

at once to help a sick man. Another dollar was passed on to-day, to provide comforts for a sick woman. The third dollar is still waiting for its special mission. Thank you!

The Ingle Nook

[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this Department for answers to questions to appear.]

DEAR Ingle Nook Folk,—Do you ever stop, in the midst of your work, to think of the strangeness of the spring we have come to? Sometimes I think that no one realizes that more than I, when trying to prepare reading to send out to you each week. At this time of the year, in the good old days before the war, there were so many things to talk about, cozy home-like things about houses and flower gardens and new clothes. Then it was a pleasure to run down town to see the new wall-papers and curtain stuffs, then come back and tell you all about it. Now everything is changed. You would not have the heart to read about such things, and it would scarcely be right to take up space in telling you about them. When so much money is needed for overseas, and so much work to keep up the food supply of the world, it would be little short of wickedness to spend too much time and money on things that are purely personal, and so, as we are all only human and love pretty things, the best thing to do is to keep away from temptation.

That is, generally speaking.

But I have just now come from a spot in which one might indulge one's love for pretty things a bit, with an entirely clear conscience, since practically every dollar spent is to find its way directly to the Y. M. C. A. camps overseas, to dispense hot coffee, tea, cocoa and soup to "the boys" when going in to the trenches, and, above all, coming out from them, weary, muddy and only too glad for a good hot drink as a stimulant to shorten the long march back to camp.

A few weeks ago an article entitled "Coffee—In a Jam Tin," was published in our pages, which told all about how a "Trinket Fund" is raised, and how you may carry a trinket campaign through, perhaps, in your own locality, although in some places some other scheme may be better for raising money.

In this city a very vigorous campaign was instituted some weeks ago for the collection of all sorts of trinkets that might be sold again, or melted down to be converted in that way into money. To-day the sale of the saleable articles began, and the little shop rented for the purpose proved to be a most interesting spot. Jewelry and silver of all kinds had been donated—old or superfluous brooches, bracelets, watches, spoons, lockets, silverware for the table, and so on, making a fine collection.

For the reveler in antiques the place was especially interesting, and one heard words of admiration expressed for quaint old "dog-collars" of silver, old bracelets, in two or three kinds of gold, and cameo and amethyst brooches that told of the time of our grandmothers.

One could imagine the pang with which some of these old keepsakes had been given up, but surely the greater the sacrifice the greater the virtue. One woman, for instance, gave a splendid gold watch that had belonged to her father, and had been treasured because of the associations connected with it. "I don't think it could go in a better cause," she said. Another odd old brooch enclosed an old-time "tin-type" of a man. One wondered what was the story connected with it, and why the picture was not taken out. Possibly it was left to show the use to which the space could be put. There was the most beautiful old French watch, too, richly chased on the back, with a silver face decorated with flowers in gold, and an inscription in French inside.

Then there were tables and tables of newer things, superfluities, perhaps, in houses already well-stocked, but providing possibilities for less abundant households. "We had everything valued by a jeweler," said one of the women in charge, "and everything that is not solid metal is marked 'plated.' We want people to know exactly what they are getting."

It was quite "safe" to buy, but as one stood there, one saw not only the pleasure

of owning some of these things at home, but also the long line of footsore, muddy and perhaps wounded boys, crowding into the Y. M. C. A. huts and enjoying the refreshing cups of hot drinks which they might not have were it not for these "Trinket Campaigns" all over the country.

AMONG all the war correspondents at the front there is not one who surpasses, in power of graphic description, Philip Gibbs, author of "The Soul of the War" and "The Battle of the Somme." As I write the great battle near Ypres is still going on, and to-day appears in the Globe Mr. Gibbs' account of an evening of battle of which, on April 16th, he was an eye-witness.

Many of you had not the privilege of reading that wonderful description, and so I want to quote it for you. It will bear re-reading, too, for it is like a picture, beautiful, yet terrible, that can be looked at again and again, and it is only by letting such pictures sink into our souls that we can really understand the war, even a little, and realize our own responsibility in regard to it.

Now read this, and let your "inward eye" mirror it as you go.

Mr. Gibbs is telling of the battle near Meteren, that small village, between Bailleul and Ypres, at which so many brave British soldiers—aye, and Germans, too—fought their last fight.

"It was a wet, wild evening," he says, "with a few pale gleams of the sun through the storm-clouds and the smoke of the guns, and for miles all this panorama of battle was boiling and seething with bursting shells and curling wreaths of smoke from the batteries in action."

"I was in the midst of wide, concentric

rings of field-guns and heavy guns firing rapidly. When the darkness came each battery was revealed by its flashes, and all the fields around were filled with red winkings and sharp stabs of flame. Single guns spoke with enormous overpowering voices, shaking the ground on which I stood with an earthquake tremor, and after the long travelling howl of each shell I could see it burst on the high ground near Bailleul. There was no real darkness of night, for every second the sky was crossed by rushes of light, and burning beacons in many places, and gun flashes etched out the lines of trees and cottages."

Then he tells of our flying men.

"Almost till the darkness came these birds of ours were on the wing, birds with brave hearts in them, flying over the frightful fields. Our airmen were flying low, searching through the mists for the movements of enemy troops in order to call to the guns to shell and scatter them."

"Through the dusk and the darkness there were many men moving in groups. Mud-colored men, who had been sleeping, marched towards the fires. One party as it went broke into song: 'Good-bye, Good-bye.'"

Think of the tremendous daring of these "birds with brave hearts," mere lads of from eighteen to twenty-four "flying low" amid storm and fire and smoke and sharp, fierce missiles! Think also of the weary mud-colored men, the infantry who are the backbone of the army, men often called to stem frightful tides of on-coming hosts, as were the Worcesters and Highland Light Infantry in this long battle of which Gibbs writes,

fighting four days and nights without stopping, at Neuve Eglise. And yet, when the need arises, such things are being done everywhere along our lines.

The Canadians were not called upon in numbers at Neuve Eglise and Bailleul and Meteren, but even as I write this someone comes in to say that they are now "into it." For long, weary days they have been watching grimly at Vimy Ridge and Lens and Hill 70. Before this reaches its readers they, too, will be acquitting themselves as they always do, with the doggedness and dash that have put them among the best soldiers in the world.

And they, too, will be coming out from the trenches, weary, "mud-colored" men. For their sakes the work here which we women can do, whatever it be, will be cheerfully carried through, whether it be in our gardens, or sewing and knitting in the house, or helping with Trinket Campaigns and Red Cross concerts, or any other devices that can be formed to raise money for the soldiers.

Don't you think so?

JUNIA.

Medical Colleges—Raisin Pie.

Dear Junia.—We have taken the "Advocate" for a great many years, and have always found it a very interesting paper. Will you kindly tell me if there are any medical colleges for girls in Ontario? If not, where could I study medicine? I will close with a recipe for a raisin pie which we find delicious.

One and one-half cups seeded raisins, 2 large cups milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, yolks of 3 eggs and white of 1, pinch of salt. Bake in one crust. When done add meringue of other 2 whites of eggs,



Map of Battle Ground on the West Front.