

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

Published by kind permission of LIEUT.-COLONEL D. W. MACPHERSON, Officer Commanding Ontario Military Hospital, Orpington.

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No. 3.

AUGUST, 1916.



ONTARIO · MILITARY
— HOSPITAL —
ORPINGTON · KENT · ENGLAND

CHAS. P. SHIPPER,
ARCHT. CAMBRIDGE.

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OUR HOSPITAL.

A SHORT HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION.

By CAPTAIN W. H. FOX, Quartermaster.

IN ORDER that the dear kind people of the Province of Ontario may form some idea of the priceless gift they have given to the Mother Country, I will try to give a short history of the Hospital and where it is situ-



COLONEL THE HON. R. A. PYNE,
The man who built the Hospital.

ated, and those who are responsible for its wonderful location and buildings.

It is just one year ago this month since Colonel the Hon. R. A. Pyne and Major James came to England to supervise the building of the Ontario Military Hospital. The first duty was to select an architect, and after considering many, the choice fell on Mr. Chas. F. Skipper, of Cambridge, who had before and has since built large hospitals for the War Office.



LIEUT.-COL. D. W. MACPHERSON,
Officer Commanding.

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Next came the selecting of the site. Col. Pyne applied to the War Office for a list of various sites. The first one selected was on Ely-road, Cambridge. Plans were prepared, and steps had been taken to commence building, when it was discovered that the sewage overflow of the City of Cambridge was in close proximity.

The next site looked at was at Monk's Horton, near Folkestone, but on inspection it was found to be too far from the station, and had not the facilities for so large a hospital. Many other sites were looked at, but all had their drawbacks.

Then Orpington was suggested, and on making thorough enquiries as to the water supply, the sewerage system, the estate known as the Boundary Estate was chosen. I may say at this point that the water supply is the best in England. Coming from the chalk hills, it is pure and clear,

and has a pressure at the tap of one hundred pounds. The sewerage system is the best, and the Hospital has perfect drainage, which is very essential.

On the estate is a gentleman's residence, called the Boundary House. This Colonel Pyne had furnished so that he might always be on the job, and on October 3rd, 1915, Colonel and Mrs. Pyne and Major James came to reside in Orpington, and from that day the Hospital started to grow. Orpington is a most charming and healthful district, placed amidst rural surroundings and giving the requisite change and rest so essential to the wounded soldier.

It was well on in October before a start was made on the actual buildings, as there were many difficulties to be overcome in the way of getting materials, and Colonel Pyne and Mr. Skipper had to make many trips to the War Office to get authority to pur-



Quartermaster's Stores and Staff.

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chase certain supplies, and then often when they were loaded on the train they would be commandeered by some military authority. After many of these vexatious occurrences, the materials began to arrive on the site, and on February 19th, 1916, the hospital was officially opened by the Right Hon. Bonar Law.

If you will now refer to the large picture, I will endeavour to explain the buildings as they follow. The first small building on the left is the sergeants' and men's cook-house. Here the meals for 250 are prepared daily. It is perfectly arranged with steam cookers and soup kettles and ranges. The next is the sergeants' mess and men's dining-room, also the sergeants' sleeping rooms. The next two are the men's quarters. Here the men are provided with spring beds, white sheets and pyjamas, wash and bath rooms, hot and cold water—in fact, all the comforts of home; quite a contrast to what was experienced by those of us who have been in France and Belgium, where a blanket and

4 tons of sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ ton of tea, 2 tons of butter, 33,000 eggs, 5,518 gallons of milk, 500 chicken. Laundry bill, £192.

In the Clothing Department a large staff are kept busy fitting out the patients that are able to be sent to the convalescent hospitals. Most of them come to us in blankets on stretchers, or with clothes all stained and torn, and when they leave have to be given a new and complete kit from boots to cap, including razor, shaving brush, tooth brush, hair brush, clothes brush, knife, fork and spoon, clasp knife, and many other small articles; all these have to be entered on the proper forms and signed for.

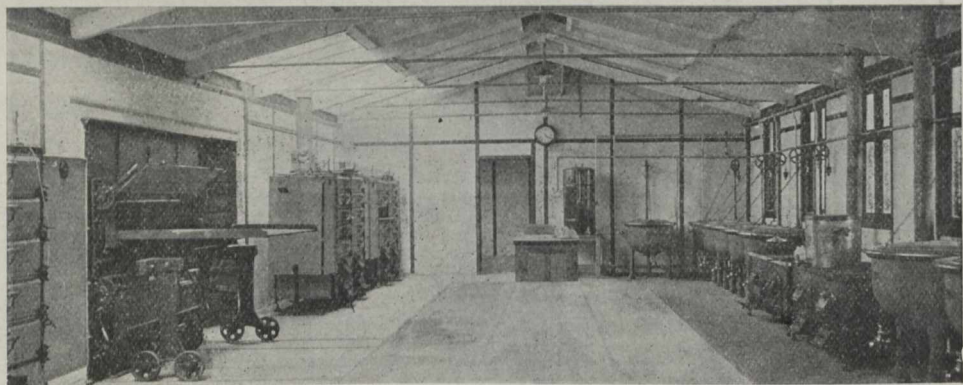
The next small building is the Pathological Laboratory; it is perfectly equipped, and is under the direction of an expert pathologist. The next in line is the chapel and mortuary. The next is the central heating and power house and disinfecting chamber. In the boiler room are three large boilers for the heating of all the buildings and the heating of the water for bathing, etc.; also steam for the numerous cookers. In the engine room are three engines and generators for supplying the light and power; also an emergency set of storage batteries which will light the whole hospital for ten hours should the engines break down.

In the disinfecting chamber is a large steam sterilizer in which are placed all the

patients' clothes and all soiled linen from the wards. From there the linen goes to the laundry, and the clothes to the pack stores, where they are placed in racks with the patient's name and number on them. When the patient is well enough to be transferred, he brings his receipt and gets his old clothes. The sergeant of the clothing stores inspects them, and any article that is worn is replaced, and in most cases a new kit is issued, as stated before.

The next building on the left is the main kitchen. Here all the patients' meals are cooked; the system of feeding patients in a hospital of this size is quite elaborate, and entails a lot of clerical work for the Medical Officer, Nursing Sister, and Quartermaster.

The Medical Officer, on visiting the ward in the morning, marks on the chart what each patient is to have for the next day; the Nursing Sister has then to make a summary of her ward, stating how many are on ordinary, fish, chicken, or milk diets; this



The main Kitchen, showing the soup kettles on the right; the meat and bread ovens on the left.

Reproduced by the courtesy of "The World's Work."

corner in the cow stable were luxury.

The next two on the left with the motor lorries are the quartermaster's stores. In these stores are kept the groceries, the meats, the hardware, the linen and clothing, and other things too numerous to mention. Here the daily rations for 1,300 patients and staff are weighed and issued. The eatable commodities for a general hospital number some 200 different articles. These must always be kept in stock and accounted for to the ounce. The main commodities issued in the month of July included 10½ tons of meat, 2½ tons of bacon, 14½ tons of bread,

sheet is then sent to the Quartermaster at ten in the morning, who checks it to see that all totals are correct and that they agree with the list of rations sent to him by the Adjutant. The sheets are then passed to the Sergeant Steward, who makes out four summaries. The first one is made for the Chief Cook, telling the total number of each diet for whom he has to cook and to which serveries the diets go (these serveries I will speak of later). The second one shows all the extras that are to go to each ward, such as eggs, milk, wines, liquors, Bovril, etc. The

third shows the bread, butter, meat, sugar, etc., that goes to the kitchen, where it is prepared and placed on four large carriages,

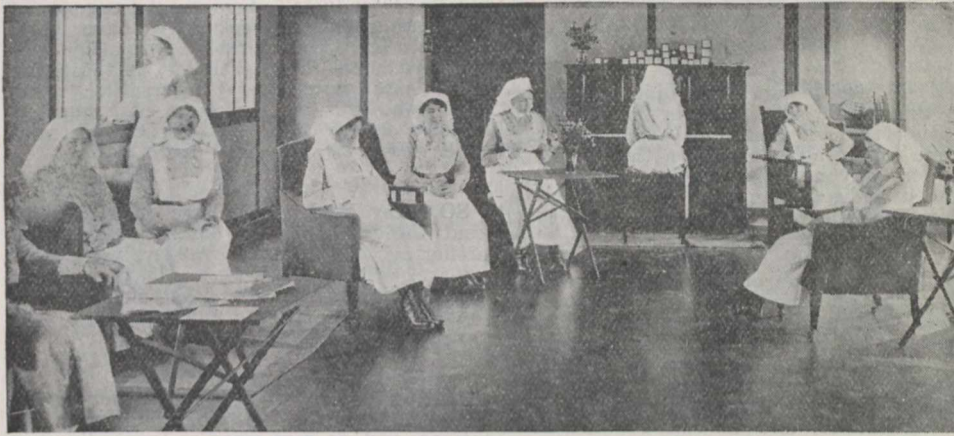
sent the hospital with four large tents and one hundred camp chairs. These have been put up on different parts of the grounds for

through the kindness of Mr. Hayman and Mr. Croise, of the New Agency Film Co., Mr. Griffiths, of the New Bio Film Co., and Mr. Squire, of Jury's Imperial Pictures, of London, who are lending us films free, we will be able to give entertainments almost every night, which will help the boys to forget their pains for a few hours.

We will now return to the buildings again. The group of four on the right of the admitting room are the operating room (large and light, equipped to the last word, having four tables), wash rooms, anaesthetic rooms, sterilizing rooms, and dressing rooms. The X-ray room is in this block; also the electrical room, the dispensary, eye, ear, nose and throat departments, and dental parlours. This department has two chairs, electric engines, and a complete laboratory where dental work in all its branches is executed.

The building with the bay in the centre opposite the theatre is the administration building, containing the offices of the Officer Commanding, the Registrar, Paymaster, Matron and Sergeant-Major, the Post Office, Registrar's night quarters, and Orderly Room.

The ten long buildings with the runways connecting are the hospital wards, the runways being the dividing lines of the wards, making twenty, each containing fifty beds,



A corner in the Nurses' Sitting Room.

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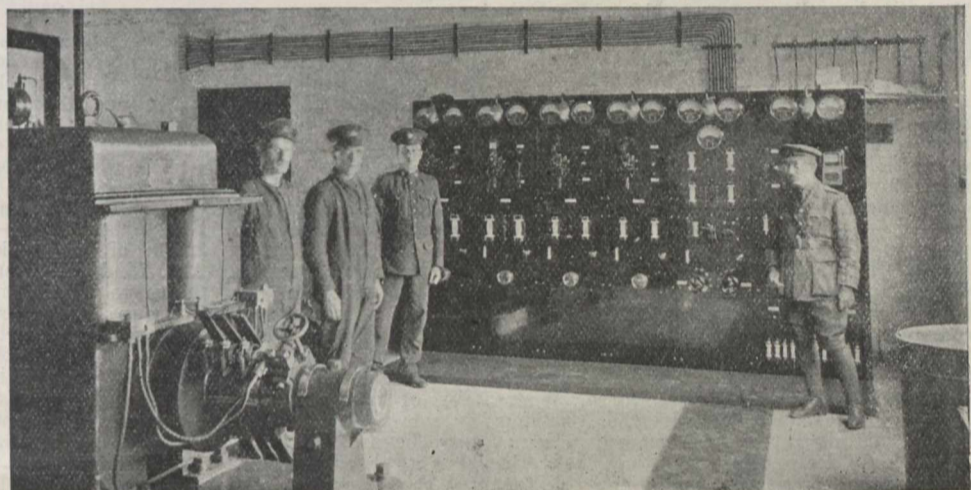
marked Servery A., B., C. or D. These are the small buildings you see in the picture between the runways of the hospital buildings. These are fitted with steam tables. Each one serves ten wards, five on each side. The meal is sent from the kitchen in the carriages before mentioned. We now have the fourth summary, which in turn is divided into four parts, one for each servery, telling the Section Nursing Sister how many ordinary, fish, chicken, and milk diets she has on her carriage. A Nursing Sister from each ward reports at the servery at meal-times, and with her orderlies has the meals for the patients in her ward placed in the ward carriage and wheeled to the ward, where they are served steaming hot, and in this way we feed 1,040 at the same hour.

Before passing I may say that at the present moment there is being built on the ground to the left of the main kitchen a dining hall that will seat 400 up-patients, which will be a great saving of labour and comfort to the patient, who now has to eat his meal at his bedside. There is also under construction on this same ground an isolation hospital, complete with kitchens and staff quarters; these will be in operation in a few weeks. With these additions the Ontario Military Hospital will be second to none.

In order to explain the rest of the buildings we will return again to the main road and this time take the right side of the drive-way. The first U-shaped building is

the up-patients to sit under, and are greatly appreciated.

Coming back to the theatre again. The



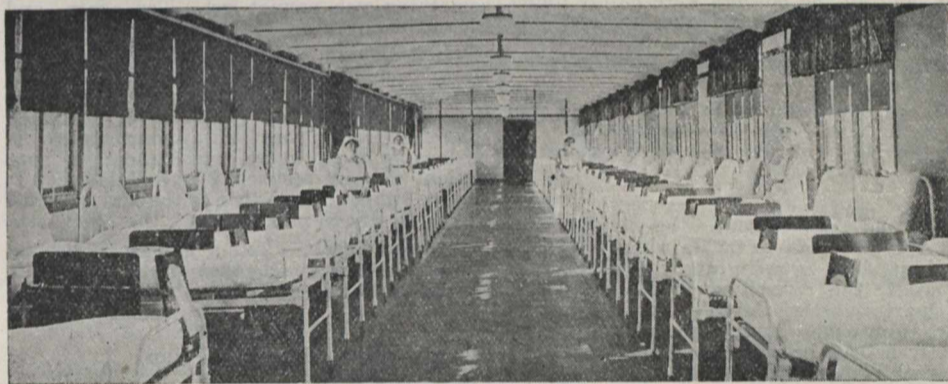
The Switchboard end of the Power House and the Engine House Staff.

Reproduced by the courtesy of "The World's Work."

hall will seat 800; the stage has four sets of scenery, and over the front arch is the coat of arms of the Province of Ontario.

with one small private room with two beds for very sick patients. Each ward has its own diet, kitchen, medicine room, pantry, nurses' record room, bath rooms and wash rooms.

The walls are painted a light green and the ceilings white; the floors are polished, with an 8ft. wide strip of linoleum down the centre. The beds are the regulation Canadian hospital pattern, and are very comfortable. As an illustration, the Medical Officer of the day was making his round to have a look at all the patients that had just come in on a convoy to see that they were all comfortable. Going up to one he said: "Well, old chap, is there anything I can do for you?" The chap, without opening his eyes, said: "Yes, please go away, and let me enjoy this lovely bed. It is the first one I have been in for the past eight months." Another time the orderly was taking a walking patient who had just arrived to his ward. When shown his bed the patient asked if the hospital was so full that the privates had to be put in the Officers' Ward. These two instances and many others I could tell if space would permit, go to show the kind people of the Province of Ontario that their gift is appreciated beyond words by the wounded soldier.



One of the twenty 50-bed wards.

Reproduced by the courtesy of "The World's Work."

the officers' sleeping quarters and mess rooms. Those in the centre are the mess kitchens; the next with the runway at each end is the nurses' dining and sitting rooms. The next five are the nurses' sleeping quarters. The three small ones on the right are the night sisters' sleeping quarters. The building with the Red Cross flag is the admitting room. All patients enter here; those who are able are bathed here and given clean ward clothes. It contains ten large bath tubs, with lots of hot water, soap and towels, and is greatly welcomed by those who are able to get in the tubs. Those on the stretchers are sponge-bathed in the wards. Before the patient leaves this room all particulars are taken as to his name, regiment, and nature of wound, and he is then assigned to his ward and bed.

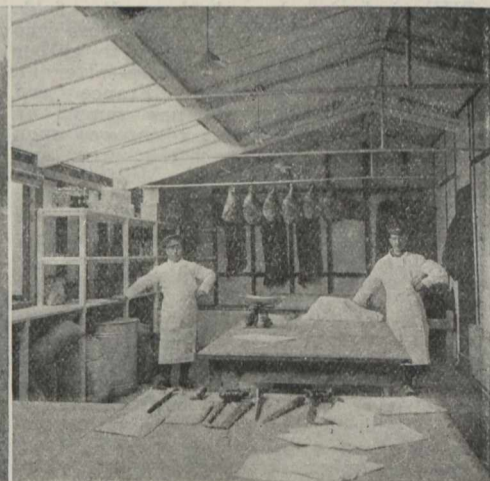
The next building on the left, and on a line with the last described, is the theatre and recreation room. The small bays that branch off from the sides are billiard rooms, all completely furnished by Col. Hodgetts, of the Canadian Red Cross. He also furnished easy chairs and couches; and the Grand Trunk Railway have sent us a lot of their pictures that often make us feel homesick. While speaking of the Grand Trunk I would like to mention that through the kindness of Mr. Smithers they have pre-

There are concerts every Tuesday and Friday evenings, and last week, through the kindness of the Canadian Red Cross, and Col. Noel Marshall, of Toronto, we had installed a moving picture machine, and



A corner in the Grocery Stores, and a group of officers on the Boundary House Lawn.

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HERE AND THERE.

BY ZETO.

THIS number of the "Stretcher" is to be of a decidedly utilitarian character. In order that the people of Ontario and other less-known parts of the British Empire may be the better able to visualise the Ontario Military Hospital and have a more adequate conception of its various features the help of the photographer has been requisitioned. The word-story of the bringing of the hospital into being is from the pen of Captain W. H. Fox, the never-stop-work Quartermaster. We hope that the extensive devotion to things concrete and actual which marks this issue will not arouse a suspicion that the "Stretcher" is aiming to become a "serious and respectable" journal. If at times we are compelled to be—journalistically—seriously respectable or respectably serious, we hope those who so gladly pay their "thrippences" and "tuppences" will not feel they have been done or ask for a rebate. According to the "Toronto Sunday World," which in its issue of June 25th gave a good portion of two columns to criticism and quotations from the "Stretcher," "It is good reading even on this side of the water." May it be so while the war lasts and the "Stretcher" stretches.

WHY do three padres go round with silent tread, And speak in gentle whispers as if in the presence of the dead? Have they all got laryngitis or are their feet beset with blisters? Not so; but behind the beaver board partition slumber tired nursing sisters.

A "SHELL-SHOCK" case in a recent convoy engaged the serious attention of the M.O.'s whose especial care is that class of wounded. In spite of every effort, this "case," otherwise seemingly uninjured, remained deaf and dumb. Not an articulate sound could the poor chap put forth. Where high medical science failed, the one-time condemned cigarette and natural instinct succeeded. Returning from a bath the nerve-benumbed soldier was given a fag, which he apparently thoroughly enjoyed until he inadvertently put the lighted end in his mouth. The spell of the shell shock was broken, and a stream of adjectives and other unprintable ejaculations proclaimed convincingly that the power of speech had returned.

APPOINTED by the Canadian Red Cross Society for the purpose, five ladies periodically visit the wounded Canadians in the wards and provide them with many much-appreciated little comforts for the inner and the outer man and for the mind. It is an excellent work, but one cannot but regret that it is (of necessity so far as the present workers are concerned) limited to one section of the Empire's wounded. It was the expressed wish of His Majesty the King that there should not be separate hospitals for the various Overseas soldiers and Imperial soldiers, but that the sense of unity and common effort so marked in the response to the call to arms and on the battlefield, and mutual understanding, should be deepened, if possible, by "Union" hospitals. What good fruit has been borne by this all who have had close contact with military hospitals fully realize. We hope that what is being done by Canadian effort for the Canadians, who constitute ten per cent. of the patients, will be done by some organisation for the Imperials and others, constituting such a very large proportion of the ward population.

THE circle has been broken. For fields afar have started half-a-dozen of those who since mid-April have been wont to gather round the festive board at mess—after an unconscionably long wait. France and Salonika are the pastures new sought by those at one time content to browse upon the opportunities for service that grew, and increasingly grew, at Ontario Military Hospital. But if opportunities for service were constantly increasing here, in greater measure and in greater rapidity were they increasing "over there," and so for the greater and more distant things our quondam fellow-masticators reached out. If not in England before the Kaiser ceases to kaise, then in old Ontario when the war is over, may we all foregather once again and discuss, if not tough beef and oleomargarine, historic eggs, and jam of many names, at least a simple meal washed down with something else than milk. Methinks, and certain is the hope, that Captains Jepson, Fripp, Lawson, McArthur, and P. G. (Prize Golfer) Graham will be there. In the meantime, may the best of luck attend them.

WE do not believe in killing Kaiserism with the mouth, and there is the minimum of satisfaction in compiling adjectives, but the one unalterable conviction that is borne in upon anyone who moves among our wounded soldiers—men from all parts of the Empire—and hears their simple matter-of-fact statements of actual occurrences within their own personal experience, is that the most degraded type of human being extant to-day, the one most void of decency of thought and manliness of action, the one nearest to the beast of the field in instinct, desire, and effort, is the average "German officer." We hear of some particularly loathsome deeds of inhumanity and treachery and ingratitude, and express for the hundredth time an irrepressible desire in respect of things German and people (especially people) German, and the mangled narrator of the incident will hasten to add "But of course, sir, it was only an officer. It is not often you'll find a private play a game like that, but the German officers will do anything."

EVERY officer of the Ontario Military Hospital is ipso facto an honorary playing member of the Bromley Bowling Club. Of such is the brand of hospitality of our Bromley friends. They have other brands, too, which they dispense with equal liberality, and to those members of a dry mess who do not bowl with the bowls but who can bowl for all that, this is more than a sop of satisfaction. Among the keenest of Bromley's bowlers—with the bowls on the green, of course—is the Mayor of Bromley (Ald. Lindley-Jones), who among other good things to his credit sent us a most excellent troupe of entertainers recently. He is an excellent sport, plays golf, and already has links with Canada, his brother being a well-known citizen of Toronto, Mr. Sydney H. Jones, bursar of Trinity College, two of whose sons have been long at the front, and one having been awarded the D.C.M. The Mayor's visit to the Hospital, however, he declared, brought home to him for the first time the full depth of the unity of the Empire. His Worship was one of the twelve bowlers (on the green) who bowled against twelve officers of the O.M.H., who were recently guests of the Bromley Club. After the bowling on the green he presided at the supper in the clubhouse, and all the bowlers were happy under his skilful guidance, and the bowlers, and all kinds of bowlers, enjoyed a further treat, in, and while inspecting, Mr. Lindley-Jones' rose garden.

WE are endeavouring to make one or two cricket fixtures with Bromley clubs. We hope the Mayor of Bromley is interested in cricket.

THE old saw about the busy man being the best man to tackle when you want something done is refreshingly illustrated in our midst, the refreshing illustration being our Quartermaster, Captain Fox. We have never seen the family records, but we honestly believe he was weaned on work, and that nothing else will agree with him. He happens to be business manager of the "Stretcher," and perhaps we ought not to make personal remarks about a member of the staff, but he is only business manager, all he does for the paper is—work. He was loaded to the water-line at the time, but he took it on at the earnest solicitation of and out of charity to an editor who, as a business manager, would have been about as happy and successful as Captain Thomas would be managing a day nursery or a dry canteen. Thus we have no compunction in holding up Capt. Fox as a horrible example of insatiable greed—for work. If you want to win and retain his friendship, require and ask for something that will mean more work for him. He may scowl—that's a bit of a habit—occasionally, but he will chuckle inwardly at "more work." Consumption of work is with him what consumption of whiskey is with a Scotchman—a gift.

THE patients a few weeks ago were the guests of the manager of the Orpington Moving Picture Show. They so thoroughly enjoyed the treat that the work-bug in the Quartermaster became more ravenous than ever. A search was made, and successfully made, for a moving picture machine to be sold at a reasonable figure. The interest of the Canadian Red Cross was secured, and then the machine was secured. Personal labour for many nights resulted in the restoration of the machine to working order and in its complete equipment with all accessories; supplies of films were provided for by

the generosity of a film manufacturer, and now to the great enjoyment of the patients, not to mention the staff, Captain Fox personally "conducts" two exhibitions on at least two nights a week. We have great respect and considerable sympathy for quartermasters in general, but as the owner of the most insatiable and versatile "work-bug" that ever got possession of a quartermaster, or any other master, Captain Fox takes the prize, which is—more work.

SO many kind people have done so many kind things, providing entertainments and proffering hospitality in various ways, that we are waiting until we are sure we have omitted none before we publish the names of those of whom patients and staff have such grateful recollections.

THE exigencies of space play havoc with Editorial intentions and contributors' expectations, and we gaze more or less sadly upon various pieces of copy which cannot be translated into "Stretcherese" this month.

There was an M.O. named Carson,
Who one windy day went out with the
Parson;
They both liked to smoke, and on the way
back
Tried to light up their pipes behind a hay-
stack;
And now it is rumoured that Parson and
Carson will "go in" for arson.

SOME people seem to think an Editor is like an Adjutant, made for the purpose of being asked questions. It is entirely a mistake, and if people could only know how little Editors know we know people would know better than to tell us so much they don't know in the belief the editor does know, so that they may be able to know. But as people do not know that the editor does not know the things the people want to know, we know we shall still know what people want to know, and—the compositor is quite right—people will not believe we have a dry mess if we go on hiccupping like this.

WE will try to answer some of the questions that have reached us, and we will try and correct some erroneous ideas of which the questions give evidence.

Nil Desperandum.—A "pass" does not mean something that will let you pass, but something you cannot get. Try again, and give him our kind regards.

"Left Behind."—"Ambulance" is from the Latin "ambulo"—"I walk about." Now do you understand? Hard lines: but if you will study etymology you will derive much comfort from your disappointment. If patient you go in an ambulance; if not patient you are restricted to ambulation. It is very simple. And that is the way you feel when you try to make it work the other way.

Hard to Crack.—Cannot explain it beyond the self-evident fact that while there are several nuts there are only five colonels.

Captain George Downing Fripp
Is off on a nice little trip,
He has packed up his scalpel and lance
To be used in the future on wounded in
France.

Captain George Downing Fripp,
Permit us to give you a tip:
When the day's work is done don't roam
without gun,
Don't look for trouble; don't hunt for the
Hun.

If by chance you should happen to meet him,
Don't stop to consider for what you should
treat him,
But treat him at once for sepsis of soul and
heart gangrene;
When you've done for that Hun you'll have
done what we mean.
And that is our tip as you start on your
trip,
Au revoir—Captain George Downing Fripp.

THE news that Captain Hume had been promoted, and was thenceforth Lieutenant-Colonel Hume, evoked expressions of pleasure and congratulation on every side, and these in turn evoked expressions of embarrassment on the face of the worthy but modest recipient of promotion and congratulations. When Promotion takes Modest Merit by the hand, Modest Merit finds congratulations hard to stand.

ZETO.

OFFICERS' MESS ROOM CHATTER.

BY WELLANDGOOD.

WILL someone kindly tell us:—
Why the morning tub seems to make some of our officers sing, and if some of them should not have their voices cultivated before inflicting songs on the sleeping brethren at 7.15 a.m.? Also, who was responsible for the following, sung to the tune of "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall":—
You'll have to let your moustache grow,
It came out in orders you know;
We all want to shave, but you can see
That if you do you'll get C.B.
Now some look fine and some look swell,
But as for mine it looks like—well,
The orders of the day you must obey,
So you'll have to let your moustache grow.

Where all the M.O.'s spend their Sunday afternoon and evening, and if some of the married officers' wives should not be informed of their husbands' whereabouts?

Why the Mess is so quiet this week? Had the departure of certain M.O.'s anything to do with this?

If Captain R. J. Wilson would not make a splendid traffic policeman, after all the experience he is getting in handling the ambulances when a convoy is arriving?

Why Captain Fox does not go into the moving picture—beg pardon, "cinema" business, and if his "shows" are not the most popular given in the recreation hall?

If we will "see ourselves as others see us" when the cinema people finish taking the film of the Ontario Military Hospital?

How it is that the officers pay so little attention to sports, and if a little encouragement would not be appreciated by the non-coms. and men of our unit?

How our new Lieutenant-Colonel bears his honours so well? He still is one of the "boys."

HEARD IN THE MESS ROOM.

C. . . —Come over here, K., and tell me all you know; I have a couple of minutes to spare.

SPORTS.

THE Cricket Match between the Police and Special Constables' team and the Canadians at Grassmeade Meadow, St. Mary Cray, on Thursday, July 27th, which was followed by a Baseball game, was as near an old English sports day as war times will allow. There were shows and roundabouts and donkeys, and what we lost on the swings we must have made up somehow on the teas for the patients, so thoughtfully provided by the committee and gracefully served by the ladies. Talking of ladies, who would have said the county itself could have provided so many? And the kiddies! It was good to see them. The braiding of the maypole shared honours with the needle-and-thread race among the Nursing Sisters; but there was something for everybody, and not least a long afternoon in glorious sunshine.

The prizes won in the various sports were presented to the winners by Mrs. MacPherson. In addition to the Officer Commanding, a large contingent of officers, mess men and patients were present. The kindness of many owners of motor-cars, resident in the neighbourhood, was again evidenced in carrying large numbers of patients to and from the grounds.

The score in the cricket match was as follows:—

ORPINGTON POLICE & SPECIAL CONSTABLES.

Sergt. Hemmings, c Leach, b Alabone	1
S.c. Cruttenden, b Richardson	0
S.c. Townsend, c Bradfield, b Alabone	0
P.c. Carter, b Richardson	1
S.-Sergt. Berens (capt.), b Alabone	6
S.c. Corbin, played on, b Richardson	1
P.c. Baker, c Cpl. Dear, b Alabone	1
S.c. Hook, c Butler, b Alabone	4
P.c. Church, c Cpl. Leach, b Alabone	3
S.c. Mayatt, run out	3
P.c. Lowes, c Cpl. Dear, b Richardson	0
P.c. Leatch, not out	0
Extras	2
	—22

ONTARIO MILITARY HOSPITAL.

Sergt. Bradfield, c Carter, b Corbin	0
Dr. Alabone, played on, b Corbin	19
Pte. Richardson, b Corbin	1
Pte. Maloney, b Berens	3
Lieut. Gooderham, b Corbin	4
— Wilson, b Corbin	19
Corpl. Dear, b Baker	1
Sergt. McNaughton, lbw, b Baker	2
Dr. Butler, c Mayatt, b Corbin	5
Corpl. Leach, c Cruttenden, b Baker	1
Pte. Uren, c Mayatt b Corbin	7
Sergt. Gammon, not out	0
Extras	7
	—69

AS THE NURSING SISTERS SEE IT.

AS the guests of the Kent Archaeological Society some of the Sisters enjoyed a visit to the old City of Rochester to see its beautiful Cathedral and the ivy-clad ruins of its Norman Castle Keep, built in 1126, and considered to be one of the finest specimens of Norman military architecture to be found in England. The inspection of the interior of this old-time fortress and the climb to the top of the Keep were conducted by Mr. Payne, who in 1901 excavated the dungeon and restored the walls and stairways to their present condition. His explanation of the separate styles of architecture and masonry found in the additions made to the Keep, and the Curtain Hall—part of the old Roman City—made it doubly interesting and attractive.

For the want of time Dickens' land was not explored. To the friends of Charles Dickens, the very atmosphere of the human abodes of "Pickwick" and of "Edwin Drood," the old "Bull Inn" in High-street, to say nothing of readily identified scenes, was thrilling, and were reluctantly left with a promise to return some time to see Dickensian Rochester.

Amateur baseball broke loose this month. A game between the O.M.H.'s and Uxbridge pointed out the fact that it is in decline, and some would like to know to what it is due, and whether there really is that much difference in the way the game is played to-day and a year ago.

In the first place, amateur baseball is not dead because we do not happen to be playing much at it. Unlike the baseball magnates of professional baseball, who do their quarrelling on the field and then hold league meetings to decide the argument in the best interests of the game, the O.M.H.'s carried their troubles in their own bosoms, and bubbled and fumed and boiled over, but cared little about improvement in the way baseball was conducted. Anyway, it made one laugh and long for the days of the really and truly amateur team.

Baseball has declined, there is little doubt of that. The absence of material and the fact that the "magnates" tried their best not to beat the other fellow without any regard to the welfare or science of the game are perhaps the main reasons. And what if amateurism did kill the game! Amateur baseball drew more natives to the campus on July 1st than it did O.M.H. Canadians.

We would like to know what is wrong with the padre who at B—the other day kept a line of passengers waiting while he searched pockets and leggings and leggings and pockets for his railway ticket, and finally decided that he had "left it in his room," and "it would do next time."

Alice, what art thou singing
So early in the morn?
You'll make the Sisters sorer
Than does the old brass horn.

Alice, why art thou knocking
So early in the morn?
There is no toast for breakfast,
Don't treat the bread with scorn.

One of our guests, explaining the popularity of our Tuesday afternoons, says:—"You know, we always took our visitors to the graveyard, but now we bring them to the Hospital!" We recall that one of our Colonels also had a strong liking for the graveyard in our early days.

When getting the names of patients for an Irish tea party, we find a man who belongs to the Liverpool Irish!

One patient, who owns to being 60, guilelessly remarks that he was too old for South Africa, but they took him for this.

One of our attached men declares that the war will not end until they send him back to France—that last time his Colonel ordered him back. "Wipe your sword and go to the rear—you've killed enough."

Wanted.—The name of the M.O. who went to London to see his aunt, but was noticed at Charing Cross with one arm full of flowers and a lady on the other.

To Inquiring N.S.—"Ovah theah" is the English for the Canadian—over there. Yes, it is quite proper to ask him to spell any word that is obscured by his English accent.

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BOUNDARY HOUSE GARDEN EN FETE.

WHICH of them did it, we suppose will never be known; but it is said that Mrs. MacPherson, in making her arrangements for her Garden Party to the staff and patients on Wednesday, July 26th, was heard to ask all three padres to offer up a prayer for fine weather. And she got it; the leaks in the skies were stopped, the sun shone out gloriously, and a cool breeze, which probably nobody thought of asking for, was thrown into the bargain. If heaven was kind, earth also was gracious. The beautiful garden of Boundary House was resplendant with roses and lilies; the lawns felt under foot as only English lawns can feel; and patient vied with patient as stretcher bearer until no end of men who could not possibly have walked down, were safely placed where they could see and hear everything. The wonderful band from St. Joseph's, upon which it is said all British bandmasters cast envious eyes, played splendidly, the youngsters evidently enjoying the party as much as any of us. Bowls, at surprisingly long range it seemed, provoked keen contests. One of the new marquees opened fire with refreshments. It was a good time all round, and our hostess looked as pleased as her guests. Anyhow, she put a smile into every camera that was pointed in her direction.

LONDON AREA SERGEANTS' MESS DINNER.

A MOST delightful evening was spent on July 15th, when the Warrant Officers and Sergeants of the various Hospitals in the London area met for dinner at Pinoli's Restaurant in London for the first dinner of the London Sergeants' Mess.

The idea of forming this organization has been in the mind of the writer ever since the Commemoration Dinner organized by the Canadian Pay and Record Office last summer. Members of the various Sergeants' Messes turned out in full force, and justice was done to a most excellent dinner. Sergt. E. C. C. Tarver, of Bearwood, made an excellent toast-master, and his flowing moustache bristled "on the double."

Among the speakers of the evening were Lieut.-Colonel D. W. MacPherson, Lieut.-Colonel J. Obed Smith, Canadian Commissioner for Emigration; Lieut.-Colonel C. W. F. Gorrell (Taplow); Major Wodehouse (Bearwood); Major A. W. MacPherson (Bromley), Captain S. M. Fisher (Orpington).

Later in the evening the Mess went into executive session, and the following officers were elected:—President: Sergt. Frank Chapman, Duchess of Connaught Canadian Red Cross Hospital, Taplow; Secretary, Staff-Sergt. P. R. Jeffrey, Ontario Military Hospital; Treasurer, Sergt. Percy Jones, Ontario Military Hospital.

The Mess passed a hearty vote of thanks to the organization committee (Sergt.-Major Campbell, Staff-Sergt. Edwards and Sergt. Jones) for the work they had done in making this organization a fact. The meeting then adjourned until August 20th.

A PATIENT'S IDEA OF A MORNING IN ONE OF THE WARDS.

5 a.m.—Sister and Orderly lets up the blinds. Oh, Orderly, this blind wont work. Oh, Orderly, do come and fix this blind.

6 a.m.—Come on, boys, it's time to get up. Wake up, R—. Oh, M—, give out some water. Has that boy in the small room had a wash?—don't forget to give him a wash.

6.30 a.m.—Wake up, R—, and take the boys some water. Oh, M—, do come and help to get breakfast. M—, take out the knives and forks. J—, give out the bread. Who'll give out the tea?

7 a.m.—Down came the breakfast. J—, give out the sugar. H—, give out the milk. Did you give the boy in the small room some breakfast? Has everybody got breakfast?

7.15 a.m.—Everybody happy.

7.30 a.m.—In comes the Day Orderly. T—, come on, it's time these mugs were cleaned and put away.

8 a.m.—Everybody working hard.

9 a.m.—If the gramophone is playing we all get a rag-time dressing.

SCALLYWAG.

CORPORALS' MESS.

SINCE the July issue it has been our pleasant duty to welcome eight new members into our midst. Of these, F. Averill, W. W. Clothier, F. Dear, H. Hollands and J. M. Stewart are well-known figures in camp society. L.-Cpl. F. Moore, a first contingent man, comes to us from the noisome atmosphere of Flanders, having well earned a respite from his hazardous duties. Cpl. H. E. Popham and L.-Cpl. A. C. B. Stewart have lately arrived from the Gate of the West. The last-named were given to understand that their sojourn here would be brief. From the misty past there comes to us an echo of a similar tale that others heard. "Something to write home about, boys." "Best set of men for field-ambulance work that I have ever seen." "Second to none." But drop the curtain. The situation reminds one forcibly of the two Tommies in the trenches:—

Bill: How long are you here for, Jack?

Jack: Seven years. And you, you blighter?

Bill: Duration.

The late Corporals Morland and Thistlethwaite have our parting benediction as they soar to loftier heights. Our good wishes follow Corpl. Whiteley, who has rejoined his unit.

GLEANNINGS.

Corporal Turner, in his recent visit to Cornwall, found that the Devil was still afraid to enter the county lest he might be put in a pasty.

The Zoo is open daily from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Corpl. Gervais keeper. Blind guinea-pigs with tails a speciality. We trust Pte. Richardson did not get his goat.

Who is the blood-thirsty corporal? Ask Leach.

Corporal Reeves says he is the leader of the White Hart Bible Class. 'Nuff said.

Why did not the sporty corporal hire a taxi again instead of falling asleep as far as Tunbridge Wells?

We understand that Corporals Harper and Powell are seriously considering the advisability of taking out papers for the United States.

Overheard in the A. and D. Room:—

Corpl. Fleming (to patient): What is your trouble?

Patient: Oh, I'm dead.

Fleming: Never mind. I must have particulars.

WHAT THE QUARTERMASTER THINKS OF TOBACCO.

Tobacco is a dirty weed—

I hate it.

It satisfies no normal need—

I hate it.

It makes you thin, it makes you lean,

It takes the hair right off your bean,

It's the worst darn stuff I've ever seen—

I hate it.

RASPBERRY.

AT THE MEN'S MESS.

WE take this opportunity of welcoming our new friends from Winnipeg. Like many of us who have been at the O.M.H. for quite a time, they were eager to get over yonder, and are consequently settling down with tones of disappointment. We feel sure that they will realise very shortly—if they have not already done so—that even on the field of battle no greater opportunity could be given them for exercising their full powers. "They also serve who only stand and wait" is brought out here in its full significance. We await here the return of our brothers from across the Channel. We should deem it an honour and a privilege to be allowed to minister to their wants in a hospital which is second to none.

* * * * *

WE regret that owing to indisposition the appointed representative of the Men's Mess was unable to furnish matter for the last issue of the "Ontario Stretcher." If some have the impression that the men have no interest in "Our Paper," let them get rid of that idea at once. We one and all appreciate the Commanding Officer's kindness in allowing its publication. It will, we feel sure, do much to encourage "esprit de corps" in the unit.

* * * * *

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE PAPER.

FOREWORD:—

All questions must be attempted.

1. Who put the salt in the bacon? (The Quartermaster must not be interviewed).

2. What is it that smells like coffee and tastes like tea?

3. Describe with detail the ejaculation "I tell you for why. I tell you right now."

4. Why, when Wordsworth wrote "A violet by a mossy stone half hidden from the eye," etc., must he have been thinking of plum duff?

5. Whom had the poet in mind when he wrote the following pathetic words:—

"Above the din of mug and plate a voice was heard."

Refrain:

"He's at it again"?

6. Who got the goat?

7. Are we downhearted? (Note: The usual mono-syllabic answer is not allowed. The originality of this answer will sway the total marks).

8. What relation is there between the terms "Corporal" and "Corporation"?

9. (a) Why do the first two tables persist in their endeavour to make the others weep? (b) Account for their failure to accomplish this.

Full Privates are allowed one day. Rear Privates two days, and if a Washing Day intervenes an extra 24 hours.

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MEETINGS OF THE WEAK.

By "PATIENT" SCHOOLMASTER.

THE following learned (sic[k]) societies wish to solicit the disrespectful attention of the public in general and of Ward Twenty in particular:—

(I) THE NATURALISTS' ASSOCIATION.

Discourses rendered daily on one or more of the following subjects: (1) "The Common Grouse"; (2) "Eggs, and how to estimate their age"; (3) "The constituents of brown bread, parrich, and liquid cheese (alias milk)."

(II) ASTROLOGICAL AND BLACK ART SOCIETY.

Professor John Stone gives horoscope readings to the fair sex, and forecasts of the fateful, fearful future on the Swindell System.

The Unseen Hand, so famous in our sugar-basins just now, causes the mysterious disappearance of bottles of stout; also of flourishing 'taches.

Doctor Jonniwhisky demonstrates the unfathomable depths of the human stomach: four dinners on end and "still going strong."

(III) LITERARY & DEBATING SOCIETY.

Lectures nightly on (1) Airships; (2) The Five Classics; (3) How we do it in Yankee-land; (4) How they do us in England; (5) The Insignificance of the British Isles. Lectures are invariably followed by debates of a vigorous nature, greatly improving to the mind.

(IV) LE CERCLE FRANCAIS.

Learn French in a fortnight "Est-ce que voo ally me promeny ce swore? Compy umpty poo?"

(V) THE SOMNO-ELOCUTIONISTS.

Dramatic recitals in the very witching hour of night by John Bunshifter and Dick'Enson.

(VI) THE ANANIAS CLUB.

Tall yarns fresh from the long-bow of Past-Master Terminologicalinexactitudinis F. R. Nan; aided and abetted by Super-Prevaricator J. Onsen, and a crowd of minor pervertors of essential veracity. Meetings every evening. Lectures for this week: "The Marvellous Packing-Case"; "My Wonderful Lottery Luck"; "Tarts"; "Same Old Subject"; "Telephones"; and "U.S.A."

(VII) THE PHILHARMONIC NIGHTINGALES.

This talented musical society renders the following programme (the Sole Director of Musical Taste is the celebrated critic, Von Efferman):—

1. Song, "Snice to get up in the morning"—Gag-Knee.
2. "The Flying Dutchman"—P. Ope.
3. Rhapsody, "O, you beautiful doll"—The Director.
4. Song (with action), "The Cake Walk"—Cake-Walker.
5. Song, "The Varmer's Boy"—Bingo.
6. Duet, "Oft in the Stilly Night"—Messrs. W. Awker and Dickie Bird.
7. Rhapsody, "Take me back to U.S.A."—The Director.
8. Recitative, "Mes Aventures"—L. A. Poynte.
9. Song, "Put me among the Girls"—H. Owston.
10. Song and chorus, "Oirish, an proud av it too"—Paddy, Pat, Tim and the Rest.
11. Song, "I want to sing in Opera"—The Director.

Mr. Asston is fortunately unable to appear, as his voice is somewhat husky. The Blackbird will supply the gallery in his choicest Ahnsditch. The Wild North-Wester will read selections of Military Law. The Tasmanian will be present; he must be seen to be appreciated.

THE CANADIAN'S DECISION.

"Britain in need." Before him lay the Ocean,
Beyond the Motherland; o'er foam-flecked angry sea,
Upon whose seething waves in grand commotion
Old Albion's brave-manned guns flash forth defiantly.
A dastard foe has dared her shores to threaten,
A traitrous, ingrate foe that under guise of peace
Prepares for war; longing his sword to whetten
With British freemen's blood, and thus his might increase.
Oh! Germany, false friend, drunk with lust for power,

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Ruthless destroyer of Belgium's hard-earned, well-loved joys,
Hands clasped with doubting France; yet waiting for that hour
To strike her gasping low, and over her to poise
A dripping sword. Thou Hun, thou pitiless fiend,
Ally of heartless Turk, slayer of Armenian weak,
Dost think that loyal blood the wide-world o'er
Will not indignant surge? Whelps not answer lion's roar?
Clenching hardened fists, mien stern with righteous rage,
His figure tense, the setting sun upon his brow,
Soul obsessed with passions such as long to wage
War upon cruel brutes; a form that ne'er could bow
In servile fear beneath a vile monster's rod,
He debated there on sere Abraham's wind-swept heights,
Then with manful tread to uphold Honour's rights,
He turned to fight for King, for Empire, and for God.

TRELAWNEY.

SPOT HIM!

"I have got him on my list."
"Oh, that's an easy shot I missed."
"Got it! By Jove. The red and white have kissed."
"The table isn't true; I am sure it has a list."
What mean these mysterious ejaculations,
Suggesting something wrong in someone's calculations,
That someone's in a pucker, someone's in a stew?
I won't say any more. Can't you take the cue?
ZETO.

BILLY SUNDAY HAS ARRIVED WITH THE FOLLOWING SUGGESTION:—

AT THE next meeting of the Mess of the Officers of the Ontario Military Hospital, would it not be advisable to move a resolution regarding the abolition or continuance of the Dry Mess? and would suggest the following as a remarkably fair proposition:

"Whereas the installation of a Dry Mess at the Ontario Military Hospital has proven extremely beneficial to all members of the Mess; and whereas the temperance tendencies of the various members have been duly and properly advertised in Ontario; and whereas we believe the temperance policy of the Ontario Government has received from the said Mess all the moral support necessary for any or every political purpose; and whereas certain occasions and circumstances arise which render it imperative that wine be served in the said Mess,

Therefore be it resolved that the continuance of the Dry Mess be firmly adhered to, except in the following occasions and under the following conditions:—

- (1) When a visitor of military distinction is present;
- (2) When no visitor of military distinction is present;
- (3) When the weather conditions are typical of the English climate;
- (4) When the weather conditions are not typical of the English climate;
- (5) When the different members of the staff are working harder than usual;
- (6) When the different members of the staff are not working harder than usual;
- (7) When the dinner is "formal";
- (8) When the dinner is informal;

Provided that at all times only a certain amount of beer, ales, wines or other alcoholic beverages is allowed each individual member of the Mess, said individual member to be the sole and final judge as to proper amount."

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SOLDIERS AND CANADIANS. ESSAYS BY LITTLE SCHOOLGIRLS

WITH the good people of Orpington and St. Mary Cray "Sports Day" had its inspiration in commendable desire to aid the various local V.A.D. Hospitals and to provide entertainment for the wounded of our own and other hospitals. The local school-master (or mistress) is very practical, and made the occasion provide the theme for an essay by young pupils. Some of these essays have been sent to us, and the two that we publish below are deservedly interesting as representing the young English village school girls' point of view of things military and things Canadian:

"SPORTS DAY."

By DORIS GRAY.

The Sports Day of St. Mary Cray and Orpington was held last Thursday at Grassmead Meadow, St. Mary Cray. The people mostly interested in it were the Special and Regular local police, joined by the Canadians. It began at two in the afternoon and lasted until ten in the evening. The programme consisted chiefly of races for boys and girls varying in ages. There were also races for the nurses and wounded soldiers of the Ontario Hospital, who were there in hundreds. They seemed to enjoy it immensely, and what struck them mostly was the roundabouts—they had never seen any before. Many of them had rides on the horses, and must have thought it better fun than riding the real animals. The donkey rides proved themselves very attractive, especially to the children. Bowling for the live pig was an attraction for the men, especially those who had had plenty of practice and could aim well. As for the other shows, including "Throwing at Kaiser Bill" and the "Hall of Laughter," they made a great success. The wounded soldiers surrounded the cokenut shies, and thoroughly enjoyed the Maypole and National Dances by the children of St. Mary Cray Council School. It certainly was a very great affair, especially as it was a new thing for either village. It concluded with dancing on the green, accompanied by the band, which must have been something similar to what they had in olden times.

By MARGARET CAMP.

The St. Mary Cray and Orpington Sports Day was held last Thursday in Grassmead Meadow; it was a large affair, and the first of its kind that there has been in either village. The Canadians, local police, and special constables took part in it; the Canadians beat the Specials at cricket, and played Bearwood at baseball. In this they were beaten. The game was watched with interest by the Colonials and the local people: much amusement was caused by the excited shouts of the Canadians. The match was enjoyed by all who saw it, but to those who had never before seen one it seemed very rough and typically American. A band played during a great part of the day, and livened up the proceedings, and at intervals there were dances by the school girls. There were races for people of various ages, and a hat-trimming competition for wounded soldiers. It was very amusing to watch the people having donkey rides, and in fact there was something amusing all through, but the thing that caused most laughter was the Hall of Mirrors, which was crowded most of the time. This very pleasant day ended up with dancing, to the accompaniment of the band, on the green.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES

Of the 2nd Canadian Field Ambulance.

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

CHAPTER IV.

1. And for fourteen days the thirty-two great ships and the ships of war did sail on the great sea, each keeping in their appointed places in the three lines.

2. And on the fourteenth day of the tenth month the ships drew nigh unto the land, and the hearts of the soldiers were made glad when they did behold the Eddystone Light-house.

3. And in the evening of the same day the ships entered the Harbour of Plymouth, and great was the joy of the people when they did behold the ships and the soldiers that were on their decks.

4. And they gathered in multitudes along the banks of the river, and the air was rent with their cheers as the ships passed up to a place called Devonport.

5. Here they did drop the anchor, and each in their turn was taken to the landing stage, and great was the joy of man and beast when they stood again on the land.

6. On the third day that the good ship Laurentic had been at anchor she was taken unto landing stage, and the hearts of the tribe of the 2nd Field Ambulance were made glad.

7. And in the evening of the same day they did leave the ship and did march through dark streets many miles to the station, and at the eleventh hour did enter into the train that should take them unto the camp on the plains called Salisbury.

8. And while it was yet dark, at the third hour, the train came to a place called Lavington. Here they did leave the train and did follow one who was sent to lead them to the camp on the plains.

9. And as they marched through the sleeping village the people did rise from their beds so that they might behold the soldiers from across the sea who had come to aid them in their hour of trial.

10. And it came to pass at the sixth hour he who had been sent to lead them, and who had led them up hills and down valleys till they were sorely tired, said unto the leader of the tribe: "This is West Down South on the Plains of Salisbury."

11. And in these tents we shall dwell and complete your learning in the arts of war."

12. And it came to pass that they did tarry on these plains for three score and ten days, and lo for forty days and forty nights it did rain and snow, and the winds did blow, and great was the sufferings thereof.

13. The earth became a sea of mud, and their raiment was dry neither by day nor by night, and the tents were torn asunder by the winds, and the patience of the soldiers was sorely tried.

14. And there were murmurings of discontent amongst them, for they said one to the other: "What manner of man hath done this?"

15. We came to this distant land to fight the good fight, and not to be fed on Brussels sprouts and be drowned in seas of mud. But their mutterings availed them nothing.

16. And verily I saw unto you the suffer-

ings on these plains have not been equalled on the fields of battle.

17. In order that they might retain their reason and not go mad during the long nights and wet days they did bedeck themselves in rubber boots and coats, and did visit the other tribes in the camps on the plains that were called BUSTARD, PONDS FARM, LARK HILL, WEST DOWN NORTH, WEST DOWN SOUTH.

18. Yea, and they did visit the villages around about that were called Tillshead, Shrewton, Amesbury, Devizes, Market Lavington. And many did go as far as the great City of London, and many are the tales that are told thereof.

19. Now on the third day of the new year 1915 all the soldiers had departed from the plains to the huts at a place called Lark Hill and Bulford. The 2nd Field Ambulance were sent to a great dwelling that was called the Lavington Manor House.

20. Here for forty days they did live in comfort, and did minister to the sick. And it came to pass that the King said unto the great General Kitchener, on the fourth day of the second month: "We will together review these troops from across the seas and judge as to their fitness for war."

21. And it came to pass and the King was well pleased, and he said unto the General, whose name was Alderson: "Ye have an army of great promise. Take ye them unto the fields of battle, and in the days to come all peoples shall hear of their great deeds of valour."

22. And on the 9th day of the second month they did journey to a place called Avonmouth, and did again go on the ships and did sail for three days and three nights, and they did pass through the Bay of Biscay, and a great storm arose, and great was the sickness thereof.

23. And on the Sabbath Day, being the 14th day of the month, we did land in France at a place called St. Nazarre.

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