

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

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A Camp Borden Canteen

OF inestimable value to our soldiers both at home and abroad is the Young Men's Christian Association, and the ladies' committee are untiring in their zeal in canteens at the various military camps. If the work at Niagara was hot and strenuous, what must it be at Camp Borden! Thousands of quarts of milk are served to the soldiers every day, and other things in proportion—ice cream, buttermilk, sandwiches, cake, pie, biscuits, lemonade, orangeade, all soft drinks, chewing gum, chocolate bars, and everything for five cents! Supplies are sent from Toronto two or three times each day, and the hours are long and the work tiring for ladies unaccustomed to such work. Yet there is no difficulty in obtaining voluntary waitresses twelve at a time, who serve one week.

AS a general rule, the soldiers are most courteous to these women, but it is hard to convince them that they work without remuneration. One lady was offered a quarter for herself. She explained that she was not earning her living, and the soldier said:

"Do you mean to say that you are all working like this for nothing? . . . Gee! You should be in Heaven—too good for here!"

THE Y. M. C. A. equipment at Camp Borden consists of a large tent with tables and free writing materials, a large frame building with store-room, kitchen and a hundred feet of counter in front for serving refreshments. A tent continuation with a wooden floor and about thirty ten-foot tables, covered with white oil-cloth, where the men can sit down for refreshments. A portable house is provided for the ladies' committee, containing eight bed-rooms with two camp cots in each room, a nice shower bath with hot and cold water. There is fine water from Artesian wells throughout the camp.

SOLDIERS' wives visiting Camp Borden take great comfort in the Rest Cottage, provided for their use. Here there is a woman in attendance to look after the children or attend to anyone who may be taken ill. There is no sleeping accommodation except for the lady in charge, but if half of the stories we hear of Camp Borden be true, the wash-room with hot and cold water is essential to the comfort of visitors.

NOT only the physical well-being is looked after by the Y. M. C. A. There is a large tent for religious services, concerts, moving pictures, etc., a barber shop with six chairs, an open-air gymnasium, with athletic teacher in attendance—all free. In all, sixty salaried men are employed in the work, and supplies are sent from Toronto two or three times each day.

Y.W.C.A. Summer Conference

Y. W. C. A., like its brother society, is an abbreviation that needs no elucidation. It is filling a large place in the development of Canadian womanhood, and its summer conference, held at the Elgin House, Muskoka, was attended by 200 people of varying ages, divers interests and differing forms of belief. The following description is contributed by Isobel Brown:

The keynote of the conference was struck by "The Piper," a pastoral play of marked beauty and delicacy of finish. "The Piper" typified the spirit of the Association. He went about the world breathing fresh inspiration into girls in every walk of life—showing them that the pith and centre of living is Christ and His ideal of love and brotherhood. "The Piper"

enters a great factory, where girls who have lost purpose and vision in their work are toiling endlessly and wearily, but when "The Piper" has charmed them with his magic music, they agree that:

"Earth becomes for us more fair,
Something new has come to make
Of our daily work a prayer."

"See it has a glory tint,
Piper, life is good and fair,
And we would the secret share."

Next "The Piper" makes his way among the country folk, found living in isolation, without understanding of co-operation, or knowledge of their possibilities. His music fills them with great joy, and they waken to a real sense of their opportunities and responsibilities, and



The Piper, a symbolic figure in the Pastoral Play.

decide to fill their lives with strong music.

"Till the wayside shall ring with songs we sing,
And joy is awake in everything."

Finally, "The Piper" visits the campus, and calls the college girls to a recognition of the great field of service which lies at their door—they hear clearly:

"Go back and share your gift,
For freely as you have received, so give."

The final chorus, sung to Beethoven's Hymn of Praise, pictures the womanhood of the world praising God.

DEVOTIONAL meetings, technical sessions, afternoon tramps and boating parties formed a part of the conference. Miss Broad, of Boston, contributed a great fund of practical experience to the city sessions. In a history of Association Work she compared the modern secretary with her forerunner of fifty years ago. The successful secretary of to-day

is a power in her community. She dresses well, and is a good companion, and a prime mover in the social and philanthropic life of her city. About thirty years ago a little girl who was looking out of the window on a rainy day called to her mother, "Oh, here's someone at last!" Then her tone changed. "Don't come, Mother," she said, with all the joy gone out of her voice, "it's only the Young Women's Christian Association." She sighed heavily, for the lean figure beneath a green umbrella was clad in meagre black garments, and wore a countenance of smug complacency.

No, the modern secretary must be essentially adaptable and understanding, capable of taking in conditions, and of fitting in with them. In a southern mill village, the mill-owner had engaged a secretary and a domestic science teacher belonging to the Association, and found the efficiency of the work immensely increased by the added zest and vigour of the girls. One day a woman came into the office of the General Secretary—"Say," she demanded, "be you the elevator of girls in this here town?" After a moment's thought, the secretary replied in the affirmative. "Well," grieved the woman, "what I want to know is—how much will it cost me to have my Tilda and my Jane elevated?"

"One dollar a year is the cost of membership in the Association," replied the secretary.

"You don't know Jane," the woman declared, "it will take more than a dollar to elevate Jane."

At the end of a month the anxious mother of Jane appeared bearing three dollars. "I'll bring more, soon," she declared. "Jane's getting elevated wonderful."

"Wait till the end of the year," the secretary pleaded.

At the close of the year the mother rejoiced in the comfort of a transformed Jane.

Canadian women are called upon, to-day, to show their metal. Our womanhood must stand side by side

with the womanhood of the world, and it behooves us, as Canadians, to make the opportunities good, and to show ourselves the self-reliant, self-controlled equals of our sisters of France, of Russia, of Great Britain.

Munition Workers

WHILE the boys at the front are endeavouring to keep the home fires burning, many gallant women are feeding the fires at the front. A torrent of shells sixty miles long that seldom ceases requires "some

feeding," and while the ineligible British workmen are doing their share, it is perhaps the women who best realize the bitterness of that silence of the guns on the front during the first months of the war when ammunition ran short and lives had to pay.

"As to the women," says a superintendent, "they're saving the country. They don't mind what they do. Hours? They work ten and a half, or with overtime, twelve hours a day, seven days a week. At least, that's what they'd like to do. The Government are insisting on one Sunday—or two Sundays—a month off. I don't say they're not right. But the women resent it. We're not tired! they say. And you look at them—they're not tired."

"If I go down to the shed and say, Girls!—there's a bit of work the Government are pushing for—they say they must have—can you get it done? Why, they'll stay and get it done, and then pour out of the works laughing and singing. I can tell you of a

surgical dressing factory near here, where for nearly a year, the women never had a holiday. They simply wouldn't take one. And what'll our men at the front do, if we go holiday-making?"

"Last night" (the night of the Zeppelin raid) "the warning came to put out lights. They sat in the dark among the matches, singing, Keep the Home Fires Burning."



Miss Kanai and Miss Kaufman, two of the secretaries in Japan.



Y. W. C. A. Convention leaving Chapel.



Shell-workers in the Women's War Procession in London.