

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Do They Realize

ON Monday morning's train from North Bay to Toronto, in the chair-car, were three women—two spinsters and one married woman. The spinsters, apparently sisters, were big, strong women, who would have made admirable nurses. They were also intelligent and well-bred. One sat with her hands folded and smiled and chatted the hours away, as if no war was going on in the world, and as if she had never heard of the Red Cross. The other was embroidering industriously on some fine garment, evidently a piece of dainty lingerie. The third woman had two children, a girl about four and a boy about seven, and she, too, occupied her leisure moments with delicate fancy work.

In none of their faces was there a glow of satisfaction for duty done or sacrifice made. Yet the spinsters seemed fairly well pleased with themselves. They had never known wealth, but neither had they ever been touched by poverty. They were merely oblivious to anything in life but themselves and their little circle in which they lived. The young mother's face was comely, but hard. The lines about the mouth were a trifle stern. Her's was a face which might have been made really beautiful if moulded by the subtle fingers of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation. The several rings on the left hand and the diamond band on the right, as well as other signs, indicated a bank account in somebody's name that might have provided wool for a thousand pair of socks without serious impairment. Yet she was devoting herself to her corcheting as in the days of peace, before the merciless Hun was let loose upon a unsuspecting and helpless world of women and children.

THESE women had not heard the call. And who is to sound it? Whom can we look to, to strike the clarion note which will cause these women to lay aside their little fripperies and turn to the relief of suffering humanity? Who will cause them to feel that every stitch must be for a wounded soldier or a mother who is suffering in devastated Armenia, Serbia or Belgium? Who will arouse the vast body of women who have not yet realized that in this war their knitting, their serving, their bandage-winding and their prayers are absolutely necessary to the success of the Allies' cause? Without woman's sacrifice, this war cannot be won!

TRAVELLER.

More Hunnishness

THE execution of a British nurse, Miss Edith Cavell, in Belgium, on the charge of having aided British and Belgian prisoners to escape, has showed the world, if it needed proof, that the Germans are exercising martial law to the utmost in the country which once was under the gentle rule of King Albert, and which we hope to see restored to that intrepid monarch. The Huns have no consideration, for either age or sex, in carrying out what they are pleased to call their regulations, and it is to be hoped that the population of the British Isles is, at last, convinced that the Hymn of Hate is no meaningless lyric and that German war business spells brutality of the most "efficient" order. The murder of this woman adds a new name to the long list of

British heroines who have died for their country.

Oranges and Other Fruit

THE birthday of the Kaiserin, the lady who is so fortunate as to be the object of the German Emperor's domestic devotion, fell on October twenty-second, and was celebrated as "marmalade

tion taken up to which the Dominion has yet contributed. There were flags and boxes everywhere, with the Boy Scouts looking their bravest and the Girl Guides smiling their sweetest. It was, indeed, a scene of practical patriotism which showed that "our heart's right there." And, somewhere in the shadow, there was a sailor-like figure standing, and "for Nelson's sake" some of us gave our pennies to save the "silver-coasted isle" which he loved. The Red Cross tag was worn by all of us and one more "long pull, strong pull, and a pull altogether" was made by the British Dominions Overseas.

Welcoming the Wounded

THERE seems to be some confusion in Toronto, regarding soldiers returning from the front. It was stated that certain crippled soldiers had returned to the Capital of Ontario, solitary and unwelcomed, not knowing where to turn. Now, it is bad enough to arrive in the Union Station, Toronto, on a bright morning in June, when one is feeling fit and strong. But to descend into the gloom and grime of that scene of desolation on a rainy afternoon in autumn, is enough to make any invalid soldier wish that the Germans had ended his earthly career for him. There are several societies, now contending in more-or-less amicable fashion, for the honour of meeting the returning heroes; and it is to be hoped that the result will be satisfactory to the soldier, who, after all, merely wishes a square deal and cares not at all for too much oratory.

ERIN.



THE MARCHIONESS OF ABERDEEN, AND OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

Photographed at Toronto, where the annual meeting is being held. From left to right, lower row: Lady Taylor, Vice-President; Mrs. Torrington, President; the Marchioness of Aberdeen, Advisory President; Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Carmichael, New Glasgow, N.S. Top row: Mrs. Adam Shortt, Ottawa, Provincial Secretary; Mrs. George Watt, Brantford, Treasurer; Mrs. W. E. Sanford, Hamilton, Vice-President; and Mrs. Frost, Smith's Falls, Vice-President.

day." The Kaiserin requested that, on the occasion, gifts of jam and marmalade should be sent to the German soldiers in the trenches, in compliment to her. Of course, it was kind and thoughtful of the consort of dear Wilhelm to think of such a sticky present, but we hope that some British lemons will soon reach the German trenches, as a token of esteem and regard.



NEW PORTRAIT OF MR. AND MRS. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Who recently returned to New York from Bar Harbour. Mr. Carnegie apparently finds America more interesting than Scotland in these stirring times. They are burning libraries in Europe, not building them.

The Trafalgar Tag

ARE we down-hearted? Why, we are not even in debt, to say nothing of being bankrupt, to judge by the response made to the British Red Cross Society's appeal for funds, on October twenty-first, Trafalgar Day, which saw the biggest collec-

The Kiddies "Do Their Bit"

THE school children of Toronto came in for a great deal of praise when the results of their three days' collection in conjunction with the Red Cross campaign, carried on in Canada last week, became known. All the criticism which was made as to the advisability of allowing the children to assist in the collecting, was swept away in generous enthusiasm, when on the last day of the campaign Mayor Church and a number of city dignitaries stood upon the steps of the City Hall and received from the long procession of gaily decorated motors, each named for the school it represented and each filled with a joyous load of boys and girls, the white money bags containing the results of their labour on behalf of the Red Cross of England. Cheer after cheer arose from the spectators as the amounts of each collection were read and the hearts of the children beat high with thankfulness that they had been allowed to share in Canada's gift.

Another ovation was given them late on the evening of the same day, after all the small workers themselves were tucked away in their beds, when Lieutenant-Governor Hendrie announced to the huge audience which had filled the Arena to hear the opening performance of the Boston Opera Co. and to see the incomparable Pavlowa and her ballet of Russian dancers, that Toronto alone had contributed more than double the amount that was

considered would be its share. Second only in enthusiasm to the applause which greeted this news, was that which met the statement that the combined collection of school children of Toronto had reached the sum of seventeen thousand seven hundred odd (Concluded on page 20.)