

THE ONTARIO STRETCHER

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

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No. 1.

JUNE, 1916.

ATTENTION—FOREWORD

THE Ontario Provincial Government, through the Hon. R. A. Pyne, secured this beautiful estate in Orpington, Kent, with a fine garden and surroundings. The Government built here the most up-to-date Military Hospital, which the Military Authorities have accepted as a General Hospital. The Hospital is complete in every branch, surgery, medicine, eye and ear, throat and nose, hydro-therapeutic, electric,—including the most complete X-Ray outfit procurable. The staff of Doctors and Nursing Sisters arrived here on April 12th, 1916, and have by this time become thoroughly settled and accustomed to their duties.

We one and all expect to render a good account to the Ontario Government of the work they have entrusted to us to do. It will be our one endeavour to render the best service to relieve the sufferings of those placed in our care and restore them to health and strength. We expect, in the Recreation Hall which will seat about one thousand, to have a concert or play at least once a week. Kind friends are volunteering to assist in procuring artists and companies to give us small plays, revues, etc. The stage has three sets of scenery, footlights, and a splendid drop-curtain.

In connection with the Hospital is appearing to-day the first copy of the "Ontario Stretcher," which will give the news from time to time of interest to the staff and their friends. We would ask especially that the Officers, Nursing Sisters, N.C.O.'s, and Men give this their most hearty support both financially and by sending in articles for publication, and thus show that we appreciate it and wish to make it a success.

D. W. MACPHERSON, Lt.-Col.,
O.C. Ont. Mil. Hos.

WHY "THE STRETCHER."

By permission, and with the blessing of the O.C., "The Ontario Stretcher" is borne forth on its initial journey. The name is suggestive alike of the work of the unit and of the practice of those who journalistically record "facts"; it may also be ominously suggestive of the plight in which members of the Editorial guard may find themselves should their sense of humour exceed the receptivity of those readers to whom they may occasionally refer. Be a unit combatant or non-combatant, one thing is certainly essential to its real success: to the attainment of its best—that is, a wholesome esprit de corps—an abiding and intense sense of personal loyalty on the part of

every member to his unit, that he may help to make the unit the best of its kind. Loyalty to the Empire and to the cause of freedom for which the Empire and her Allies are fighting, is robbed of its power if we do not translate that loyalty into action in our own unit, so that the unit may at all points fulfil in the spirit as well as in the letter, its allotted duties, as a part of the mighty machine which is slowly but surely grinding down Hunnish militarism and tyranny. The more individual members of a unit know of the unit as a whole, and of each other's interest in the unit, the quicker and the stronger the growth of the esprit de corps, the effects of which reach out into the wider field of the Great Cause. In the hope that it may, at least in a small measure, be a means of helping forward this essential growth; of helping to lighten an occasional half-hour for those whose thoughts often Westward go, and of providing for the future, when the thoughts will come back Eastward, a record that will not be without interest—the "Stretcher" starts on its way. If our hope should be fulfilled (by the bye, don't forget the "tuppence") all is well. If we should fail in its mission—well, remember the protecting sign hung over the piano in a far Western saloon, and "Please don't shoot—the Editor—he's doing his best."

BITS OF IMPRESSIONS.

OFFICIAL duties, private business or pleasure, will at times require of officers and other members of the unit that they travel to different parts of England. For the many this is the first visit to the Old Country, and the first impressions of observant and intelligent visitors and travellers are generally interesting. With so much to be seen in this ancient land that appeals to the historic, to the artistic, to the love of Nature, the observant and intelligent visitor (and that means every one of us, of course), when he goes a-touring, should not have any difficulty in furnishing from 200 to 300 words of "bits of impressions." In years to come, when we sit again on the banks of lake and river in Ontario, these "bits of impressions of Old England" will be an interesting record.

THE INSPIRATION OF NETLEY.

By Captain Ryan.

During my wanderings of the past few weeks it was my good fortune to meet with many men who hold high places in the professional life of this fair country, to view at first hand the scenes of their labours, and to witness in some degree their splendid achievements. Should it be of interest I may speak of at least some of these, at another time and place. It was also my great delight to stumble across many places well known to us in the beautiful fields of history and romance. One spot that im-

pressed me much was Netley and its surroundings. It was on a beautiful May morning I first entered the charmed area dedicated to the welfare of those who have served their country faithfully and well. Almost at the first turn one meets with the ruins of Netley Abbey, at one time a gem of rare architectural beauty. It was erected by the Cistercians, and bears the date 1327. Many of the windows, arches and doors are still in existence. Its "ivy mantled tower" yet defies the hand of time, a silent monument of an age that gave to England her imperishable monuments. At every step through the charming grounds one meets new scenes of rapture and delight. But the pearl of the place is the garden adjacent to the hospital. Flowers of every description are blooming in almost tropical profusion. Cedars from Lebanon, trees, shrubs, from India, Africa, and America, are there in order, and yet seemingly without it. All the floral and arbor wealth from the Imperial domain of this mighty Empire seem gathered here. On the elevated shore one can look over the waters and see in the distance the chalk cliffs of the Isle of Wight. Across the bay is the New Forest, little altered since the day when William, "surnamed Rufus," went forth on his fatal hunt. A mound marks the spot where he fell, and the oak still lives behind which the archer stood when he sped the fatal shaft. On a corner of the beach is a monument erected to Captain Yorke, who "in 1717 in any Majesty's ship of 27 guns, a captured a Dutch ship of 32 brought the same into port." His memories these scenes arouse in one's mind of Norman days and feudal times: of the "wooden walls of old England": of her vast domains scattered where the sun rises and sets, the beacon lights of her culture, the undaunted heroism of her sons—all these human qualities that have made this great nation "one and indivisible, now and for ever."

LIVERPOOL TO ORPINGTON.

By Churchill.

FOLLOW me if you will from Liverpool and its floating dock, as solid in appearance as our gallant Major, yet as quickly moved to action by the rising tide as was his Adjutant to the necessities of any occasion, to the railway carriage, a type unfamiliar to us, old-fashioned in its furnishings, odd in its dimensions, comfortable—yes, very! The excellence of the road bed, the cordiality of the welcome extended by the housekeepers along the route, who, like some shrewd London shopkeepers we have since met, must have known we were coming. Old London, with lights out and asleep, but notwithstanding its population quieter and certainly much more silent than "Mac" Crawford is when similarly occupied. Now we wake up in Kent—lovely Kent, the Garden of England. I would say that it was a misnomer; it should be the Lawn of England. Here and now is the realization of Browning's "Oh to be in England, now that April's here." Such a panoramic view of loveliness as one may get from any height of land seldom has it been my good fortune to see. Rolling land, carpeted with green velvet, patches of forest, winding roads, ancient and well built, small communities of red tiled roofs, a wealth and variety of foliage and blossom. Could we conjure up any finer subject for an artist's inspiration? To the practical mind of a Canadian the question arises "Why so much idle land?" The people—God bless them—some need it more than others—like ourselves. The men, they are mostly all away except grandpa, and he is working hard. The women, they are all here, and some others like grandpa working hard too.

THE LAST POST.

The sympathy of all ranks went out to Nursing Sister Scott when her brother, Pte. J. A. Scott, of the 41st Battery C.F.A., who had been transferred from the hospital at Bramshott suffering from an anæmic condition, took a serious turn for the worse and passed away on May 15th. It must have been a source of much comfort to the deceased soldier as well as to his sister and to his parents in Canada, that in the last days of his illness it was given him to have his sister by his side. The Military Funeral on the 17th was attended by the Officer Commanding and a large number of Officers, N.C.O.s and Men. A band and a firing party were provided by Colonel Doyle, O.C. Honourable Artillery Company. A section from the 41st Battery came down from Bramshott, bringing with them a floral tribute to the memory of their comrade. The Service was held in the Parish Church of Orpington, the Chaplain of the Unit officiating.

PERSONALIA.

Mrs. Stark, the wife of Captain Stark, is a resident of Orpington for the time being. Major Wilson is another of the fortunate ones, Mrs. Wilson having taken apartments in the village. Captain Taylor expects to meet Mrs. Taylor at Liverpool on her arrival from Canada in the course of a few days.

The wife of Lieut. Henry Gooderham, our gallant young transport officer, has not arrived. Il va sans dire.

The following visitors have registered at the Officers' Mess:—Capt. G. E. Atkinson; Capt. E. P. Lewis, No. 4 General Hospital; Lieut. Gordon Dales, R.A.M.C.; Mr. Douglas Robertson, London; Capt. Livingstone, R.A.M.C.; Lieut. Donald T. Fraser, R.A.M.C.; Lieut. T. H. D. Storms, R.A.M.C.; Lieut. W. R. Helliwell, R.A.M.C.; Lieut. H. G. Smith, B.L. and D.; Lieut. E. De Beaupre, R.A.M.C.; Capt. H. B. Jeffs, C.A.M.C.; Capt. Neil, R.A.M.C.; Lieut. A. G. Shenstone, R.E.; Capt. H. C. Allison, R.A.M.C.; Capt. Rev. G. L. Morell; Lieut. Connour; Capt. Jeffries, C.A.M.C.; Major J. H. Ratz, C.A.M.C.; Capt. MacBeth, C.A.M.C.; Capt. Calhoun, C.A.M.C.; Lieut. F. Hamilton, R.F.A.; Lieut. Gordon Smith, R.F.A.; Lieut. McLeod, R.A.M.C.; Lieut. V. H. McWilliams, R.A.M.C.; Mr. Miller Hallet; Major E. L. Stone, R.A.M.C.; Mr. J. S. Downs; Capt. Mavety, R.A.M.C.; Lieut. McPherson, 81st Battalion; Mr. A. C. Lowson; Capt. Roy Thomas, C.A.M.C.; Lieut. L. Williams, Lieut. H. K. Vipond, L.N. Lancs.

Officers and all other ranks have appreciated very much the proximity of the Honourable Artillery Company, who are "encamped" in an old (and, alas, disused) brewery not more than half a mile away. An excellent spirit of camaraderie has quickly developed between the members of this distinguished Old Country Unit and "The Canadians."

D.-B.—Yes; we too have noticed that same penitential pensiveness and reluctance to go far afield when off duty that prevails from the 20th to the 28th of the month. The M.O. can give no relief. It is a case for the P.M.—and he is a homœopath.

A Hamilton Enquirer.—"Hilkerism" is a species of billiard playing that provokes unprintable thoughts in the opponent.

Histrionically we are developing. On Wednesday, June 7th, the farce "Who is Who?" will be presented.

Not the least part of the enjoyment for the many when a particularly good comic turn is rendered at a concert or other entertainment is the visible and audible enjoyment of the flannelled men from the wards.

Don't you think he's very fond of argument?

OH, RATHER. Dont you know the dear chap's name? OH, RATHER. Although we cannot spell it out this time, Don't you think the name would rhyme WITH "RATHER"?

On Wednesday, May 24th, the Officer Commanding and Mrs. MacPherson and 60 officers and nursing sisters, were the guests of the Park Davis Co. Reserved carriages carried the party to Charing Cross, whence the distance to the Criterion was speedily covered in motor cars. After a sumptuous luncheon, at which there was the minimum of speech-making, a ride of 14 miles brought the party to the company's works at Hounslow. A most interesting tour of inspection occupied nearly two hours; visitors and hosts were photographed; tea was served; expression of the thanks of all was made by the O.C.; and the art of dodging danger was again exemplified by the chauffeurs on the return journey to Charing Cross. The delectable qualities of the attractive-looking pills and tablets, the various processes of manufacture of which were full of interest, were taken for granted. Not so, however, many other things; and greater popularity than has been would attach to the company's output if on every "dose label" they would prescribe—and provide—"one after each meal" of the excellent Havannahs which were sampled without reluctance by their visitors—that is, their male visitors—from O.M.H.

The war idea has had a dislocating effect in many directions. It makes for a wrong perspective and a loosened sense of values: e.g., a golfing iron is not a trenching tool, and to dig trenches when there is not the slightest possibility of their being needed is war fever ad delirium. Strafe the Huns. M-yes: but hit the ball. There is nothing personal in this. It applies to most of the other fellows.

We have had not less than seven visitors straight from that part of the front where the whole matter will be decided. Incidentally the returned warriors were many miles away from each other, so obviously there was no collusion. From each of the seven we have an authoritative opinion on the date when the war will end. Seven authoritative opinions are very convincing, but as the seven range from July, 1916, to December, 1921, we will not run the risk of being non-censored.

Lumps of earth flying high! Chunks of England in the sky! Have the Germans come at last? Is the Empire's glory past? Shall we read: "A wireless from Berlin": "My brave soldiers by subterranean passage have got in?" That the high explosive and the blasting of the green Came from mouth of cannon on a submarine? Is this Potsdam at its worst, Seeking ancient links to burst? For that name is surely spoken Every time the turf is broken. NO. In spite of sights and sounds that do appall, The Empire's safe—but Captain "Vick" has missed the ball.

The sad look which we expect will be seen on the face of Captain Fisher in the Unit photograph must be attributed to the absence of his pet Ormington. No mother

HERE AND THERE.

(ZETO.)

Members of this Unit and patients are fortunate in the generous provision made by the Ontario Government in the matter of a recreation hall; for concerts, games, dramatic performances, and for church parades which cannot be held in the open, it is impossible to conceive a more conveniently equipped hall than this, capable of seating over one thousand. Nothing is lacking that the forethought of the promoters could suggest in the first instance, supplemented by the Quartermaster in whom multitudinous a "practical economy" and a creed of "practical economy" duties not killed responsiveness to the social needs of his brother men. If the value we place on a gift is the extent to which we use it, then those responsible for providing the Recreation Hall have the satisfaction of knowing that the Recreation Hall is of high value. Concerts and Smoking Concerts at which programmes of considerable merit have been rendered, and which have been attended by the Officer Commanding, officers, nursing sisters, other ranks and patients, have been held twice a week as a rule.

We are indebted to Mr. and Mrs. McDowell and to Miss Doyle, of Orpington, for the loan of two harmoniums for the use of Church Parade in the Recreation Hall and at Divine Service in the Chapel. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Taylor and Miss Butchart also came to our assistance with the kindly offer of the loan of two pianos.

Among the much appreciated evidences of welcome has been the kindly action of the authorities of the Orpington Golf Club, who have accorded all the privileges of membership to the officers at the merely nominal fee of five shillings a year. Golf clubs, golfing garb (save the mark!)—and golfing language—soon became very much in evidence. Several members of the Officers' Mess have been fair golfers for a few years, and a few more members of the Mess may become fair golfers in several years.

Who was the officer who was going over the Orpington links with two brother officers, one of whom was the Chaplain, and who said to the latter at the third tee: "Padre, play first, will you; then don't wait for me—and DON'T LISTEN?"

There have been genuine Zeppelin appearances, but it was not a bomb or a torpedo that was shot downwards into the hospital grounds on a recent evening. If the Censor will not object, we will explain the phenomenon, withholding the name of the victim of course, for strategic reasons (he lives in the same corridor). At the far end of a

hot and strenuous day an officer with patronymic famous in Military Musical Lore decided to find refreshment for his body and mind, before retiring to rest, in a cooling bath. He prepared himself accordingly, and the splashing of water intermingled with cooings of delight told the awakened and otherwise unsleeping occupants of the corridor that there was at least one happy man in the mess. The bather was very careful to lock the door, but not quite careful enough in studying the mechanism of the lock. Hence when he sought to emerge from the bath-room the lock baffled him. Although letter-perfect in Beesley and Johnson's "Manual of Surgical Anatomy," and a walking index of "Differential Diagnosis of Main Symptoms," this case of "lock-jaw" presented features hitherto unrecorded (like the remarks that filtered under the door from within). Nevertheless escape there must be—and there was. The window was not above four or five feet from the floor, and the drop on the other side not more than fifteen. "Eureka!"—or something else burst from the lips of the interned officer. That elongated grey-white looking object that shot through the moonlight of midnight was not a bomb or a torpedo: it was but a pyjama-ed "descendant" of those heroic Scots of whose coming we have often heard in song. And again let us repeat we will not divulge his name.

That the Chapel is the forepart of the building at the rear of which is the Morgue (which has a separate entrance), plus the fact that some people made the mistake of thinking that the Chapel was the highway to the morgue, gave colour to the libel that the padre was an unconscious jokist when he had inscribed on the lintel of the inner door of the Chapel—"Come ye apart and rest awhile."

It was in the early days of settling down in which the weather absolutely declined to take a part; in fact it seemed in those days of mid-April as if all of England's many climates had assembled to welcome the Medical Unit from Ontario. Orders for the Day were not more regular than the April showers, not infrequently accompanied by March winds and February sleet. The mud of Salisbury Plains in which the First Contingent lived and had their being for many months ceased to be an interesting tradition as we gazed upon and waded through the quagmire that in those days of April flowed past the quarters. It was the condition thus, that inspired a veteran navigator of mud-pies in France to offer the masterly—or quarter-masterly—strategic suggestion: "Why don't they let the Germans come in and take the country: the climate would kill them in a week." Quite a Foxy idea!

ever brought her first-born into a circle of admiring friends with more tender solicitude and parental pride than that with which Captain Fisher bore the rooster of his heart into the photographic circle, to be the mascot. Gently and lovingly, and with many adjurations he laid it—him—in the arms of a squatting Sergeant—even as a mother with tender reluctance hands over her "precious thing" to its nurse. This particular Sergeant, however, never earned his stripes by nursing roosters. He did not cuddle it in the manner to which it was accustomed, and a few seconds before the camera started on its journey the centre of Adjutantical hopes told the nursing sergeant, in Orpingtonese, to go to grass; and digging his spurs into himself made a rapid exit. Hence no mascot; and the sad look with which we started this paragraph.

THE frequent rains followed by the intense heat have justified the claim of Kent to be the Garden of England. In garden, field and lane, advanced growth is seen: trees, grass, flowers, fruit, vegetables—all are coming on apace and the landscape is a thing of beauty. Talking of carrots and green things and growth, the Officers' Mess is an interesting study for the observant. It was not the rain and the heat, but the official quotation of K.R. & O. paragraph No. — in the orders of the day some weeks since that did it. First a little shadow stretching half-way across the top lip, and which suggested nothing more than a little soap and water being necessary. Daily the shadows deepened, and, like the vegetation outside, took on every hue, until in time in some cases they began to be recognised as moustaches. Now they are quite general—in a certain light and at a certain angle. It begins to Look—as if our youngest subaltern may catch something yet. He was strongly suspected of breaking K.R. & O. paragraph No. —, but he solemnly assured the Sanitary Officer he had not shaved his top lip for 17 years. The Sanitary Officer said he was a downy customer all the same.

G. G.—We are not an authority on equitation, but we can answer some of your questions, although the fact that you should have asked some of them indicates that Captain Ryan will soon be kept busy. (1) You would find it very difficult to mount on the "off" side if you put your right foot in the stirrup; at least you could probably mount, but when up you would have to make another movement, "right about turn," which is more difficult than graceful in a sitting position. (2) You are right in your surmise that a good grip is necessary to retain your seat when cantering or galloping, but you are entirely astray in supposing the spurs are for the purpose of enabling you to dig in and get a good grip "like a cog-wheel." (3) "Hand" is not an anatomical part, but a standard of measurement in respect of horses. (4) Fetlock is not on the stable door, but it is a part of the horse. We are referring your other questions to Captain Crawford, whose vast practical experience, commencing years ago on a rocking horse, makes him a very valuable guide and instructor. There are, we believe, two firms of undertakers in Orpington.—ZETO.

MESS ROOM MATTER.

BY WELL-AND-GOOD.

Why it is so hard to distinguish the difference between tea and coffee in the Mess Room?

Why the kickers do not use the "suggestion book"?

Why the O.M.H. Officers' relay team didn't do better against the H.A.C. Officers? Matron S.—No, we do not think it was a ghost you saw one night, even if there were "wild shrieks" heard outside your window.

Capt. Cr. w. f. d.—Yes, we consider that you are doing a noble work in reminding some of the married officers about writing home on each Sunday. Keep up the good work, and in the years to come when you yourself shall have joined the noble army of martyrs—we mean benedicts—we hope you will be faithful then in practising what you now so insistently preach for others.

Capt. Peevee Gee.—We are sorry we have not "The Mother of Mother Machrae" in stock. Enclose stamped envelope, and we will let you know where the song may be purchased.

Mr. D'Isperiser.—Please do not ask about "German Measles"; the other kind are much to be preferred in war time.

N. S. D.—Yes, we think the H.A.C. officers are just splendid.

Capt. Dun Can See.—(1) We cannot advise you who got the Bromide of Mercury tablets from Ward 1. The M.O. of that ward might enlighten you. (2) We consider these tablets as being very suspicious.

Mud Lark.—We cannot publish your letter. There are not any grounds for complaint, as it is not coffee. We sympathise with you deeply, but there is coffee and there is "mess coffee."

THE VIEW OF THE NURSING SISTER.

By M. G. STOVEL, N.S.

LAST year the Ontario Legislature resolved to offer to the Imperial Government a Base Hospital, to be built, equipped, and maintained by the Province of Ontario, and manned by a staff of Canadians from that province. Later, when the people, having approved of the plan and arranged for its being carried out, had almost forgotten its existence, the Ontario Military Hospital became a real institution, and was formally opened on February 19th.

About this time doctors and nurses were called in from every county of the province to mobilize at the Parliament Buildings in Toronto. We were enthusiastic in those days; eager to be in time for parade, eager to be inoculated, eager to give family history as often as required, eager to see ourselves in uniform, and then eager to be inspected and photographed. We were to be ready in a week, and ready we were. What could the Department of Militia and Defence be thinking of? Did it not know our time was valuable? But the long unmerciful weeks stretched on and on, for the ways of the War Office are not our ways. Soon we knew that we had joined the Army, and having grasped that, it occurred to us that parading and parading and just waiting are the principal occupations of a soldier—and we acquired the comfortable feeling that goes with it.

At last one day we said good-bye to Queen's Park and the Premier, stole away in the dead stillness of the night from nobody knew where, and went aboard H.M.T.S. No. — on April 1st. All the passengers were soldiers. There were the —st, —th, —th, and —st Battalions and the "rag-tags." By this time everyone had become accustomed to just waiting, and as H.M.T.S. — was S.S. Olympic, and very nice and comfortable, it was not annoying to just wait until April 5th and watch the flour and beef dropped into the hold.

The voyage was splendid, owing to fine weather and a wonderful ship, and every minute was enjoyed by all on board. Eight or ten turns around the deck in the morning filled one with new vigour, and wondrous rumours of hair's-breadth escapes from "subs." and spies. It was marvellous to us that 6,287 passengers could be accommodated in moderate comfort, and that the deck arrangements were such that promenade was seldom interfered with. The ship's hospital was soon in working order and fitted, and here the nursing sisters had their first taste of military nursing. With gargles being served q. 2 h., one was much too busy to think of danger. Then there was lifeboat drill, when at the sound of an alarm it was the duty of everyone to go to a certain place on a certain deck by a certain route as quickly as possible, and just wait, and wait, in perfect silence. To appear without a life-preserver at any time meant certain C.B., and snapshots taken, thus arrayed, will be treasured as souvenirs in the happy days of peace. But morning parade was the feature of the day. Sisters gathered in an obscure corridor and discussed "They say" until Sister MacPherson would step briskly out and say "Pay attention to orders." There was a clicking of heels, a well-dressed line, and—perfect silence.

It was 12 o'clock noon when two black specks appeared on the horizon. Were they "subs."? They turned out to be mere destroyers, and without any invitation they hustled up to us, one on either side, and came along. Strangely enough no one seemed to mind. This was just off the north coast of Ireland, so we lashed Captain Ryan to the flagstaff while we sailed defiantly around the south and up through the channel to dock at Liverpool.

Our first impressions of England were gasped out by a succession of "Oh's" from the train window after leaving Liverpool, on seeing the green fields, the hedges, and the picturesque winding roads which were so new to us. On arriving at Euston Station the unit was taken in charge by Captain Fisher and Matron Smith, who were very kind and made us all feel welcome. Perhaps it was while changing from Euston to Lon-

don Bridge that some of us first realised we had come to war. The spooky "keep it dark" feeling experienced on the top of a 'bus will long be remembered—by the sisters at any rate. It was 2 a.m. when 115 officers and sisters arrived at the Officers' Mess. The splendid restful-looking rooms, the long dining tables set with daffodils and loaded with sandwiches, the home sister pouring tea with a comfortable collar on, all made one feel more than ever like humming "A perfect day."

They told us in Ontario it was to be the best equipped hospital at the front, but the half was never told. When Captain Fox, who, by the way, is all that Colonel Marlow said he was, piloted us around the morning after, and we saw the long wards built to get the maximum of light and air, the 1,040 beds with their beautiful blankets and white spreads, the electric light, the serving kitchens, the admitting rooms with their rows of bath tubs, the operating and X-ray rooms, and the departments for special treatment, we could only say, "Surely the hand of the Ontario Government hath done this."

Once more we are just waiting, medical officers and sisters, craving an opportunity to give time, ability and strength to the wounded and sick of not only Canada, but of the Motherland and the other Colonies. The one compensation for the dearth of patients has been that we have been enabled to explore the beautiful Kentish country. Even the weather man has been good to us. Now we can understand Browning's longing as expressed by "Oh to be in England now that April's here."

M. G. STOVEL, N.S.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

In opening this, the first Sergeant's column of our new Hospital Magazine, we wish to take this opportunity of most heartily wishing the Editor and those associated with him the very best of luck, and to assure him of our desire to assist him at any time in any way possible.

The past few weeks have seen a considerable number of changes in the Mess, several new Sergeants having joined us, and one or two having departed for fields anew. However, we feel that now we have at least the nucleus of our permanent Mess, and we are now in a position to make arrangements for the formation of sports clubs, etc.

Several informal evenings in honour of our brother Sergeants of the Honourable Artillery Company, who are shortly leaving for parts unknown, have been held, and have been uniformly successful.

On Thursday, the 18th, we had the pleasure of arranging the weekly concert held in the Recreation Hall, and were extremely fortunate in securing the services of an excellent party of lady artistes from London, headed by Miss Lillian Rose. A very good concert was much appreciated by all present, and at its close Sergeant Lough, in a "Rooseveltian" speech, called for cheers for our entertainers, which were heartily given, and he promised (or threatened) another Sergeants' concert in the near future. After the concert we repaired to the Mess with our guests, to find a tasty little supper awaiting us. About 10.30 p.m. we were reluctantly compelled to bid our fair guests adieu in order that they might get back to London. (It is understood, unofficially, however, that owing to the great distance, the lateness of the hour, the darkness of the night, and the usual other excuses, some of our members most chivalrously escorted the fair ones to their various destinations, and from the increase in the number of migrations Londonwards of late, we feel safe in saying that the escort duty was performed in true soldierly manner, and to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned.) Let us hope that at some time in the very near future we may have another such evening.

Sports are progressing somewhat slowly, but we hope by the next issue to be able to report the formation of several teams of various kinds among the Sergeants.

BACKBONE.

AT THE MEN'S MESS.

QUESTIONS THAT ARE ASKED.

Why will a number nine not cure the large number of patients who claim to be fed up?

Spud Famson boasted of his yearly bath. Did it have an ameliorating effect?

When Sweet Seventeen marries Twenty-five is E..... to blame?

A dozen rats were seen to rush from underneath a hut. We wonder if Private Shano's remark "Am I seeing things?" had any relation to the White Hart?

Slim Brooks, our noted M.P., seems fond of tracing footmarks across the camp between the hours of 10 p.m. and midnight. Is he qualifying for Scotland Yard?

A number of boys at present doing C.B. would like to ask Private Richardson, through the columns of this paper, which eye it is advisable to wink with?

G. A. L.

THE "DEMISE" OF HARRY SIMPSON.

"The better the day the better the deed." Evidently Private W. H. Simpson thought this when, on Sunday morning, May 28th, he determined to launch out on the sea of matrimony, regardless of the warning cries of a few comrades, who, realising his peril, would have detained him. "To paddle one's own canoe" betokens strength of character, but when a second person, a girl of luring charm, with love-lit eyes, her hair scintillating beams of light, and her whole presence fragrant with the sweet forget-me-not, enters that frail barque, the poet's words, "Many brave hearts are asleep in the deep, so beware," not inappropriately describe the case.

Cut off from single life in the flower of his youth, it was but fitting that under Private Shano's supervision proper military honour be accorded the remains of that singular life. Bugler Fowler sounded the "Last Post" beside a bier draped with flags, laburnum, and the "deceased's" military regalia. Numerous comrades read a will that showed all too conclusively that Harry had realised the risk he ran, and had left word with Private Metcalfe as to the disposal of his property. Read by the light of the flickering candles beside a paper ladder that significantly pointed downwards, in warning to other would-be voyagers, one nevertheless could not but be struck with its wealth of tender thoughtfulness for his friends. It ran:—"I, W. H. Simpson, Private, do hereby bequeath my personal belongings as is herein stated: To my A-steamed friend Corp. R. S. Bennett I leave my underclothing, shirt, towel, handkerchief and socks, which at present are at the laundry, providing he pays all the necessary costs of washing. To my old pal Geordie Garden, I leave my shaving soap, razor and strop, and my lanyard, on condition that he useth not the last-named to tie up his laundry. To my fellow-worker Percy Scott I leave my riding breeches, shoulder strap and numerals, on condition that he does not become a paying guest in the newly-opened clink, through disobeying an order in reference to wearing the aforesaid articles mentioned. To my dearly-beloved wife I leave all my remaining property, money, etc., on condition that she maketh me a happy and contented married man. To the above statement I hereby attach my signature. (Signed) W. H. Simpson."

R. S. B.

SPORTS.

The O.M.H. Officers won the clay bird shoot from the Officers of the H.A.C. Capt. Hilker, of the O.M.H., won the sweep-stakes.

The Officers' Base-ball Team has received challenges from Epsom.

An attempt is being made to organise a Cricket XI. in every Mess.

By permission of the Officer Commanding, Athletic Sports were held in the Hospital Grounds on Friday, May 18th. There were keen contests throughout an extensive programme of events. The relay race between four officers of the Honourable Artillery Company and four of our own officers, and the tug-of-war between the N.C.O.s and men of the two Units, caused considerable enthusiasm, but the excitement became intense when the potato partnership race (officers and nursing sisters) was run off. There were eighteen double entries. Very few of the contestants had had any previous experience of this form of athletics, and judges,

starter, and secretary were verily bombarded with questions. After ninety-seven explanations, however, the idea was understood—partially—and a start was made and a most exciting finish followed. The winners of the various events were:—

200 Yards (N.C.O.'s and Men).—1, Pte. Kelley; 2, Cpl. Bennet; 3, Pte. Duncan.

100 Yards (Men).—1, Pte. Kelley; 2, Cpl. Thistlethwaite; 3, Cpl. Bennet.

100 Yards (Officers).—1, Lt. Curties (H.A.C.); 2, Lt. McGowan (H.A.C.); 3, Lt. Blewett (H.A.C.).

High Jump (N.C.O.'s and Men).—1, Pte. Kelley; 2, Cpl. Thistlethwaite; 3, Pte. Metcalfe.

Kicking Football.—1, Cpl. Yeoman (H.A.C.); 2, Pte. Dear; 3, Pte. Cody.

Tug-of-War.—H.A.C.

Needle Threading (Nursing Sisters and Officers).—1, Miss Downey; 2, Miss Holland; 3, Miss Bunting.

Three-Legged Race.—1, Cpl. Colman and Pte. Radford (H.A.C.); 2, Pte. Kelley and Pte. Sullivan (O.M.H.).

Potato Race (Officers and Nursing Sisters).—1, Miss Chapman and Capt. Bower (H.A.C.); 2, Miss Harper and Lt. McGowan (H.A.C.); 3, Miss Bunting and Capt. Curry (O.M.H.).

Obstacle Race.—1, Pte. Kelley; 2, Cpl. White (H.A.C.); 3, Pte. Radford (H.A.C.).

400 Yards.—1, Pte. Jackson; 2, Cpl. Bennet; 3, Pte. Cody.

Donkey Race.—1, Pte. Kelley and Pte. Sullivan; 2, Cpl. Turner and Pte. Hale (H.A.C.).

Officers' Relay Race (H.A.C. v. O.M.H.). Course 400yds.—Capt. Garret (H.A.C.) v. Capt. Lawson (O.M.H.); Lt. McGowan (H.A.C.) v. Capt. Aitken (O.M.H.); 2nd-Lt. Bluett (H.A.C.) v. Capt. Jamieson (O.M.H.); 2nd-Lt. Curties (H.A.C.) v. Capt. Curry (O.M.H.). The H.A.C. were the winners.

Hurdle Race.—1, Cpl. Thistlethwaite; 2, Cpl. Bennet; 3, Pte. Cody.

Judges: Major Nation (H.A.C.), Capt. Blake (H.A.C.), Capt. Taylor. Referee: Capt. Hilker. Starter: Capt. Curry. Secretary and Handicapper: Capt. Vipond.

The prizes, provided by the officers and nursing sisters, were distributed during the interval of a concert the same evening by Mrs. MacPherson.

A QUIET NIGHT.

It was a happy inspiration indeed of our A.D.M.S., Lieut.-Colonel McCombe, that led up to the inaugural dinner at the "Ye Cheshire Cheese Inn" of the London Area Mess. The object in the formation of this Mess was to bring the officers of the various Canadian Hospitals in the London Military Area in closer association, and to promote a feeling of good fellowship between them.

It is the intention of this Mess to meet once a month, and the various members will be afforded an opportunity to bring up their little difficulties, which will be discussed, and in this way many little daily troubles and worries of the Commanding Officers and others will be solved. After the meeting, it is the intention to adjourn to some suitable restaurant, where the committee in charge will provide a "bang up" good meal, and a thoroughly enjoyable evening is assured to all who attend the meetings.

There were about 55 officers present at the inaugural meeting, which was held in the old "wine cellar" of "Ye Cheshire Cheese Inn," a place now famous because of its associations with that great literary giant, Dr. Johnson. Lieut.-Colonel McCombe was in the chair, and amongst those present, apart from the Commanding Officers and representatives of the various hospitals, were Colonel Marshall, Colonel Hodgetts, Colonel Murphy, Major Doherty, Major Regan and others. The gathering was characterised by some splendid speeches, and broke up at 10 p.m. after a most delightful evening had been spent by all present.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

It was in a street car—we mean tram. He, who is a most capable officer of this unit, was accompanied by two ladies, one his cousin; they sat; he stood. Sotto voce, said the other lady to the cousin: "I am sure Captain — sings beautifully." "No. He cannot sing a note." "Oh, what a shame, and how remarkable. He has legs just like a canary!"

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