

Matron I. M. McRae, N.Z.A.N.S. ; Staff Nurse G. M. Metherell, N.Z.A.N.S. ; Staff Nurse D. Northcote, A.A.N.S. ; Staff Nurse E. H. O'Reilly, A.A.N.S. ; Head Staff Nurse E. S. Pine, A.A.N.S. ; Staff Nurse E. Popplewell, N.Z.A.N.S. ; Sister W. J. Smith, A.A.N.S. ; E. E. Stucker, V.A.D., N.Z. ; Staff Nurse M. E. L. Thompson, A.A.N.S. ; M. S. L. Thompson, A.A.N.S. ; Acting Sister O. D. Walsh, A.A.N.S. ; Staff Nurse A. M. Wilson, A.A.N.S. ; R. M. Wilson, A.A.N.S. ; and Sister A. Wood, N.Z.A.N.S.

The tragedy at the Duchess of Connaught's Hospital, Cliveden, near Maidenhead, when a Canadian soldier lost his life owing to an orderly giving him two tabloids of perchloride of mercury instead of the aspirin tablets ordered, draws attention once again to the necessity of keeping poisons under lock and key, and entirely separate from non-poisonous drugs. In this case the two boxes were kept in the dispensary side by side. The dose of perchloride of mercury is 1-32nd to 1-16th of a grain, whereas the dose administered was 10 grains.

The jury found that the deceased met with his death by taking perchloride of mercury accidentally, and added a rider that greater precautions should be taken in administering such medicines, which should not be left to orderlies to keep and dispense, and that poisons should be labelled and kept in a secret locker. They further expressed the opinion that there had been a certain amount of neglect in the case.

The following interesting letter was received from a grateful patient by a Matron of a hospital near the Belgian front :—

HONOURABLE MISSIS.—This is a fine day full of sunshine and shrapnel clouds, dozens of aviators taking walks in the blue sky. All the men are busy drying their muddy coats, cleaning rifles and bayonet. I sit outdoors and write letter, an empty beef case being my desk. I would have written earlier to you ; however the duty in this muddy clay ground is hard in the winter time and when it happens there is free time one is too tired to enjoy letter writing.

A fortnight ago my Kodak was stolen by a traitorous chap and a week later I discovered the Kodak and the thief. I am proud to tell you I always kept my spirits in their Sunday dress. Since the Roumanian campaign ended so badly for us I have packed up all my troubles in my old bag and become a real philosopher, who can

swallow the worst hardships with a happy joke. I do my duty like every private who loves his country and hates the Hun.

Entre acte of an hour. A Belgian bi-moteur was flying far behind the German lines amidst thick black shrapnel clouds, when my friends who were on sentry duty, told me there must be something wrong with the engine. Indeed, the machine was coming down *en vol-plane* and managed to cross the lines on a height of sixty yards. It landed just behind our second line. The two aviators were safe. I saw them afterwards. They took their machine-gun and abandoned their aeroplane, which the Germans began to shell a few minutes later. That is a little war event of which one gets dozens every week. I am now since long accustomed to life in a war sector, the only thing which I have to complain of is the bad organisation of the sanitary service, we can't

bath regularly, and we must wait too long to receive our clean clothes. One can't speak now about washing shirts and socks, as it is impossible to get them dried, and it is too cold to bath in the river. When we were — we got a bath nearly every fortnight, also everybody here is annoyed by a lot of disgusting little beasts.

I have a lot of good friends among the Tommies here and speak English very currently. I've picked up a waggon-load of new words, bad ones as well as good ones ; I can swear in English better than the vicar of my village sings his latten. I am reading regularly the leading articles in the *Times* and *John Bull*. I was awfully pleased to hear that Mr. Lloyd George has to do it now, and I fully believe he will do it quite right.

What do you think of the famous Peace-talk? Nonsense,

is not it? I heard Wilson had put his long nose into our business. I am afraid ink will still go up in price.

Yours very respectfully,

H. D.

Pro. to Patient in Sanatorium Châlet : " I shall be bringing you a Thermos Flask for to-night."

Patient : " Is it something to spit in, Nurse ? "

Illustrated magazines for the wounded are appealed for by Rev. R. S. Lound, chaplain to the forces, Rawal Pindi Hospital, Amara, Mesopotamia. He writes : " The men are always asking for them, and they get so few."



MISS ELIZABETH STEWART, R.R.C.,
MATRON, CITY OF LONDON (MILITARY)
HOSPITAL.

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