

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE



This is only Drill, but the Nursing Sisters in a Military Camp have real Hospital Work to do.

Nursing Sisters at Niagara Camp.

CANADIAN girls, like their sisters everywhere, get the reputation of having a weakness for brass buttons. For instance, at a dance, what chance has a sable-garbed civilian where there are military waltzing? So far in Canada this feminine admiration for things militant has been only passive; which is to say that the girls of the Dominion have been largely content to be mere spectators of the splendours of military pomp, sometimes it is true being carried away by the glitter, and then expressing their effervescent spirits as smart cadets in amateur theatricals or at the college masquerade. Till this year in Canada there were no real soldier girls—live soldier girls who could reel off the Militia List and gossip volubly of the summer camp.

June, 1910, is somewhat of a memorable date in the history of military Canada; six girls went to Niagara Camp in full regalia—and for once the dashing captains in their proud plumage were not the heroes. There were heroines; here they are on this page—Nursing Sisters Leischman, Morris, McGiffin, Daymon, Hammel and Hatch. Note the shoulder straps of the pretty blue uniforms—they are really blue, though they show up white in the photographs; there are the brass buttons on the epaulettes, indicating that each of the young ladies is dignified with the rank of lieutenant during her stay in camp.

The Nursing Sisters are attached to the Army Medical Corps. Bringing them to camp—that was a step in advance for the corps, another example of the progress which has characterised the militia during the past ten years; which has substituted the Army Service Corps for the bull-beef contractor, and organised the Army Medical Corps in place of the regimental doctor and his slim, black bag, turning the whole Canuck army from a crudity into a system.

"What useful purpose is served by bringing trained nurses to a summer military camp?" the sceptic will ask. Talk to Colonel Fenton, C.O., Field Ambulance No. 10. He will dilate upon the

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Miss Seaton, of the South London Rifle Club, Firing.

advantage of the nurse with military experience:

"Nursing experience to be found in summer camp?" you say. "Pshaw!"

Then the Colonel and his assistants will quietly laugh at your incredulity, and tell you how dead wrong you are.

This year there were eleven days of Niagara Camp. Now for the casualty list. In that period out of 4,000 soldiers, 129 sick and wounded were cared for by the Nursing Sisters. The maladies ranged from indigestion and gunshot-wound down the list to colds and pneumonia.

One case of appendicitis was recorded—quite notable, for the victim for the first time in the Canadian military history was operated on, and successfully too, in the open air.

What of the hospital equipment at Niagara?



The Nurses reluctantly Pose.

Eight tents comprised the hospital, each tent a ward containing six beds. The capacity of the hospital was, therefore, 48 patients and the maximum was well averaged during the eleven days. There was an operating tent and a diet tent. The wards were regularly patrolled, diet sheets were kept, records of the patients, his progress and treatment, were set down. In fact the canvas institution was a city hospital in epitome—one difference; the ozone flapped through the tent wards, chasing away the odours of the apothecary.

The innovation of the Nursing Sisters at Niagara Camp was a distinct success. It is understood that the Militia Department have it under consideration to invite more trained nurses from the big hospitals to the summer camps throughout the Dominion. This policy would bear fruit in case of active service; the girls who have learned the routine of the regimental lines would then be able to superintend the operations of the military hospitals which would be established.

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They Did Not Talk.

SOME persons like one sort of shoe and some another, but the kind which was desired by Pierre, the French-Canadian mill-hand, has never enjoyed a wide popularity.

"Shoes for Sunday," Pierre stated to the young man who advanced to meet him as he entered the salesroom of the big shoe factory.

He then sat heavily down on one of the red plush seats and allowed the salesman to insert his feet in a pair of bright yellow shoes. When they were fairly on, Pierre stood, moved his feet this way and that, took a few steps, and shaking his head, sat down again.

"What's the matter?" asked the clerk. "Do they hurt? Are they too tight?"

Pierre shook his head violently.

"She no tight," he said, "but also she no talk. Shoes for Sunday must talk, talk, all the way up in church for to soun' stylish, see?" — *Youth's Companion*.

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Aspiration.

CHANNING GORDON LAWRENCE.

I SAT one day beside the flowing river
And watched it as it glided on its way,
So smooth and placid in its onward motion,
Avoiding all delay.

Within its bosom was a moving purpose,
A longing wish to reach the mighty sea,
And all its strength it gave to that one object,
But yet how noiselessly!

And I have learned that somewhere in the distance
Beyond the mountain and the spreading lee,
Still moving with that calm, majestic sweetness,
The river found the sea.

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A Woman Safe-Lock Expert.

THE unique distinction of being the only woman safe-lock expert in the world and the most expert at that business of any man or woman living, is that claimed by Miss Stella Darling, a young Portland woman. Solving combinations is a second nature with Miss Darling, and so capable is she that a well-known manufacturer's agent pays her a handsome salary.

Whenever the locks on the various vaults and safes of the banks, express companies, and business houses of the city refuse to respond to the usual number of twists and turns of the combination, the owners instead of tearing their hair and saying naughty things, step to the telephone and call for Miss Darling. She takes a few tools and goes to the street and number given.

With an inborn knowledge of the mechanism and its whims, Miss Darling examines it critically and listens to an explanation of the difficulty. With a smile that is contagious, she puts her alligator handbag on a nearby desk, removes her gloves, and approaches the box of steel. After a few deft turns of the combination—and she knows most of them; it is more than likely that she set this one—the bolt may refuse to move. She smiles at her failure, and as if by some mutual understanding between safe and woman, it opens at her second attempt.

To show the high esteem in which she is held by manufacturers throughout the United States, it is only necessary to state that she is the recipient of a number of costly and beautiful jewels which have been given to her from time to time. It is only her love for Portland that has prevented her from accepting lucrative offers in distant cities.

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Women as Rifle Shots.

CANADIAN women are beginning to take up target rifle-shooting, but mostly on indoor ranges. In England, according to these two photographs from the *Illustrated London News*, there are several women who shoot with the men at the regular targets. Perhaps the D. R. A. will soon be similarly honoured.

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Miss Douglas, a Visitor from the Malay States, Firing.