

AS WOMEN SEE THE WAR

Being Our Regular Semi-Monthly Woman's Supplement in Martial Form

The Editorial Viewpoint

By ERIN

At the Sign of the Red Cross

THE unexpected is happening so constantly in these days that we are prepared for almost any announcement in the morning paper. Castles transformed into hospitals, Mayfair mansions for medical supplies, and luxurious yachts for naval skirmishing—such are the reversals of war. Consequently, one is not surprised to see,

stretched across King Street, Toronto, a steamer whose red cross label indicates the headquarters of the association which is engaged in the care of the sick and wounded in war-time. Two months ago, the Red Cross Society was, to most of us, merely a name of an organization which, we vaguely understood, did noble service in time of war. Now, there is hardly a hamlet in Canada which is unaware of the Red Cross activities.

"How many members are there?" I asked Mr. Noel Marshall, who is one of the busiest men in the Province of Ontario.

"There were hardly any members six weeks ago," was the reply. "Now, we have members all over the country, and are receiving packages daily."

"What do you need?" "Money," said Mr. Marshall, "and other things. You can see what we are preparing to send off."

So, I proceeded to explore the rooms, which were suggestive of packing on a wholesale scale. In the rear were piles and piles of pillows, which were being packed into large bundles and labelled "Valcartier."

"Of course," said the presiding officer, "there is a hospital at Valcartier. At present, there are thirty thousand men there, and, no doubt, Canada will send a second contingent. So, some supplies will be needed there for many days to come. Other packages are sent direct to Great Britain."

I made further inquiry regarding the districts contributing money and supplies and learned that packages from western points in Ontario and the North-West must be sent direct to Quebec in care of the Red Cross Branch in that city until further orders. All packages from points between

Kingston and Woodstock, Ontario, must be sent to the Central Depot in Toronto. To facilitate the most effective handling of packages, it is suggested that none should weigh more than one hundred and fifty pounds.

What You Can Do

THE question which naturally arises, as one surveys the literature and packages of the Red Cross Society, is—"What can I do for the work?" That it is a most practical and beneficent movement, carried on by those who know just what they are doing, and to whom they are sending, is manifest from the first inspection of headquarters here.

In the first place, if you can do nothing else, you can send money to carry on the good work, for every dollar counts in the furnishing of supplies. There are subscriptions coming in daily, but every penny you can spare will be welcome to those who are so earnestly carrying on this humane and patriotic enterprise. Truly, this is a time for saving, but also for an enlightened economy which recognizes that the greatest service we can render ourselves, as well as the State, is to aid those who are bearing the brunt of the conflict. The first thrill and the early bewilderment are over. We all realize that a war of continental proportions is raging, and we are already accustomed to camp news from Valcartier. Those whose enthusiasm was excited by martial clamour, now

have an opportunity to prove their sincerity by devotion to the support of our forces throughout the whole struggle. However humble may be the contribution, however small the task, it will go to swell the woman's share in this great war, and there is not one of us who is unable to do something—whether in dollars or in skilful stitches.

That we may not waste our time in the manufacture of articles which will be of no use to the men in active service, it would be well to apply to headquarters for instruction. Mrs. Plumtre, who is prominent in many social welfare movements, informed me that hand-knitted socks are in constant demand. It must be remembered that there are thirty thousand men at Valcartier, and to supply such a force with suitable footwear is no easy undertaking. But, if you have never knitted a pair of socks in your life, do not begin the experiment now, for it is not an amateur's task. And remember, above all, to attach the members of each pair of socks firmly together, for, strange to say, many well-meaning workers have forgotten this precaution and a solitary sock is both dejected and useless.

THEN there are wristlets—nine inches long and warm and woolly. Much discussion has arisen concerning them, but military men of wide experience declare their usefulness and say that, when drawn down to the knuckles, they are a source of warmth and protection, and (who knows) may help a soldier's fingers to a firmer hold of his weapons.

Just here, one's thoughts digress, and, in spite of all attempts to be practical and matter-of-fact, they go wandering off to forts and battlefields. It is, such a beautiful Sep-



MODERN RIFLE WOUNDS ARE EASILY HEALED.

Convalescent Tommies bidding good-bye to the nurses at the London Hospital; soon to be back in the trenches either on the Aisne or the Rhine.



HELPING THE BELGIAN, FOR WHOM WE WENT TO WAR.

A party of one hundred and fifty Belgian refugees who arrived recently in England and are being extended every kindness, not only by the guardians of the Kensington Institute, but also by the Kensington householders.