

Consequent upon action taken by the French military authorities, it became necessary, in May last, to have the position of the Canadian Red Cross Society in France clearly defined as a branch of the British Red Cross Society.

During the year, seventy-eight Red Cross nurses were sent by the Society, and placed at the disposition of St. John's Gate. . . . The disposition of the nurses has always been in the hands of Miss Swift. The report states that Miss Swift has done everything in her power to provide for their obtaining work, and has given the Canadian nurses a preference.

Subsequently, the War Office offered work to forty-five of these nurses, and, having signed on, they left for places in the Mediterranean. From what can be learned, it is gratifying to say that the nurses are doing well, and their services are much appreciated. The remainder of the nurses are stationed in hospitals in England and France.

Dr. de Sandfort (of Paris) has now treated some 700 cases of burns received at the Front from shells, liquid gases, &c., by parafinotherapy and ambrine. Ambrine is rapidly winning recognition, and many French doctors are anxious to open additional hospitals in the fighting zone. Dr. de Sandfort states that in view of the cold weather, the treatment is even more important for frostbite than burns.

CONVOY NIGHT.

BY A WARD-SISTER.

"Will you get up, Sister! It's half past two, and there's a convoy expected in half an hour."

Sister swathes her head in the bedclothes and tries to believe that it is only a horrid dream, but the switching on of the electric light in her room and the sound of loud knocks on the doors further down the corridors tell her that it is only too true; and a bad cold in the head notwithstanding, there is nothing for it but to rise and obey the summons. It must be a thankless job to be a knocker-up; surely no class of society is more unpopular.

A few minutes later she stumbles down the staircase, faintly lighted for fear of Zeppelins, and passes through the door into the hospital grounds. How different they look at such a time, when one turns out just awakened from heavy sleep! Familiar buildings one hardly notices during the day loom up in the darkness, wrapped in silence and shadows. Hardly a light shows, a fine rain is falling, and the air is cold and pure. There is a faint perfume of wholesome earth, and autumn flowers. Here and there she sees the dim forms of Sisters crossing the grounds from their quarters, their white aprons and caps just glimmering in the distance.

The hospital is very quiet; nearly every patient is sleeping. By this time most of the restless and pain-racked have succeeded in snatching a few

moments of peace. One shaded light hangs in each ward, and silence reigns, except for an occasional groan or stifled shout from some man who again in his dreams is at close quarters with the Hun. These nerve-strained men half tell many a strange and frightful story in their sleep, which they would shrink from putting into words if they were awake.

How cold it seems to the newly-roused nurses, as they crowd round the hot-water boiler in the corner of the ward corridor, their only fireplace, and drink hot tea the night staff have got ready for them.

Two of them sit on the floor on cushions, huddled as close as possible, and a third leans with her arms over the boiler top shivering with cold. They talk and laugh in suppressed tones; any silly little joke is good enough to keep up their spirits, and prove to each other that they don't in the least mind getting up to do their bit for King and Country, and are not tired and chilly.

Twenty-four hours earlier the hospital ship left the shore "somewhere in France." Some 200 weary men are still on their way, wearier than when they started, their wounds more painful, their nerves still more upset by the movement of wave-beat ship and hospital train. No doubt by now their journey is nearly at an end and they are speeding through the deserted streets as quickly as motors can bring them.

Only the guests are wanting. Their beds are warmed, hot drinks and food await them, quiet, comfort and security and a warm welcome home. The free English air must be sweet to them. I have seen tears in many a man's eyes when he is lying in his first English bed, warmed and fed and clean and comfortable, with the inevitable "Woodbine" in his hand. One lad sobbed out, "I know you ain't real, Sister; you're [not really there. I'm going to wake up in a minute and find myself back in that filthy trench again!" I should like to have brought his mother to put her arms round him and make him realise that he was safe home once more. These hard fighting men are only children at heart.

There is a warning hoot from a motor, and as we look out of the windows we see the headlights of a line of cars and ambulances coming up to the hospital grounds. There is another wait of a few minutes, and then a little crowd of "walkers" make their appearance, escorted by an orderly or two. Such poor things, dingy and mud-coloured from head to foot, their boots heavy with the soil of Flanders and France, and often stained with something else much more precious. "Jocks" trying to give their kilts the usual jaunty swing, but too inexpressibly weary to keep it up; all footsore, dirty, battered, worn out heroes, who have given all they had to give, to save those who have stayed at home. After these come the men who are too helpless to help themselves, carried on stretchers and carefully lifted on to their beds, beds which perhaps they fill for a few hours only. If their time is come, surely it is worth the pain and stress of the journey

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