

the cooking is done by members of the Territorial Force, who have recently been trained as cooks. At the Howard Gardens Military Hospital, in the same place, cooking accommodation has also been provided for 150 patients and 40 nurses, both kitchens having been fitted up by the Cardiff Gas Company.

At the Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, which has been turned into a military hospital, the kitchen has been very completely fitted by the Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Gateshead Gas Company, and at Shrewsbury a kitchen has been fitted in connection with provision made for Belgian Refugees.

It will be realised that the purposes to which the gas industry can be utilised in connection with temporary hospitals and homes is endless, from the simple gas ring which supplies the nursing staff in their own quarters with the means of making the ever-welcome cup of tea, to the largest ranges and boilers, and the constant supply for the operating theatre, as well as for the lighting of the building gas is invaluable. Indeed, it is not too much to say that without the aid of the gas companies, and the systems which they have developed to such perfection, the difficulties of providing adequate temporary hospitals would have been almost insuperable.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"ALBERTA AND THE OTHERS."

"A TRUTHFUL STORY OF WESTERN CANADA."

A family of young people, tired of a somewhat struggling life in the old country, determine to seek their fortunes in the West. Their imagination had been fired with literature which had painted Sunshine in glowing colours—all good and nothing bad in the delectable spot on which they had fixed their desires. Captain Kingsway, who of course is in love with Alberta, was sore and unhappy at their going, but his disapproval only adds fuel to the flames, and reminds Alberta that she is leaving all her friends—"people who knew your parents and who care for you."

"That's just it," broke in Alberta; "we want to see some *new* people."

So they went, taking Aunt Jane as a chaperon and leaving Captain Kingsway behind, though he comes to the fore again later on.

Very amusing are the adventures of the three girls and their two brothers. On their arrival at the much boomed Sunshine, the chief thing that struck them was its exceeding ugliness—seas of mud, and hideous buildings. They decide to camp out. Aunt Jane is lodged elsewhere.

Their first call is determined by an announcement in the *Clarion* "That Mrs. Wrigley would be tea hour hostess in her charming home on Dufferin."

"Alberta tapped with her knuckles on the gauze screen door. A voice from inside said 'Come right in.' They waited until Mrs. Wrigley appeared, her hair elaborately dressed, and her hands busy with the back of her dress. She introduced them to Miss Hoaksley who said 'pleased to meet you' and then returned to finish her toilet."

Miss Hoaksley guessed it was "prurry" hot, and shifted her chewing gum to the other cheek. She then said they would excuse her and departed. Mrs. Wrigley having now completed her beautifying came back to say: "I am sorry I can't speak with you. I have invited a number of ladies for the tea hour."

"I am afraid we have made a mistake," said Alberta.

"That's it: I guess you made a mistake. No; don't leave your cards. Come next week and bring them again."

"O, and I did want an ice," said poor Betty, when they were out of earshot.

Perhaps the part of the book of greatest interest to our readers is the glimpse of the hospital to which Robin was taken when ill with enteric.

"Land sake alive!" said the stalwart nurse from London (Ont.), "What can the doctors teach *us* about typhoid? We've been nursing nothing else for more than a year."

It was the saddest place, this hospital in Sunshine—the saddest people were those who were getting better and anticipating starting work again, strange and weak without money, in a land where there is no pity for the weak or kindness for the stranger!

The nurse from London (Ont.) guessed Robin was "prurry sick," and indeed he was repenting bitterly the indiscreet meal, that was a secret between himself and the wardmaid with the freckles. "I should get better a lot quicker if I were at home," he pleaded. "It's so different when you are with your own people, and that big nurse has hands like a pitchfork. The little freckled one that scrubs the floors is a good little thing. She's been awfully nice to me."

On Flower Friday, the big nurse announced to Aunt Mary: "You'll have to clear. The Flower Guild is coming, and the lady needs that chair. Visitors hev to clear right now; you've had an hour-and-a-half."

The patient who had declared himself well enough to leave the hospital was crying weakly like a child.

"Aunt Mary," he said, "come back. Nurse, nurse, I want Aunt Mary. Take that beastly woman away."

A picture of the family on Thanksgiving Day, having surmounted their difficulties and made their various loves happy, closes this really pleasant book.

* By Madge S. Smith. Sidgwick & Jackson, London and Toronto.

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