

The Iodine Chronicle

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Lt.-Col. R. P. WRIGHT, Officer Commanding

No. 1 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE.

(Censored by Chief Censor of 1st Canadian Division).

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"A Happy Christmas" to all our Readers.

EDITORIAL.

The season of Peace and Goodwill is again upon us, and still "man's inhumanity to man" is what most strikes us. At first view, the lessons of the occasion seem lost under existing conditions, but looking deeper, we find that the sacredness of the cause makes up for this seeming inconsistency. In other words, although necessity forces us to fight our fellow man just now, it is in order that a more universal peace, a more general goodwill, may eventually reign in a world of justice and good fellowship.

Over a great area at least we remark the Spirit of Goodwill. With one common end in view, the Russian of the Great White Empire, the Frenchman of sunny France, the Italian from ancient Rome, the Belgian from devastated Flanders, and the Britisher from Albion's shores, join hands in mutual trust and confidence. And looking into the composite character of the British forces, what splendid goodwill do we find blending together various elements. The little brown Indian, the worthy South African, the stalwart Australian, the sturdy Canadian. All meet together on the common ground of loyalty, justice and regard. Surely from most, if not from all standpoints, can we claim to have the spirit of the Season. So long as this continues we may rest assured of final success, distant perhaps, but none the less certain in the final reckoning.

And in this season of cheer, we must not only think of self. We should also remember others, our gallant comrades fallen on the field of honour, those who have made the "supreme sacrifice," who have given the greatest proof of their love for their fellow men. Many left Canada with us light of heart and bright of eye, to-day they rest in various graves, many of them nameless. For all of these, let us stay awhile now and again and breathe a prayer, urged to better and nobler deeds by the example they have shewn us. Then there are those most dear to us, most of them far away in the "land of the Maple." Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts perhaps, those who watch and love and pray. Let us think of them, too, in this season of goodwill; let us not fail to send them a cheery word, assuring them of our well-being, and of our remembrance. Thus also can we realize the value of the occasion.

Herewith, kind readers, the Christmas number of our paper, the first Christmas of the "Iodine Chronicle." To all our friends the Staff and Publishers extend the best wishes of the Season; may the spirit of goodwill ever be manifest, and that of Peace shortly be shown by its realization permanent and abiding. To each and all, the old, old wish, "A very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." G.J.B.

OUR O.C.'S PROMOTION.

It was with universal satisfaction that every member of our unit heard of the well deserved promotion of our popular O.C., Major Wright, to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, the other day.

Lieut.-Colonel Wright, ever since the days at Valcartier, has held the respect and esteem of all ranks, for he combines most happily unvarying courtesy towards all, together with firmness and justice in matters of administration, necessary to an officer holding a position of so much importance. His predecessor, the present A.D.M.S. of our Division, set a high standard of efficiency for the unit, which will be continued under our new O.C., who has the fullest confidence of officers and men. Whatever the future may bring forth, we are assured that No. 1 Canadian Field Ambulance under such an O.C. will continue to increase the high reputation that has already been achieved.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE "I.C."

In a recent number of the "I.C.," an *Advert.* appeared in our columns advertising for Sgt. Crozier's headgear, and references were made in the same number to Mike O'Brien's and Scottie Gillis' weaknesses for "chews" and tooth-paste respectively. The other day we received at our editorial offices (which are at present comfortably located, but alas! temporarily in a stable), a parcel from an anonymous lady reader in Dumfries, Scotland, enclosing chewing gum (best American brand) for Mike, dental paste for Scottie, and a bee-utiful warm cap for Sgt. Crozier. Appended to the latter was the following inscription:—

"In reply to Advert. in 'Iodine Chronicle,' No. 2, 'Annie Laurie' sends enclosed, with the hope that it resembles Sgt. Crozier's lost favourite. If so, his undying gratitude will be ample, as it is rather far to send the rum. (Frae the land o' Burns)."

Needless to say if the recipients had the correct name of the lady they would all write to her, and thank her for the most thoughtful gifts.

TEN HACKNEYED SAYINGS.

- (1) "Any more for any more?"
- (2) "I'm going to get a transfer."
- (3) "Say! I hear there's a war on."
- (4) "D'you happen to have a franc on you?"
- (5) "Kitchenaire plenty good, Canadians plenty good, Engleash paper plenty good."
- (6) "I'm going to get a commission."
- (7) "That's good enough for the 'Iodine Chronicle.'"
- (8) "Toot sweet."
- (9) "D'you know when the war's going to be over?"
- (10) "When's the Canadian Mail coming in?"

WELL! WELL! WELL!

We regret the loss
Of Colonel Ross,
As you'd know, I guess,
He's A.D.M.S.

Then Major Wright,
Best man in sight.
You now have learnt all,
They've made him a "Col."

And Captain Boyce
(The boys rejoice),
A good old stager,
Is made a Major.

Let Germans strafe,
The unit's safe,
When men like these
Steer thro' the seas.

JOHN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

"John Hewetson's birthday happened of late,
And the occasion was made an excuse for a fête,
The well laden table reflected John's wealth
(Tho' the gold-plated service was purloined by stealth!)
No speeches were made, but with wishes sincere
We there pledged him long life in T. Lipton's "beer."
'Ere the guests they departed, each offered to wage
That their host would grow rich in honours and age;
And the hope they expressed that with each year and mile,
They would cherish the mem'ry of John and his smile!"

R. W. T.

"A" SECTION NOTES.

Corporal R. Rolland, who has returned to Canada to resume his medical studies, will be missed in "A" Section, where he was a real hard worker. We sincerely hope the war will have been over a long time, before he qualifies as a fully fledged M.O. in a year's time.

Congratulations to Sgt. B. Boone who has been promoted to Staff-Sgt., L.-Cpl. C. H. Forbes who has been raised to the rank of Sergeant, and Pte. E. F. Orr who has been made a Lance Jack.

The senior partner of Day and Orr, Detectives and Spy Trackers, is thinking of firing his junior partner, and taking on Blondie Knight in his place. The new firm of Day and Knight would then work in 12 hour shifts.

The many friends of W. Scott will be pleased to know that Wilfred has been issued with a clean pair of socks.

SENSE AND NONSENSE.

By "COWHEAD."

A certain young fellow in France,
Who belonged to the Field Ambulance,
Went across for some pay
On a sunshiny day,
But somebody answered "no chance."
A delegate (name sounds like Rannon),
Who sings of the old River Shannon,
Can show kinds of class
If a bottle you pass,
With a voice that resembles a cannon.
Another young goffer named Fletcher,
At cooking he sure is a fetcher,
But he gave up his kit,
He got tired of it,
So now he has charge of a stretcher.
Another chap who lost his cap,
Doesn't look now as if he could scrap,
He pulls out his hair
As he sits in his chair,
With a weird mourning look on his map.
There once lived a fellow named Nutton,
Who could make a pork chop out of mutton,
Tea out of old rags,
Old socks and old bags,
And skilly from a Bachelor's Button.
A very good Doctor called Hank,
Tho' he's bad when he fills up his tank,
Can throw out his chest
As good as the rest,
When he wants to put on plenty of swank.
A gentleman, Mister Dupuis,
Hard work, he doesn't *compre*,
He's a water cart man,
He'll do you if he can,
When his money is "*n'a peu finis*."

"B" SECTION NOTES.

A popular "B" Section N.C.O. has left for Canada, in the person of Lance-Corporal A. Pelletier, who is going to complete his final year's studies in medicine at Laval.

Congratulations to the following:—Sgt. O. Stensrud, who has been raised to the rank of Staff-Sgt., Cpls. M. O'Connor and J. H. Quigley raised to the ranks of Sergeants, L.-Cpl. V. Charron, promoted to full Corporal, and Pte. C. D. Hope upon his elevation to Lance-Corporal.

The most industrious assistant in the Circulation Dept. of the "I.C." is undoubtedly Bill Long. To hear Bill speeling out the merits of the paper, you'd agree with us, he has all the book canvassers for "*Everybody's Book on how to do others*," ("50 cents down and 25 cents a week for 10 years,") beat a mile.

We have received from Staff-Sgt. B. Boone a specimen of *futuristic poetry* of his own composition. In refusing to insert his poetry we do not imply that it does not possess real merit, but the fact is, it is so terrifically futuristic that we are preserving it for our 456th number, as by the time that number makes its appearance, the poetry in question will be about ripe for publication.

WE WANT TO KNOW!

- (1) Who is the member of No. 1 who according to the cap he wears belongs to the Royal Flying Corps?
- (2) Who is the "C" Section man who says he saw a 17" gun in a front line trench?
- (3) Who is the youth in the M.T. who says that the United States made Canada?
- (4) Who is the non-com. who was saluted on the cheek by a male civilian to his own embarrassment and the gasping amazement of two of Kitchener's Army who happened to be present?
- (5) Who is the N.C.O. who says he wishes the Germans used rubber bullets?
- (6) Who is the horse transport man who had leave when we were on the Plains, spent one day of it at the Union Jack, and returned to camp, "fed-up" with London, with four days' leave still to run? (Sounds impossible. *Ed.*)
- (7) Who is the popular Staff-Sgt. who returned from leave recently wearing an officer's cap? Was his old one destroyed by the Zepps in London?
- (8) Who is the man who found a currant in the plum-duff?
- (9) Who is the Sergt. who expects to get a transfer into the 14th M.A.C.?
- (10) Has a certain private in "A" Section found out yet who stole his cream puffs?
- (11) When is the First Field Ambulance going to give its first Public Entertainment?

"C" SECTION NOTES.

We learn that Lieut. G. A. Adam, the father of Pte. James McGregor Adam (now of the A.D.M.S. Staff, and always known as "Scotty Adams" when in this unit), has secured a commission in the Scottish Horse, and will shortly be at the front.

Lieut. Adam was with Botha in the victorious campaign in German South West Africa, and upon the successful termination of that little affair he went to the Old Country and placed his services at the disposal of the War Office. He also saw considerable service in the Boer War.

Pt. Gilbert Hainsworth has a brother in the 1st Yorkshire Hussars and he saw him recently "somewhere in Flanders."

The other day the facial landscapes of the boys were all decorated with smug expressions and a millionaire look about them. It was due to the choice brand of cigars that Herbert Dicken brought back from "pass" with him.

"Herb." brought back the "smokes" to celebrate his marriage that had taken place when he was on leave. All the boys wish him and the happy bride every kind of good wish for their future happiness.

Universal regret has been caused by the illness of Sgt. W. B. Smith, who has been invalided to the base. We trust that "Gunboat," who is popular with all, will speedily recover. He's a real good fellow!

The goodwill of all goes with S. Sgt. Kenneth Mundell, Sgt. Noble Armstrong, and L.-Cpl. Bruce Cannon upon their leaving for Canada to resume their medical studies at Queen's University, also G. A. Paille, who goes to complete his final year at Manitoba University. They had a hearty send-off from their comrades.

Congratulations to H. Brown, who has been made a Corporal, and to J. Hewetson, L. Mills, and P. Peebles, who have been made Lance Corporals.

THE MAPLE LEAF'S FAREWELL.

NOT POETRY, BUT ———

(Written on "the Plains" last Winter.)

When we left old Valcartier,
That's now so many miles away,
Bright were the Autumn tints, and gay,
Of that far-off September day.

One leaf, the brightest of them all,
Did well bedeck the tree-tops tall,
Enveloped them as with a shawl,
Of rainbow tints of early fall.

As if to bid the boys adieu,
And wish them safe their journey through,
It thus put on its brightest hue,
And donned the gayest coat it knew.

The maple leaves we love so well,
Are scattered now o'er hill and dell,
But when we're midst the shot and shell,
We'll not forget their blithe farewell.

HERE AND THERE.

A very breezy and entertaining paper is *The Dead Horse Corner Gazette*, official publication of the 4th Canadian Battalion, and the Editor of that paper can be congratulated upon the excellent quality of the subject matter in the first number, which has just made its appearance. The paper takes its highly original name from a spot "Somewhere in Flanders," where units of the Fourth Battalion have often been quartered and it is familiar to many members of No. 1 Field Ambulance.

The Editor of this enterprising journal is a Western Canadian journalist, who threw down the pen to take up the rifle at the outbreak of the war. He has now taken up the pen again (or perhaps we should say the indelible pencil) to enliven and cheer his comrades, and in the initial number he has undoubtedly succeeded. Here's to continued success to the *D.H.C. Gazette*. We await No. 2 with interest.

J. K. Lacey, the author of "An Empire's Heroine," in this number, is a native of Prince Edward Island, having been born near Charlottetown, P.E.I., some 24 years ago. He is a frequent contributor in verse and prose to the "I.C.," but we think his verses upon Miss Cavell, the heroine of Brussels, are his finest effort. He is a driver in the horse transport, and he is one of some eight "Island boys" in our unit, all good fellows.

"The Last Trench," by Thomas Harton, in No. 2 of the *Iodine Chronicle*, has called forth many favourable comments, and it is in fact one of the finest poems of the war we have ever come across. "Tom" was engaged in the sad business of grave digging in "The Maple Leaf Cemetery," so well known to us all, when he got the inspiration. He is a bearer in A Section.

THE TALE OF A CAT.

(*The incident herewith realistically portrayed happened at La Basse Canal, at Verdon, last June.—Ed.*)

This is the tale of a dead cat! No doubt you have all seen and also smelled dead cats, but did you ever taste one? No! Well, don't start, but we know a fellow *who did*, and he nearly succumbed under the shock. It all happened in a certain odiferous canal, not a million miles from the firing line. We were all disporting ourselves in the water more or less gracefully in the garb of Father Adam before an admiring crowd of old ladies and piccaninies, when along came an old canal boat loaded with coal. Then the fun commenced! The water wasn't particularly sweet and clean before the boat came along—but after it had passed by and churned up the bottom, oh! my! I guess from the refuse that came up that that canal had been a dumping place for the inhabitants since the time of Julius Caesar. Help! the water turned yellow, the air turned green, and we all swam madly, gasping and spluttering for the bank.

But, alas, for a poor Staff Sergeant in "A" Section. In his hurry to get ashore he ran slap bang into, and took a huge bite out of, that long deceased, decomposed, defunct and highly-smelling ex-member of the feline community. Gug-gug! Woohoo! The Staff Sergeant in question says he has eaten all kinds of rough stuff, including Billy's stew, since he has been in this country, but that awful ancient Thomas Cat had them all beaten a mile.

We got him to the shore at last more dead than alive, and smelling like a refuse destructor. He didn't eat for three days afterwards, but just sat in his shack, vilifying all canals, boats, boatmen, and cats in particular.

A cat is a pretty harmless creature, but when it has been dead about five years it has more killing power than all the poison gas ever manufactured by the Boche. D. S.

A GOAT DINNER.

In honour of the engagement of Jerry Carton to a refugee from somewhere the other side of the German first line of trenches, some of the boys in the horse transport were invited out to a dinner by Jerry's future mother-in-law, a goat having been killed to celebrate the occasion. Mother was short of bread, so the boys took their own bread, butter and rusty knives and forks, and then they proceeded to devour the fatted goat. After dinner there was a short stump speech by M. O'Brien, who, after his oration called for his usual chew of tobacco, and then wished the happy couple long life and future happiness. Everyone was happy except the goat, he was *the goat* alright.

W. E. A.

THE LOOK-OUT.

(*Chronicles of the Horse Transport, by SPUD I. LAND.*)

The Transport continues to improve under the able direction of Capt. L. N. Jones, the transport officer, and Sergt. W. D. Foran, chief N.C.O., the latter having earned several euconiums from inspecting officers on account of the good work he has put in.

The Transport "chef," "Red" Edwards is giving general satisfaction, and the contribution of just one franc to mess funds each pay day makes the men's mess tins look as if they contain a Royal Banquet instead of an active service meal.

That brilliant orator, John Fannon, in a short speech this morning, made a momentous speech upon the financial standing of the transport, but he wound up his flow of oratory with a statement that no doubt the embarrassing situation would shortly be relieved by the arrival of Captain Beaudry.

Thomas Halligan has again earned the gratitude of his comrades by repairing the pump. He has also got round to wearing spurs on Sundays, the result of which is that he recently narrowly escaped a fatality when going into his tent the other day. One of his spurs caught in a guy rope and he was thrown over the oil stove, which might have caused serious damage to Government property and to himself. He can congratulate himself upon his lucky escape.

Jimmy Ford recently returned from pass in the Old Country.

The Transport has recently had the pleasure of congratulating Sam Elliot upon his marriage to a young Edinburgh lass when he was on pass a short time ago. As the only parade that Sam ever misses is the 7.30 rum parade we think the bride is a very fortunate young lady.

AN EMPIRE'S HEROINE.

Standing before a cruel bar of judgment,

Hidden from the world by secrecy and might,
A heroine, though helpless, yet unflinching,
Is doomed to die e'er comes the morning light.

Before my eyes I see a gentle creature,
Who'd spent her life in soothing human woes,
Gaze with a look of sweet compassion
Upon her captors and her country's foes.

With voice so tender that a thousand heroes,
Who'd tossed on beds of pain, oft loved to hear,
She bravely stood o'erclouded by death's shadow,
And proudly spoke the words that England holds
so dear.

There's a lesson in the grand but simple story,
The wondrous truth of which no bard can tell,
'Tis the noble spirit of the Empire's daughters,
Enshrined within the simple word "Cavell."

J. K. LACEY.

OUR OWN CUB REPORTER GETS BUSY.

"The Germans kept up an incessant artillery fire for days which was a preliminary to an assault on our trenches. With the hope of gleanings first hand information I rushed from the little *Estaminet* where I had been manœuvring between the stove and the bar, and speeded towards the firing line, note book in hand.

The first object that hit the landscape was a refugee, who with three dogs yoked to the axle of a push-cart, was removing all his earthly belongings. Following in the rear was his faithful retinue, nine "pickanins" and a spouse. I learned from these denizens of the war zone that the physiological moment had come. With a hasty Good-bye and God-speed I continued my wild advance. Meeting a wounded soldier, who looked like a bull escaped from the slaughterhouse, I gleaned that the enemy, after repeated attacks, had succeeded in gaining two inches of ground, and that our artillery were concentrating a preponderance of fire on the lost ground with great skill! Our lost ground would undoubtedly be retaken at any moment.

Taking a rail fence for shelter—for the shell fire was exceedingly heavy—I learned from divers conversations dropped by wounded Tommies making hospital-ward, that a gap had been made in our line *South-East-North of Hill* (deleted by Censor). That reminds me that the Editor told me to fill up all gaps with my imagination, but I prefer to leave it to the soldiers to fill all gaps. Our soldiers stopped the breach in our lines in more ways than one, and the ruthless tide of Kultur receded.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

(of "A" Section Tent Division).

While wandering in a field gathering mushrooms I was suddenly struck down unconscious by an exploding shell. During this state of unconsciousness I had a number of dreams of my old chums at the War.

The first one brought to my mind was our smiling Tommy Griggs who was manœuvring a bronco on a strip of prairie land: he soon gained control of the beast and dismounted. Coming towards me he gave me a hearty welcome and we made our way to his prosperous looking house. On entering I was amazed to see Ravenhill Wood trying to cut a large bone into particles, to put in the soup pot. Of course I must shake hands with Scotty and bite his ear to make him feel happy. As we were having our supper we heard a fearful noise coming from over our heads and as we gazed at the object it came closer to earth, and lo and behold it was none other than old "Pop" Mean; he was making a great noise. He was in a large silk balloon and was stuck fast to the top of Tommy's barn. We soon extricated him from his machine and he was very grateful as you may imagine. After giving him a hot tot of rum he became very communicative and told us his ballooning experiences in France had brought him the position of chief Aeronaut to the Pollakoppoli Republic.

He told us that he had recently landed on a remote Island in the West Indies, due to lack of gas, and to his surprise he had seen Wilfred Scott seated on a rock amongst a flock of goats. Scott was able to supply Harry with the necessary gas in a short time, the strangest thing of all was that Scott had become so fat, that if he had been in civilization he would have qualified as an alderman right away.

After our repast Harry suggested a trip in his machine. We were soon in the clouds and rapidly nearing the Pacific Coast. In due time we landed in Vancouver and found out that a robbery had been committed which was now the talk of the town. We made our way to the gaol to see the criminal; the door was opened by a fine looking youth with a long beard and a beautiful mustache. He spoke my name and to my amazement I found it to be Orr and he was bearing a bowl of bread and water to the unfortunate robber. We accompanied him to the cell and were shocked to see our old side-kick Johnnie Le Caine, whose hair was cropped short, and he certainly looked very woeful in his striped suit.

He told us his tale of sorrow in a few words, he and Guy Lutes were in love with the same maiden and he had slain Guy in fair combat. Johnnie had the choice of weapons had chosen *talking*, and soon he had talked poor Guy to death.

We left Johnnie to serve his time, and on our way back to Harry's balloon we bought a paper and saw startling head lines recording the death of a famous Spaniard who had been killed when throwing the bull. It was none other than Ted Hargreaves.

Our next voyage landed us in Maine in a thick forest where we landed, and as we were gathering wood for a fire we heard a terrible noise near by and running to the spot found old Perse Henry. With his arm down the throat of a big bear, he told us he was trying to turn the bear inside-out so as to change its direction the opposite way. Letting the poor beast go, he told us that he had been in partnership with Rolland and Frank Smith but the business had gone on the blink owing to Rolland and Frank eating all the ice-cream and sandwiches. Both were waiters now in a Chinese Restaurant in Montreal.

We left Percy and next made a trip to St. John, where we learned that Millard C. Noble had a farm at Georgetown and was experimenting with turnips and how to make a hen lay green eggs. Taking up the St. John paper we learned that Don Stewart had been very successful in his cartoons and had put Bud Fisher to the wall. He was married and what with a wife and a big family of children to look after, he was kept pretty busy.

As I was about to board the balloon for a further trip I was brought to my senses by a second exploding shell and rubbing my eyes I made my way back to the cook shack, to find Harry not in his balloon but in his blue suit making the tea. I was very glad to see all the boys alive and well, and not in the state I had seen them in my terrible trance.

D. F.

AMPOULES.

If we follow W(right) we can't be wrong.

One of "the Pats" told us to-day that one of their water-cart men who is very careful of his H₂O supply is going to get the D.C.M. for saving—the water.

Who is the Sergeant who picked up a pair of wooden shoes "on the battlefield in Belgium?"

FIRST PRIVATE. "What were the real motives that brought us out here?"

SECOND DITTO. "Loco-motives."

The Editor thanks A.V.S. for kind appreciation, and would welcome any further correspondence.

WHAT OUR FRIENDS OF THE 14th M.A.C.
WANT TO KNOW.

- (1) How many "Innocents abroad" are driving cars?
- (2) Why they come in with such hair-raising accounts of their adventures in the firing line?
- (3) Why does everyone say "Good old Postman" and what answer does that worthy generally give back?
- (4) Why doesn't everyone buy the Chronicle? Nuf sed!
- (5) Why are we known as the Blue Hungry-uns? Ask the cooks.
- (6) What about the old man? Is he still paying out?
- (7) Why does the gramophone play "Onward, Christian Soldiers" so often? Does it mean we are going to have a piano?
- (8) Why has Corporal Turner given up the Secretaryship of the Sport's Club?
- (9) When is the Storekeeper going to begin keeping poultry? There is a good market for eggs.
- (10) How does Cpl. Williams, R.A.M.C., balance the weights of liquids and solids with the weight of rations issued?
- (11) Is last-named Corporal taking a patent out for his arm-chair?
- (12) When the sponge cake, polonies and custards (that some fellows expect to be fed on while on Active Service) arrive, will their mothers come with them?
- (13) If the chap that told Driver Baker of the 14th M.A.C. that he knew how to play football, had any brains? If so, he sure failed to use them.

ODDS AND ENDS.

(Contributed by a Patient.)

"Brief life is here our portion," says a well-known hymn. But then the same words apply to spots nearest the firing line and seeing that "brevity is the soul of wit," there must be some humour even in having to live this uncertain life!

Courage in Excelsis:—The patient who dared to ask for an extra slice of bacon.

There are two parades daily—the M.O.'s parade and the "Hunting-we-will-go" parade. Both are very necessary institutions.

One patient to another:—"If the Germans were half as troublesome as these lice, we'd have cleaned 'em up long ago."

The visits of the A.D.M.S. somehow create a certain atmosphere of awe; and yet that eminent personage looks anything but a pessimist.

Sgt. Noble Armstrong should make a successful practitioner. His innate courtesy will provide him with the "best bedside manner," so essential to a large *clientele*.

What is the average number of patients who daily apply for transfers to "No. One?"

The patients would dearly like to learn the name of the engineering genius who designed the new stove. Further, are they supposed to have their smoke helmets on all the time, in consequence of the stove in question.