Societies, whose presence is looked for eagerly each week.

This last month quite a number of good books and magazines have been sent to us by the British Red Cross and Order of Jerusalem, London. For these gifts the Ontario Military Hospital is very grateful.

It would be impossible to compute the number of cigarettes that are used in a day by the men in the wards, but to quote what was overheard the other day, "There is still corn in Egypt." We thank our numerous friends who keep our garners full; the Canadian Red Cross, and last, but not least, our good friend Mr. Dan MacLaughlan, of Annprior, Ontario.

We cannot forget the kindness of our local friends in Orpington, who every day send in a liberal supply of vegetables, flowers and fruit for the patients.

Our warmest thanks are due to the kind people of Stirling, Ontario, Canada, who through the efforts of Mrs. McPotts and Mrs. Watt subscribed the sum of £10 and sent to Nursing Sister Miss Ethel Anderson to be expended for the good and pleasure of the patients. A bountiful supper was laid in the new dining hall, and after all had partaken of the many good things provided, three hearty cheers were given for Mrs. McPotts and Mrs. Watt and the many kind friends in Stirling.

While the patients are kindly thought of, the staff of Doctors and Nursing Sisters are not forgotten.

Mr. Charles P. Phillips, of Sevenoaks, believes that a change of environment is good for all concerned.

Through the kindness of our mutual friend, delightful trips have been arranged to visit many interesting places in Kent near and far. All have returned feeling grateful to the friends who have helped in making these trips so interesting.

The Right Rev. W. C. White, Bishop of Horan, China, and Chaplain to the Forces, paid us a visit this last month, and confirmed in one of the wards.

BROADLEY BROS., TAILORS and OUTFITTERS.

SERVICE UNIFORMS AT SHORT NOTICE.

144, HIGH STREET, BROMLEY, KENT.

Purity and Excellence of Materials and Results Unsurpassed!

H. DOWNING & CO., CROWN STEAM BAKERIES, HITHER GREEN.

Made Entirely by BRITISH LABOUR under Hygienic Conditions.

BAKERIES:—

HITHER GREEN, EARLSFIELD, S.W., WANDSWORTH, S.W., CROYDON, Etc.

Deliveries Daily in this District.

'Phone: Lee Green 1742.

Telephone: Cray 42.

F. TREMAIN, I.F.A.I., Engineer, Ironmonger, Smith and Wheelwright, CRAY VALLEY IRONWORKS, ORPINGTON, KENT.