

in the setting of trays. All crockery used in the wards is sterilized every day. Male cooks only are employed in the main kitchen, and the cooking is done entirely by steam. The newest thing in hospital kitchens that I have seen is a metal canopy placed over the steam-cooking plant, furnished with a pipe which carries off the steam and leaves the kitchen cool. There are many theatres, and the Unit system is carried out in this department also—namely: a surgeon's room, a theatre, a sterilizing room, an anaesthetic room, and the doctor's dressing room. I forgot to mention that besides the small unit diet kitchens, there is a large general one, together with a demonstration room. I am fearfully tempted to give a more detailed description of this beautiful hospital, but I must adhere to my purpose. I should, however, be doing an injustice to the whole of Canada if I omitted one important fact, namely, that a large room in the hospital serves as a clearing house for most of Canada, for supplies and comforts sent out to the base hospitals which the Dominion has so generously supplied. The Toronto General has also the honour of having sent out 60 Graduate Nurses to the Front. I wanted to have included in this article some "impressions" of the Children's Hospital, but must defer that to the next time.

BEATRICE KENT.

WYPERS.

She was but a young creature, with the fragility that is so often seen in the girls of our factories. Her abundant fair hair and delicate features went to the making up of a sweet appealing face. At the moment there was a troubled frightened look in her grey eyes as she closely observed the movements of the nurse about her room. The room in question was typical of hundreds such in the East End—bedroom and parlour combined. In this instance there was a completeness about the tea service on the chest of drawers, a freshness about the pictures on the wall, a glossiness about the linoleum on the floor which told its own tale.

The girl standing by the bed had been married less than a year, and save for the nurse she had to face her ordeal alone.

"Christmas Eve, too," she remarked, "and me jist got me dinner in. Yer see, somehow I got it into me 'ead as my chap 'ull be back to-morrer. I'm glad I got my chains up," looking at the wealth of coloured paper that stretched from corner to corner of the ceiling, "and if it 'adn't been as I slipped off the chair just as I finished I b'lievè I should 'ave gone over to-morrer all right. 'Tis a shime. But I dunno as 'ow I minds, for unless 'e *does* come it would be awful lonesome."

"You'll have company to-morrow—that won't give you time to feel lonesome," remarked the nurse cheerfully. "Which is it to be, a boy or a girl?"

"Oh, nurse, I dunno what I shall do if it ain't a boy. Mine 'e's so set on it. Last letter 'as I 'ad 'e ses ' It 'ud be all right if I was to pop in on yer, Christmas day, you and me and the little 'un, old girl. Not 'alf. I 'ope its a boy, old dear, and mind you calls 'im Wypers.'"

"What a name to give the child," said nurse, but she didn't work where she did for nothing, and she recognised its connection with Ypres.

"Well, it don't seem 'ardly the thing for a little innercent biby, do it? But I reckon as 'ow my sweet'art's got a right to choose, seein' as 'ow its 'is biby, and 'e'll get a medal for bravery at Wypers. You ain't a goin' to leave me nurse," the frightened look returning to her eyes. "I ain't got no one else. Mine 'e never cared for me to mix up with no one, and the lidy downstairs is most always at the 'George' since her chap went out."

A struggle went on in the nurse's mind. She knew it would be some hours before she was really required, and she had left a cosy fire, and a Christmas number at her little flat. But she resolved to do her "bit," so she stayed with Tommy's girl wife.

The bell of the midnight Mass sounded at the moment that Wypers was born.

Nurse, almost as pale as the girl on the bed, was wiping the sweat from the young mother's brow.

The lidy downstairs had understood in a fuddled fashion that a doctor must be fetched—there were no husbands this year to perform that office.

Would he never come? Overworked he was, poor man, trying to do the duties of his colleague at the front, as well as his own.

The lidy on her return reports "Out, my dear, and 'is missus can't ezactly say where I could find 'im."

"Too late," says the nurse, as she closes the grey eyes and folds the slender hands with the gleaming "reel gold" marriage ring, upon the quiet breast.

"She fretted inward like," her mother said when she arrived the following day.

The nurse, being a good woman, and seeing that the short life was drawing swiftly to its close ere it had well begun, had baptised the baby "Wypers." "It doesn't seem right," she thought, "but I haven't the heart to alter it."

On the same night, somewhere in France, at a base hospital, the Sisters had done their best to give their charges an English Christmas.

Tommy, after the manner of his kind, had entered with interest into the preparations, despite homesickness, aching wounds, and loss of limbs.

But here and there was one who was beyond effort, and whose sands were running low.

From the bed of Private 15682 came from time to time the low muttering of delirium.

"I told yer I'd be back for Christmas, mate, me an' you an' Wypers. 'Ow'll that do for yer? Ha, ha, ha, where's the little 'un?"

The three strokes of a church bell announce

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