



CAROLINE S. BROWN, M.D.C.M.

A Toronto physician, who has volunteered for the war. She is only one of several who have done so.

the applicants the first evening on "Medical Arrangements in the Field," are vitally utilitarian in nature and only incidentally picturesque. First, last, always, must the military nurse be useful. She must know, act promptly, and endure like a very soldier, if she is to be looked upon as a help and not a hindrance.

There is no place for the latter at the front, as the speaker showed by the use of charts which demonstrated the work of the stretcher-bearers. They march at the rear of the hollow square patching up men who are slightly wounded and sending them back at once to the fighting line, keeping the line clean of the fallen, who are sorted out at the clearing-tent and despatched, according to damage sustained, to rest, stationary, military or general hospital. The point is to keep the army unencumbered.

The hardest work of the nursing sister is naturally at the "clearing" station, the nearest she ever gets to the actual front. Here, only the strongest physique can stand the demands.

For the preparation of volunteer nurses in Toronto whose training is incomplete, or who are beginners, first aid classes have been instituted by the St. John's Ambulance Association and are being conducted twice a week by Mrs. G. R. N. Collins, lady superintendent of the local division of St. John's Ambulance Brigade nursing corps. For this purpose, the Georgina House has extended the accommodation of a room, through the kindness of Miss Hepper, the superintendent. The keenest interest is being manifested by splendid young women of all classes who are availing themselves of the lessons in relief work.

THE St. John's Ambulance Brigade in Canada has divisions with regular nursing corps in Hamilton, Cobourg, Muskoka, London, Welland, Winnipeg and other posts, in addition to Toronto, and has to its credit a life-saving record of which even so ancient an Order as this, which dates its origin from the time of the Crusaders, may be proud.

The Brigade in England is able to muster an army of eight thousand nurses, if need be; the men of it number twenty thousand.

Of the preparation of the English nurses, Mrs. Collins has word in a letter from Miss Wharton, a Canadian nurse graduated from the Lyndhurst Hospital. Miss Wharton states that the downs of Kent are the scene of mimic work in relief, serious prac-

tice for actual field work, on the part of both voluntary aid and Red Cross forces.

In Canada, it is the graduate nurses who are likely to be called first to the scene of conflict. Already a reply has been received by Miss Gunn, Secretary of the Canadian National Association of Trained Nurses, from Sir Robert Borden, in acknowledgment of her offer of trained nursing service for the army. The Premier expressed his personal gratification and announced that he had placed the communication before the Department of Militia for consideration.

Among the women who have volunteered aid are Dr. Margaret Wallace, of the Women's Hospital, Ludhiana, India, at present on furlough in Toronto, who saw service during the Boxer trouble; Mrs. Browning, who trained at the Greenwich Hospital,

England's great naval relief headquarters; and Dr. Caroline Brown, a local physician.

If the war continues, it is not unlikely, according to the view of Captain Collins, that Canada may be used by England as a base hospital, where serious cases and convalescent soldiers could be treated and nursed. This would relieve England immensely and at the same time provide an outlet for the energies of Canadian sympathizers. The making of bandages and clothing for supplies would be a congenial task for Canadian women. Indeed, many are at it already, including classes composed of the Girl Guides.

Altogether, the Florence Nightingale spirit is abroad in this mightily filial country and the modern angels (if you like) of war-time are as keen as the great pioneer could wish on "service."

As Woman Sees the War

A Miscellany

Cassandra in Muskoka

THERE is a woman up in Muskoka just now, the Austrian wife of a Toronto citizen. And this is how she expressed herself in a letter to her husband in the city, a few days since:

"I have just come upstairs. It is early yet, but I feel the war in my limbs. It seems to me as if the whole world should cry."

The chances are that the whole world will. The foundations of it are ripe for shaking. And when the convulsion has left it spent and conviction has taken the place of foreboding, unless the wells are dry there will be weeping. The whole world that must cry, shall cry. It shouts now because its mind is muddled.

Were the limbs of the agitators marble, that they were free from the paralysis of dread that the whole world felt which heard the war news. Would that they had been statuary merely! No, the Austrian wife in Canada must feel it, the peace-prophets who are made a mock, the children who must give so many fathers! Race against race, then what is intermarriage? Man against man—how mighty, then, is the advocate of quiet? A Kaiser's glory—what are little children? Last, what is the caution "Lest we forget" when the kings of the earth have set themselves and the rule of the Prince of Peace is as a fable?

So the war cloud lowers despite Cassandra, the Austrian lady up in Muskoka, who looks forth upon

Christmas—which it isn't, but quite the contrary, war-time—and the great demand is for flour, sugar and other essentials, instead of nuts and raisins.

In the United States that resistive body known as the National Housewives' League has recently sent notice throughout the Union calling upon members to get together to safeguard the interests of its households against any such avaricious merchants as will seek to profit unduly from the present crisis.

It is the conviction of the League that few merchants will be likely at such a tide in affairs to take dishonest advantage of consumers' straits. The notice is purely precautionary, therefore. The League have command of its subject before taking action whatsoever. Meanwhile, it will watch prices and report to the National Committee in New York.

Plight of Tourists

"SEE Naples and die" as a phrase is pretty, but as an experience seeing either it, or any part of Europe, in war-time, is a clear case for the use of the telescope.

Tourists whom we envied in June, tutors in pursuit of further culture, feminine Sybarites keen on spending, motorists anxious to add Europe to ground covered west of the Atlantic, are all thinking of "home sweet home" and us, in a general way, as a goal and object. They are stuck, stranded. The tutor cannot toot. The shops enthusiast offers a check which is suddenly and mysteriously worthless.

And, the car being of necessity forsaken, the owner, dozens and dozens of him, is busy trying to consult a shipping office.

A recent Toronto arrival by the Olympic recounts a highly exciting passage in which the vessel sailed, unlighted, for two nights through fog, off Sandy Hook. Coming in they passed the Lusitania. Still more exciting will the crossing be of the vessels preparing to bring home "strandeers" at a charge per berth of some five hundred dollars. So the war is likely to popularize "home travel."

Schumann-Heink, who is at Bayreuth, where her object was to sing at the Wagnerian celebration, is anxious to know when Uncle Sam is going to feel concerned for a prima donna. But then so is the teacher concerned, and the feminine spendthrift, and all the others. It is just on general principles, however, that apprehension is felt for tourists' safety.

Shortage of funds is their pressing difficulty.

The Social Equalizer

THERE is no time like the time of war for proving the strict correctness of Kipling's judgment that under

the epidermis "the Colonel's lady and July O'Grady" are sisters. War is the social equalizer.

The drudge who offers her stripling son, though perhaps he would have freed her from the treadmill, has the same heart in the midst of her being as she whose gallant lad rides off through the iron gate beyond the drive, his lady mother pale, but proud to give him. There are women of royal blood in Europe performing angel ministry as nurses and there are women of clay that fatigue proves common, of lowly birth, at the same angelic service.



ST. JOHN'S AMBULANCE BRIGADE NURSES

The central nursing division in Toronto, of which the lady superintendent, Mrs. Collins, is at present drilling applicant nurses for field wars.

summer islands and feels in her soul the woe of premonition.

The Housewife Bellicose

THE housewife at present is arming herself against the immediate tendency of prices to soar into the realms of aviation. Grocery departments in the big stores are a crush of eager, provident women, who are purchasing supplies against the day of want. Grocers are rushed as though it were