

The Work of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. Abroad

Anecdotes and Bits of Triangle and Its Rela-



ANADIAN Y.M.C.A. work for soldiers has challenged the attention and admiration of the world. Begun in 1871 at Niagara-on-the-Lake, that work was continued during the South African War when the late Lord Roberts officially recognized the first definite relationship of the Military Y.M.C.A. with the army.

Through experience gained in training camp and in actual war service, the Canadian Y.M.C.A. was able on the outbreak of war, in 1914, to minister at once, to the welfare of the boys in khaki. Ever since, the organization has kept pace with the military situation, and to-day it maintains nearly 200 centres for Canadian soldiers in England and France.

The response to the Red Triangle Fund Campaign in May, when over \$3,000,000 was donated in three days, was Canada's striking tribute to the need and efficiency of the Association's work.

Beaver Hut

THE Beaver Hut in the Strand, London, is rapidly nearing completion, and will be the new Headquarters of Canadian Y.M.C.A. work for soldiers, over



Canadians, who have stopped the Huns reaching their wire, taking free coffee at the Y.M.C.A. hut on their way back from the line to rest.

there. In addition to billiard rooms, booths and information bureau, the new "hut" will contain 200 beds and serve 2,000 meals daily. The Lady Superintendent will be Miss Helen FitzRandolph, of New Brunswick, a daughter of the late Hon. Archibald FitzRandolph. Associated with Miss FitzRandolph in the social work at the Beaver Hut will be Lady Perley, the Marchioness of Donegal, Mrs. Alfred Cole, and Mrs. John Hope, as a committee.

On Leave in London

AT last! The day for which he has longed has arrived. He is in "Blighty." When he stepped on board the boat at Boulogne he was No. 901651. Now he is John Brown again for ten whole, blessed days!

From Folkestone to London his mind is filled with projects to fill in his leave, and he hardly notices the country through which the train is rushing him, and several hundreds like him.

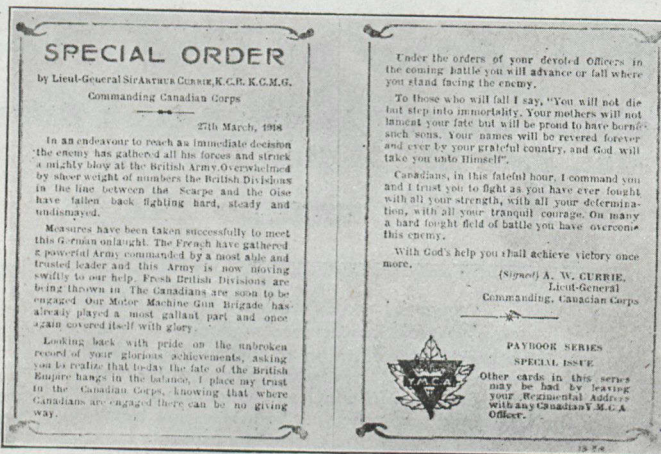
Some of the boys have their plans fully made, but the majority are just like John Brown, ready for anything that may turn up.

There is only one definite idea in John's mind,—to get a bath and a change of clothes, and so rid himself of the vermin that are always with him in France.

At Victoria Station he is slightly confused by the hustle and bustle. It is such a different kind of hustle and bustle over in France! He hesitates on the sidewalk, as yet unconscious of the sharks, male and female, who have already marked him for their own. They are alert, on the job, moving into line. But so is somebody else.



Inquiries being answered at the Y.M.C.A. Information Bureau in front of Charing Cross Station Hotel.



Reproduction of the special order from Gen. Currie to his men, distributed to 16,000 of the troops through the Canadian Y.M.C.A.

A hand is laid on John's arm. He looks around and sees a smiling face whose owner wears a Red Triangle on his arm. John smiles back. He is homeless and friendless no more. The two men grip hands.

The "Y" man has rounded up a bunch of John's travelling companions, and he pilots them to the Y.M.C.A. Kit Stores close at hand in Grosvenor Gardens. Here they are relieved of their kit bags, which are stored away free of charge. A cup of coffee at the canteen, and John and his companions enjoy a smoke in the lounge whilst the Red Triangle man makes quick and



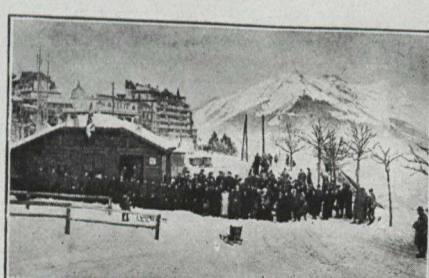
Miss Helen FitzRandolph of New Brunswick, daughter of the late Hon. Archibald FitzRandolph. She is lady superintendent of the new Canadian Y.M.C.A. Beaver Hut, London.

efficient arrangements for their accommodation. Beds and meals are arranged for all. Also programmes are suggested. Every man who desires it has his time mapped out for him so that every minute of his leave is planned for.

Some elect to remain in London and explore its wonders. The Y.M.C.A. fills the bill with its daily tours. A few want to see Edinburgh and Scotland. Right O! Here is the "Y" itinerary. The Lakes, the Yorkshire Coast, Wiltshire Wales, draw others. In each case the Y.M.C.A. is ready with its suggestions and



Tea being served on a typical English lawn. The residence of Percy Bois, Esq.



The Y.M.C.A. hut in Switzerland where a number of Canadians are being interned.

arrangements. All the men in khaki have to do is make up their minds how they want to spend their leave. The only objection to the Y.M.C.A. programme is that, like the menu of pre-war days, it offers a bewildering array of good things!

But every man is placed at last. At the end of his leave he knows that he has done more, seen more, learned more, gained more rest and real recreation than could have been possible had he tried to fill in the time without the experienced aid of the Red Triangle man.

John shoulders his kit bag once more, and somehow it feels less heavy than he had feared. He has had a good time; a clean, wholesome, helpful time. He goes back to France with strengthened morale, blessing the smiling face whose owner wears a Red Triangle on his arm.

At Hill 70

THE wounded man with the left sleeve of his tunic torn is Sergt. Wilfrid Maclean Campbell, of Toronto. At the time the picture was taken Sergt. Campbell had been wounded by shrapnel in the shoulder and knee. He was one of a party of twenty sent out to lay new communication lines on Hill 70. The battery had been forced to find a new place from which to direct the fire on the enemy. The entire party was caught in the shell-fire of the Germans, and nineteen of them were either killed or wounded. Sergt.

News Concerning the Red Triangle to Canadian Soldiers

Campbell was patched up in the front trenches, and after enjoying a cup of hot coffee at an improvised Y.M.C.A. stall, he was able to walk three miles to the rear. He is now back in France after a spell in Basford House Military Hospital at Manchester, England.

Y.M.C.A. in Egypt

IN Alexandria, Egypt, a Y.M.C.A. was built two years ago as a counter attraction to the numberless low native cafes to which the men flocked, largely because there were no decent, attractive places within their means. Nobly has it fulfilled its mission. It presents the usual attractions including a canteen which is most popular. Last month from 100 to 4,000 eggs a day—63,000 in all—were sold, and everything up to 500 cups of drink—tea, cocoa, or lemonade an hour, at times.

The Garden Court, where good cinema shows are given every night, keeps big crowds entertained. Then there are the weekly Bible classes, Christian Endeavour and Sunday evening services, also volunteers are doing good work in the hospitals.

Rescue work is also carried on in the "red light" districts which are the ruin of so many of our men. One evening one of our workers went out from the



Within a few hundred yards of the front trenches at hill 70. Canadians receiving Y.M.C.A. refreshment.

Y.M.C.A. equipped with tracts to a much talked of street But I will let him tell his own story. "I was feeling nervous. My courage had almost left me when I pulled up to an Egyptian who presented me with a leaflet, and asked me to read it. I had no sooner glanced at it than I saw it was from the enemy that I had got out to fight. He pointed me to a large house, and on looking in I saw that it was packed with soldiers, and sailors. I felt that it was up to me to follow out my duty for my Master, as well as the foreigner to whom I had spoken had carried out his. On discovering that he could not read English a bright thought struck me, which I immediately put into action. I bargained with him to exchange leaflets, and for him to enter that house and give one to every person. When he heard that they were free, he very soon accepted my terms. He must have been an unusual sort of native, for he was a very conscientious worker. He carried out his instructions perfectly and actually finished with offering one to his employer. I saw him as I stood at the glass door. What the result was I may know some day."

A Soldier's Prayer

REMARKABLE scenes are frequently witnessed in the Y.M.C.A. huts, particularly in connection with the religious services held there. At a meeting in one of the huts behind the lines in France, a drunken Canadian trooper tottered on to the platform and began to pray. His prayer was, "Everlasting God, I had a good mother once, but I have been a damned fool. Forgive me." Shortly afterwards he made the supreme sacrifice.



Canteen in the Canadian Forestry Club at Catford Camp, London. The youngest Canadian soldier being served.