

The Ontario Stretcher

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SOME IMPRESSIONS OF IRELAND.

It must be remembered we were not touring Ireland or making special visits to any of the beauty spots for which the Emerald Isle is famous. We were merely visiting friends, and our survey of the country was necessarily very incomplete.

The trip was delightful, from the first mad rush to Euston Station to catch the Holyhead express until our last good-byes on Kingston Quay, where the land of the shamrock gave us a most tearful farewell by sending us off in the heartiest rainstorm of the season.

The passage over was quite uneventful, and, for a wonder, the sea was calm. Arriving in Kingstown early in the morning, we did not leave the boat much before nine o'clock, and in a very short time were with our friends, where a warm welcome and a good breakfast awaited us.

After a rest we sallied out to see "dear, dirty Dublin." Dear we certainly found it, but not at all dirty. Lord Iveagh (head of the Guinness family) has converted some of the worst slums in Dublin into model tenement houses for his workpeople, and one could not fail to be struck with the large number of rosy-cheeked, tidily-dressed children.

It being Sunday, we went first to the Cathedrals, attending short services at St. Patrick's and Christ Church. The former has been restored and the interior decorated at a tremendous cost by the benefactor before mentioned, and takes its place among the beautiful churches of the United Kingdom.

Sackville-street (at one time considered the finest in Europe) has suffered greatly during the recent rebellion, the General Post Office and many other buildings being destroyed. Even the Nelson monument proved a target for the rifles of some of the maddened men, but in spite of the havoc wrought Dublin is still a very interesting and pretty city. The Vice-Regal Lodge (the home of the Lord-Lieutenant) is situated in the upper part of Phoenix Park, and is a very unpretentious but solid-looking building. The park itself contains fifteen hundred acres of land, in which are zoological and botanical gardens, and much space is devoted to out-door games. The polo games on Saturday afternoons are particularly exciting. We must not forget the very fine monument erected there to the Duke of Wellington.

The next day was spent in visiting Trinity College, Dublin Castle Hospital, and Guinness' Brewery (all visitors to Dublin are taken to the last-mentioned place).

Trinity College has long been famed as one of the greatest seats of learning in the world. The building itself—hoary and grey—is of the simplest possible style of architecture, and on either side of the portals are statues of Goldsmith and Moore. There is a wonderful library which contains many famous volumes. Scholars come from all over the world to browse over its ancient tomes. Here is the famous "Book of Kells," dating from the sixth century, and is a marvellously illuminated copy of the Gospels with colours and delicate tracery as true and distinct as on the day when monks of old finished their labour of love on the vellum pages. One realized that only love and devotion combined with exquisite skill could produce such a work of art. In the museum, among many other curious and interesting things, may be seen the ancient harp which had been used at the crowning of the Irish kings, and was the subject of Moore's beautiful poem, "The Harp that once through Tara's halls." No one in whose veins flowed the blood of Irish ancestors could look on it unmoved.

The Castle Military Hospital proved most

interesting, this being the place where before the war all the State functions were held. Many of the rooms were gorgeously decorated. We found several of our wounded Canadians occupying the Throne-room, and very comfortable they looked amid its grandeur. The nursing seemed to be of the best, and judging by the skilful arrangement of dressings and splints the Irish surgeons are not a whit behind their French and English confreres.

The city has fine residential districts. Merrion-square is the "Harley-street" of Dublin, and if attainments may be judged by titles, the Irish doctors and surgeons must be very eminent men indeed. In spite of the cost of material, many buildings are seen in course of erection.

A journey by rail brought us to Trim, at one time the capital of Ireland, but now a quiet, unprogressive little town of perhaps fifteen hundred people. The remains of several interesting castles are here (some of them so old that their origin is wrapped in obscurity). One called King John's Castle is still in a fair state of preservation. Our host very quaintly remarked "He's not there now; hasn't been for some time." There is enough of the old Cathedral of Meath left to show that it must have been a very beautiful structure, combining in its walls many of the different styles of architecture with which we are familiar in the cathedrals of England, but time and vandalism (particularly the latter) have done their sorry work. There is an ancient tomb in the graveyard adjoining, along the top of which runs a groove, and it is asserted that whosoever places a pin therein may have his or her wish gratified. It is needless to say we added our contribution to the already countless numbers.

About eighteen miles from Trim and three from Drogheda the Battle of the Boyne was fought. The spot is suitably marked. On the way there Slain Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Conyngham, was passed. It is situated on the River Boyne, and has particularly fine casellated gateways on which are the carved armorial bearings of the family. It was in Trim we had our first experience in an Irish jaunting car. Arriving on a pitch-dark night with heavy rain we were escorted to the "car" and seated thereon. "How do you keep from falling out?" we asked fearfully. "Och, Miss, hold on with your feet, to be shure. 'Tis the safest vehicle you ever rode in, because if the horse goes to run away there is no box to get your feet trapped up in, and shure you're so near the ground you can jump off aisy." Small comfort this to us who felt that we were swaying in space at least ten feet from terra firma. Before the journey was over, however, we had learned how to hold on and laugh into the bargain.

Wicklow—the Garden of Ireland—had yet to be visited, so early one morning we started from Harcourt-street Station. The trip was interesting, and would have been charming along the sea coast had the sun been shining. One wondered how the old heather-covered Bray Head would look with the sunlight on it. Though the trip has been made several times, yet it has always on those occasions been wrapped in the most sombre of rain clouds. It must be fine sometimes, for the Marchioness of Aberdeen calls Bray the Torquay of Ireland. The scenery all the way is delightful—wooded hills through which flow swift-running rivers with here and there a waterfall, green hedges from whose leafy depths peep a few belated Foxgloves, and Woodbine blooms all make a picture not easily forgotten. Coming to Avoca, that spot was passed where Moore had the inspiration for his poem, "The Meeting of the Waters."

Being on the sea coast, the climate of Wicklow is mild; Fuchsias attain an enormous size, and the Yucca palm grows luxuriantly in the open air. Nowhere had we seen such tuberos-rooted Begonias.

To the casual eye, at least, Ireland is prosperous. Tenant farmers may now buy their lands at, to them, most advantageous

terms. The labourers' cottages are well-built and pretty with their flower plots and good vegetable gardens attached. Throughout the grass counties great herds of cattle, which look as if they could do their share in keeping up the meat supply both as to quality and quantity, were feeding.

Of the Irish people and their racial characteristics, it may be said in the words of their own poet, "and e'en their failings lean to virtue's side."

It is to be hoped that when the present vexed questions are settled, Ireland will have a long era of peace and prosperity, forgetting the troublous times that have passed.

PATTSEY.

RETURNED PRISONER FROM GERMANY.

Among the patients who have come to the Hospital recently are several returned wounded prisoners from Germany, and the tales of their experiences are very interesting.

Reminiscences of severe trials or ludicrous incidents form the subject of stories which relieve the monotony of convalescence and help to pass the time in the wards or the recreation room. Nearly all these tales show that the best traditions of the medical fraternity are generally maintained, and the spirit which inspires the physician to combat the physical ills of man transcends the bitterness of war. Medical attendance in most cases is given ungrudgingly to friend and foe alike. But apart from this, many of the wounded have had bitter experiences indeed.

One of those who have recently returned is Private G. W. Green. He enlisted in the 90th Winnipeg Rifles in August, 1914, was trained at Valcartier and Salisbury Plain, and went to France in February, 1915. He was wounded at St. Julien on April 27th, 1915. His story is best told in his own words:

"I was crossing some open ground to get some water when a sniper got me. I lay in the open for two nights and a day, when the Germans picked me up. The German soldiers were rough, and even refused me water, but the Red Cross men gave me water and a little rum. I was carried back to a dressing station and was given good medical attendance.

"In company with others I was sent to a place about twenty miles back of the line where we were kept about three days. Here we met with considerable abuse. Threats to shoot us, taunts, and rough handling were common. When one asked for a drink, water was often thrown over him. We were then transferred to a hospital at an internment camp at Ohedruft, south of Gotha, in the Thuringen Forest. At points of transshipment on our way we were pulled about by curious people eager to see where we were wounded.

"At the hospital we again received good medical attendance, but our food was poor and scanty and meat was very scarce. The news of a British or French victory seemed to have a bad effect on those in charge, and many of the wounded were sent from the hospital to the internment camp while still in a very poor condition.

"In October, 1915, we heard that we were to be exchanged, and our spirits rose at once, but in a day or two we were grievously disappointed by the announcement that the exchange was cancelled. However, early in February the exchange was arranged, and we arrived in England on February 7th, 1916, and I was transferred to the Ontario Military Hospital in the middle of September."

Pte. G. W. Green reached the climax of the happy outcome of his adventures shortly after coming back, and married a winsome English lassie, Miss M. Sewell, who will shortly accompany him back to Canada.

TEA TALK.

October has been rather a quiet month in the Sisters' Mess. The only breaks out of the ordinary running were an impromptu dance given for Lieut. Shenstone and Lieut. B. McKenzie, who were spending a couple of days at the Officers' Mess, and the masquerade which is reported in another item.

We are glad to welcome Sister McCann, who has been taken on the strength, making another of our number who has seen service abroad. Sister McCann is a native of Perth, Ontario, and a graduate of Mercy Hospital, Chicago, U.S.A., and was attached to No. 23 General Hospital, the Chicago unit, while nursing in France.

"Oh to be in England when April is here" became a very familiar quotation to us all after our arrival here last spring, but "Oh to be in England when December is here" was a different story, so we immediately turned out attention to making the Mess-rooms cosy and homely, which with new bright chintz curtains and prettily-shaded lights, promise a charming rendezvous for the long winter evenings. Then there is a secret about those new attractions known only to the Sisters, and for once they won't tell.

We are glad to report the progress of our sick members. Sister Martin has recovered, and is enjoying three weeks' leave. Sister Ruddick is also back on duty after a rest at Margate. Sister Langman is progressing nicely, but is yet unable to leave the hospital.

Each month brings changes and sorrows to some of our number. This month has brought the sad news to Sister Harper of the death of her brother, who was killed in action in France. Sister Tait has also received news from Canada of the death of her father. The sincere and heartfelt sympathy of the staff is extended to these two Sisters in their bereavement.

Vacations are still being enjoyed. Sister Pinhey has just returned from Liverpool,

and Sisters Cass and Marsden from tripping in the ever-popular Emerald Isle. Sister Mills has also returned, after a delightful holiday.

Miss Nicholson, of Bromley, with some friends, came over to have tea with Sister Radcliffe.

Everybody has his troubles, so it is said, but we really do think one of the hardest things one has to bear is his own mistakes. For several days no one could understand why a certain Sister had such a troubled expression, until in a burst of confidence she told of a "frightfully stupid mistake" she had made by putting a letter intended for her very best beau in the wrong envelope, and later found she had sent it to the very last girl in the world whom she wanted to know about her affairs. We really sympathise, and do hope no complications will arise.

Lieut. Harold Weldon, C.E., spent a couple of days with his sister before going to France.

Home Sister McAdams has returned from a delightful vacation at Folkestone.

Miss M. Jacobs, A.D.M.S. Staff, looks fit after a vacation at St. Margaret's Bay and Folkestone.

We are trying to find out the name of the Orderly Officer who made rounds not long since wearing his spurs upside down.

Sister Weldon was the fortunate recipient of £5 from friends in Canada, to buy comforts for the patients. Those at home would be greatly gratified at the pleasure given by these small sums. For instance, the gramophone given by Sister Sinclair's young niece has helped to make many a dull day pass pleasantly.

In answer to an enquiry.—K. R. and O. says, Chapter MCIXVI, par. —th:—"No officer shall allow a dog or other animal to sleep on his bed unless he can produce a certificate to the effect that the said dog or other animal has previously had a flea-

destroying bath." We hope no uncomfortable experience has led up to this enquiry.

We are sorry to report the inevitable changes in our staff, among which is the transfer to France of Sister Mattice, Assistant Matron. Serving in France since the beginning of the war, she went through trying experiences and hard work, which brought credit and admiration to those noble first contingent Sisters, and she received in recognition the R.R.C. It was much against her wish that she was sent back to England for the rest she deserved, and I believe waited none too patiently for orders to return to France. Her thoughtfulness and courtesy made her liked by all, and her career will be watched with interest by all who knew her.

We are also very sorry to lose Sister Reid, who has been transferred for a few months to Bearwood Canadian Hospital. She is greatly missed around the Mess, but we hope to have her back with us later.

Can anyone tell us why the cinder path stops at the Officers' quarters, and if the Sisters may send their shoes down there to be cleaned, in consequence of having to tramp through the mud?

Sister Russill was the lucky one to get a trip back to Canada on a transport. We all envied her good fortune, and hope "the powers that be" will send a few more of us.

Sister Draffin has gone to Queen Alexandra Hospital, London, suffering from bronchitis. We all hope for a quick recovery.

HALLOW E'EN AT THE SISTER'S MESS.

"In the dark all cats are gray," and the adage was applicable to the masquerade at the Sisters' Mess on Hallow E'en, when one failed to recognise her best friend.

The room had a weird and spooky appearance; softly-shaded lights decorated with black cats and owls, and the ever-popular Jack O'Lanterns, made one feel that even in war-time there was still a little romance left in this funny old world, and unbelievable as it may seem, the practical Nursing Sisters were really interested in trying to determine their fate.

The Witches' Den was a most awe-inspiring place, lighted only by a Jack O'Lantern. One was ushered into a veritable cave of mystery, and one's fate seemed to hang on a very slender thread, until assured by the Soothsayers that there were few dark crosses in one's path. I believe there were some happy times predicted for some of the Sisters, which you may be sure will be watched with interest.

Mrs. MacPherson, whose kindly smile was enhanced by a Red Cross dress, and Matron Smith, a charming Martha Washington, received the guests, amid roars of laughter, as they appeared.

Sunny Jim fed Force to the Gypsy Queen, and Sis Hopkins danced with a splendid Highlander. The Australians would have been justly proud of their representative had they seen her one-stepping with a handsome Canadian cowboy.

One's heart went back to the good old summer-time when one saw the Bathing Girls. A Virginian Beauty chatted gaily with a Knight of the Eighteenth Century, and Carmen could not have wished a more handsome Toreador. The Cheshire Cat danced with delight when the handsome Huntress on her wonderful hobby horse won the prize for the most original costume.

The Gold-Dust Twins escorted the Gaiety Girl; and after the Sergeant Cook was put through the third degree she was found "not guilty" of compounding Macaroni and Cheese.

As a special treat the Two-Year-Old of the family was allowed to sit up with her dolls to amuse the Baby.

The Summer Boys liked the Japanese lady, and the Officers with their characteristic blasé air looked eagerly around for the Flapper, who unfortunately did not appear.

A touch of dignity was given by the White Sister, who looked demurely on, and shrank back as the two Ghosts suddenly appeared in the wake of a poor Wounded Hero who had just arrived from the Front.

And then refreshments: cider, doughnuts, and apples, and a beautiful Hallow E'en cake, which was cut by the Matron, who told all to watch carefully for the favours, which would surely determine our fate. In future years, "when nuts are cracked and tales are told," our first Hallow E'en in England will be remembered as a huge success.

KEN.

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Visitor (going up to a patient in the Recreation Room): "Ah! You're an Australian. Can you tell me anything about my cousins, the Snaggs Family, who went out ten years ago?"

WHAT SOME OF THE M.O.'s WOULD LIKE FOR CHRISTMAS:

Captain Thomas.—A cure for infections of the knee joint; a better opportunity to attend church; a book on how to save money; another attack of corneal ulcer; and a German prisoner with appendicitis.

Captain Gooderham.—A train of cars; a pair of roller skates; some building blocks; a double-reeded mouth-organ; and a new jack knife with "Try me" in raised letters on the handle.

Captain Kane.—An Assistant Editor; a Zepp. raid every other night; some knock-out drops for Kennedy; and a visit to No. 7 General Hospital, France

Captain Jamison.—Digestible edibles in abundance; a culture that could be eaten; a cure for the tobacco habit; and a disbelief in the Darwinian theory.

Captain Wilson.—A new Methodist hymn-book with words and music; a copy of Jack Canuck: a cigarette you can't bite; a more pronounced English accent; and a life history of the Kennedy family.

Major Wilson.—A quart of petrol; how to manipulate cards; a cure for atrophic rhinitis; and a recipe book for fancy drinks for the official mess dinner.

Major McKay.—A cure for corns; a manual on the duties of a sanitary officer; a cure for obesity; a partner to teach the fox-trot; and a tennis racquet 2ft. wide.

Captain Kennedy.—A better understanding of English shop methods; a week at Brighton: an extra batman some black-currant jam; no censorship of American mail; five more years of war.

Captain Graham.—The prohibition of profanity without a permit and a thorough knowledge of the language; a rose-covered cottage, cheap, with a small garden in the rear; a personal interview with the Ontario Cabinet; and a permanent position as Orderly Officer.

Captain Carson.—A trip to Ireland; a respectable-looking moustache; a cure for chilblains; another Masonic meeting at Bromley; and a room-mate, padre preferred, to take Richardson's place.

Captain Campbell.—Six months' leave of absence; a life pension after the war; a copy of Major McCullough's lectures; and a playing knowledge of bridge.

Captain Hilker.—A permanent position making blood counts; a partner with only one ward; a method of general anesthesia by suggestion; a gold-rimmed monocle; a map of the transport system of London.

Captain Crawford.—A peep into the future; a proposal of marriage; a remedy for snoring; a law against impersonation; and a good second-hand pair of axis-traction forceps.

Captain Clarke.—A sure cure for Alopecia; a stronger faith in Rowell's temperance policy; a week's leave at the Perkins Bull Convalescent home; an increase in salary; and a quizz-compend on paintings.

CORPORALS' MESS.

FINANCIAL.—At least two of our number have returned from leave since the last issue of "The Stretcher." One of them returned with tuppence—we bestow upon him our Iron Cross). The other had the impudence to return with over two pounds in his inside pocket—we think that he should be court-martialled). Corporals Harper and Wilson please take notice.

We contemplate running an orchestra during the winter months, and would ask would-be patrons to cultivate a taste for the best. We already have a Sullivan, a Harper, and a vocalist who is a perfect Dear. For your information, please.

Corporal Leach—the one of our number who is so near and yet so far—has probably taken the sauce bottle with him.

Some of the Mess seem to take life too seriously. We would remind them of Herrick's "Counsel to Girls"—
Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

Civilian (to Corpl. D . . n): You are no gentleman!
Corpl. D . . n: I know I am no gentleman; I am a soldier.

We are very pleased to note that our old friend Reeves has now secured a British "Warm" that matches the peculiar yellow colour of his helmet. Where did he get that coat?

Who is the Corporal with the broad smile and the elastic language?

Is it necessary, we would ask, for the Linen Corporal to attend the laundry in person, or is there a special attraction?

Corporal Ramage thinks that the girls on the other side are just "it." For the present, however, he is satisfied with the English variety.

How is it that matches are so plentiful in the Staff Kitchen? Ask Bryant.

Is it strictly duty that the Provost Cornoral attends to at nights, or is there any pleasure attached to it?

"STOO!"

I've eatun with ther niggers in ther Orstralian far nor-west,
Wild turkey, roo an bacon till it got on me chest,
But the stuff wot 'as me beatun, it's more than I can do
To eat that orful mixture wot our cook 'as labuled "Stoo!"
I've 'ad Emu, Coolyias, Bardies, Rabbit and Wild Yam,
'Ave tuckered in the trenches where ther grub's been bread an' jam,
Bungarra tail I've had fer fish, eggs old and bloo,
But there's nothin' known to beat the mixture wot our cook as labuled "Stoo!"
The pore lone pea wot flotes around, shows up in bas releef,
Er dull-eyed spud shares in 'is glume, 'is sorrer an' 'is greef,
Sumtimes ther is er littul meat—praps er lump er two—
But it ain't too bloomin' fillin, ther stuff cook gives fer stoo.
O, cookee dere, think of us 'ungry chaps,
When shavin' meat 'orf 'orn an' 'oof, an' cuttin' up ther flaps;
We know yure orful busy, an' have lots er toil ter do,
Do make a bloomer sum near day an' put meat in ther stoo!

"MULGA."

BLUESTONE.

O! radiant stone of azure hue,
In colour so divine,
I truly trow,
With angry vow,
Thou art no friend of mine.
I thought you fair and dainty,
A very jewel in truth,
Alas! for me,
I plainly see,
A fool I was, forsooth.
For when applied to tender wound,
To reduce granulations,
You bite and sting,
And anguish bring,
With heart-borne palpitations.
No pity you for suffering man,
Insidious, unrelenting,
You make him squirm,
Just as a worm,
All peace of mind preventing.
Your beauty is but to deceive,
To torture in your revel,
I hate you, loathe you,
And consign,
You wholly to the Devil.

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THE ONTARIO STRETCHER.

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A Monthly Journal published on or about the first of the month during the War.
Editor: Capt. J. E. KANE. Business Manager: Capt. W. H. Fox.

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

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

NOVEMBER, 1916.

In going to Press we can only hurriedly record our deep regret on the loss of two more of our officers. Captain S. M. Fisher and Captain W. H. Fox have gone to Canada on leave. This means a great, though we hope only temporary loss, to the unit, as they filled the responsible positions of Adjutant and Quartermaster respectively. They were both in France from the beginning of the war till this Hospital was organized, and since then have continued to render the same fine service here which gained them both enviable reputations in France. It is needless to say we will feel their loss in more ways than one, and will anxiously look forward to their return. In addition to his other duties, Captain Fox is Business Manager of the "Stretcher," and has succeeded through his untiring efforts in placing it on a sound financial basis.

Before they left us they were the recipients of tokens of remembrance from their friends in the Mess, who wished them Bon Voyage and a speedy return. They both well deserve the holiday, and we trust they will both return all the better for their trip to Canada.

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The early November weather makes us all realise that Christmas is not so very many weeks away, and that we must get busy at once on plans for entertainment. It is the wish of the staff that the season will be a happy one for the patients, and every effort will be made to give a Christmas appearance to the wards. This will entail decorating, and as our resources are limited we are asking friends of the hospital for donations. Any information as to the nature of the material required can be had from the Matron.

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Next month we intend to continue our column "Answers to Correspondents." If those wishing free expert advice on almost any subject—financial, political, spiritual, mental, physical, professional, marital, emotional, social, legal, or educational—will kindly address their communication to this column in care of the Editor, due time, thought and patience will be given to each correspondent. Should a private reply be desired, please enclose addressed envelope with a penny stamp.

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An event of more than ordinary interest took place at the Ontario Military Hospital on October 18th, 1916, when Corporal Samuel Deans was presented with his Military Medal awarded to him for initiative bravery and devotion to duty on the field. The presentation was made by Lieut.-Colonel Graham Chambers, Commanding Officer, who heartily congratulated Corporal Deans on the distinction awarded him.

Corporal Deans was born at Portsmouth, England, emigrated to Canada ten years ago, and enlisted in Toronto in June, 1915, in the C.A.M.C. He landed in England September, 1915, and three days later went to France, where he was wounded a few days after reaching the front. He was wounded again at Ypres in April, 1916, and buried by an exploding shell in July last. Since recovering he has been attached to the Ontario Military Hospital. The following extract from the Orders of the day of May 18th, 1916, by Lieut.-Colonel R. Brutinel, Commanding the 1st C.M.M.G. Brigade, gives a short account of Corporal Deans' bravery:—

"The C.O. desires to bring to the notice of all ranks the distinction awarded to Corporal S. Deans, of the C.A.M.C., attached to this Brigade, for the acts mentioned hereunder:

"For initiative, bravery and devotion to duty when, in 19/4/16, under shell fire, he organized the rescue and conveyance to the dressing station of three gunners, wounded and buried, and later volunteered and rendered good services all night, helping dress wounded men of the 13th Battalion.

"Also, when on the 24/4/16, seeing

several direct hits made by the Germans on a battery of Field Artillery in the immediate vicinity, proceeded at once of his own accord to the battery, and under a very heavy shell fire, dressed Major Vaughan, commanding the battery, who was badly wounded."

Corporal Deans is an unassuming, manly young man, and wears his honours lightly. We heartily congratulate him, and wish him many years of happiness.

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A certain Guardian of the Peace in the town of Portsmouth will doubtless remember with considerable chagrin his recent encounter with an officer of the Canadian Army Medical Corps. Portsmouth, being of no small military importance, is practically a closed town—the curious are not invited to inspect its beauties, and visitors are not only unwelcome, but must provide themselves with a proper passport signed by the Provost Marshall before being allowed entrance to its mysteries. This information seems not to have reached all military men of importance, for only a few Sundays ago a Canadian officer—wild horses could not drag his name from us—suffice to say he is on the staff of a Military Hospital not 100 miles from Orpington—was strolling serenely through the quiet streets of the town, stopping at intervals to view the wonders of the place, to chat with the urchins at play, or to enquire of the passers-by as to the location of the various places of interest. At times in a small book he jotted copious notes, to be used at some future date, when he expected to publish a work entitled "On Active Service with the C.A.M.C., or An Itinerant in the British Isles."

While our friend was thus occupied, the long, strong arm of the law was slowly but surely approaching. The Village Bobby had noted his arrival, had watched his various manoeuvres, had remarked his unsoldierly appearance, and finally concluded, and with no little reason—a German spy was masquerading as a Canadian Officer. He approached him cautiously, laid his powerful hand on his shoulder, and the following dialogue took place:—

Policeman: Sir, your name?

Officer: And why, my kind friend, should I vouchsafe to you my name?

Policeman: Sir, you are trespassing here, unless you possess a pass. Have you one?

Officer: A pass! A pass! And why, my Christian friend, should I have a pass?

Policeman: Sir, no one is allowed in this town without permission of the Provost Marshall. Have you seen him?

Officer: The Provost Marshall! The Provost Marshall! My more than friend, till this present moment I was entirely ignorant that such an individual existed.

Policeman: Then, Sir, I fear I must have your name.

Officer: And you shall, my friend, you shall. Yes, you shall have my name. 'Tis a noble name; a name, Sir, I'm proud to bear—one which has been written times innumerable in the Halls of Fame, one with which the history of every great and glorious deed is linked, one a king might wear with no small pride. Nay, kind and generous friend, a President of one of the proudest Republics the world has ever known does not disdain my noble name, and friend, let me whisper! he does credit to his name—and though I differ, yes, widely differ—with him on many subjects, such as the value of corn as a pork producer, the social evil, women suffrage, etc., etc., yet he retains my friendship. And now, most generous friend, that you have my name, I must hasten on. Had I a card, it would give me wholesome pleasure to present it to you. I bid you adieu; my hand!

Policeman: One moment, Sir, but I must know what brings you here.

Officer: And you shall, my gentlemanly friend, you shall. I am here, Sir, in the interest of one of the largest corporations in existence to-day—the Committee of One Hundred. The committee has deputed me

to select a suitable city in which to erect an immense building for all officers in the Canadian Army who have neglected their duties to secure promotion. If your town meets the requirements, I shall buy it, my friend. 'Tis a noble cause; ah! a noble cause.

By this time quite a large crowd had assembled and were gazing enraptured at the stranger.

Policeman: I fear, Sir, unless you can produce some proof of your identity, I shall be obliged to place you under arrest. Have you any letter or other document to prove your statement?

Officer: None, my persistent friend, none; but (facing the multitude), it's all right, gentlemen, it's all right. Constable, do your duty.

The policeman at once placed him under arrest, and the pair proceeded to the office of the Provost Marshall, followed by the huge concourse. Arriving at the police-station, the policeman explained to the Provost the circumstances which led to our friend's arrest, at the same time tapping his cranium gently with the index finger of his right hand.

Provost Marshall: Have you any letter, paper, document, or mark, Sir, that would in any way circumstantiate your statements?

Officer: None, your Honour, none. Heretofore in my long, and I must say, not unsuccessful career as a member of that most noble profession which commands the love and respect of the universe, I have found my word quite sufficient in all cases of trial and difficulty. Yes—yes—quite sufficient.

Provost Marshall: Is there anyone to whom we might refer? Some officer or perhaps some mutual friend?

Officer: Are you acquainted, your Lordship, with Colonel MacPherson, of the Ontario Military Hospital?

Provost: I'm afraid not, Sir.

Officer: Would you, by chance, your Worship, know General Carlton Jones, of the C.A.M.C.?

Provost Marshall: I'm sorry, Sir, but I can't recall the name.

Officer: Then perhaps, your Majesty, you have met Mr. Robert Mond, Coombe Bank?

Provost Marshall: No, I'm afraid I do not know him.

Officer (meditating for some moments): Would you by any chance, your Highness, know Captain Crawford?

Provost Marshall: Not Mac Crawford? Is Mac in England? Are you a friend of his? Know Mac Crawford! Why, Sir, give me your hand! Any friend of Mac Crawford is a friend of mine. Policeman, you have made a grave mistake; you may go, but in future use more discretion. Come, my friend, you must meet my wife and family; you must remain for dinner. We shall call on the Mayor! Just fancy! A friend of Mac Crawford's! You must join me—no, no, I shall accept no excuse! Just one!—your health!

—♦♦♦—

TO THE NIGHT SISTER.

There at the end, at close of day, our fair Night Sister stands,
In truth a lively one is she, with deft and skilful hands,
And the halo round her comely face is formed of golden strands.

Week in, week out, from eve till morn, you you can see her come and go,
You can hardly hear her as she moves with gentle step and slow,
Excepting only when she slips on the polished floor below.

When Sister coming on at night looks in at the open door,
We turn to see her smiling face; and feel a trifle sore
If we chance to miss the kindly word as she moves along the floor.

She comes each morning in the ward and wakes up all the boys,
And we can neither pray nor preach when comes the warning voice—
If we could have another hour 'twould make our hearts rejoice.

It seems at first like an angel's voice coming from Paradise,
We slumber on, and then once more it plainly bids us rise,
And with a big wide yawn each rubs his sleepy eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, bandaging, onward thro' life she goes,
Each evening sees her task begun, each morning sees it close,
Duty accomplished, kindness done, has earned a day's repose.

H. E. S.



THIS IS HOW ONE FEELS WHEN SISTER CURREY GETS ANGRY.

OFFICERS' MESS ROOM CHATTER.

Lieutenant Harold Weldon visited N. S. Weldon here on his final leave, before proceeding to France, where he is now located.

Everard Butler, for several years America's champion single sculler, also contestant on two occasions for the Henley Diamond Sculls, came down from Camp Whitely to visit his brother, Sergt. Butler, of this unit.

Colonel Gerald White, of the 224th Foresters' Battalion, came down to the funeral of his townsman, Pte. Anderson, who died in hospital here and was buried in Orpington.

Colonel Perry Goldsmith, who is known to a goodly number of our Mess, spent a night with us, in company with Lieut.-Colonel MacPherson. They came down from Taplow for a change. Lieut.-Colonel Goldsmith has since, I believe, been transferred for duty to Shoreham.

Sir John Vine was down looking over our Hospital with Major McKay and Captain Carson. It does beat all how these boys do break into society. Sir John is a very genial personage, and appreciated highly our hospital and its work.

Captain Costello, Chaplain to one of the Brigades at Shorncliffe, was the guest for a day or two of Captain Lowery.

D. W. McIntosh, of Toronto, slipped down from London and took lunch with us. Mr. McIntosh came over to visit his son, who is a patient in one of the London Hospitals with rather severe wounds. He intimated that he was taking back to Canada golden opinions of the work of Canadians everywhere in this great struggle.

A Board composed of Col. Machin, Col. Perrott and Capt. Ewing dropped in rather unexpectedly on us, and after investigating conditions in the Q.M. Stores spent the evening in the Mess. It is needless to say they found everything highly satisfactory.

A welcome comer was Captain Ross Ferguson, from Standing Board, Shorncliffe, who spent several days here in boarding Canadians to Canada. Though we are not hankering after the work of making out Board papers, still we are always pleased to see his smiling face come through the front door.

Major Patterson, of Vancouver, a member of No. 5 Canadian General Hospital, Salonika, was here to consult Lieut.-Colonel Chambers. He afterwards was admitted to London General Hospital, but says he is coming back to see us when he is himself again.

Lieut. Allan Shenstone, brother of our Captain Shenstone, was back and forward several times during his leave in England. He has been in the thick of the struggle for six months past, and has during that time been mentioned in dispatches. Now that he has returned to duty, we all surely wish him the best of luck and a safe return.

Lieut. MacKenzie dropped in on our North Bay Captain just to say good-bye before going to Canada on a well-earned leave.

Lieut. Matthews came over from Whitley Camp to see his relation, Miss Motion. He is an old N.W.M.P. man, and during his visit with us gave us some of his experiences while engaged in that capacity.

Captain Fisher had with him this month Captain Ramsay, also Captain Aitken, of the Trench Mortar Battery, while they were on a short leave.

The Officers' Board, composed of Major Donald, Major Brown, and Captain Davis, were here on special Board work. Major Donald brought with him Colonel Knaggs, O.C. Base Hospital at Cairo. Col. Knaggs has since left for Egypt, his leave having expired.

We have had with us for some days Col. Seaborn, of No. 10 Stationary Hospital, recruited by him in London, Ontario. Arriving at the end of August, the unit has been detailed for instructional purposes, and the O.C. came to us to see how we ran our hospital. We are sorry to see him go, and will be glad to have him back at any old time.

Captain George Bayer, who left Canada along with Colonel Chambers and No. 4 General Hospital, came down to see our Acting O.C. Captain Boyer left Salonika at the end of June, and after a leave in Canada reported in England for duty. He has been temporarily assigned to the Standing Medical Board at Folkestone.

Major Carmichael, of Collingwood, on leave from France, visited Miss Morton recently.

Captain McCurrey, of North Bay, spent a day with Captain Campbell. North Bay was the only topic.

Our heartiest congratulations to Captain and Mrs. W. B. Stark on the arrival at their house of a fine baby girl.

Our genial Adjutant is naturally even more genial than ever since the auspicious event, and is as proud as a peacock. Many of 'em, "Berk," old Top.

We were indeed glad to welcome Captain Ryan back to our midst on October 23rd, when he returned after two months' leave in Canada. His cheery smile and genial manner was greatly missed during his absence. Captain Ryan's wife, daughter, and youngest son have come to England with him, and have taken up residence in Orpington.

William Lowry, of London, a brother of our worthy Padre, spent a week-end in our midst.

Major Gordon Sampson, who was engaged in active recruiting in Canada since the beginning of the war, came to England as a Major of the 81st Battalion. On his Battalion being broken up, he was attached to the 60th Battalion in France, where he was buried by a bursting shell and sent back to England, spending a few days with us before going to London for his second board. He has been pronounced fit and attached at Shorncliffe, and expects to be sent to France again at an early date.

Lieut. Elmsley, a son of our Colonel Elmsley, has dropped in to call on us several times during his leave in England.

Lieut. McKenzie found time during his leave to spend a night with Captain Campbell.

Lieut. McQuarry, an old Kingstonian, was the guest of Captain "Pep" Kennedy.

Lieut.-Colonel Graham Chambers journeyed to Folkestone for a week-end on the pretence of calling on his old-time friend, Lieut.-Colonel McKeown. Some people think that his purpose was to get new names for "his list," as they are all taken off in this quarter.

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AT THE MEN'S MESS.

Since our last issue we have seen many changes in the Mess, owing to several of the men being "Boarded" and sent to Shoreham.

We were all very pleased to hear of our old friend McKay, who was recently transferred to the Training School. It is said he is slated for permanent escort duty to Canada.

We are very glad that the police are to have the new annexe to our sleeping quarters. It will be wise for those who expect to be out late to make their beds before they go out; for they won't be able to say it's the police that have the lights burning.

Who is the man of this unit that has been here since April and has not spent a pound, and has been away on a six days' pass?

Sherlock, of the M.P., has a big case on at present (cigarette case). Now he is looking for the friend who disposed of one, from the Sergeants' Mess.

Anyone wishing a copy of "Jack Canuck" can be obliged after any Canadian mail at the Post Office.

Why did "Lizzie" ask to be taken off the night-shift of the main kitchen? Was it so he could spend his evenings with his flapper?

We'll all agree the weather is very damp at present, but still it is fine for raising umbrellas.

Why is it that all the Recreation Room help have lost their flappers? Ask Keliel.

It is rumoured that a citizen of Orpington has a second crop of strawberries. Boys, we had some, but of the C.P.R. brand (prunes).

Several letters have been received by different members of the Officers' Mess from our three boys at Salonika. From all appearances Captains Lawson, McArthur and Aitken have arrived safely at No. 4, Canadian General Hospital, and are satisfied with their new environment, though, reading between the lines, the Ontario Military Hospital still looks pretty good to all three.

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—Having a desire to lie on the stretcher, and not having been rusticated in Germany for the past ten months, will you kindly draw aside the curtain and let me "hoist my own petard"?

You are no doubt aware—through your secret service (not the one held in the Concert Hall at 8.30 a.m.)—that the one whose nom de plume will be hereunder inscribed has—unknown to millions—been grazing within Boundary Park for the greater part of some time—or to be more precise, for close upon six weary months.

The things digested have been many; the things seen and heard lost count of; and the things unseen and unheard have been unaccounted for.

Firstly, let me digress upon the things digested. Ranging as they do from a rumour to a peanut, it would weary you and be wearisome to touch upon each of these things. Take three, leaving out the first and the last: the first because "rumour would have it" and time would be wasted, and the last, well—because peanuts don't count.

Now "BEANS"—Boston Baked Beans. We have digested beans. It has been well said:

"Men may come, and men may go,
But beans come on for ever."

Although it would not be fair to state that the Quartermaster is one of the "has beans," yet you may be perfectly right in intimating that he has beans. He can give you beans, so look out.

And then SALMON. Salmon has been digested. Not Severn Salmon, but multitudinous salmon. Being economical, he who provides would naturally find a finned creature, the bones of which are easily masticated. It has ever been genuine spotted salmon, and every tin has been accounted for.

Thirdly, BACON. Bacon has been digested—at least sometimes digested and sometimes not, and since the Q.M. is not in the least bit given to "chewing the fat," he has so far been immune from indigestion.

Many things have been threshed out over the digestion of Bacon, but, as yet, Boundary Park is undecided as to whether "Bacon wrote Shakespeare or Shakespeare ate Bacon." It is hinted that Shakespeare must have eaten bacon, and to have been somewhat perturbed at the cooking of it—hence the words:

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
admit impediments," etc., etc.

At a later date, dear Mr. Editor, providing the Kaiser does not "catch on," the underscribed would—in the event of your approval—like to throw to the winds his impressions of (1) things seen and heard, and (2) things unseen and unheard.

Curtinly yours (with apologies to the "Daily Mail"),

P-I-P.



THIS IS WHAT ONE HEARS!

First Wounded Tommy (to new arrival): "Blimey, mate; you've fair copped it!"
Second Ditto (whose regimental name is "Stutters"): "Well, ye see, we was throwing them four-second bombs, and the G-g-g-germans bein' b-b-bloomin' close, we was ordered to c-c-count t-t-two afore we threw 'em. S-s-so 'ere I am."

OUR UNPLEASANT COLUMN.

(All Unpleasant Contributions thankfully received).

Dress regulations will come so strongly into force that no man will be allowed to play football or baseball except in correct military costume. Belts to be worn outside of great coat. All N.C.O.'s scoring a goal will be reduced to the ranks.

Time and quarter-time will be paid to office staff on night work.

Cinema actors will have to grow beards or join the Army.

Fag-end fatigue.—Sacks to be examined every Tuesday, when all fag-ends and matches will be counted.

WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW:

Who is the Sister who uses all the blankets to keep herself warm?

Who is the Night Sister who likes fresh-air at 4.30 a.m.?

Who is the Day Orderly that asked the patient with one hand why he couldn't wash his arm?

Who is the patient in Ward 19 who is swinging the lead?

Why did the young lady who had promised to visit a Canadian patient not fulfil her promise?

Who is the Night Orderly who keeps the patients awake by his continual snoring?

Who is the patient suffering from shell shock that is continually trotting after a certain Sister in the same ward? Were the effects of the explosion so great that they deprived him of his reason? Has he forgotten his matrimonial affairs at home? If so, why?

Who is the Sergeant who goes up to Ward 17 for a face massage every week-end? Why every week-end? Keel over!

Who is the Welshman in Ward 19 who is married and has three young ladies visiting him at once?

Why is Sergeant Jones looking so happy these days? We notice he visits the wards very frequently!

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MILITARY FORMALITY.

As all possibly know by this time, the War Office has a great habit of using Forms for everything it undertakes, and the following letter, recently received by a young lady from her fiancée, an indispensable gentleman from that office, serves to show how deeply the habit has permeated the staff there:—

Ref. CB/466596/Ref. WDDF/Co. Rts.5/Gen/XD.
War Office,
Whitehall, S.W.
31/2/21.

Miss I. Love,
Spooney Cottage,
Mushyland, Kent.

Madam,—

With reference to your recent conversations with me, and my telegram W/GB/8867/Hym.Div./XE., of yesterday's date, I have the honour to enclose herewith Form H.B. 2554786 issued in accordance with instructions received from the Army Council and contained in Instruction No. 221356 of 1921.

Please return this Form, duly completed, at your earliest convenience.

For your necessary action, please.

I have the honour to be, Madam,
Your obedient servant,

ADR/BLU
CR.75886—

B. L. UNDERS.

Form H.B.2554786.
FORM TO BE HANDED TO ALL FEMALES (REGULAR OR TERRITORIAL) WHOM IT IS PROPOSED TO TRANSFER TO THE MARRIED BRANCH.

Name _____
Address _____
Spinster or Widow _____
Names and addresses of previous Finances or Husbands (if any) _____
Dates and places of Marriages (if any) _____
Names and age of children (if any) _____
If Widow, date of demise of last Husband _____
If divorcee, date and reason of divorce _____
Age years months. Height feet _____
Actual colour of hair— Colour of eyes—
Figure—
Christian name of Father _____
Christian name of Mother _____
Means of Parents _____
Personal means (state exact amount) _____
Prospective income _____
What can be expected from relatives as wedding gift? _____
Is applicant's Father willing to bear cost of wedding? _____
Average cost of clothing and feeding for past three years. _____
Estimated cost of clothing and feeding for ensuing twelve months. _____
State special qualifications _____

What locality do you wish to reside in? _____
I declare that I am the referred to above, and that all the particulars contained in the above statement are, to the best of my knowledge, correct.
(Signed) _____
Date

I certify that the above named signed the foregoing declaration in my presence, and that the above descriptions and details are, to the best of my knowledge, correct.
(Signed) _____
Justice of the Peace, County

Date
NOTE.—This Form will be handed to all applicants for the position of WIFE, to be completed in the applicant's own handwriting, and forwarded through the usual channels to the War Office, Whitehall, S.W. (HGB6)
SENOJ.

HALLOW E'EN AT THE SISTERS' MESS.

AS THE M.O.'s SAW IT.

With very commendable enterprise, the Nursing Sisters celebrated Hallow E'en by giving a masquerade party in the Sisters' Quarters on Tuesday evening last. None but themselves received invitations, but we are led to believe—and do not doubt for a moment—a very pleasant time was spent, and thoroughly enjoyed by all. The costumes were unique, pretty, and quite in harmony with the individual wearer. Masks were removed at 10 p.m., and the evening spent in rollicking games, such as bean-bags, tiddlywinks, lost hair, and crocinole.

Unfortunately, being of the masculine persuasion, we failed to receive the long-looked-for invitation to be present, and consequently are unable to inform our readers of many of the details of the evening. However, several officers who had been attending the Sergeants' dinner in Bromley took the wrong turning on their arrival at the officers' quarters and landed among the masqueraders. From these we have received a partial list of the many interesting costumes, and though we cannot personally vouch for its correctness, we believe it to be fairly accurate. The following is a partial list of the many masqueraders:—

- Little Bo-Peep—Sister Denton.
- Gold-Dust Twins—Sisters Coulter and Bunting.
- Tom-Thumb—Sister McKenna.
- The Fat Boy—Sister Parker.
- The Bing Boys—Sisters Mavety and Hogarth.
- Look Who's Here—Sister Stronach.
- Two Little Girls in Blue—Sisters Little and Pringle.
- Cupid—Sister McMahon.
- Two American Jockeys—Sisters Ferguson and Armstrong.
- Dutch Mother—Sister Ford; and Her Child (2 years old)—Sister Hazel Smith.
- Babes in the Wood—Sisters Marston and Stovel.
- Buster Brown—Sister McKenzie.
- Get-away-day, Toronto Woodbine—Sister Sinclair.
- The Katzenjammer Kids—Sisters Forbes and Bindon.
- Two Gordon Highlanders—Sisters Wallace and Collins.
- Mutt and Jeff—Sisters Radcliffe and Scott.
- Gaby Deslys—Sister Hannah.
- Doris Keane (in romance)—Sister McCarthy.
- Sunny Jim—Sister Marsh.
- Silverlocks—Sister Murray.
- Two Boy Scouts—Sisters Cass and Tait.
- Charlie Chaplin—Sister McPherson.

- A Kentucky Colonel—Sister McAdams.
- Cinderella—Sister O'Donnell.
- Two Metropolitan Police—Sisters Devitt and Adams.
- Sylvia Pankhurst—Sister Gleason.
- Little Miss Muffett—Sister Riley.
- Happy Hooligan—Sister Chapman.
- Gloomy Gus—Sister Bishop.
- A Drum Major—Sister Petty.
- Topsy—Sister Morton.
- Little Eva—Sister Curry.
- Uncle Tom—Sister Downey.
- Simon Legree—Sister McIntosh.
- A Roman Gladiator—Sister R. Smith.
- Polly and her Pals—Sisters Sullivan, Rogers and E. Holland.
- Pecks Bad Boy—Sister Milne.
- Daddy Long Legs—Sister Weldon.
- A Buff Orpington—Sister Pounceby.
- A Ford Runabout—Sister Driffin.
- Annette Kellerman—Sister Helen Smith.
- Two Fiji Islanders—Sisters Rose and Blackwell.

Harry Lauder—Sister G. Holland.
Two Piccadilly Flappers—Sisters Partridge and Lunman.

Should we have omitted any names from this list, we trust the parties will not feel slighted, as this list has been prepared from memory. We will be glad to make corrections in the above list if they are brought to our notice. Now, not all together, girls.

"THE EYE-WITNESS."



THESE ARE THE KIND OF QUESTIONS ONE GETS ON VISITING DAYS:
"Are you wounded?"
"Did it hurt?"
"Are you a Colonial?"
"When will it be over?"
"Did you see any Germans?", etc., etc.

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THE FIRST BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES

Of the 2nd Canadian Field Ambulance.

AS IT IS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM, SON OF HISDAD.

CHAPTER VII.

1. And as they drew night unto the city they did meet the inhabitants fleeing from their homes with as much of their worldly goods as they could carry, and it was with great difficulty that the horses and wagons were taken into the city.

2. The shells from the enemy's guns were bursting all around them, and when they got to the place that was the hospital they found those of A Section caring for the wounded that had been brought in from the city streets.

3. And William said unto the Commander, whose name was Hardy, "I have returned with the wagons to move your stores to a place of safety," and he answered him saying

4. "You will put on the wagons such things as we do need for our work during the night, and return with them to a place of safety, for James and I will remain till all the wounded are cared for and taken out of the city."

5. And as he spake these words there was a loud crash, and the house across the street rose in the air and came down in pieces, and all the windows in the hospital were broken; and so great was the shock that James, who had his pipe in his mouth, did bite the mouth-piece in twain.

6. The wagons now being ready to depart, William said good-bye to Hardy and Fraser and departed; and as he came into the street he heard the sound of a shell coming, and threw himself to the ground. Then there was a great noise and the earth shook.

7. Buildings rocked and fell, and large pieces of stone and brick were thrown into the air, and some of these did fall on on William as he lay on the ground; and he was much bruised and was cut on the right hand.

8. When the dust had cleared away he arose with fear and trembling, got on his horse, and gave orders to the drivers of the waggons to follow; and he did ride with all speed out of the city.

9. And it was with great difficulty that the wagons were taken over the roads that were now torn by shells and crowded with people.

10. The night was far spent when they got back to where they had B and C Sections at a place called Elverdinge.

11. And when they arrived they found the camp all astir, as they had received orders to send all the stretcher-bearers to the battlefield to collect the wounded.

12. The wagons were unloaded, and the bearers with their stretchers were taken as far as the bridge that was over the river that is called Yser; and from there they marched to the field of battle and did toil all the night.

13. And in the morning those who had been left at Elverdinge were sent to a place called Brelin, and did there make churches, schools, and other buildings into hospitals, for the wounded were coming in by the hundreds.

14. And they did remain here only a few hours, for the shells of the enemy began to fall on the buildings and set them on fire.

TO NURSING SISTER.

I know I am no poet,
But I'll see what I can do
To show appreciation for the kindness
Shown by you.
I've been a lot of trouble
When I wasn't very ill;
But you simply murmured nothing—
Just tended with good will.
There were "spots" they thought were
measles,
That came out upon my frame,
So they shifted me from 'mong them,
Lest the others got the same.
Although far isolated,
I was not without your care,
For if I was to murmur,
You quickly hurried there.
There was one day you were limping,
I could see you were in pain,
But you did your noble duty,
And did not once complain.
I'm not the only patient
Who has cause to bless your care—
There are hundreds back on duty,
There are many lying here.
They say that duty has reward:
I only hope 'tis true,
But I'm a sort of doubtful
If there'll be enough for you.

T. R. UCHTMAN,
1st Aust. Div. Train, O.M.H.

MALICE IN KULTURELAND

The Kaiser and the Chancellor
Were walking hand in hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such lots of foreign land;
"If this were only Germanized,"
They said, "it would be grand."

"If seven hosts of peaceful Huns
Swept it with fire and sword,
Do you suppose," the Kaiser said,
"Kulture could be restored?"
"I doubt it," said the Chancellor,
And looked a trifle bored.

"Oh, Nations, come and walk with us,"
The wily Kaiser cried;
"A pleasant talk, a pleasant walk
O'er frontiers far and wide;
For we can do with two of you
To help on either side!"

The wise Italian winked his eye
And cautiously arose.
Then slowly spread his fingers out
And placed them on his nose—
Meaning to say that he would do
Exactly as he chose.

But Hungary Austrians hurried up,
Eager to take a hand,
Willing to walk a little way
Behind the German band;
Their simple Czechs looked out of place
'Midst uniforms so grand.

The Kaiser and the Chancellor
Walked on a mile or two
Until they reached the Balkan States,
Conveniently new—
A spot where raising trouble was
An easy thing to do.

"The time has come," the Kaiser said,
"To talk of blood and wars,
Of me, and Germany, and God,
And Kulture and the Cause,
And why the sea is much too hot
And whether bears have claws!"

"Please, sir," the simple Austrians cried,
Turning a little blue,
"We do not think that was the sort
Of thing you meant to do!"
"How kind I am," the Kaiser said,
"To plan this treat for you!"

"It seems a shame," the Austrians cried,
"To kindle such a fire;
The dirty smoke is in our eyes,
Our feet are in the mire."
The Kaiser answered nothing but:
"Send off another wire!"

"I mourn you," said the Chancellor,
"I deeply sympathize;
We did not know the job was such
A very nasty size!"
The Kaiser put his helmet on
And looked extremely wise.

"Oh, Austrians," said the Chancellor,
"You are a simple race;

Shall we be trotting off to find
Some other sunny place?"
But answer came there none, because
They'd vanished into space.

IS IT TRUE?

That Captain Fox is preparing to visit
the North Pole with Shackleton in charge
of the heating system?

That Captain Fisher requires an extra
stenographer to reply to messages of sym-
pathy from the Nursing Sisters?

That the more stripes a soldier has, the
less work he does; that the less work he
does the more pay he receives; and that we
have some of the highest-paid sergeants in
the Canadian Militia?

That Major MacKay is to receive a Vic-
toria Cross for placing the "latest scandal"
under quarantine?

That Captains Shenstone and Crawford
are mentioned in dispatches because of their
timely assistance to the crew of an aeroplane
on Sunday?

That many of the Nursing Sisters are
lamenting over a report that the English
cabbage crop is below the average?

That Lieut.-Colonel Chambers is writing a
book entitled "A day with the cue," with
illustrations?

That the "Retreat from Mon(d)s" is
practically stopped?

That the secretary of the Mess is contem-
plating holding office permanently?

That Captain Crawford is being urged to
contest Kent at the next General Election?

That many of the M.O.'s are much worried
as to who will run the furnace at home this
winter?

That Captain Greenwood has taken a place
formerly occupied by an Admiral, and is
reviewing the High Fleet before Admiral
Jellicoe puts it away for the winter?

That our football team is being trans-
formed into a cricket team, and vice versa?

That the Editor of the "Stretcher" has
made his will, purchased a large accident
policy, and indented for an Army revolver?

That Captain Graham has been appointed
by the Acting Officer Commanding, to super-
vise the preparation of Board papers?

That the A.D.M.S. office in London has
extended a cordial invitation to certain
members of our unit to visit them at least
twice weekly in order to secure their advice
in the proper management of the C.A.M.C.?

That hot baths are responsible for the
number of Nursing Sisters suffering from the
"pip"?

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