

stopped there. There are Prison Camps in Germany and other countries which can boast of their Y. M. C. A.'s. There are Internment Camps in Holland and Switzerland equally favoured. Wherever there are Railway Troops—wherever there are Woodcutters Battalions, there the RED TRIANGLE sign is to be seen displayed as a badge of brotherhood. Back to "Blighty" on leave—What a glorious leave the Y. M. C. A. has made possible to the Canadian soldier in London, Edinburgh or Paris, or en tour to any of the Tourist resorts—At what a cheap rate he can get his entertainment—What an avenue is opened up to him to meet the best people of England in their own homes, and being treated as one of the family, or if he is fortunate enough to draw a nice "Blighty," how his long hours of convalescence are provided with entertainments, games and outings by the "Y" Secretary at the Hospital. On his return to his

native land he finds the Y. M. C. A. Secretary a friend in need at the Discharge Depots: The little matters, all important to him, but not a part of any Military Officer's duty, are taken in hand by the Y. Officer.

Then he comes home. He gets his discharge and looks around for the familiar sign. In the larger centres he finds a Red Triangle Club in a prominent down-town district, and here he soon feels at home again. If there is no Red Triangle Club, he is slow to take advantage of the free privileges of the local association, because of an old and mistaken prejudice, but, once he is induced to "step inside," he finds that it is to his liking, and not the least in his discoveries is that the Secretary in charge and the Physical Director and the other members of the Staff, are real live men with a real live programme and can deliver the goods just as well as the Y. M. C. A. Officers who were fortunate enough to have an Overseas experience.



The Canteen of one of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. Tents for the men at Seaford Camp.