

Victoria Hospital
Training School



Dear Book - 1929

1929
10



19 · YEAR BOOK · 29

VICTORIA HOSPITAL

LONDON

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES



EDITION III.

VICTORIA HOSPITAL



LONDON ONTARIO

FOREWORD

WE, as Class '29, would like a line to say:
That we appreciate the help that's been given 'leng the way.
That we are more than grateful for the interest you have shown,
To help us onward with the load that has much lighter grown.
For, after all, 'tis the friends like you and those who've gone before,
Who make is possible for us to produce a book once more.

T. A. G.

VICTORIA HOSPITAL



LONDON ONTARIO

YEAR BOOK COMMITTEE, 1929

Published by the Nurses of Victoria Hospital, London, Canada, for the Graduating Class of 1929.

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HISTORICAL SKETCH, 1847-1928

IF THE Citizens of the London of 1842 could return today, I think they would be even more surprised at the growth of the City Hospital than at that of the city itself. We expect cities to grow and expand, but who, eighty-two years ago, ever visioned the wonderful development that has taken place in medical science and hospital administration?

London's only hospital in 1847 was a shelter for sick and indigent immigrants from the old land. This was later replaced by a building on York Street, which was in its turn superseded by a military building on what is now Victoria Park. In 1870 the city took charge of the hospital and in 1875 the first unit of the Ottaway Avenue buildings was erected.

The Profession of Nursing was gradually coming into its own, and in 1883 the City of London showed great foresight in establishing a Training School for Nurses in connection with the hospital.

Ours is the third school in the Dominion, a pioneer, and on a pioneer foundation other pioneers have built a structure of which we may well be proud.

The first Nurses' Home was built in 1904, and the Isolation Hospital added in 1909.

In 1923 a great need was filled when the War Memorial Children's Hospital was opened. It was the first of a group of three buildings on the north side of Ottaway Avenue, the others being the Medical School and the Wm. Gartshore Residence, so named in 1927, one year after its official opening, for Col. Wm. Gartshore, who takes such a kindly interest in the Hospital and its nurses. Hardly a year goes by without some concrete expression of this interest. One of the most recent and most important of these to the Hospital itself is the new operating suite, which occupies the remodelled second floor of the original building of 1875. The new suite was first used in September, 1927, and is one of the most modern and best-equipped operating room theatres in Canada.

We are very proud of them and grateful to Col. Gartshore for his gift.

The foregoing has been summarized from the 1927 and 1928 Year Books.

It is the intention to add to this each year such items of historical interest as develop between the publications of the Year Books.



HISTORICAL SKETCH, 1929

THE year between Graduation 1928 and Graduation 1929 has been a full one. Among the first changes was the removal of the store rooms from their old location to the old Main Operating Room.

At about the same time, Mr. Webster, who had had charge of the stores for so long, left us to work farther afield, in whose place we find Mr. Cummings, genial and jolly, ever ready to help us out of a difficulty.

After the removal of the store rooms, the Tea Shoppe was moved to the rooms thus vacated. The Out-Patient Department was then moved to the rooms which it had first occupied in 1909 in the original building of 1875, whose first floor had been remodelled for an Out-Patient Department and Admitting Department, thus relieving the staff at the main office of the responsibility of admitting patients.

In the rooms vacated by the Out-Patient Department, we now have a very up-to-date Physio-Therapy Department, with an Alpine Lamp, and other ultra-modern electrical apparatus—very ably supervised by Miss McBeth.

During the summer, electric refrigeration was installed throughout the hospital—doing away with the old, inefficient ice-refrigerators, which had served their term and now must yield their places to new and modern appliances.

At the northern end of the private pavilion, sun rooms were built and furnished for the use of convalescing patients. In the early fall, the two new wings of the home were opened, providing accommodation for some sixty more nurses. This was another of Col. Gartshore's gifts, for which he can never be adequately thanked. On the first floor of the new wing, there is a recreation hall, where all our dances, etc., are held. On the second floor, we find supplied a long-felt need in the Supervisors' Sitting Room. We are sure they enjoy it to the full. Also, there is a Sun Room on the fourth floor, which gives recreation for those on that floor, who may have felt they were intruding in the third floor sitting room, which seems always so much in demand. Each sitting room and the recreation

room has a loud speaker connected with the central receiver on Ward 8. Between the hours of 7.00 to 10.00 p.m. we have wonderful music coming in from almost everywhere. We enjoy these as much as anything in our really luxurious home.

At the rear of the building, there is now ready for occupation, even to two large lights for evening games, a cement Tennis Court. We know that there will always be a game in progress all summer whenever the weather permits.

There has been several changes in our Staff during the past year. In June, Miss Webber, Supervisor of our Staff Surgical Wards, left us to take charge of a smaller institution of more importance—to her. We wish her God-speed, somewhat delayed but nevertheless sincere. The Hospital lost a valuable asset when Miss Armstrong, of the Obstetrical Department, decided to leave institutional work and renew acquaintance with private duty nursing. We hope she is overwhelmed with the kind of cases she likes best. Miss McGugan is now in charge of Wards A and B, and we feel sure she will be very successful in her new position.

With the outbreak of the Influenza Epidemic in December, it was found necessary to equip the first two floors of the old Nurses' Residence as emergency wards, to relieve congestion in the Hospital, and to provide room for the fast-increasing numbers of new patients arriving hourly. Since many student nurses were taken ill, graduate nurses had to be employed to make up the shortage and to staff the new wards formed by the opening of the Medical Annex.

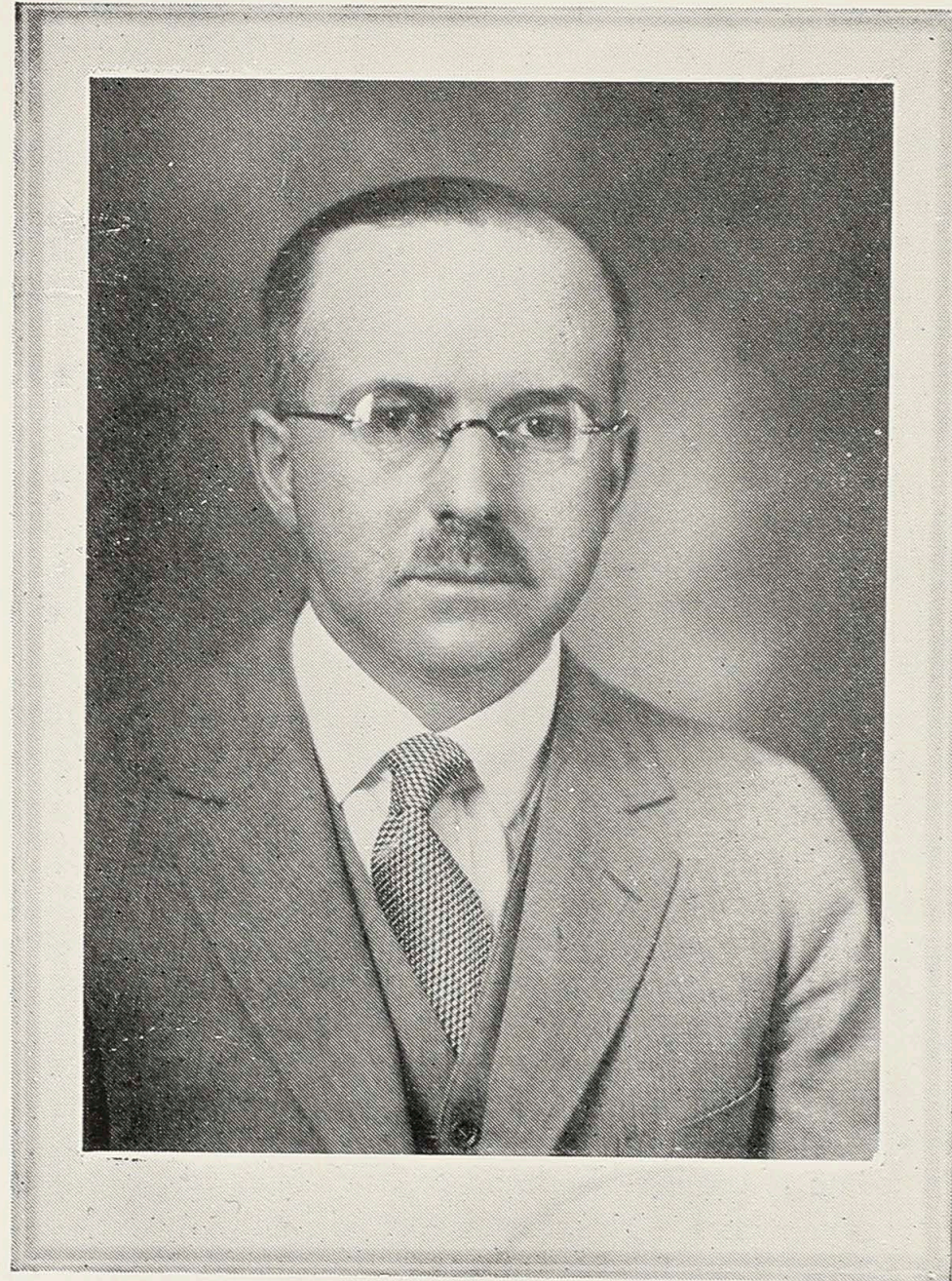
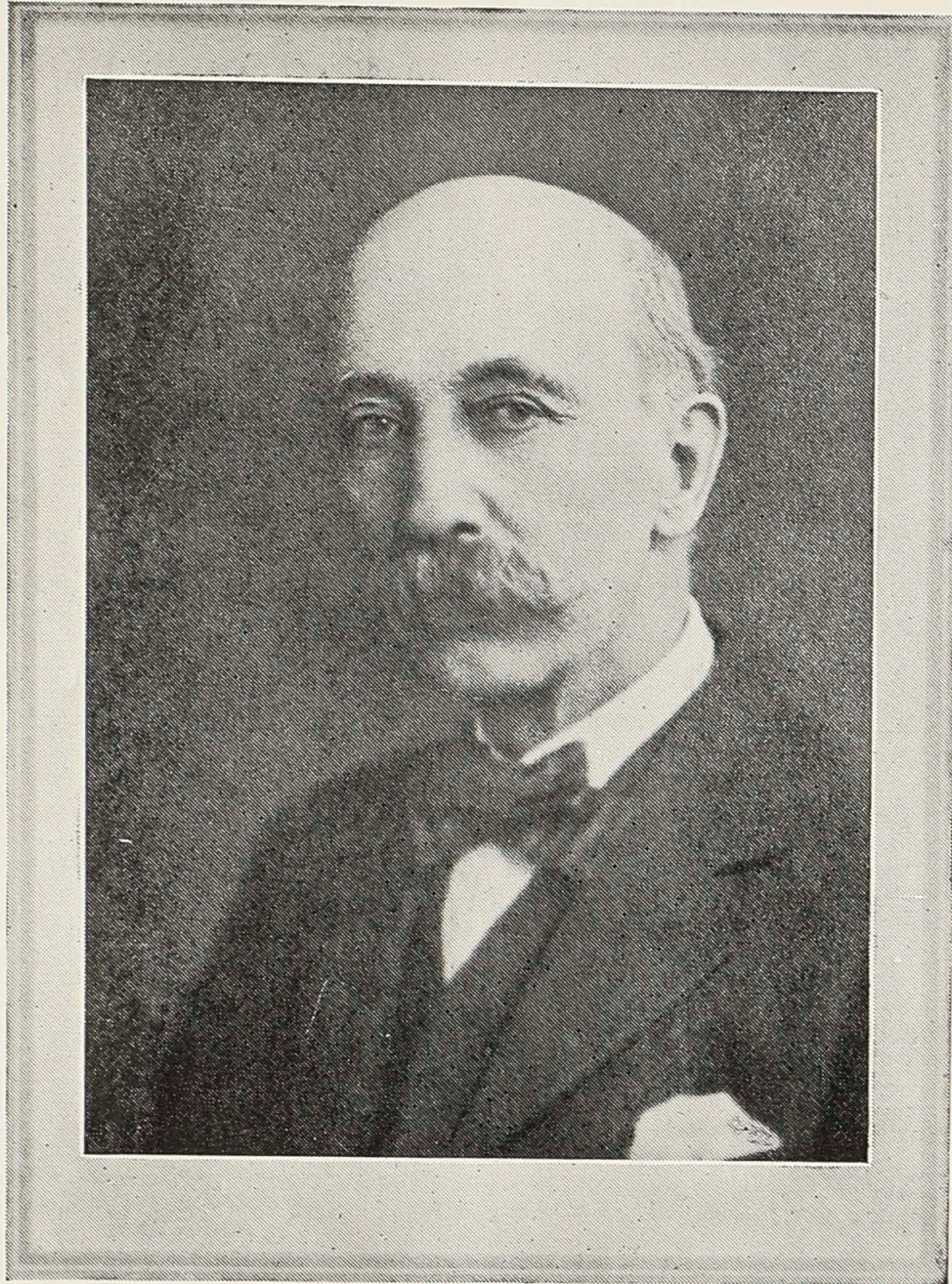
Even since the epidemic has subsided, the Medical Annex is still relieving congestion within the staff wards of the Hospital, which is still full to overflowing. Who knows? Some day this Department may become a permanent feature—a very comfortable private and semi-private pavillion.

All these many changes show definite and rapid growth of our Hospital, and we see great things in store for her future

VICTORIA HOSPITAL



LONDON ONTARIO



It gives me great pleasure to offer my Congratulations and Good Wishes to the Class of 1929.

You may feel assured of success if you maintain the standards and ideals of Victoria Hospital.

We always regret seeing the Graduates leave the School, but I hope you will keep in constant touch with it.

W. M. GARTSHORE,
Chairman, Hospital Trust.

It is a pleasure to extend greetings and good wishes to you, the most recent members of the Victoria Hospital Alumnae.

May the years bring you happiness and success; and be assured that the successes which will come to you will be occasions of rejoicing on the part of your Hospital.

G. G. CLEGG, M.B.,
Superintendent.



GRACE M. FAIRLEY.

DEAR GRADUATES:

I recently saw a statue the title of which was "The Future." It depicted Youth standing on the threshold of life, stretching out her hand to greet what the future might bring. As I looked at it, I thought of you with so much to look forward to. Give of your best and I am sure the future will be very generous to you.

You know what our School Motto is: "*Do Ut Des*"—I give that you may give. The opportunity to give is now yours, accept it.

I shall always be interested in your professional progress, wherever you go and whatever you do.

Affectionately yours,

Grace M. Fairley.

Superintendent of Nurses.

VICTORIA HOSPITAL



LONDON ONTARIO



MISS N. MacPHERSON
FIRST ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT



MISS H. STUART
SECOND ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT



MISS. E. HAZELWOOD
INSTRUCTRESS

SUPERVISORS



Back Row (Left to Right)—MISSES THOMAS, McBETH, PLATT, MRS. CAMPBELL, MISS HUBBARD.

Second Row (Left to Right)—MISSES HAYNES, GILLIES, TURNER, SHAW, BRANION, WEBSTER.

Third Row (Left to Right)—MISSES ARDIEL, McGUGAN, STRUTHERS, FRENCH, CODY.

Front Row (Left to Right)—MISSES McVICAR, McLEAN, MRS. McDONALD, MISSES DICKER, BILYEA, SMITH.

VICTORIA HOSPITAL



LONDON ONTARIO

FROM YEAR '30

*M*AY you sail on the Ship of Success, dear friends,
May the seas be just pleasantly rough.
May no winds from your course delay you;
May the storms just refresh you enough.

May the Current Ambition carry you on;
May good courage and skill aid your flight;
May you find when you anchor at last, dear friends,
Your harbour is Port o' Delight!

E. WEBB.



VALEDICTORY

GRADUATION—a beginning instead of an ending.

What are three years spent in preparation for something which will last a lifetime? The time spent is little, but the knowledge is great. What, then, do those three years mean?

To a few it might mean three long years which finish at graduation. To others it means time, which is all too short, spent for a beginning instead of an ending. Our Alma Mater, if asked, would say that the three years meant but a laying of foundation stones for many different types of buildings.

It is for us to decide what corner stone we will build on, or as to whether we will go on building. Always we must bear in mind what we build will not so much reflect on ourselves, as on our Alma Mater.

Thus it is not a farewell, but merely a case of going out to represent our Hospital and Training School, so as to either strengthen or weaken them. Let us then obey the poet who says:

“In Wisdom’s name I bid thee build.
Build of the best, best ways, and make no spare.”

F. QUIGLEY.

VICTORIA HOSPITAL



LONDON ONTARIO



KATHERINE ADAMSON

PARIS, ONT.

Her air, her manner, all who saw
admired.
Courteous though coy, and gentle
though retired.

MARGARET BALL

CLINTON, ONT.

A girl with merry eyes
And face demure;
A sweet quiet smile,
A friend for sure.

LILLIAN BRADY

LONDON, ONT.

The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worth
while,
That costs the least and does the
most,
Is just a pleasant smile.

MAISIE BENBOW

LONDON, ONT.

Wherever she meets a stranger—
There she leaves a friend.

MARY BOYER

HARRIETSVILLE, ONT.

Hers was the merriest eye, the
lustiest laugh,
And hers the truest heart
Of all the girls who thronged
our noisy halls.

VICTORIA HOSPITAL



LONDON ONTARIO



MARION BOWES

OWEN SOUND, ONT.

A little wit and humor,
Mixed up with laughter and
fun,
Not forgetting the smiles and
kindness
She has for everyone.

HELEN BYCROFT

BYRON, ONT.

She has a calm and serious mind,
A human heart, but very kind,
A loyal friend, a gentle foe,
A pleasant classmate, as you
know.

BESSIE CAPLING

YORKTON, SASK.

'Twas how you talked and looked
at things,
That made us like you so.

WILLA CAPELING

GRANTON, ONT.

Just a disposition sunny,
With the wish to help another
get along some way or other.

ALMA CARROTHERS

LONDON, ONT.

She has two eyes so soft and
brown!
Take care!

VICTORIA HOSPITAL



LONDON ONTARIO



RUBY CARTER

SOUTH RIVER, ONT.

Yet was it ne'er our fate from her
to find.
A deed not gentle or a word
unkind.

JESSIE COLERIDGE

OWEN SOUND, ONT.

Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

MARION CRAWFORD

THETFORD, ONT.

She's the fairest of the fair,
The kindest of the kind.
Search ye the wide world every-
where,
Her like ye shall not find.

DONALDA CUNNINGHAM

OWEN SOUND, ONT.

Always merry and bright,
A true friend and a real sport.

EDNA DARCH

LONDON, ONT.

Worth, courage, honor, these
indeed
Your sustenance and birthright
are.

VICTORIA HOSPITAL



LONDON ONTARIO



HAZEL ENGLISH

INGERSOLL, ONT.

Cool, unperturbed by stress and
hurry,
Inclined to work but not to
worry.

MARY FERGUSON

ST. THOMAS, ONT.

To those who know thee not, no
words can paint;
And those who know thee know
all words are faint.

RUBY FRASER

STURGEON FALLS, ONT.

Made up of wisdom and of fun,
Of all that's fair and dear.

NAOMI FREZELL

LONDON, ONT.

She's calm and reserved,
That's as far as it goes.
She seems to be quiet—and yet,
One never knows.

ENZA GIBSON

FORDWICH, ONT.

At sight of thee my gloomy soul
cheers up,
My hopes revive and gladness
dawns within me.

VICTORIA HOSPITAL



LONDON ONTARIO



THEDA GUYMER

LONDON, ONT.

A head to contrive, a tongue
to persuade, a wit to cheer and a
hand to execute any good.

MARGERY HANSFORD

LONDON, ONT.

A face with gladness overspread,
Soft smiles by human kindness
bred.

IRENE HARDY

TORONTO, ONT.

Take a sterling character that's
open and sincere;
A will that never falters when
duty's path is clear;
Mix them up with loyalty, in a
vessel of true blue,
Then add a sweet simplicity and a
bit of humor, too.

RUTH HATCH

CHATHAM, ONT.

I use heart, head, hands,
All day, I dream, build,
Study and make friends.

VIDA HAWKINGS

WYOMING, ONT.

Who gives her best to every task?
Who keeps the faith with all?
For friends will never have to ask
Or for assistance call.

VICTORIA HOSPITAL



LONDON ONTARIO



GLADYS HEALY

GLANWORTH, ONT.

When we grow old, she'll have
them still—
The gifts of youth and laughter.

LEAH HESLIP

CLARKSBURG, ONT.

When everything is going wrong,
When worry's in the last
extreme,
We call on Leah for comforting—
She's sure to see the saving
gleam.

EDITH HILL

COLLINGWOOD, ONT.

Not too quiet, not too gay,
But a real good scout in her own
sweet way.

JEAN HODGSON

CLANDEBOYE, ONT.

Keeps her counsel, doeth her
duty;
Cleaves to friends and loveth
beauty.

OLEODO JERVIS

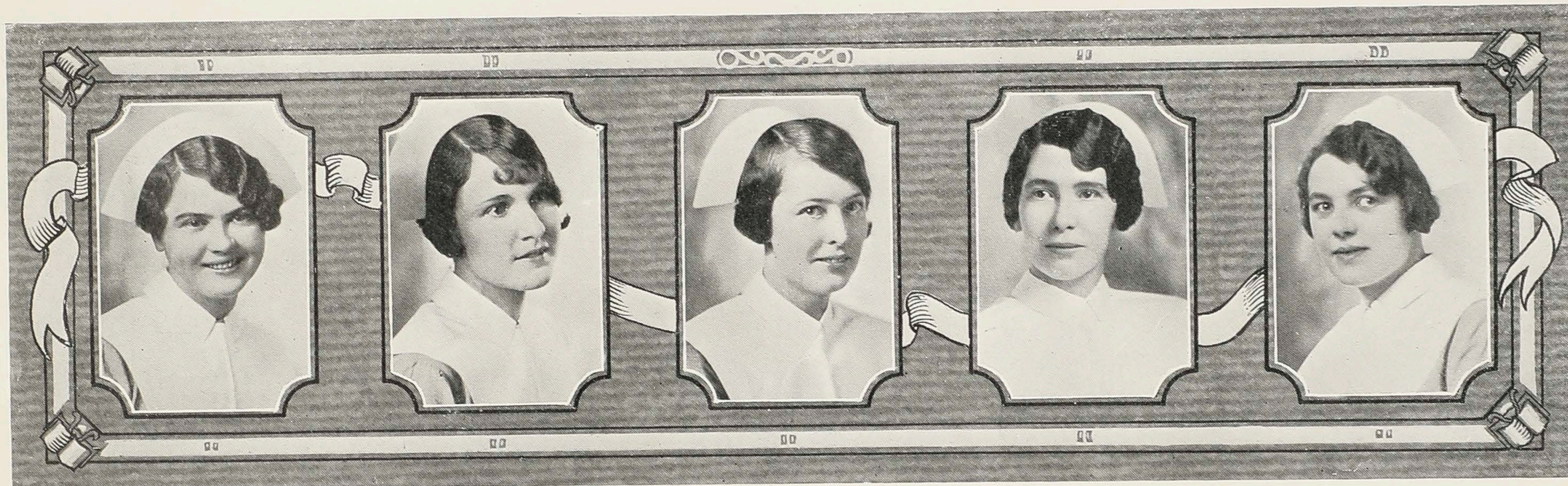
LONDON, ONT.

For oft the mildest manner
bespeaks a bright, brave mind.

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LONDON ONTARIO



MARION JOHNSON

LONDON, ONT.

It's not her air, her form, her face—
But the mind that shines in every grace.

ETHEL KELSO

STURGEON FALLS, ONT.

Let me play the fool!
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.

ALICE LIGHTFOOT

ALVINSTON, ONT.

And still the wonder grew—
That one small head
Could carry all she knew.

FRANCES LITTLEJOHNS

HIGHGATE, ONT.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one's heart at ease,
Or giveth happiness and peace
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

ADA MITCHELL

EXETER, ONT.

I have ease and I have health,
And I have spirits light as air;
And more than wisdom—more than wealth,
A merry heart that laughs at care.

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HELEN McCALLUM

LONDON, ONT.

Helen, with resistless art,
Always humorous, witty and
gay,
Has talked herself into our hearts
And there forever will stay.

JEANNE MOORE

CHAPLEAU, ONT.

Ever able to serve a friend—
And noble enough to conceal it.

MILLICENT PARRIS

MOUNT FOREST, ONT.

The joy of youth and health, her
eyes displayed,
And ease of heart her every look
convey'd.

FLORENCE QUIGLEY

LONDON, ONT.

A noble friend, a heart sincere—
One to whom to know was to
hold dear.

EMMA REYCRAFT

GLENCOE, ONT.

I hear her whistle down the hall,
I hear her merry laugh ring out.
I hear the rush of feet,
I hear her free and girlish shout,
And then I smile and straight
forget
My newest care, my latest fret

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FRANCES SCRIVEN

THEDFORD, ONT.

I pack my troubles in as little
compass as I can for myself, and
never let them annoy others.

GWEN SHIELDS

LONDON, ONT.

She's pretty to walk with,
Witty to talk with,
And pleasant to think on.

ETHEL SIMMONS

MOUNT ELGIN, ONT.

She loves to laugh, she loves to
sing,
She loves to do most anything.

CORA SKINNER

ST. MARYS, ONT.

I may stand alone—but would
not exchange my free thoughts
for a throne.

ISABEL STEWART

STRATHROY, ONT.

She is not given to words of strife
And once a friend, a friend for
life.

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MERLE TATE

ST. MARYS, ONT.

Her reserve is but a mask,
behind which lies a keen sense of
humor and a feeling of good-will
to all mankind.

ALBERTA TURVILLE

WALLACETOWN, ONT.

She was frank, fresh, hardy, of a
joyous mind and strong,
Looked all things straight in the
face.

JEAN WATT

LONDON, ONT.

One strong and steadfast mind, Of
in all things keen,
Rarest gifts of head and heart
united here are seen.

MARION WEBBER

WALLACEBURG, ONT.

Of softest manner, unaffected
mind,
Lover of peace and friend of
humankind.

VICTORIA HOSPITAL



LONDON ONTARIO

YEAR '30

Intermediate! Intermediate!

Yes, we're Intermediate,

Not a bit Collegiate!

No! Sir!!

All good workers. Never any shirkers.

But we're always ready for fun.

True blue, right thru! Loyal to our School!

You never saw a finer bunch of

Four Square Nurses.

Work right! Play right!

Try to live each day right.

Don't you think we're all right?

Intermediate!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

INTERMEDIATE YEAR



Back Row (Left to Right)—J. McINTOSH, V. MORGAN, L. BEESON, M. McDONALD, A. WEBBER, J. BROOKS, E. HORTON, J. AIKENHEAD, H. LAW, L. HUNT, V. HENDERSON.
Third Row (Left to Right)—J. WALKER, M. SAUNDERS, L. RAWLINGS, S. HARPER, H. McCULLOUGH, NINA PICKERING, H. BOYLE, B. CHALK, A. McCALLUM, H. GRIFFITH.
Second Row (Left to Right)—E. DAVIS, E. MILLARD, M. SINCLAIR, M. BROWN, E. PAYNE, J. DANCEY, V. ALLEN, M. WHITEMAN, D. BUCHAN.
Front Row (Left to Right)—D. ROBERTSON, C. TURNER, P. BANNERMAN, L. CUMMINGS, L. MOLLARD, E. WEBB, I. FINNEGAN, R. VANSTONE, J. HODGINS, H. ALLISON.

JUNIOR YEAR



Back Row (Left to Right)—F. PULLEN, I. BLACK, G. WOODS, M. NOYES, R. KING, L. SIMPSON, R. TAYLOR, R. WAGHORNE, D. JOHNSON, E. SPARKE, M. JACKSON, E. HODGINS.
Third Row (Left to Right)—R. SMITH, I. ANDERSON, M. FOSTER, E. CRAWFORD, S. CLEMENS, A. AYERS, M. WINTER, H. HICKS, K. CROZIER, L. PICKERING, W. DOUGLAS.
Second Row (Left to Right)—E. CARR, I. MCKAY, M. FOWLER, W. PENFOLD, J. HESSEL, K. HEAMAN, M. BOLE, M. SEWELL, J. COURTIS, G. MANSON, M. McNAB.
Front Row (Left to Right)—M. SMITH, E. FULLER, E. LINDENFIELD, E. WALLIS, R. McLAUCKLIN, M. JOHNS, I. JACQUES, S. HYATT, A. HILL, O. LOVELL.

PROBATIONERS



Back Row (Left to Right)—N. McVITTIE, N. POLLOCK, M. HUX, R. JONES, N. HENDERSON, J. KIRKWOOD.
Third Row (Left to Right)—R. FISHER, M. GILLILAND, P. NIXON, M. PURDY, D. SCRATCH, D. CONVEY, R. STEENBURGH.
Second Row (Left to Right)—M. THOMPSON, A. WEBB, K. MARTIN, N. EDWARDS, M. WATSON, E. WOOD, B. ORCHARD.
Front Row (Left to Right)—O. DINWOODIE, M. READ, J. ABBOTT, D. ELLIS, C. FISHER, R. BRIDGETTE, M. GEARY.



PERSONALITY —|—

NAME:	KNOWN AS:	FAVORITE EXPRESSION:	APPEARANCE:	NOTED FOR:	AMBITION:
MISS LITTLEJOHNS	Tiny	For Heaven's Sake!	Pleasant	Determination	Scholarship
MISS BOYER	Boyer	I'm furious!	Indifferent	Singing in the tub	To earn money
MISS GIBSON	Gibbie	My Lands!	Neat	Lingerie	1931
MISS FRIZELL	Friz	See here!	Freckles? Well, rather	Her crowning glory, red hair	Tea for Two
MISS ADAMSON	Kitty	Where's Hodgson?	Paris model!	Blue Ribbon mayonaise	Someone said—"Africa"
MISS BENBOW	Bennie	Oh, Gee!	Lengthy	Sleep	To travel
MISS CAPLING	Bill	Oh, Kids! Listen!	Pleasant	Generosity	To supervise
MISS CRAWFORD	Sarah	Oh Bimb!	The old fashioned one	Being noisy	Ann Arbor
MISS DARCH	Eddie	My Dear!	Proper	Love of gossip "29"	Distant fields look green
MISS FERGUSON	Ferg	Now, Jean said—!	Intellectual	Going to the laundry	To sail the broad Atlantic
MISS HATCH	Ruthie	Oh girls!	Languid	Green	China
MISS HAWKINGS	Vida	My goodness!	Pleasingly plump	Peacemaker	To avoid trouble
MISS JOHNSTON	Johnnie	What did you say?	Quaint	Questions	Marriage
MISS MOORE	Jeanie	Oh, that's Jim calling.	Puzzling	Dancing	To be a Prima Donna
MISS REYCRAFT	Em	I'm so thrilled!	Jovial	Dates?	The sky the limit!
MISS STEWART	Stewie	Yes, Dear.	Trim	Going home	"Rich!"
MISS TATE	Tatie	Why, my Dear!	Studios	C. L. O.	To be robust
MISS HODGSON	Rusty	I hope you're well!	Innocent	Wit	A home for two? Yes
MISS CUNNINGHAM	Toddy	Oh Gee, Kids!	Boyish	Loyalty	A home for Mother and me
MISS SCRIVEN	Scrivie	Oh, I don't care!	Jaunty	More dates	To go to Florida
MISS JERVIS	Jervie	Yes, I'm going out.	Compact	Taxi at all hours	Dawn Donuts
MISS ENGLISH	Hay	Oh, my dear!	Self-satisfied	Her eats	To live in a suite
MISS BALL	Margy	My Gosh!	Attractive	Putting it over	To get through training
MISS BOWES	Bowsie	No-oo. My dear!	Sweet Sixteen	Her dates	To tell folks what she thinks
MISS BRADY	Brady	Now, listen, Kids!	Complacent	Her own ideas	Charge of the O. P. D.



THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY AND WOMEN'S COMMITTEE OF W. M. C. H.

IN TRAVELLING again along the road from probation to graduation, seeking as we go for the flowers of happy memory to pack into our Year Book, memories of kind friends and pleasant times, we go but a few steps before we stoop to pluck the first blossom wearing the warm hue of love and interest and bearing the name, "Nurses-in-Training Committee of the Auxiliary Board of Women of Victoria Hospital." At least, this is its name technically, but we know it as "the Auxiliary."

That first blossom may represent the first Theatre Party—and the excitement of staying out after ten o'clock for the first time since we came in training. It may represent any number of other occasions, but whatever that first flower may stand for, it certainly is not the only one of its kind, for we find its bright sisters dotted and clustered all along the way as—Picnics out at Mrs. White's beautiful home, refreshments provided for our different enterprises, and in many other forms do these flowers come to us until at last we catch sight of a wonderful glowing mass of them, and we know we have arrived at the day of our Graduation Banquet.

Here we stand, really grateful and almost embarrassed at the realization of all the work, interest and kindly thought expended "just for us."

So, thank you, Mrs. Edwards, and all your associates, very, very much for all your kindness to us.

The nurses, however, are not the only people who benefit by the ministrations of the Auxiliary. Different committees provide library books for our patients. A "Tea Shoppe" for their friends. Clothing and food for the families of the poverty-stricken.

While we think of all the work which is being done for our adult patients, we are reminded of the wonderful work done for the children by the War Memorial Children's Hospital Committee: Bright little dresses for the girls, neat attractive suits for the boys, gay nursery rhyme quilts, and piles of snowy linen are some of the everyday things provided by these Committees.

Up-to-date sterilizers, expensive pieces of electrical equipment for our Physio-Therapy Department, laundry apparatus, glass screens which effectually prevent the passage of infection from one little patient to another, and lastly—but perhaps best of all—a beautiful playground, out in the sunshine above the tree tops, are some of the other gifts which they have given to the great cause whose object is the transforming of the helpless little invalids who come to us into the rosy-cheeked, merry boys and girls that we so often have the pleasure of sending back to their homes owing an unconscious debt of gratitude to the tireless work of the fine company of women captained by Mrs. A. N. Smith.



THE OPERATING ROOM

FROM the time we enter the nursing school as probationers, we look forward to our training in the Operating Room, with perhaps more excitement and expectation than to anything else, except Graduation. The mystery, the suspense, the subdued excitement during a "case" appeal to the imagination and love of adventure in us all

The Obstetrical Department calls forth our wonder and makes large demands upon the time and energy—and rightly so, for what is more mysterious than the coming into the world of a new being? Birth is the mystery of mysteries—but it is more or less taken for granted, for it has been repeating itself ever since the world began.

Modern Operating Rooms and Operations are a new triumph of the race.

It is within the memory of one of our own Alumnae when old and primitive methods of sterilization, or methods of no sterilization at all,

were practised here in our own Victoria Hospital. For some ages, doctors had practised surgery, meeting with few successes and many failures; but in recent years, science has so perfected all things pertaining to Operating Rooms and Operations, laying so much stress on that vastly overworked word, "Technique," that today we boast many successes and few exceptions which, they say, are necessary to prove the rule.

In order to keep up with the march of science, Col. Wm. Gartshore made it possible for us to have an Operating Suite, which is one of the finest in the Dominion. We, of '29, are more than grateful to him for his gift.

Under the able and sympathetic supervision of Miss L. Thomas, we feel sure that every nurse enjoys her training there as much, and perhaps more, than in any other department. May we take this opportunity of thanking Miss Thomas for her patience and kindness to us, whomust have been a care to her.

VICTORIA HOSPITAL



LONDON ONTARIO

VICTORIAN ORDER OF NURSES

THE month the Student Nurse spends with the Victorian Order is in many ways quite different from any other part of her training, and I am sure it is not an unprofitable four weeks.

In spite of the fact that the weather man is often unkind and the bag gets heavy at the end of the day—not to mention the street cars that always seem to be going the other way or refuse to come at all—yet it is our hope that the nurse will look back on her time with the Victorian Order of Nurses with happy remembrances.

However that may be, it is always a pleasure for us to meet and become acquainted with each nurse, and we wish them all Prosperity and Joy.

MILDRED CHAMBERS.



THE OUT-PATIENT DEPARTMENT

NO STUDENT NURSE will ever forget her first day's assignment to the Out-Patient Department. The fear of being left alone—that at any moment an accident case may appear at the door, and then—what to do? Even the taking of the first patient's temperature held its own horror.

Among the many interesting characters which periodically visit the Medical Clinic is a real Irishman—Peter — from the Aged People's Home. Peter usually comes shuffling down the steps about 10.30 a.m., with numerous bottles protruding from his hip pockets, and with a smile and a chuckle for all.

"Weel, Nurse, I just thought I would come down and see ye—you know my cerns have been bothering me, and jist while I'm here, I thought I may as well git stored up for the winter." With this he extracts the many bottles for tonics, etc., that he feels necessary for prolonging his health, and upon having the bottles refilled goes home, happy and contented, promising to return "when my cerns bother me agin."

Just as the nurses are preparing to attend Surgical Clinics in the Children's Hospital, a certain M.D., breathless as ever, appears: "Now, Nurse. I have just four casts this morning. One body cast, a woman

eighty-eight years old, and the other three in Children's Hospital are nothing—just two anterior and posterior leg casts and one radical fracture. Now, are we ready to start?"

Many of us can recall occasions such as this when we were diligently scraping plaster off the walls and furniture well on into the afternoon.

But for Miss McLaughlin, the Out-Patient Department's most capable and understanding Supervisor, this branch of hospital work would not meet the public's need, as it does today. Her interest and sympathy with patients who come to the Department, not only for medical attention but with their own little anxieties and domestic troubles, she is ever-ready to be of service with her bright smile and kind word of cheer.

Since the amalgamation with the Admitting Department, and the transferring of both to the present Out-Patient Department site, Miss Stevens and Miss Brownlee have most efficiently assisted Miss McLaughlin in her work.

The Clinic branch is managed by Miss Ross, who has charge of all the morning clinics in W. M. C. H. Her faithful service and ever-willing help to the student nurse will long be remembered by Class '29.



MISSES PICKERING, HORTON, GRIFFITH, WAGHORNE, ABBOTT
 MISSES LIGHTFOOT, ANDERSON, HESSEL
 MISSES FULLER, TURNER

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

HALT! We are at the fourth mile post by the way. Let us look back and take our "hats off" to those who have gone before and have hewn out, for us, the path of student government.

We cannot even guess their difficulties, barriers, and greatest of all, discouragements, but with that glorious pioneer spirit typical of many of our Canadian girls, they went forward and have given us an inheritance of which we are proud, the prospectus of which is broadening and brightening year by year. May we be able to fling open the gateway at "Mile-post 5," with our inheritance still unmarred, but greater and more radiant.

Let us see the plan and material put into this road building—the

constitution is the foundation upon which we build. Owing to the many changes and developments, the original one was revised this year and is now up-to-the-minute. Growing out of the Constitution, there is the election of officers, and monthly appointment of monitors, whose responsibility it is to see that the details of the rules are carried out by every pupil nurse. This is not as tremendous an undertaking as it sounds, for the whole set of rules hinges on the word "Honour." We hold our heads up, putting our shoulders to the wheel, often with some sacrificing, and the morale of our school is kept high.

Long may it remain so, for we are here to be fitted for better citizenship, as well as our professional training.

VICTORIA HOSPITAL



LONDON ONTARIO

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES

ANOTHER school year has dropped into the shadowy gulf of the past, leaving with us a wealth of memories.

Most of us will remember especially our Sunday Evening Services, which have come to mean much in our school life.

Sunday is perhaps a day when one away from home feels lonely and blue, and maybe down-hearted, so it was that the Sunday Services came into being, making the evening one of happy association rather than one of lonely hours spent in our rooms, wishing with all our hearts that we could be at home.

During the past year, many speakers have brought to us thoughts which some of us will always remember.

To those just beginning their training—May they have many happy meetings.

To those finishing—May they have many happy memories.

To those at the half-way mark—May they carry on!

VICTORIA HOSPITAL



LONDON ONTARIO

VICTORIA HOSPITAL GLEE CLUB

THIS is the first public recognition of our Glee Club, because as yet it is a very young society, with all its laurels to be won.

With Mr. George Lethbridge as Musical Director, Miss Jessie R. Coleridge as President, Miss Edith Hill as Librarian, the Club has made a brave beginning with twenty-five members enrolled.

Our first concert is to be given in the near future, but whatever success we attain cannot be more satisfying than the evenings spent in practise away from the cares of the day, where music, rightly interpreted, came to have a new meaning for all of us, and where such a happy comradeship developed.



SPORTING ACTIVITIES

THREE CHEERS and again three cheers for Field Day, September 16, 1928.

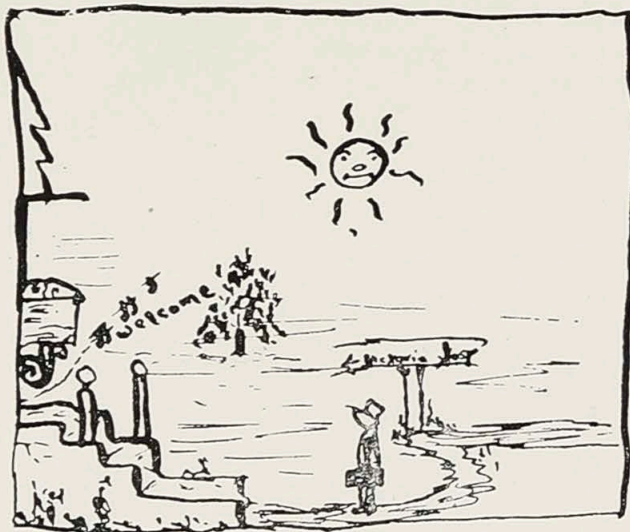
The date had been postponed so many times we had almost given up hope, but at last the day was set and the weather man did his part nobly. The nurses from the St. Joseph's and Ontario Hospital Training Schools met us in Thames Park, and an afternoon of real sport was enjoyed by everyone.

The Tennis Tournament was the first item, but the deciding game, which was to have been played by St. Joseph's and Victoria Nurses, had to be cancelled, owing to a severely sprained ankle suffered by one of the best players on the Victoria Hospital team. Rumor tells us that the Field Day for 1929 is approaching rapidly, so we hope to play off this game of long-standing. Look to your laurels, Victoria. We want to hold our Cup.

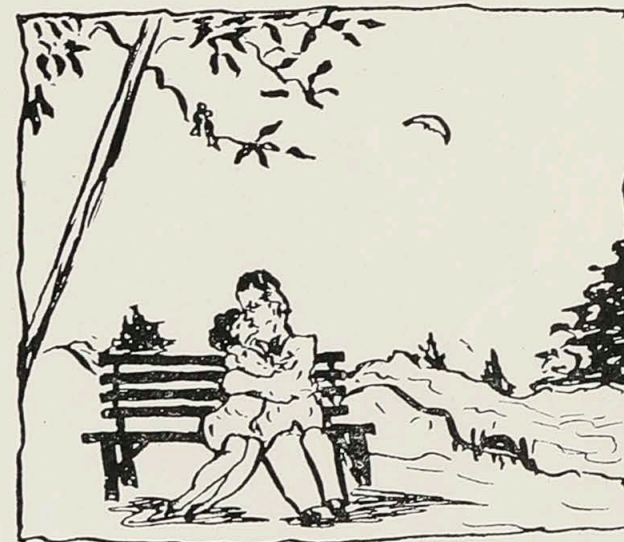
In the Baseball Tournament, St. Joseph's again carried off the honors. Ontario lost quite heavily to Victoria, and our team, at the disadvantage

of a good player off the field, lost the game to St. Joseph's. This year we are going to work hard and have a different story for the next year book—and it means work, because we realize that our guests proved themselves to be as good athletes as nurses and that it's going to mean a lot of practise for us.

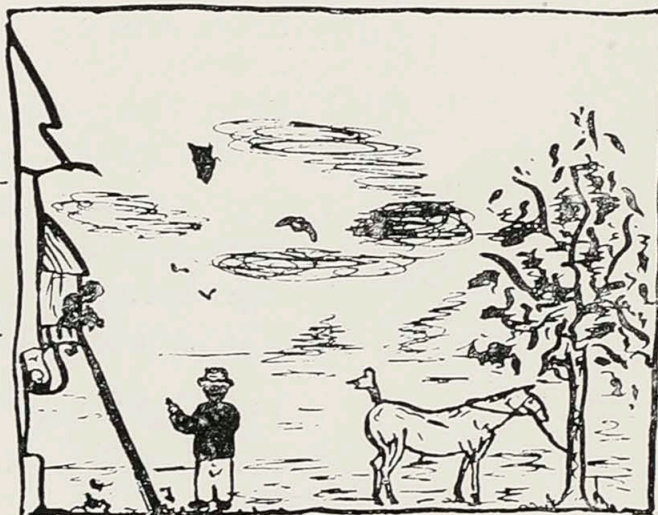
The evening of February 11th. 1929, was a very pleasant one. The Senior Nurses entertained the Juniors and Probationers. Each was to come dressed to represent the number of years spent in the Training School. Probationers dressed as babies, wearing bonnets and long clothes. The Juniors were youngsters at the romper age that every mother knows so well. The Intermediates represented young adults and the Seniors very old ladies. The costumes provoked screams of laughter, seniority was forgotten and everyone had a real good time. A short programme, well rendered, was thoroughly enjoyed, until the old ladies decided that the younger children must go to bed, when everyone sought her own room, tired but happy.



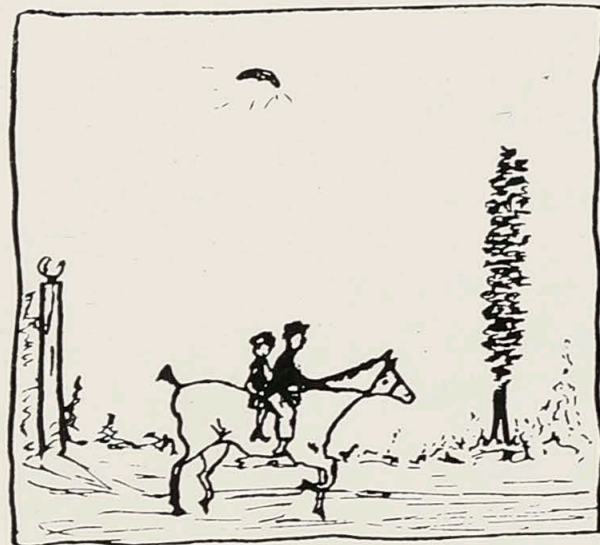
1.
 Troubles all packed in your old h.b. bag.
 Trunks all packed, yes! - every glad rag -
 leaving behind you the ones you love,
 To be a "Nurse" - you'll get your reward above.



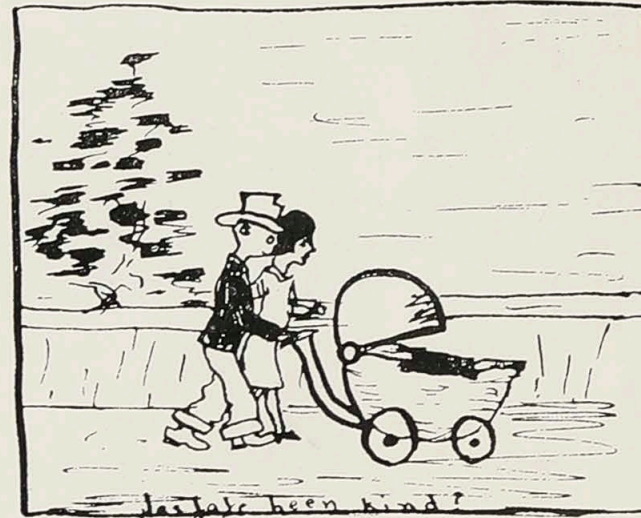
2.
 The Superintendent greets you and all goes fine
 Then one day you fall deeply in love - how sublime!
 Up to your window a ladder is stretched
 Look I have come for you dear - see the horse
 I have fetched.



3.
 Where did he come from this young Lochinvar
 From out of the west? No! he wouldn't venture that
 far.
 He's an Interne, or probably a Med. so shy,
 With a black steed whose hoofs are trained to fly.



4.
 Don't lose grand, - and Romance too!
 She gave up bed-making to learn to cook stew.
 The fate of this nurse is a warning to all
 Well - finish your training before in love you
 fall.





THE EVERLASTING PARTY

“WHAT say we stage a party?”
 This was echoed down the hall.
 Then each, with appetites quite hearty,
 Stuck their heads out—one and all.

“Mother’s sent me a chicken!”
 We know that voice is Kit’s.
 And Bimmie says: “Oh, Gee, Kids,
 This sounds just like the Ritz.”

Sally will, of course, bring Spanish onions strong.
 While Bill says: “How I like them. The flavor lasts so long.”
 Toddy will have to have her peanuts;
 Teddy comes in with a lot of “ifs” and “buts”.

Bologna! who says bologna—that brings Fergy on the fly.
 Then Ruthie with a heart attack, suggests she’s going to die.
 Vi has to have her lettuce—it contains the vitamine;
 While Jane asks: “Have we any olives? They’re the only things I pine.”

“Here’s pickles, girls,” says Johnny, “if you want to take a chance!”
 Jeannie Moore: “Stand back, girls, I feel I want to dance!”
 Em turns the light out—“Someone’s coming!”—we gasp with fear;
 Stewie enters: “Have some cherry centers? My boy friend has been here.”

Scrivie, she just saunters un. “Gee, this looks like a treat!”
 Tatie, being hostess, takes each one to their seat.
 On the table is spread a sumptuous mean,
 Decorated with flowers, lit with candles dim;
 The door opens and in our four guests steal,
 They’re late, but we welcome them in.

Tiny and Frizzie, with their auburn hair,
 Gibbie, with a grace all her own;
 Boyer, with her “uke,” strumming an air,
 Which we think is “Home, Sweet Hone.”

Shall these parties ever be forgotten?
 “No!” comes in chorus from all.
 No matter where on the globe we are trottin’,
 We’ll remember our parties in V. H. hall.



SEPTEMBER '29

SOMETIMES, when I sit musing
Of days that are to come,
The funniest little fancies
Across my mind will run.

The friends that I have made here
Will still be friends I'm sure,
And I'll see them as I knew them
In my memories of yore.

Hazel will be working
To her little heart's content;
And Margy Ball, as usual,
Will be seeking amusement.

Bowsie, I'll see fussing—
Saying: "Now, do I look alright?
Brady will be laughing
And will still be gay and bright.

Helen Bycroft, I imagine,
Will be poring over books;
And Bess, before her mirror,
Will be adding to her looks.

Ruby Carter will be busy,
Helping folks in what they do;
Pally will be sighing:
"Will this lecture ne'er be through?"

Jessie, I'll see passing
With a teacup in her hand;
And Fraser will be listening—
Thinking what she says is grand.

In fancy, I'll see Marjorie
Toiling in the O. P. D.;
While Rene is still a-worryin'
Who the speaker's going to be.

Gladdy is so happy,
Getting ready to go out;
Then Leah comes a-rarin'
Down the hall with laugh and shout.

Hilly looks so happy,
Waiting for the boy's phone call;
Jervie will be staying in,
Because she is "on call."

Lightie more than likely,
I'll see studying with some folk;
While Kelly's more than busy
Telling another joke.

Ada, I can see her
Working hard upon a ward;
Mill is sitting pretty,
Looking for a certain "Ford".

Florence is a-smiling
At some joke she heard last week;
Then Alberta pops the question:
"Now, just when do we eat?"

I hear Helen Mac. say:
"Anne, let's walk down the street."
But Anne just stretches wearily,
And says: "I'd rather sleep!"

Simmie comes running to her room:
"Say, was there a call for me?"
Then Cora answers slowly:
"Yes, but he's going out with me."

And, as I go on thinking,
I see Gwen running in at ten;
While Jean lets forth a weary groan,
And goes to sleep again.

And, as I go on dreaming—
Marian Webber ope's her door,
And says: "Why, it's five o'clock,
And I had a one-to-four."

Then, when I shall come to myself,
When one glad day is done—
I know that my last thought will be,
Now, didn't we have fun?



OUR INTERNES

A COUPLE of yards of linen,
 Buttons—a dozen or two,
 A pair of rubber-soled oxfords,
 Socks of some vivid hue—
 And there's an Interne!

A couple of strokes to his moustache,
 A pat or two for his hair,
 With a nonchalant, "Well, what's a matter?"
 He settled himself in a chair—
 And there's an Interne!

An air that's not *quite* professional,
 An attempt to be careless and gay;
 So certain he's wise—and sought after—
 Gosh! Why do they make 'em that way?
 Yet—there's an Interne!

INSTRUCTIONS FOR INTERNES MOVING PATIENTS FROM
STRETCHER TO BED.

Stand between the car and the bed.

Place your arms well under the back and shoulders of patient—A nurse will manage the feet.

Lift the weight well on your chest; then, finding that the bed is behind you, and that you are unable to turn around, throw yourself on the bed and crawl out from under the patient.

There's a sort of something about 'em,
 A kind of a—well, let me think;
 It may be their studied indifference—
 It may be their addict to drink.
 Or, perhaps it's their general impression of
 "I am Sir Interne! and Hark!
 When I open my mouth to address you,
 I don't want a mere nurse to bark."
 But we think that their manner of acting,
 Politely bored unto death,
 Is their most inexcusable habit—
 Oh, well, I'm just wasting my breath!

There's a sort of something about 'em—
 A kind of a—well, let us see:
 It may be the grin of their greeting,
 It may be their grim repartee;
 Or, perhaps, it's their good disposition,
 As they answer so promptly each call;
 Or it may be the fun we derive from
 Deciphering their scholarly scrawl.
 But we think what appeals to us most, though,
 Is something for which they've a flair—
 What marvellous ability, choice versatility,
 Those Internes display when they "swear"!



THE MEN IN WHITE

WHEN a-dreaming in the twilight,
 Days seem sad, yet kind;
 But when a lamp is lit in the evening,
 All cares are left behind.
 And those great glad days at Victoria
 Completely fill the mind.

The nurses are ever with us,
 They will always be a part;
 But, too, there are Doctors and Internes,
 We've respected and liked from the start;
 And a warm spot for the doctors
 Creep deep down into the heart.

Some are tall, and lean, and languid,
 Some are short and stout and small;
 But all have been "big brothers,"
 And we need them, one and all.
 So we hope, if e'er they need us,
 They'll not hesitate to call.

That first year as a Junior,
 I remembered, oh, so well,
 How the men all decked in uniforms
 Responded to the bell;
 And in wonderment we've watched them,
 As they did their work so well.

So, each day throughout our training,
 We have always had support,
 Whether evening, night or morning,
 They've stayed with us to the port.
 Now, in our estimation,
 Each is branded with real sport.

VICTORIA HOSPITAL



LONDON ONTARIO

THERE'S a beam from a candle, so clear and so bright,
That beckons us onward thro' the years, as at night;
The example of friends has spread with the glow,
And bids us to follow the way they did go.
So, may the book we offer this year
Bring to you happiness, joy and good cheer.

T. A. G.

VICTORIA HOSPITAL



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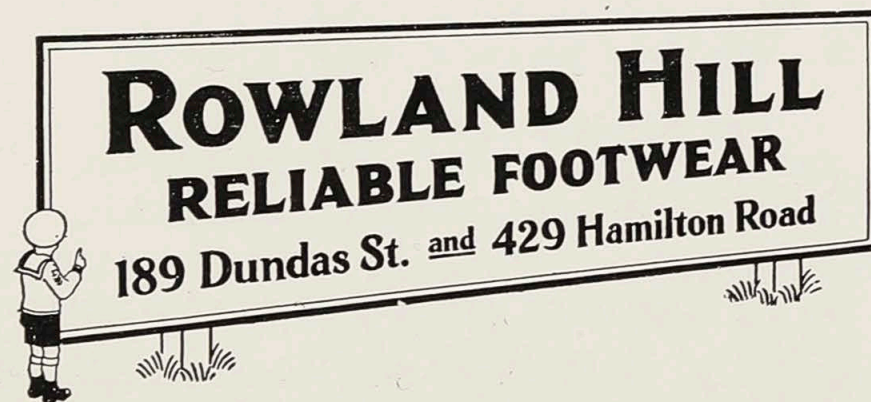


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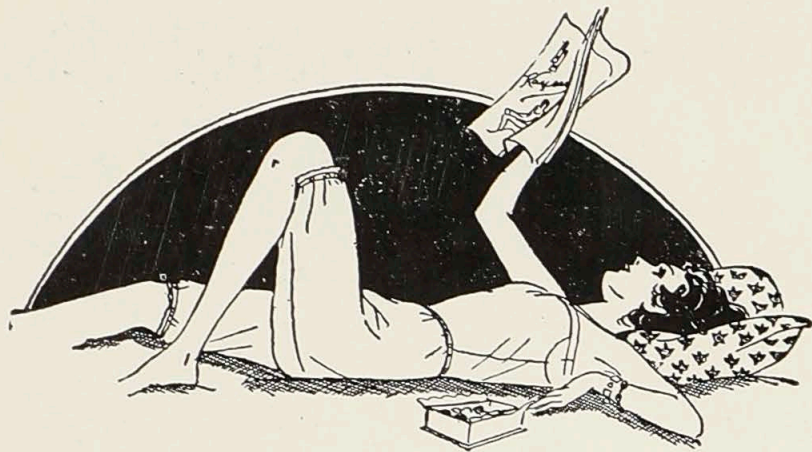
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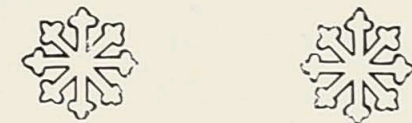
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