

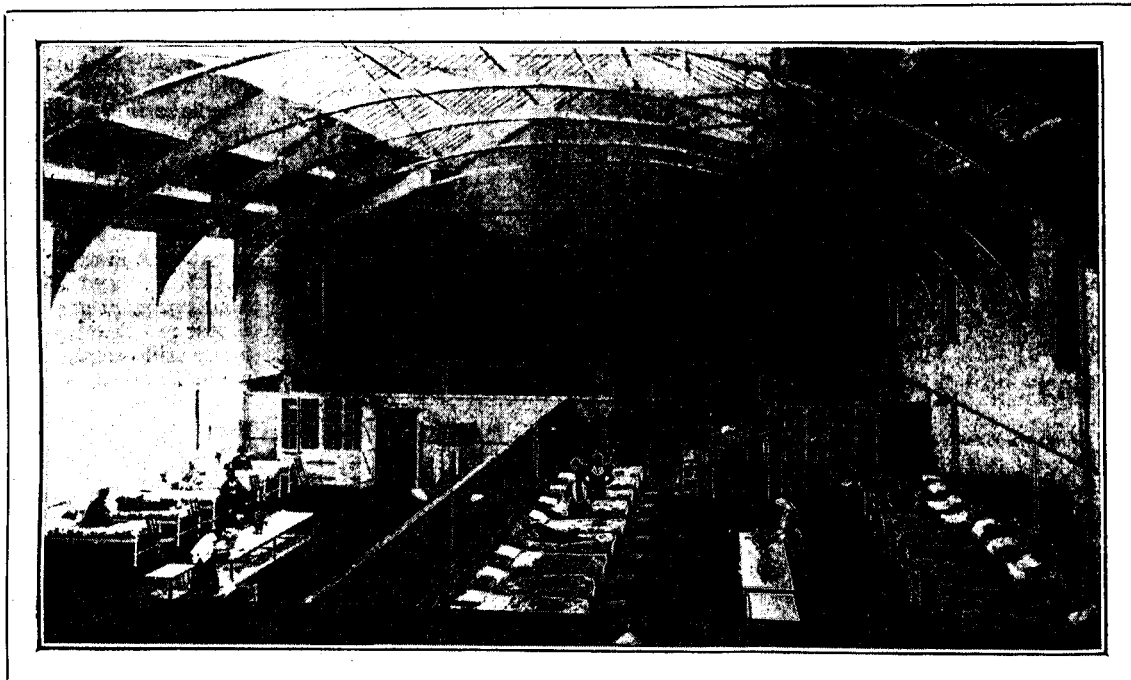
THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT CANADIAN RED CROSS HOSPITAL.

It would be difficult to imagine a more peaceful haven, after the storm of shot and shell, the booming of guns, and all the horrors and stress of battle, than the hospital which has been equipped by the Canadian Red Cross, on Mr. Waldorf Astor's beautiful estate Cliveden in Buckinghamshire.

"When the storm is over, then comes rest and peace." Would to God it were a permanent peace for the brave fellows there who are being nursed back to health and activity by the Canadian Military Nursing Sisters, under the able super-

the sunshine. The spacious lawns, which seemed to speak of recreation and ease, were evidently being used by the men as a bowling green.

We were received most cordially by the Matron, who at once began to explain and show everything in the most thorough manner. She herself takes the rank of captain, and her uniform was of a military character. The light blue linen dress was made double-breasted, with a double row of brass buttons, which she laughingly explained go to the wash with the dress. With these were worn brown boots, and a military belt and buckle of brown leather, her cap was of a similar pattern to that of our own Military Nursing Service. The Sisters' dress was of the same character, their rank of lieutenant, however, meriting but two



THE COVERED TENNIS COURT, CLIVEDEN, NOW THE WARDS.
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intendence of Miss Edith Campbell, the Matron, and the Commanding officer, Colonel Gorrell.

No amateurs here, no make-belief nurses with our Sisters from over the water. The question as to whether the nursing staff had all received the minimum of three years' training one felt to be almost an insult when the answer came swift and decided, "O dear yes, and more than that."

At present the Duchess of Connaught Canadian Red Cross Hospital, as it is called, has accommodation for only 106 beds, but in the course of a very few weeks, huts are to be erected which will increase the beds to a total of 550.

The approach to the hospital on a lovely sunlit afternoon, made the expression "the smiling countryside" understandable. Men in all stages of convalescence were lying or strolling about in

buttons on the shoulders where the Matron had three.

The huge covered tennis court, lit by skylights, has been converted into what is practically the whole accommodation for the sick. It is divided into wards, cubicle fashion, each containing about twenty-five beds, while the gallery overlooking it provides for six more. In the gallery also is the Matron's office, so that at present she is able to take a bird's eye view of the whole of the patients. The interior which is lofty and airy is painted white, the floor is stained green with green linoleum in the centre. The bedsteads are all white enamelled, and have red and white quilts. The practical and excellent trolleys with glass tops, and the attractive looking tables were, we were told, all made by the carpenter on the premises—

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