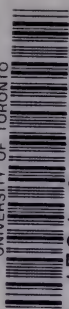


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The Maple Leaf's Red Cross



M. Macleod Moore

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[*Photograph, Swaine, London.*]

Lieut.-Col. Noel Marshall, Chairman of Executive Committee,
Canadian Red Cross Society; Col. H. W. Blaylock, C.B.E.,
Chief Commissioner Overseas; and Mr. K. J. Dunstan,
Member of Executive Committee,

(*Frontispiece.*)

Maple Leaf's Red Cross

FOR REVIEW

THE WAR STORY OF THE CANADIAN RED CROSS
OVERSEAS

BY

MARY MACLEOD MOORE

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DEDICATION

1914—1919

To all the men and women, at home
and abroad, whose untiring zeal and
boundless generosity made this story
possible.

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FOREWORD

" I ESTEEM it a great privilege to record the feeling of pride and thankfulness experienced by all Canadians overseas in the wonderful work accomplished by the Canadian Red Cross since the outbreak of war. We are proud of the splendid generosity of Canadians at home—proud of the enthusiasm and efficiency of the excellent organization which collected and dispersed the comforts, and proud of the devotion to duty, the tireless energy, the constant supervision and the appreciation of what was wanted of those who managed on this side of the water, and those who benefited in any way from the ministrations of the Red Cross are truly thankful—the wounded, the sick, the tired and weary. Lives have been saved, many breakdowns averted and much discomfort removed, much suffering lessened by the aid received from the Red Cross. At the Hospitals, the Convalescent Camps, the Rest Homes, the Dressing Stations, and on the battlefield itself, everywhere, were seen the Red Cross wagons and their attendants succouring, relieving and helping in every possible way. This help was not reserved for Canadians only. British and French Institutions did not apply in vain, and no nobler work was done by the Canadian Red Cross than when it

helped to supply the needs and wants of the civil population in those French and Belgian areas from which the enemy was driven. Old and feeble men and women, suffering mothers, emaciated children, from all of whom the foe had taken the necessaries of life will on bended knee forever thank God for sending the Canadian Red Cross with its comfort, its succour and its sympathy. Now that the war is over it may seem to some that there no longer remains the same urgent need for the mission on which noble and unselfish women and men have been for so long engaged, yet it would be a pity and indeed a wrong if any helpers in the Canadian Red Cross should cease their labours for the cause of suffering humanity, and so while I am very imperfectly and inadequately expressing the appreciation of those who have been helped may I at the same time vouchsafe the hope that the Canadian Red Cross Society will continue to direct the full energy of its organization to the relief of the poor, the needy and the distressed whithersoever dispersed.

“ A. W. CURRIE.”

[The message sent by Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Currie, Canadian Corps Commander, to the Annual Meeting, Canadian Red Cross Society, held at Toronto, February, 1919.]

AUTHOR'S NOTE

THROUGHOUT the war years, as I studied the activities of the Canadian Red Cross in England and in France, I wondered if the people who raised the money and knitted the socks realized in the very least what a helpful part they were playing in the great struggle.

The most that I hope for this little book is that it will give to the people across the sea who have worked so long and so faithfully for the sick and wounded, and for those who have suffered through the war, some clear and gratifying impressions of that many-sided, enterprising, sympathetic organization they supported, which built itself up to be one of the wonders of the war.

There is no attempt here to advertise the workers. To all of them it is the work that counts. One might mention a hundred names and still leave in obscurity five times the number who deserve praise and gratitude for all they have done for Canada's boys, and for other boys from every part of our far-flung Empire.

The story begins with the outbreak of war. It ends—but where and how can it end? Not with the Red Cross stores arriving in Germany, to be ready for the demands of the Field Ambulances and Casualty Clearing Stations, nor with the feeding and clothing of the refugees. The influence of devoted unselfish labour extends over an incalculable future, and none can prophesy its end.

London, May, 1919.

M. MACL. M.

CHAPTER I

THE RED CROSS ENTERS THE STRUGGLE

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I. THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The Maple Leaf's Red Cross

THE splendid voluntary service of rich and poor alike, in the cause of the sick and wounded, the prisoners of war, the soldiers in the trenches, and the civilians who suffered as war went on, has been the bright side of a world tragedy.

The black cloud of war is shot with many of these shining gleams. Of them the achievements of the Canadian Red Cross Society, from the outbreak of war until the last sick and wounded soldier ceased to need its care, illuminate tragic and glorious memories of the past few years.

Aglow with high courage and an exalted sense of patriotism Canada entered the struggle as soon as the message flashed

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across continents and seas telling the world that England declared war on Germany.

As men eagerly mobilized for action, to take their part in what was to prove the greatest war in history, the Canadian Red Cross Society also mobilized on a war basis, to be ready to give assistance to the Medical Service of the Department of Militia and Defence as soon as possible.

The Society was founded in Canada in 1896, and during the South African War did valuable work for the sick and wounded; but what the Society had done in the past was a mere foreshadowing of what its work was to become.

When war began the Society had eight provincial branches, having under their jurisdiction 156 local branches. Inside a year there were 309. When war ended there were 1,303.

The wave of enthusiastic patriotism which swept across Canada when war broke out with the suddenness of a crash of thunder, was only the forerunner of a great flood of passionate self-sacrifice, of splendid generosity.

The Red Cross enters the Struggle

Enthusiasm without perseverance and steadfastness accomplishes little. The enthusiasm of Canada to comfort the sick, to bind up the wounds of the broken, to bring solace to "all prisoners and captives," to befriend the afflicted among the Allies, went hand in hand with remarkable efficiency, unfailing munificence and a perseverance in well-doing that never slackened so long as the need for help existed.

This generosity and enthusiasm was not confined to any section of the public, nor to any particular part of the country. It was universal. From the edge of the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific, and away up to the far North where the Yukon Territory touches the Arctic Regions, people worked and saved for the Red Cross. They were of all ages, of all creeds, Many were very wealthy. Many were poor. It made no difference. All alike were rich in a zeal for helpfulness.

The pair of socks made in the moments nibbled from a day packed with work and with care, was as much the outward and

The Maple Leaf's Red Cross

visible sign of a great love and longing for personal service as the cheque for thousands given by the wealthy man. The woman who knitted and the man who gave were kin, for they were sealed of the brotherhood of those who had offered their own sons for the cause, and now added what else they could to that great gift.

The appeal of the Red Cross was comprehensive. You read of the people formerly called the Doukhobors making large donations in money to the Red Cross Campaign Fund, and you heard of Indians and Esquimaux raising money to be sent to the Red Cross.

From the Hudson Bay Post at Fort Chipwyan, in Northern Alberta, a parcel was received early in the war containing knitted articles made by the Indians for the soldiers and sailors. The oldest adherent of the Canadian Red Cross was an Indian, a member of the Files Hills Indian branch at Balcarres, who was 107 years old when the war broke out. As soon as he received his treaty money from the Government he paid a fee

The Red Cross enters the Struggle

for membership in the Canadian Red Cross.

Old French women knitted socks to be put in the Red Cross boxes, and the little girls in schools all over Canada worked hard for the soldiers that they might send Christmas greetings to hospitals.

A children's branch in Quebec, for example, which was formed a month after war broke out, in one year made over 1,400 garments, packed 50 Christmas gifts and 68 Easter presents for wounded soldiers, besides collecting a great variety of articles for the comfort of the sick and wounded, gave garments to the Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, sent parcels to the men of the Royal Navy and to the crews of the submarines, and raised a considerable sum of money. Cheques were sent to the Queen of the Belgians, to the Prisoners of War Fund, to the Serbian and the Montenegrin Red Cross Societies, and to other good objects connected with those suffering through the war.

The report of the branch for the first year naively stated: "No subscriptions have

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been asked for from grown-up people, but a great deal has been very gratefully received." The members of the branch were from five years old upwards.

Offerings received were remarkably varied, and each testified to the anxiety of the giver to bestow what meant a real sacrifice. Such was the hundred-year-old linen pillow-case from the great-great-granddaughter of the original owner, and the five-cent piece which a small boy brought to the Headquarters one morning, with the statement that he was a Canadian and wanted to help.

You found small boys devoting their holidays to picking sphagnum moss to be used for dressing wounds, and you read of various persons giving all the proceeds from shops, tea-rooms, booklets and fruit-picking to the work of the Red Cross.

One devoted member of the Society—a small girl of seven—made \$31 (about £6) by a "Fowl Contest"; the ticket-holders drew lots for the bird, and the disappointment of the losers was softened by an excellent Red Cross concert given by some of the men

The Red Cross enters the Struggle

members. Gertrude Dafoe, of Green River, Ont., must have been a proud little person when that exciting evening ended.

The people in Canada who worked hard to send something to the Red Cross were made happy by knowing that invariably their gifts filled a want.

Some little Eastern Ontario schoolgirls sent to the Parcels Department of the Information Bureau in London a sum of money they had raised by their own efforts. With this a wheel-chair was bought for the use of helpless men. Very soon after it arrived word came to Headquarters that a Canadian soldier, a double amputation case, was arriving from a distant hospital, on a visit to friends, and was much in need of a chair for use while in London. The school-girls' chair was immediately lent, and the link between Canada and Canada-in-England was complete.

Soldiers at the front did not forget the Red Cross as time went on, whether they had ever been its beneficiaries or not. Money was sent occasionally by battalions to provide

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Christmas boxes for comrades who were prisoners of war, under the care of the Red Cross ; and at times a welcome gift of money for the prisoners was sent as proceeds of an entertainment given " Somewhere in France."

Men who had been cared for in hospital by the Society assigned part of their pay each month as a token of gratitude, and now and again a soldier's will was a mute reminder of the appreciation of the men for the organization through which their own people reached out to them a tender helpfulness.

One such legacy came from a native of Serbia who had become naturalized in Canada and had joined the Army as a volunteer. He was killed in action, and his soldier's will instructed that whatever he died possessed of should go to the Red Cross. His few and simple personal belongings were carefully kept by the Red Cross, to be returned eventually to his father in Serbia.

One cannot think untouched of the people of Canada working for the sick and wounded, with brave hearts filled with anxious thoughts for their own, thousands of miles away.

The Red Cross enters the Struggle

There were many whose gay and gallant men had left them with cheery words, and now lay very still under a foreign sky, unmoved by the thunder of the guns. Never again would they see their own free mountains and prairies and rivers and busy towns, nor could any loved voice rouse them from a dreamless sleep. Yet those they had left forever did not give way to selfish grief. They turned, in thought, from the side of a grave to take up again the work that would mean comfort and relief to other suffering men.

Much of the work for the Canadian Red Cross, through more than four and a half years, was sanctified by the unselfishness of bereaved women as well as by the memory of brave men.

CHAPTER II
OVERSEAS WORK AND WORKERS

CHAPTER II

FACTORS WORK AND WOMEN

FROM the beginning of the war until its close an amount and a variety of work was accomplished under wise leaders that would have seemed incredible in the early days, when we thought fatuously in months, not years, and in thousands, not millions.

“What would you say was the work of the Red Cross?” I once asked Colonel Blaylock, after hearing of some special effort.

“Help,” he replied modestly.

Anything, from a big, splendidly equipped hospital to a package of maple sugar and a good tooth brush came under the heading of “Help”—and the most carping could not deny that it was.

It was Red Cross work to build that hospital and to hand it over to the military authorities, reserving merely the right to spend money on keeping it well equipped and its patients supplied with what they needed.

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It was Red Cross work to see that a tired boy, with a fractured femur which kept him awake at night, was sent the latest copy of the *Moosejaw News* or the *Bridgewater Bulletin*, to remind him of home.

It was Red Cross work to lend stores to some other overseas society which had run short, and it was equally Red Cross work to send theatre tickets to Canadians in hospital who were fed up with the wards and longing to see a good show.

The Red Cross was the friend of Everyman. If a man wanted a set of false teeth, his own having been damaged by the Hun, his natural instinct was to write to the Red Cross, and in the same spirit a woman whose husband, somewhat vaguely named Smith, had run away and might be with the Canadians, trustfully asked the Red Cross to find him and return him to her. Soldiers wrote to have their leave extended, and mothers to send money to their boys.

The Red Cross handed out cigarettes and Christmas stockings to wounded and sick men, and it quietly opened splendid homes for

Overseas Work and Workers

tired nursing sisters ; it provided a car in a great ambulance train, and it built special wards for chest and for fractured femur cases in big hospitals. It supplied a thousand articles at a time to a general hospital in France during a rush, and it remembered to give a gramophone to some small hospital in England. It sent a wounded boy the cheering news that his chum from the same town, and wounded in the same fight, was sitting up, and it fed and clothed and befriended Canadian prisoners of war through years of misery and privation and monotony.

The Red Cross went up under fire to have surgical dressings and comforts—that blessed and all-embracing word—ready during great battles, and it built and made homelike huts for the men in hospital in the war-zone who were able to get up and found the wards dull.

The Red Cross realized without argument that I am my brother's keeper, and promptly sent the Allies cases and cases of clothing and food, worth their weight in gold to the gallant little nations in distress.

The Red Cross thought there was no use

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calling France an Ally and not playing the part of a friend well, with the consequence that 80,000 cases of supplies were distributed among French hospitals, and a splendidly equipped modern hospital was handed to France as a gift from Canada, with a lack of red tape which would make a Government official feel faint.

The Red Cross took a large view of suffering caused by the war, with the result known to French and to Belgian refugees, who were fed and clothed with the gifts of Manitoba and Ontario, British Columbia and Prince Edward Island.

A day at the Headquarters of the Red Cross told a thrilling story to anyone with ears and eyes. The eagerness to be of use, the enthusiasm and the friendliness of these voluntary workers—for the great majority were voluntary workers—resulted in big things being done.

“Here am I, send me,” might have been the motto of every worker.

The duties were not all interesting and inspiring. No work is that is done day in and day out. Fiery enthusiasm burns down and

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the ashes are very cold. But whether it was thrilling, or whether it narrowly escaped being merely anonymous drudgery, the supply of workers never failed.

There were some who toiled from first to last, at a sacrifice of comfort and ease and luxury and time. There were others who worked well, but through no fault of their own could not stay the course till the war ended. There were few who, having put their hands to the plough, looked back.

No short and easy hours were allotted to the Red Cross workers. Early and late they were "on the job." Sometimes midnight found them working hard that none who trusted them might be disappointed.

You went in the morning and found the Chief Commissioner beginning his day by talking to officials over the telephone, seeing a constant stream of visitors, offering money, advice, help; reading cables from Canada about some important development, or messages from France as to transport and supplies.

You found Lady Drummond, in the midst of her workers, keeping her finger on all the

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departments of the Bureau, and in addition seeing soldiers and civilians bound on a variety of errands, and none was sent away unsatisfied.

You looked into the Architect's room and found him busy with plans for building wards and huts and remodelling a building for a hospital.

You saw a roomful of women filing information about wounded Canadians and writing letters to their people at home. You went into another and watched piles of letters being sorted and read, in which comforts were requested for sick and wounded men, or thanks were offered by the men themselves to the O.C. Parcels. You went into another room and women were packing quickly and skilfully these comforts and dainties to cheer up a man in hospital.

You turned to the Prisoners of War Department and there the workers were sorting letters from the prisoners to their staunch friends, and filing carefully on cards the details concerning them. Plans for their increased comfort were being considered and their families written to cheerfully.

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You went to the warehouses, which multiplied as time went on, and walked through crowded avenues, bordered by cases from Canada, which were to carry comforts and relief to overstrained medical officers and matrons and sisters during a great rush, and a sense of home and its care to a man who, flushed with fever, smiled at the label, "Made in Canada," on some gift.

You looked at an ambulance passing and found it was labelled "Canadian Red Cross"; you visited a hospital and saw a Canadian Red Cross store room; you stood by the grave of a dead Canadian soldier and on his coffin lay flowers from the Canadian Red Cross. You went down to Shorncliffe and there saw weary men spending a happy hour in the Red Cross Hut, while they waited for a Medical Board. And at last you went to Liverpool, perhaps, and saw a hospital ship start with its load of convalescents, who were greatly cheered by the gift of cigarettes, games and books from the Canadian Red Cross.

Canadian enterprise and energy founded the work overseas of the Canadian Red Cross

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a few weeks after the war began. Canadian generosity and zeal continued that work until the need ceased to exist. There was no Armistice for the Red Cross, for the sick and wounded, and the people of the lately occupied territory in France and in Belgium did not cease to need comfort and help when a paper was signed.

Canada realized the need for prompt and efficient organization in England and in France, and arranged to meet this need when the Society was organized on a war basis. Colonel (afterwards Surgeon-General) G. S. Ryerson, President of the Canadian Red Cross when the war began, and Colonel Noel Marshall, Chairman of the Executive, who dedicated his whole time to the work throughout the entire period of the war, made their plans with special reference to the needs which must arise as time went on. They were supported by splendid committees, and behind them stood the entire population of Canada.

The overseas work began with a tragedy. Lieut.-Col. Jeffrey Burland, of Montreal,

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arrived in England in the autumn of 1914, full of enthusiasm to commence his duties, but was taken ill and died before he had done more than lay the foundations of a great work. The Assistant Commissioner, Lieut. E. W. Parker, by a sad coincidence died very shortly afterwards as the result of a chill. Lieut.-Col. C. A. Hodgetts, C.M.G., was then appointed the second Commissioner, and filled that post faithfully until the spring of 1918. He thus was in charge from the early days, when the work was done in a few rooms, and one warehouse was large enough for the early arrivals among Canadian supplies, during the building up of the work, with its many ramifications, through three and a half years.

The Assistant Commissioner in England, from July, 1915, to April, 1918, was Lieut.-Col. Claud Bryan, also greatly interested in the work of the Red Cross.

Lady Drummond, who organized the Information Bureau of the Red Cross, to deal with the personal needs of the individual soldier, and was in charge of the Bureau

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throughout the war, was appointed Assistant Commissioner in April, 1918.

In France, spending himself untiringly in carrying out the wishes of the Canadian people within a few miles of the actual fighting, one man was in charge from January, 1915, when there was only one Canadian Hospital Unit in France, till April, 1918, when he became Chief Commissioner Overseas, with his headquarters in London, and remained in charge until demobilization.

This was Col. H. W. Blaylock, C.B.E., who, as Captain Blaylock, first helped in the London office and then was appointed in charge of the work in France as Assistant Commissioner.

With the Red Cross in France for a year was Col. David Law, who was first in charge of Advanced Stores and then Assistant Commissioner, from April, 1918, till December of the same year.

In charge of the Advanced Stores for seven months to December, 1917, was the late Captain W. MacLeod Moore, M.C., who had organized that work.

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A few months before the close of the war, Capt. Murphy took charge of the Advanced Stores and rendered memorable service, not only to the troops, but to the refugees and the people of the towns and villages long occupied by the enemy. From December, 1918, until demobilization, he was Acting Assistant Commissioner.

In addition to these officials much help was given by a London War Committee, appointed early in 1917, which had for its first Honorary President H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught, who was succeeded, on her death, by H.R.H. Princess Patricia. Its members were Mr. G. C. Cassels, Mr. C. Cambie and Mr. F. W. Ashe, who formed a link between the Canadian Headquarters and the Overseas Commissioner.

The Canadian people owe much to the great ability, the enthusiasm and the steadfastness of their representatives overseas. To their lot it fell to carry into effect what was planned in Canada; theirs was the happiness of meeting face to face the men they worked for; they were in touch with the needs and the

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emergencies brought about by a war which was at their doors.

The business methods of the Red Cross were those of any other large concern where trained men combined knowledge and experience and ability with wide vision and a large scorn of the methods of the Circumlocution Office. Great efficiency linked to a passion for the relief of suffering of all kinds, due, directly and indirectly, to the war, accomplished wonders. And though large sums of money raised in Canada were spent generously, the accounts were kept with such scrupulous care that the Headquarters of the Society in Toronto could trace month by month every amount expended in England and in France.

One of the most remarkable features of the work of the Red Cross was that so much useful service was given by women who had had little or no experience of business methods, and had had no training in work which they afterwards accomplished with so much skill, and carried on for years as voluntary helpers.

Women and girls, who, in the ordinary

Overseas Work and Workers

course of events would have had no chance to develop a taste for business, organized and managed departments or worked under a leader, with a faculty which left one thinking hopefully of a future in which Reconstruction was a word impossible to evade.

The men, from the responsible heads down to the orderlies and the hall porter, were imbued with the spirit of the Red Cross. Some organized and managed and carried out plans involving large sums of money, which they held in trust for the Canadian public. Others drove cars at the Front under fire, for hours which any Trade Union would have condemned, with the same matter-of-factness they might have displayed in driving through the streets of London or Montreal. They accepted shell-holes and shrapnel as commonplaces and they rushed their heavy lorries wherever the call was most urgent, the one fact worth considering being the need of being on time. Others, working in France at the base, or in England, sorted and packed for twelve or fifteen hours on end when the wounded were pouring into base

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hospitals and across to England, and the demand for small comforts was incessant.

The link made between the Red Cross and the individual, by personal service, was strong.

“ I never had much use for the Red Cross in Canada,” said a wounded soldier, “ and I wouldn't let my wife work for it for a long time.”

“ But why ? ” asked his surprised visitor.

Then came the old Wandering Jew of a story about the socks given to the Red Cross, and sold—a “ Made in Germany ” story.

“ And you never tried to find out if that was true, or asked anyone to find out ? ”

“ No, I didn't, but I'm sorry now. I was in hospital in France for Christmas, and was the only Canadian in the ward and feeling pretty bad so far from home when Sister came in and said :

“ ‘ Here's something for you, Canada.’ ”

“ And sure enough the Red Cross had found me out and sent me a present. After that I thought that story couldn't be true.” Which may not have been strictly logical, but was most gratifying.

CHAPTER III
CANADA'S OFFERINGS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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[Canadian Official Photograph.]

Canadian Red Cross Car in Princess Christian Ambulance Train.

A CANADIAN woman was visiting a military hospital with comforts for the Canadian soldiers, when the Sister, who had been admiring the kit bags and other gifts, said, half enviously :

“ I wish all the men got as much. Your Red Cross gives things worth while. But then you have the dollars ! ”

Like a flash the nearest Canadian, with a wink at his visitor, replied :

“ It’s not the dollars, Sister. It’s sense and cents.”

Here a little and there a little, the money was raised, until from distant Canadian towns and farms help went to the sick and wounded of all the British Armies and of the Allied Forces, as well as to the Canadians, and to the desolate and oppressed of the stricken

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countries of Europe. Russia, Belgium, Roumania, France, Serbia, Italy and Montenegro reaped the fruits of the generosity of the Canadian people, who knew nothing of invasion, who had never heard the sullen crash of the guns nor the hideous noise of the bursting bomb dropped from the sky, but nevertheless recognized their responsibility to those who shared with them the sorrows of the war.

The fruit of the war work so far as figures go—for none can sum up the far-reaching results of unselfish service and self-sacrifice—is remarkable.

Over a quarter of a million cases of supplies were received in England from Canada, while about 50,000 were purchased in England when convenience demanded that this should be done. The total value of these supplies amounted to about 12,600,000 dollars (£2,520,303). The actual cash received in England for the Red Cross work amounted to over 5,400,000 dollars (£1,076,957), while the cars and ambulances given by Canada were valued at 492,000 dollars (£98,460).

Canada's Offerings

Besides all this money for the work overseas, Canada gave as an absolutely free gift to the British Red Cross Society the sum of 6,600,000 dollars (£1,332,176).

These huge totals were not made up, as has been said already, by large sums given by a few rich people or organizations. They were the offerings of the whole community. They were the generous gifts of the children who saved their candy money, and of the men and women who put by a small sum monthly.

I never read in London the business-like lists of cases of supplies from Canada, received week after week by the Red Cross, without seeing behind the numbers the people and the places connected with them.

It might leave one cold to hear that in one week Ontario sent 700 cases, Saskatchewan 200, Quebec 216, and so on through a list of the Provinces. But the thought of the love and the anxiety, the energy and the skill which went to the filling of the cases made the list of names and figures athrob with life.

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You looked at the name of Ontario, and you could see great, busy Toronto, full of people working for the Red Cross; you visualized Aylmer, Copper Cliff, Hamilton, Kenora, Napanee, Sarnia, Waterloo, Gengarry and scores of others, with their sewing parties, their anxious, industrious mothers and wives, talking as they worked of those who would find comfort in their gifts in some far-off Dressing Station, Field Ambulance, Casualty Clearing Station or Base Hospital.

With the names of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan were linked the women in the scattered villages and towns and the lonely prairies, as well as in the cities, working, working, working through the long winter evenings, and in moments snatched during busy days of seed-time and harvest, that they might help "the boys."

You could see in your mind's eye the women of the beautiful Maritime Provinces, and the women of the Rockies at work; the women of Montreal organizing and inspecting, and the women of rural Quebec weaving rugs on their handlooms, made from the

Canada's Offerings

scraps left over from cutting out shirts, to be sold for the soldiers.

Behind the neat inventory of so many kit bags, so many cases of bandages and dressings, so many towels, cases of clothing for hospitals, cases of maple sugar and of hot-water bottle covers, there gathered ever that great army of women, the mothers and wives and sisters and sweethearts of the fighting men, proudly and gladly bringing their gifts to lay upon the altar.

In England and in France, as you looked at the cases and read the long roll of contents, you had a whimsical sensation of watching the hands of the workers, hands so eloquent in their muteness.

There were the hands of the wealthy woman, well-kept, smooth and white, and the hands of the working woman, with their blunted nails and rough skin, the slim hands of the young girl, and the gnarled, veined hands of a worker's old age, beside the chubby, dimpled hands of the little girls, earnestly doing their best to help in the Great War.

Busily all the fingers moved, slowly or

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quickly, according to the skill and the age of the worker. Sometimes the hands were raised to wipe away the tears which came as a woman thought of the man who was beyond the need of any comfort she could send ; beyond the sound of her voice, though she called to him in the stillness with the aching yearning of the Rachels weeping for their children throughout a stricken world.

When the cases left all parts of Canada, on their way to England and to France, they were only at the beginning of a journey that in war time was full of hazard. Submarines and mines threatened every ship, and there were reasons why a vessel, bound for a certain port, such as Liverpool, might find itself suddenly heading for Bristol or Glasgow.

Nor was this the end of the adventures of the cases. Sometimes they arrived on dry land, and then a difficulty arose as to sending them to London, for the War Office had given orders that only war material might be moved.

Off the cases started again on another journey, and eventually some little mer-

Canada's Offerings

chant steamer, lurching through heavy seas around the coasts of England, arrived in London, from Heaven—and the Admiralty—knew where, bringing the Canadian cases to the Red Cross warehouses at last.

We were all very inexperienced about war conditions in the early days. So there was much need for the Toronto Executive and for the Commissioner in England to beg generous people in Canada not to send cases to individuals through the Red Cross, trusting that benevolent and efficient body to deliver them at the door, so to speak, like a city postman.

Sometimes these Ishmaels arrived, without notice, with large sums of money to pay; often the man to whom the case was directed was lost in space, with a vague address common to many in those days: "B.E.F."

Even after the official Red Cross cases arrived in England, there was the cross channel journey for many to make, but despite mines and other dangers, and all the difficulties of transport, of which people in Canada can understand little, they continued

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to reach Boulogne with gratifying regularity, ready to be sent on to Hospital, Field Ambulances and Casualty Clearing Stations as needed.

And all the heartaches and the generosity and the perils of the tossing seas in war time appeared eventually in a list as " Alberta, 400 cases, Ontario, 750, Nova Scotia, 179," and a catalogue of the contents.

The total result of all this sewing and knitting, and making of dressings and bandages, collecting money, and packing and shipping is stupendous when it is considered that Canada's entire population is about eight millions.

The first cases came over with the First Contingent, when it sailed from Quebec. These supplies were distributed among the hospitals in the vicinity of Salisbury Plain, for the benefit of the men who fell ill there in that memorable winter. They were given also to military and private hospitals in England and abroad ; some of them went to West Mudros, Lemnos. From that time until the end of 1918, weeks after the

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Armistice was signed, the supplies continued to come in a steady stream, until, at the latter date, the large number of over a quarter of a million cases (as already stated) had been received in England, and distributed among Canadian military hospitals in England, both direct from London and from the Shorncliffe Depot ; the headquarters of the Society in France for Base Hospitals, Field Ambulances, Casualty Clearing Stations and Advance Stores ; the depot in Paris, which received and distributed cases for the French hospitals ; and among the other Allies.

CHAPTER IV
THE STORY OF THE CASES

THE STORY OF THE EARLY
HISTORICAL RECORDS

A VISIT to the warehouses to see what was in stock was a most interesting experience. Even more impressive was a glimpse of how the books were kept. So well was this done that the socks sent from a Montreal branch, at a certain time, for example, or the towels forwarded from Victoria, British Columbia, could be actually traced to their final destination. If anyone had had the lack of conscience to trouble busy people to do this, it would have been possible to find out exactly at any time which hospital in England or in France received certain supplies.

The Stores Department was divided into the (I) Administration, which dealt with all correspondence about supplies, all requisitions on Canada for supplies and goods to

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be bought in England, requisitions from Canadian Hospital Units in England, from the Branch Depot at Shorncliffe, in the care of Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, and from the Society's Headquarters in France, besides those from any other organizations. Also it dealt with the methods of keeping records of all supplies, both received and dispatched, and with figures. (II) The Purchasing Department, which was instituted when it was found necessary to make a number of purchases in England. It gives some idea of the vast amount of work carried on to learn that the Purchasing Department in the first eight months of 1918 expended about £148,000, a large part of this sum being used for the equipment of hospitals in England and in France, and the purchase of supplies to be sent to Canadian Hospital Units in France. (III) The Warehouses, where the supplies were received and from which they were despatched.

Among the goods purchased in England, chiefly with a view to saving time and tonnage, were furniture, articles for fancy

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work, games, groceries, confectionery, fresh fruit, medical supplies, magazines and books, toilet articles and tobacco, cigarettes and smokers' requisites.

Quantities of supplies from Canada passed through the bonded warehouse, because, though Red Cross supplies were free of duty to accredited hospitals, a record had to be kept of all dutiable articles received and dispatched.

During the first three and a half years the following quantities of dutiable goods were distributed, giving some idea of what was presented to the Red Cross while war lasted.

Cigarettes	36,908,280	
Tobacco	82,162	lbs.
Jams and Preserves	246,616	„
Canned Peaches	488,778	„
Cocoa	10,899	„
Chocolate	37,877	„
Confectionery, hard	10,021	„
Maple Sugar	214,637	„
Tea	32,024	„
Coffee	11,603	„
Dried Fruits	42,490	„
Playing Cards	70,450	pkts.
Chewing Gum	12,508	lbs.

In addition, in one half-year 1,750,000 cigarettes and 1,400 lbs. of tobacco were

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supplied direct by the manufacturer to the warehouse of the Red Cross in Boulogne, indicating the demand for such supplies, and I defy the most bigoted anti-smoking person or society to find any fault with a gift which gave such pleasure.

The warehouses were situated in a part of London not familiar to the ordinary pre-war visitor, who knows his Strand and Regent Street and Piccadilly, but has never ventured to explore the district which lies near the river, towards London Bridge, identified with the leather trade. Perhaps future visitors from Canada will make pilgrimages to a neighbourhood so closely linked with Canada's work for the sick and wounded.

The warehouses were to be found in Tooley Street, in Bermondsey Street and in Southwark Street, while one was in Chelsea. In the earliest days, that is, November, 1914, there was but one warehouse. At the close of hostilities there were six, including the bonded warehouses, with accommodation for about 50,000 cases.

I walked through them all one day, after

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studying records until my unmathematical brain reeled. I had learned that shipping lists containing total number of cases, case numbers and the contents thereof, were sent, showing exactly what was on its way from Canada; that all supplies were checked with the lists by number, to see that nothing was lost (and to lose a case was almost unknown), that all cases were then allocated to one or other of the warehouses, duly recorded and posted to their respective folios in the Stores Ledger.

Without knowing the proper terms for such good business methods, I can only tell you, who read this in Canada, that your case of bandages was entered, with every variety of bandage in a separate list, and the number of case after it; that every case had its life history entered in those imposing books and on great sheets, and the smallest safety pin would have found it hard to escape. In the end, the destination of each article was duly recorded, so that I knew in which Canadian General Hospital in France your case had found a home.

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What happened to the supplies after they were all entered? First, then, approved requisitions for all articles had to be sent from Canadian Medical Units or by the Headquarters of the Society in France. These requisitions were next examined at the London Headquarters, where they were authorized and then passed on to the Officer in Charge of the Warehouses, who forwarded the supplies at once to their destination, either by motor lorry—for the Canadian Red Cross had its own adequate transport, both in England and France—or by rail.

Every month a tabulated statement was drawn up, which showed exactly the Medical Units in England and in France, and the other institutions to which the Red Cross sent supplies, with the total quantities given to each. In addition a Stock Sheet showed at the close of each month what was in each warehouse. At a glance one could see how many cases of bandages and socks there were upon which to draw in an emergency case, such as often arose when supplies were urgently needed by the wounded.

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From the very beginning the Red Cross prided itself upon never disappointing those who asked for help.

One morning, in the spring of 1915, 4,759 articles, including shirts, socks, dressing gowns and many other comforts, were asked for in a hurry, to be delivered at Southampton Docks. Within six and a half hours the 4,750 articles were packed and shipped from the Canadian Red Cross warehouses, and the workers were ready for the next order.

It was interesting to see the cases in the warehouses, stacked high on all sides, and to learn the variety of the contents.

Canned fruit, maple sugar, groceries, jam, boots and slippers, sticks, crutches, gramophones, invalid chairs, and cases and cases of clothing and medical supplies and of small articles were all to be found in stock.

The supplies came under fifteen categories, comprising 665 different articles.

For example, there were 19 different sorts of bandages, 13 kinds of bedding, 63 different articles of clothing, 37 of dressings, 171 of furniture and hardware, 32 of fancy work

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(supplied by the Parcel Department to men in hospital), 194 games, many of which were "made in Canada," 81 of groceries, 47 of medical stores, 35 miscellaneous, 22 stationery, 37 toilet articles and 8 which were connected with the needs of the smoker.

The details of these totals were interesting. Imagine in one year supplying from Canada one million handkerchiefs, 868,629 pairs of socks, nearly 299,000 shirts, almost 80,000 kit, comfort and personal property bags, and 13 tons of candies and maple sugar.

Two gifts from Canada in especial stand out in the minds of those who worked for the soldiers in hospital. They were apples and Christmas stockings.

The apples which came over from Canada and were distributed to Canadian soldiers in hospital, as well as to other soldiers and to other units besides the Canadians, were a source of joy to the men. Wounded Nova Scotia and Ontario might argue bitterly as to the merits of the apples from their respective provinces, but they showed a united front to the Australian or the English-

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man who dared to doubt that Canadian apples were the best in the world.

Gifts of apples were made to many organizations in England. The Fleet can testify to the virtues of the Canadian apple, for the Canadian Red Cross shared its cases with the men who guarded the seas unceasingly. Lord Charles Beresford, of the Navy League, writing on one occasion to thank the Chief Commissioner for 1,176 cases of apples for the Fleet, said that the apples were so valuable to the health of the men, it had been decided to try to give them one million pounds of fruit. Owing to the failure of the fruit crop in England in 1918, this would have been impossible without the help of the Canadian Red Cross.

There were never more grateful recipients of apples than the sailors, for not only did every ship write its thanks, but almost every individual aboard signed the letter.

As to the stockings, no small boy or girl who still believed in Father Christmas could have had more happiness out of a well-stuffed Christmas stocking than did Canada's

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sick and wounded men who were in hospital at Christmas-time.

The stockings, made and packed in every Province, were shipped to England for distribution in England and in France. They were the only gifts not shared with all other soldiers who might be in a Canadian hospital at the time, for they were meant as a reminder to each Canadian soldier that his own people were with him at Christmas.

No matter where a soldier was, he received a stocking from home. One Christmas-time the Red Cross in France learned that there was a solitary Canadian soldier in a hospital about fifty miles from the Base. There was no time to be lost, so one of the V.A.D. drivers started off in her lorry, and delivered that one stocking in time for a happy Christmas morning.

Last Christmas (1918) 38,235 stockings were received from Canada for the soldiers in hospital. Even this number was not enough, so the Parcel Department rose to the occasion and packed separately 4,075 parcels containing Christmas gifts to eat

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and to wear. These, though not contained in an actual stocking, gave much satisfaction to the men.

The stockings were distributed in bulk to Canadian hospitals, but those for the men in "Imperial" hospitals were dispersed by the visitors among the individual men. It was a delightful task. For a soldier who has fought for years, and known all the horrors and privations of a long campaign, to be childishly excited and gay over a Christmas stocking, stuck with bright seals and tied with brilliant colours, is pathetic as well as amusing. For the time being, the most experienced warrior was a child again.

"Sister took away my stocking till Christmas morning. She was afraid I would look."

"I'll hang mine up like a good boy till Christmas morning. Honest I will. Have a heart, Sister! Don't take it away. I like to poke it."

"Say, I wonder where that was packed? Perhaps it's from my own home town."

One boy took no chances. Explaining that in a world of disappointments and of

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surprises it was better to be on the safe side, he devoured at once all that was edible, and put away in his locker all that was wearable. He was thus able to give his undivided attention to superintending the unpacking of other men's gifts on Christmas morning, with that contented mind which is greater than riches.

The melancholy casualties were those who arrived at hospital on Christmas Day, or a day or so after, and were obliged to listen to glowing accounts of the festivities and the presents.

A man of over forty, with a wife and family at home in New Brunswick, who took ill on leave, was found by Sister to be unusually low spirited. Upon investigation it was learned that he was very lonely, and the thought of having actually "gone sick" too late to be included in the distribution of stockings from Canada was the last straw.

It is an act of supererogation to mention that he was sent from the Red Cross a special Christmas parcel of his own, and enjoyed the

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distinction of being the only man unpacking and gloating over gifts, while the rest of the ward looked on enviously and critically, and chanted the saga of past glories and of other Christmas cheer.

Canadian gifts always popular with the wounded soldiers were maple sugar and jams and tinned fruit. Of the former 16,300 lbs. were distributed at the last war Christmas, while nearly 20,000 of peaches, and 38,346 lbs. of jams went to the Canadian Hospital Units.

Perhaps one of the highest compliments paid to the work of the Red Cross is found in a letter from an admirer who had visited more than twenty hospitals in England and in France, and was told by the nurses and patients that the fruit sent out by the Canadian Red Cross Fruit Kitchens was one of the inspirations of the war.

Respect for good packing was combined with sentiment by the O.C. of a Canadian hospital in France, who testified that he had never seen a broken jar, and continued feelingly: "To see a glass jar filled with your

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cherries or peaches is like a glimpse of the homeland."

These wonderful stores, ranging from chewing gum to the furniture of a hospital, and from Christmas stockings to a portable electric light plant, were at the disposal of all Canadian Hospital Units in England and in France. This by no means meant that only Canadians enjoyed them, for the Canadian hospitals were open to all patients, and frequently there were fewer men from Canada being treated than from any other part of the Empire. Thus the men from England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Newfoundland, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and the West Indies, besides other more remote places, were the beneficiaries of the Canadian Red Cross.

In all the big Canadian hospitals there was a special Red Cross store-room, where supplies were kept, in the charge of a Red Cross orderly. From this store the men could obtain toilet articles, socks and other gifts, while linen, hospital clothing and medical and surgical supplies were at the disposal of the doctors and nurses.

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For any supplies which were not in the store-room the Officer Commanding any Medical Unit, under the Army Medical Corps, or the Matron of a hospital, had only to indent for them, on forms supplied by the Society for the purpose, and the Red Cross delivered the supplies with admirable promptitude, taking in return a proper receipt upon its own receipt form.

During the influenza epidemic, for example, the work of the Stores Department was greatly increased, for the calls were numerous, and many were of so pressing a character that Red Cross special lorries had to travel long distances to deliver the supplies, which were anxiously awaited. A rush order for 5,000 influenza masks was filled in four days.

The Canadian Red Cross does not boast, but it states with understandable gratification that it cannot recall any instance where it has been unable to respond to the demands made upon it.

Worth recording is this fact, when one considers the long months of war; all the sudden and terrible emergencies that arose

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as the fighting waxed and waned ; all the sick and wounded, beaten down by the War God, to be raised, cared for and healed by those who followed in his wake—whose mission it was to save life, not to destroy it.

CHAPTER V
A MOTHERING BUREAU

CHAPTER V

A HISTORY OF THE



The Entrance to the Bureau, with Lady Drummond at her desk.



I HAVE often thought (I should like to believe the idea was original, but it must have struck many other people) that if the Great War had nothing else to its credit it should be thanked for the development of the maternal instinct.

At first blush this sounds as if a multitude of mothers had needed a war to stimulate their affection for their sons. But it is meant in a much wider sense. The woman who nursed the soldiers; the girl ambulance driver who moved slowly and carefully to avoid jolting the suffering boy; the young V.A.D. working in a Recreation Hut in France and representing Woman to the men going back to the horror of the trenches; the women writing letters to anxious mothers, visiting the wounded men in hospital, taking

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them out for treats, packing their parcels, trying in every way to ease their pain and unrest and home-sickness, and to take the place of the women at home who were too far away to pet their boys—all these were "mothering," whether young women or elderly, married or single. The instinct which moves one to protect and soothe and comfort had full scope during the war; consciously or unconsciously women responded to it.

The Information Bureau of the Canadian Red Cross* Society might be called the Mothering Bureau, for its whole mission was to comfort and befriend the sick and wounded men, with whom it kept in touch until they were discharged from hospital, or until, in some sad cases, they passed "from this room into the next," far from home and kin.

It was on the 11th of February, 1915, the day after the first of the Canadian contingents landed in France, that the Red Cross Information Bureau was opened by Lady Drummond, with the sanction and support of Colonel

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Hodgetts, C.M.G., Canadian Red Cross Commissioner.

It was Lady Drummond's strongest ambition to be of service, both to the men and to their families, and the Red Cross gave her her great opportunity, of which she made the fullest use.

The Bureau began work with a mere handful of voluntary helpers in a couple of rooms. It extended its boundaries until it included departments for Inquiries for the sick and wounded and missing, Correspondence and Visiting, Parcels, Newspapers, and Drives and Entertainments and Hospitality to Officers; all fully staffed and working smoothly and ably.

These departments of necessity implied a vast amount of work and a large number of voluntary workers. Hundreds were engaged solely on the work of the Bureau. To mention that when the Armistice was signed there were over 1,300 hospital visitors gives some idea of what was done in this branch alone, and this was but one.

The workers gave their services, and several,

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both English and Canadian, were on duty practically from the time the Bureau was opened till the end of the war ; others for shorter periods.

The Canadians represented every part of the Dominion. In this the workers at the London Headquarters were typical of the people of all Canada, who supported the Red Cross loyally throughout the war.

The majority of the workers were the wives, mothers and sisters of soldiers, who thus, during a long period of strain and anxiety, and, in many cases, great grief, devoted themselves to doing all in their power to ease the lot of the sick and wounded men.

From the Bureau there radiated an influence which was felt in the fields of France and Flanders, in hospitals where wounded men lay restlessly waiting for the morning, and in homes throughout the Dominion of Canada, whence men had gone to fight.

You felt it even as you entered the hall, and found it full of bags of Canadian newspapers or boxes for the Parcels Department.

In the Reception Room you found a capable

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Canadian girl interviewing several young officers, who were being "fixed up" with invitations for their leave, for the people of the British Isles were most warmly anxious to meet and to entertain Canadians.

In an adjoining office was the Head, in the centre of her helpers, and accessible to all who wished to see her. In the rooms beyond a host of busy workers opened and answered letters, filled up cards and indexed information.

You called at the Parcel Department to see the O.C., who was anxiously wondering if the working materials for the badges the men were embroidering had arrived, and you dodged baskets of fresh fruit and boxes of fresh eggs, being sent to the wounded.

Active workers were packing elsewhere in this department, where you found yourself surrounded by parcels with socks, sweaters, puzzles, materials for needlework and a thousand and one things to make the long days less wearisome. Each parcel, carefully tied and addressed, meant pleasure, benefit and interest to some Canadian in hospital.

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The wounded Canadian hardly arrived in England before it was disclosed to him that the Information Bureau was a Fairy God-mother of the good old kind of his childish days.

On landing or on admission to hospital he was given a mysterious blue card, addressed to the Bureau and stamped.

“ Oh, yes ! ” as he would tell you, “ there’s no bother about asking someone to stamp it. You just get another fellow to drop it in the letter-box, and the Red Cross does the rest.” This, of course, after filling in your name, number, battalion, the name of the hospital and next of kin.

Each soldier arriving in hospital soon had a visitor, who kept in touch with all Canadians admitted to her particular hospital.

She asked a few questions, and as you—if you were the patient—rather diffidently mentioned some needs, because very likely you had arrived without anything, straight from France, she explained that the Red Cross would send whatever you wanted. Soon a kit-bag came, with toilet articles, a razor,

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stationery, pencil, and, of course, cigarettes. Then perhaps fruit, if you fancied some, or books, or materials for work, or a pack of cards. You craved maple sugar and maple sugar arrived with commendable promptness.

Above all, you wanted news of home. If only you could see a paper from the old home town, telling what was going on, and what they were all talking about, you would feel more contented. Before you had time to suggest this, the visitor had made a note of your Canadian address, to ask the Newspaper Department for papers to be sent, and soon you were reading about new buildings, patriotic "shows" and the visitors coming and going.

All these things and many more meant that the Information Bureau, having for its brains, its hands, its eyes and ears, sympathetic, thoughtful women, knew just what the Canadian soldier wanted, and saw that he got it.

In addition, the Bureau knew what the people at home wanted, nay, more, what they craved with a sick and anxious longing, and

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that was tidings of the husband or son lying wounded across the sea.

This matter of correspondence was one of the most important and valuable works of the Bureau. As each man was called upon, the visitor informed the Bureau of his wound or illness, his condition both bodily and mental, his needs and his general well-being.

She reported to the Bureau every week, though she might visit much more often, and this report was filed on a card, which eventually held a complete record of the man's case. These reports formed the basis of letters sent often to the man's family as long as he was very ill, and less frequently thereafter.

Touching and grateful letters were received from the mothers and wives, who were glad to know that their sons and husbands had found friends.

"He is my only son now, and I am a widow. The other son was killed in France," wrote a mother.

"I am so grateful for news of my dear husband, for he is not able to write much

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himself," said a letter from a wife, bravely keeping the home fires burning across the ocean.

"Blighty would be a dull old place for wounded Canadians to come back to," wrote one soldier, "if it were not for you ladies. You are doing a grand work and we are sure grateful, I can tell you"; while another, as he emptied his kit-bag upon his bed and exclaimed over the contents, said, "Just wait till I write home and tell them all about the Red Cross looking after the boys like this! It's just grand, and lots of the Imperials wish they were as well cared for as we are. Sister thinks you are simply fine!"

After all the great fights in which the Canadians were engaged, a stream of inquirers called at the Bureau, and up to a late hour daily the workers were busy sending off letters and reports and entering records. As many as 1,070 reports were sent out in one single day, but the average was 5,000 reports monthly. Many inquiries were made by men in hospital for friends of whom they had lost track, and inquiries from relatives of the

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men came by every post, averaging 4,000 in a month.

The parcels, already referred to, were a great pleasure. Almost everything that could be thought of was asked for and supplied. Nearly half a million parcels were sent out from the time the Bureau opened, including thousands of kit-bags. These were in part fitted up in Canada, and contained the necessary toilet articles, to which were added "smokes" and valuable information regarding pay and free postage, etc.

These bags went on journeys all over the United Kingdom, wherever there were Canadians in hospital, and those who made them and helped to fill them must be happy to know how much they were appreciated.

In the Parcel Department, again, the business-like habits of the Bureau displayed themselves, for there was a card index kept from which it was possible to tell at a glance just what each man had received, and when, and inquiries regarding his comfort could be answered immediately.

Often a convalescent soldier called at the

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Bureau to thank ladies for gifts, or to ask for a bag for small belongings, "like you got for Jones," or for materials to embroider a cushion cover, "the same as Smith did when he was in hospital."

Their letters told a grateful story.

"My dear, kind friends," wrote a Canadian boy, "I do not know how to thank you for the kindness I have received at your hands. When the Comforts Bag came I was overwhelmed by the contents. If the people in Canada realized the good the Society was doing among the sick and wounded here the subscriptions would come in even better than they do."

"It's sure like Christmas," wrote another, "and I was the kid looking at the Christmas stocking when I got your presents."

Drives and entertainments for officers and men were also a feature of the work. When you asked the charming Canadian girl in charge of a chart, telling what was arranged for each day in the week, to show it to you, you were amazed to see the organization demanded for this work. A car was asked to

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take Lieut. ——— out for the first time. Then ten soldiers were invited to the theatre, and the Bureau arranged to take them and to bring them back. A popular actor or actress called or telephoned and offered to arrange a hospital entertainment, and all the details had to be attended to.

There was one stream of engagements, all for the pleasure of the sick and wounded. In six months alone 3,000 drives were arranged.

Nor were the officers forgotten, for they were Canadian "boys" as well. It was hardly fully realized in Canada that all Canadian officers on furlough, or on leave after being discharged from hospital, had splendid chances to see the British Isles under delightful auspices, for the Information Bureau was inundated with invitations from people with fine houses and country estates, asking Canadian officers to be their guests. Any Canadian officer could apply to the Bureau and find himself a welcome and honoured visitor in an English or Scottish home. In three years nearly 3,000 Canadian officers

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were thus entertained by between 200 and 300 hostesses.

Each wounded officer received from Lady Drummond, as soon as he entered hospital, a kindly letter offering the services of the Bureau, suggesting callers, if visitors were desired, Canadian newspapers, or a drive, if the patient felt well enough to go out.

The last sentence was most tactful, when one remembers that small things like answering letters look large to a sick man, "If at present there is nothing we can do, please accept this assurance without feeling under an obligation to reply."

Tragic yet comforting was the part of the work that dealt with the killed and missing, and with those of whose death and burial details were desired. This was called the Permanent Casualties Branch, and the total number recorded from 1915 was 59,420.

Fortnightly lists of the missing were supplied to the branches of the British Red Cross Society at home and abroad, and the searchers of the Society endeavoured to get news of those missing from the Canadian contingents.

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Later, the work was extended to embrace all Canadian depots and camps in England. All information obtained was filed, examined and, if necessary, revised before being sent by the Bureau—when thought advisable—to the relatives. It was, one need hardly say, of the greatest comfort to the sorrowing families, who had received only the terribly bald official notice. The little personal tributes brought the dead nearer; they broke the awful silence. They gave the mourners a vivid picture of the last moments of one of the heroes of the war; they put an end to that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick.

Facts gleaned by patient questioning of wounded men from the same batteries and battalions were very pathetic. Each paper meant a heart-break for someone. One touched them reverently and read the little statements with wet eyes.

“He was a fine officer. We loved him, and we'd have done anything he asked.”

“He said to me in the morning, ‘I feel so happy to-day’; then the attack came, and he

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stood up and shouted to cheer us on, and then he fell, and was very still and died."

"I helped to bury him and I felt very bad. He was a splendid man and so popular with the boys. He never thought of himself, only of us."

"He was my chum and I saw him killed"—were among the sentences on the report forms.

In one year 7,500 inquiries were received; 10,500 letters were sent, and 4,600 reports received from the searchers.

The incidental work of the Bureau was varied and most interesting. Here, as in all the Bureau work, its founder's influence was felt.

Soldiers came in to ask for advice about drawing their money; or for news of their families in Canada; or for help in getting furlough before returning to Canada.

Letters came from mothers who had lost track of their sons, and each begged to know if her boy was wounded. If his name was not on a card the Record Office was communicated with, and the son gently urged to write home oftener.

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Sometimes a disabled man wanted to be met at a station and helped to obtain a suitable room on his stay in London. Once in a while a man called at the Red Cross Bureau, to see if someone would take him in hand, so to speak, while he was in London on leave, as he had promised his mother not to get into bad company! Honesty urges one to state, however, that such a case was unusual.

I have known a visitor make a savoury stew and take it to a special ward where an exchanged prisoner-of-war, very weak and listless, needed to be tempted to eat.

“Those Red Cross girls are good,” he remarked afterwards. “They set to and heated up that stew on my little stove, and I did manage to eat it, though I thought I never wanted to eat again.”

What did the Bureau do in the Great War? It were easier to say what it did not do. To some it gave kit-bags, chewing-gum, cigarettes or a special crutch. To others renewed interest in a changed life; to all the knowledge that they were cared for as individuals.

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It represented the unselfish kindness that placed work and thought for others far above personal needs and wishes and selfish sorrow. It linked the people waiting and watching at home to their men whose names appeared on the Roll of Honour. It was a deputy for all the mothers and wives longing to make the time of suffering easier. In a word, it represented a human and personal side to that awful thing called War.

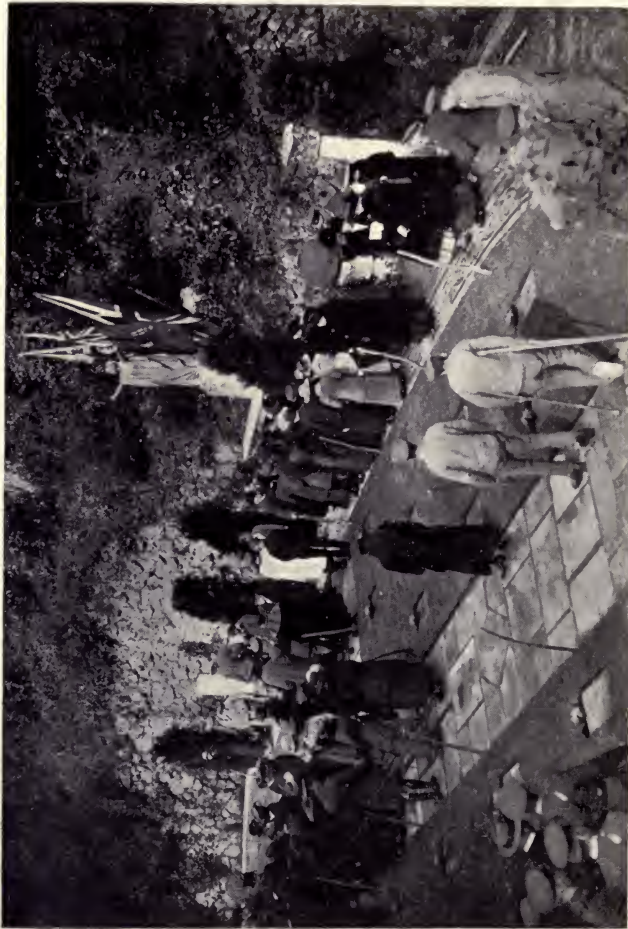
The first of these is the
fact that the population
of the country has
increased very rapidly
since the year 1800.
This is due to a variety
of causes, the most
important of which are
the discovery of gold
in California, the
opening of the great
inter-oceanic routes,
and the general
improvement in the
arts and manufactures.
The result of all these
causes is that the
country is now
more densely
populated than
ever before, and
the demand for
land is increasing
very rapidly.

CHAPTER VI

THE RED CROSS HOSPITALS AND HOMES

IV. REWARD

THE TWO BOYS AND HOW



[Canadian Official Photograph.

“God’s Acre” at the Duchess of Connaught’s Canadian Red Cross Hospital, Cliveden.

THE early days of Red Cross work seemed very far away when on a glorious April afternoon many Canadians walked through the lovely green parks and woods of Cliveden, to the sheltered Italian garden where there lay at rest forty officers, nursing sisters, and men who had given their lives for the cause of Right, and were buried in that peaceful spot.

A beautiful place in which to lie waiting for the day when the dead shall be raised. In the green grass are the graves, each with its small, flat stone on which is told the simple story of one who gave his life that others might live in safety. At one side a little fountain trickles and murmurs; overhead the birds sing in the stillness; all around the dead are sloping banks of green.

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High above the sleeping soldiers stands the figure symbolizing Victory over Death, which is the Canadian Red Cross memorial to those who have gone.

At the feet of the noble figure are the beautiful words: "But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seem to die—and their departure is taken for misery and their going from us to be utter destruction, but they are in peace. For God proved them and found them worthy for Himself."

This Garden of God stands as a lasting memorial to the work and the sympathy which made the Duchess of Connaught's Canadian Red Cross Hospital a happy place for 24,000 patients from all parts of the Empire, who were cared for there during the war.

When the Canadian Red Cross opened the Duchess of Connaught's Canadian Red Cross Hospital at Cliveden, in the lovely grounds so generously lent by Major the Hon. Waldorf Astor, M.P., and Mrs. Astor, who never

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ceased to be kind and generous friends to the hospital, the Society little dreamed that before the war ended it would have provided the Canadian Army Medical Service with hospital accommodation of about 3,700 beds in England and France. But this was done by the erection, adapting, and equipping of special hospital buildings, by the addition of wards to existing hospitals for special treatment in England and France, and by the renting and equipping of existing buildings.

The Duchess of Connaught's Hospital was begun with 110 beds, and by degrees pavilions were erected until a total number of 1,040 beds were ready for occupation.

This work of enlarging was followed with intense interest in Canada as well as in England, and it was a proud day for the Red Cross when the War Office stated that Cliveden Hospital was along lines superior to any military hospital in England, and the War Executive Committee, in a resolution, not only appreciated the valuable work which had been achieved by the Canadian Red Cross in connection with the hospital, but

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“congratulates Colonel Hodgetts, Canadian Red Cross Commissioner, on the perfection which has been attained in this hospital.”

Their Majesties the King and Queen were among the visitors to the hospital, and Her Majesty Queen Alexandra was so pleased with her inspection that she gave permission for a ward to be called the Queen Alexandra Ward.

As the hospital was the first-born of the Society there were many individuals and associations throughout Canada who had a special regard for this particular work of the Red Cross, and gave evidence of this regard throughout the years of the war.

From the very beginning there were warm friends who sewed and knitted for Cliveden, while from the Atlantic to the Pacific money was sent to provide beds in the hospital. Some branches gave several beds at a time, and as a rule a new branch began its good work by collecting for at least one bed. Russell, Ont., for instance, during the first six weeks of its career, presented two beds to the Duchess of Connaught's Hos-

The Red Cross Hospitals and Homes

pital. Other branches offered gifts towards the equipment, while dainties of various kinds, such as maple syrup, jam, apples and good plum cake, "made in Canada," arrived with gratifying frequency.

It was not only in Canada that this interest was felt. The kind-hearted people of the neighbourhood of the hospital sent fresh eggs each week to the soldiers, and often home-made cake for Sunday tea as well, which was welcomed with joy.

Royal interest in the work of the Canadian Red Cross was again shown by His Majesty the King, when he graciously offered a site in beautiful Bushey Park, for a Canadian Red Cross Convalescent Hospital, and gave permission to have the hospital called the King's Canadian Red Cross Convalescent Hospital. This was erected and equipped for 406 beds, at a cost of about £24,000, and proved of much value.

The I.O.D.E. Hospital, equipped by Colonel and Mrs. Gooderham, was also cared for by the Red Cross, though not a Red Cross Hospital. The next thorough Canadian Red

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Cross Hospital was the Special Hospital at Buxton, in the Peak Hotel, which was followed by the Princess Patricia Canadian Red Cross Hospital at Ramsgate, with its 1,040 beds. Unhappily the frequent air raids made this healthy spot "unhealthy" in the war meaning of the word, and it was eventually removed to Cooden Beach, where the Red Cross erected new buildings.

The latest and one of the most interesting hospitals under the care of the Red Cross, was the Officers' Hospital in the Petrograd Hotel, London, which was opened in response to the ever-growing demand for a hospital for Canadian officers in London, the I.O.D.E. Hospital having been found too small.

The Officers' Hospital was situated in a very central part of London, close to Oxford Street, in a sunny, convenient hotel. This had to be adapted to use as a hospital, but in an amazingly short space of time from the date at which the premises were taken over—three months to be exact—the place was altered, adapted, redecorated and equipped with 170 beds, and opened to

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patients. The new hospital was a success from the beginning, as it was considered one of the most complete and best equipped of all the military hospitals in London, and yet another instance of the efficiency of the Canadian Red Cross Society.

A hospital which is a monument in France to the Canadian Red Cross is the splendidly-equipped modern one at Joinville-le-Pont, near Paris, which was handed over to the people of France on July 3rd, 1918, when Sir Robert Borden made the presentation to M. Poincaré, in the presence of Colonel Noel Marshall and Colonel Blaylock, representing the Society. It is a hospital of 520 beds, and the Red Cross also erected buildings for the personnel.

In the case of all the Red Cross hospitals, the Society kept the equipment of all kinds up to date and supplied every need as it arose.

If new instruments were wanted, even, the Red Cross supplied them; if a special bed would make a weary man more comfortable, the Red Cross sent it; if certain

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contrivances for wounded shoulders and fractured femurs seemed desirable, the Red Cross saw that they were provided as quickly as possible.

The enormous amount of detail work connected with these hospitals was apt to be overlooked. The work connected with the insurance of the Red Cross properties alone was a matter which required the most careful attention, while the accounts for equipment and for maintenance (before the Medical Services took over the big hospitals) involved an immense deal of labour.

It must be remembered that all these fine hospitals, caring for thousands and thousands of sick and wounded men during the long years of war, did not exhaust the list of buildings for their use provided by the Red Cross.

Constantly the Society erected and equipped in England and France recreation huts and games rooms, canteens, workshops, special wards for various types of cases, gymnasia, nurses' quarters and other buildings, besides adapting some already in

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existence, to make them suitable for the needs of the patients or the nurses.

Most of the Canadian hospitals in England and in France could point to some special building as the gift of the Red Cross, and in any emergency, or in the case of any need, the supplying of which meant extra comfort for the patients, the Medical Officers and the Matrons knew they had only to turn to the Red Cross to be sure of a speedy response.

For the officers in need of rest and for the Nursing Sisters as well, the Red Cross cared. Moor Court, Sidmouth, Devon, was a happy home for hundreds of Canadian officers for a time before returning to the Front, and the Canadian ladies in charge successfully distracted the minds of their guests from the horrors of war. Devon is an ideal part of the world in which to rest and recover, and many gallant flying men and others will recall in future years the days spent in the balmy air, amid the soft greens and in the long cool lanes of one of the loveliest counties in England. The Red Cross also equipped

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the Manor House, Bexhill, for an Officers' Casualty Company.

The Nursing Sisters had a warm friend in the Red Cross. In the very first winter of the war the Society opened a small rest house, lent by the Hon. Mrs. Graham Murray, and in charge of a Nursing Sister. Later on a home was opened at Margate, and Nursing Sisters enjoyed a rest in the bracing air until the air raids by the Germans made the whole East Coast unpopular. Finally, in January, 1918, a splendid rest house was opened in London, at 66, Ennismore Gardens, S.W., a beautiful mansion lent to the Red Cross, fully furnished, by Colonel Gretton, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Gretton, who never ceased to be interested in their guests.

It must have seemed a Paradise to the tired, nerve-racked nurses who arrived from France, and were made welcome by the Red Cross in most beautiful surroundings. For the time being the Sisters were at home. They received their own visitors whenever they wished, and many pleasant gatherings took

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place in the big drawing-room of the Rest House or, in the summer-time, on the shaded loggia at the back of the house, where officers and Sisters who had shared the experiences of a strenuous campaign met and exchanged news of the B.E.F.

The Sisters and V.A.D.'s represented Canada well, for at times there were nurses from every Province in Canada staying in the house, able to tell war stories of the East and of France, as well as of England.

Some of them had been in bombed hospitals and some in torpedoed ships; others were familiar with base hospitals in France, or with Casualty Clearing Stations within sound of the guns, while the V.A.D.'s included girls who were driving ambulances in France, as a constant stream of wounded men came down from the Front to the base, as well as those who had helped to nurse the soldiers. There was not one who could not also tell from personal experience something of the work, in both France and England, of the Red Cross, whose hospitality she was enjoying, for its activities were far reaching.

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As time went on and demobilization began, the Rest House became more and more popular. London was crowded, and the Nursing Sisters arriving from France and waiting for a passage to Canada, would have found it difficult to get suitable accommodation if it had not been for the Rest House, where as many as sixty at a time were in residence, the accommodation resembling the widow's cruse.

There were many nurses beside those enjoying the comfort of the Rest Houses in London and in Boulogne (described in another chapter) who were indebted to the Society. At Bushey Park, for example, the Red Cross equipped a building as a Nurses' Home for the Sisters on duty, and the same thing was done for the Sisters nursing at the Red Cross Hospital at Buxton. In Buxton, also, was a Sisters' Convalescent Home provided by the Society. A Nursing Sisters' Home was opened at Folkestone, and after the Canadian Red Cross Officers' Hospital in the Hotel Petrograd was established, the Society took over and equipped a house in

The Red Cross Hospitals and Homes

London, not far from the hospital, for the accommodation of the Nursing Sisters connected therewith.

The Society also provided and equipped a maternity home for the wives of Canadian soldiers stationed in the Seaford area, and while demobilization was progressing, opened a hostel at Buxton, where the wives and children of the soldiers could stay while they waited for the boat which should take them to Canada.

A list of names and figures is necessarily uninteresting. Such an account as this gives little idea of all the care and thought and sympathy which lay behind the equipping of hospitals and homes, and the provision of huts and canteens, special wards and workshops. Yet those qualities made the spirit behind the bricks and mortar, the boards and the furniture—a spirit breathing helpfulness and compassion and strong friendship for all whose only qualification was that they needed the help the Red Cross could give.

To take one instance alone, what must the

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Canadian Red Cross Rest Hut at Shorncliffe have meant to all the thousands of tired and often lonely men who used it through the many months in which it offered them a welcome and a comfortable resting-place? Daily, except on Sundays, it was open, and men coming from the auxiliary hospitals in the neighbourhood, as well as patients arriving straight from France, via Boulogne and Folkestone, tired and weak and homesick, found it a glimpse of home-life and comfort. Sick and wounded Canadian soldiers passing through Shorncliffe Military Hospital or waiting for a Medical Board, spent many cheerful hours at the hut, where the kindness and care of their own people still surrounded them and the hand of the Red Cross of Canada's many Provinces was stretched out to give "the boys" greeting.

No record of this side of Red Cross work would be complete without special reference to the fact that from December, 1914, throughout the entire period of the war, Major C. F. Skipper, the well-known Cambridge architect, was responsible for the successful

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designing, adapting, and equipping of all the Society's hospitals, homes, recreation huts, etc., both in England and in France.

HOSPITAL ACCOMMODATION PROVIDED IN ENGLAND AND IN FRANCE, AND COST OF BUILDINGS AND EQUIPMENT

IN ENGLAND

Total amount expended on buildings and equipment erected, acquired or maintained by the Canadian Red Cross Society.....£170,771 13s. 8d.
Hospital accommodation provided for 3,175 beds.

IN FRANCE

Total amount expended on buildings and equipment acquired, erected or maintained by the Canadian Red Cross Society.....£88,233 12s. 0d.
Hospital accommodation provided for 610 beds.*

*As this book is being corrected for the press the announcement is made that the Canadian Red Cross has added to its long list of generous and useful actions the presentation to the London County Council, through His Majesty the King, for the use of delicate children, of the Canadian Red Cross Hospital at Bushey Park, completely equipped and freshly decorated. His Majesty has also placed Upper Lodge, Bushey, which was lent to the Canadian Red Cross, at the disposal of the London County Council. The King suggested that each ward in the children's hospital should be called after one of his children.

In addition, the Red Cross has presented to the Corporation of Birmingham, for the use of children, part of the Duchess of Connaught's Hospital at Taplow, including Queen Alexandra Wards 1 and 2, Saskatchewan and Manitoba Wards, and nurses' sleeping quarters at Taplow Lodge (with full equipment), to accommodate 200 children; making a total number of over 700 beds in the two hospitals.

the following conditions: (1) the patient must be a resident of the United States; (2) the patient must be a member of the American Medical Association; (3) the patient must be a graduate of an American medical school; (4) the patient must be a member of a medical society in the United States.

It is the policy of the American Medical Association to issue a license to practice medicine only to those who are qualified by education and experience. The Association is not responsible for the actions of its members.

The American Medical Association is a non-profit organization. It is organized for the purpose of promoting the interests of the medical profession and the public. The Association is not a government agency and does not have the power to regulate the practice of medicine.

The American Medical Association is a national organization. It is composed of members from all over the United States. The Association is not a political organization and does not take any political position.

The American Medical Association is a professional organization. It is composed of medical professionals who are dedicated to the highest standards of medical practice. The Association is not a business organization and does not have any financial interest in the practice of medicine.

The American Medical Association is a voluntary organization. It is composed of members who have chosen to join the Association. The Association is not a government agency and does not have the power to regulate the practice of medicine.

CHAPTER VII

" ALL PRISONERS AND CAPTIVES "

CHAPTER VII

"ALL PERSONS ARE EQUAL"





Kriegsgefangenenlager Gießen
Gräbnern auf dem Gefangenen-Friedhof

Monument to Allied Prisoners of War who died at Gießen Camp, Germany. The work was carried out and the cost defrayed by prisoners of war.

FIFTEEN hundred Canadians were taken prisoners of war at the Second Battle of Ypres. Not a single man was captured who was not either wounded or gassed.

The story of the Canadian Red Cross Prisoners of War Department begins with this inspiring fact. Its history of four years' work, for its duties did not end when the Armistice was signed, is worthy of the heroism of the men for whom the Department worked so magnificently and so efficiently. Canadian soldiers taken prisoner by the enemy never fell below the high standards of the British soldier as a whole. Courage, hope, pride and endurance were their conspicuous qualities.

The tale of the years of imprisonment suffered by many British soldiers, from all parts of the Empire, under the brutal tyranny

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of the Germans, can never be told in all its completeness, partly because it involves a more receptive mind and a keener imagination on the part of the hearer than the average person possesses. What is known, however, must thrill everyone with pride in such a race, for it is the story of a spirit unbroken by cruelty, hardship and loneliness.

"I was a prisoner for three years," said a Canadian corporal to the writer, "and I saw a great deal in that time. I never saw a British soldier, no matter where he was from, who had his spirit crushed by his imprisonment. The Germans could not understand us. It was beyond them that a man could be ill-treated, half-starved, and constantly told that his side was losing, and yet keep a good heart and laugh in their faces."

It was for over four thousand such men as this that the Department toiled unremittingly, and saved its charges from starvation and despair.

"Starvation," may be taken literally. Men writing from Holland and from Switzerland, and later talking in England of what

“ All Prisoners and Captives ”

they had endured, spoke of the parcels as having saved their lives.

In one letter this was vividly put.

“ At last I am able to write to thank you and your helpers,” wrote one man, “ for what you have done for me and my unfortunate comrades who are still prisoners in the worst country on God’s earth. I can assure you had it not been for the parcels which we got right through that miserable existence, well, there would have been only one thing for it—about six feet of wood. I believe firmly all the boys would have been on the departed list by now, myself included.”

“ No one but a prisoner of war,” wrote another Canadian, “ can appreciate what all the good things sent by the Canadian Red Cross meant to us. In fact, if it was not for you people back home I question if some of us would ever have seen the outside of Germany again.”

I never hear certain sentiments usually prefaced by the words : “ After all, the war is over, and we won, so why . . . ” without

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thinking of things told to me by repatriated men.

I never hear of a "converted" Germany without recalling the indignant face of a Sister who told of a badly wounded man, just back from Germany, who woke in the night crying, "Don't! Don't!" with his arm across his face. And the story of another Canadian who, wasted and worn with pain and privation, asked a German orderly for a drink of water. The man brought it and bent as if to hold it to the lips of the helpless Canadian. Then, laughing, he sipped from the glass himself, and spat the water into the face of the wounded man.

I never hear anyone speak of the decent German people, led astray by rulers, without remembering the man from Toronto, a bad amputation case, who said he shivered when his nurse drew near, for she used to pinch him when she dressed the wound and twist the bandages.

And I think also of the Canadian who lay in the bed next to a wounded Englishman with a broken jaw and an injured hand.

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The German doctor came to amputate the man's finger without giving him anything to deaden the pain. When the soldier involuntarily cried out the German struck him in the face, breaking open his wound afresh.

The Second Battle of Ypres, when Canada read the heart-breaking lists of killed and wounded and missing, and her soul, as a nation, was born in anguish, threw into the hands of the enemy men who had been wounded when Canada saved the situation, and men who had suffered the horrors of the first gas attack.

No sooner did the lists begin to trickle in than the Canadian Red Cross decided that help must be sent immediately to the Canadians thus suffering. Mrs. Rivers Bulkeley was asked to take charge of a Prisoners of War Department. She opened her little office of one room with two helpers. She remained in charge until the signing of Peace. Her first list contained 180 names. When war ended there were 4,500 on the files.

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Regularly the lists of all British prisoners of war were sent from the German Red Cross, through Geneva. From these lists, detailed and curt, Mrs. Rivers Bulkeley took the names of Canadian prisoners, with all details, and was able to relieve the minds of their families. Also to send at once the welcome parcels, of which about 90 per cent. reached their destination, though sometimes they were tampered with.

If 90 per cent. of the parcels were received, the thought of the men who got none was saddening. This small remnant cut off from friends and help was a tragic band. About forty or fifty men were heard from once only by the Canadian Red Cross, and then silence. One post card had come from Limburg, which was a clearing station for correspondence, and after that nothing.

Included in this Red Cross list were the officers and men who died in German camps, and those who were reported by the Germans to have died or to have been found dead in occupied territory, but were not registered in German camps. Their tragedies can only

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be guessed at. There were also those who died in other countries on their way, by degrees, to England and to Canada; those who escaped (one officer and 88 other ranks) and the 355 who were repatriated before the Armistice.

The list included also two officers and 152 other ranks from the Newfoundland Regiment, 119 officers in other units, as well as officers and men of the Merchant Service, a few civilian and a round dozen of men of Allied nations who were helped by the Canadian Red Cross.

The system by which the names were filed and indexed was well-nigh perfect. In the card index was to be found a complete record of every officer and man who had been a prisoner of war, so that it was possible to find in a moment in what camps each man had been, where he was at the time, and what he had received from the Red Cross.

Mysterious numbers on the cards meant the German camps. A map on the wall of the Department showed where all the camps

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were situated and the use of a number saved time and trouble.

The complete history of a prisoner was especially interesting when the word "Holland" or "Switzerland" occurred, and even more satisfying was the word "Repatriated" or "Escaped." Some cards told that a man had died in captivity, others held the name of a dead man of whom no other information was obtainable.

The trials of the work would fill pages, for there were frequent changes in the regulations, on the part of both British and German Governments, which involved new rules for the Department and much anxiety lest the men should suffer.

During the first few weeks the Department received the names of about twenty camps and hospitals in Germany where Canadians were prisoners of war. The chief ones were Münster, Giessen and Gottingen. From all came letters from the men asking for food and comforts, and parcels were sent at once. Money poured in from Canada, from the Canadian Red Cross Society and

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from the friends of the men. Some of the latter informed the Department that they would care for their own men, while people in various parts of Canada offered to adopt a prisoner.

At the end of the first year there were about 1,400 Canadian prisoners of war, some of whom were assigning a certain sum from their pay to help in covering the cost of the parcels, while about 500 received parcels from people who sent money for the purpose.

Towards the close of 1916 the whole question of prisoners of war was reorganized, and a Central Committee was appointed by the War Office to have full control over questions affecting prisoners.

The Canadian Red Cross Prisoners of War Department became the Care Committee for Canadian Prisoners of War, under this Central Committee, which at once stopped all personal parcels, giving authority only to certain shops and certain associations to send parcels to the men. This caused great dissatisfaction to the men and to their families, but in the end everyone realized

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that there was nothing to be done but submit to the rules.

The Canadian Red Cross finally decided to send three 10s. parcels fortnightly—as the amount was limited by rule—each parcel weighing ten pounds. This was in addition to bread, which was sent from Berne and from Copenhagen.

The Canadian Red Cross sent to the prisoners a total of three tons of parcels daily, a ton of sugar and half a ton of tea weekly, which gives some idea of the amount of work involved. Every six months a good supply of warm clothing was sent to each prisoner of war, and once a year he received a greatcoat. On alternate fortnights the men were sent half a pound of tobacco and 250 cigarettes. Books, games, gramophones, footballs and boxing gloves were also allowed under certain conditions and helped to make life more endurable for the prisoners.

During the war 472,511 parcels of food and 57,745 of clothing, besides tobacco and cigarettes, were sent to the prisoners of war, at a total cost of £258,639 11s. 5d.

“ All Prisoners and Captives ”

For a long time the packing was done at certain large stores, under the auspices of a Red Cross worker, but latterly the packing was done by voluntary workers in a building close to the Red Cross Headquarters in London. Parcels were filled, packed and labelled with the greatest expedition and skill. As many as 1,000 daily were put up. A box started at one end of a long table empty, and passed from hand to hand until it was filled and tied up, and in the case where an “ adopter ” shared the expense the name of this friend was put on the label. All parcels were then entered in battalion order on Post Office dispatching sheets, with the name, battalion and number of each man, and a duplicate of the list was receipted by the Post Office, returned to the Red Cross and filed.

The parcels were packed in sacks, and sealed by the General Post Office before leaving the Red Cross premises, and a Red Cross lorry took them to the station. From the time they left London they were not opened until they crossed the German frontier.

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An interesting feature of the packing, by the way, was the addition of extras asked for by the men. These included such articles as wigs, false teeth, hair dye, spectacles, and sewing materials, wool and knitting needles for the industrious.

The cards from the men acknowledging the parcels were filed methodically, and a book, very carefully kept, had pages spaced in squares, under each man's name, in which were entered the dates of the sending of his parcels, and the date at which his receipt arrived. Careful record was also kept of the dates when a man was heard from. If three months passed without word the Department wrote for news of his welfare.

The personal link between the Department and the men was strong, and the friendship of the Red Cross with the families of the prisoners of war was a comfort to many parents and wives so far away from their men.

The correspondence carried on by the Department was necessarily enormous, for the Red Cross not only kept in touch with

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the men and with the families in Canada, but acted as intermediary with the Canadian Pay and Record Offices. Two and three hundred letters daily were received, and the cards of thanks and acknowledgment arrived in huge bundles.

There were few grumbles in the letters. Most of them contained such expressions as these :

“ It fails me to express my gratitude for the fine parcels of goods and clothing.”

“ I have received three parcels, all in fine condition. You can imagine my thoughts when they come and I know I am not forgotten.”

“ I think I can say we are the best provided for in this camp.”

“ I can wish you all success and I do. Yours through thick and thin.”

When the exchanged wounded prisoners reached England and were visited by their friends of the Red Cross, it was pathetic to find that one of the earliest demands was for news of the engagement in which they had been wounded and captured. Few of

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them even knew the name of the battle. Consequently they read with absorbed interest the account of the famous fight, and of the doings of the various units, and begged for news of their personal friends.

None who saw them will forget the miserable state in which some of the prisoners arrived, and their tales of the conditions in many of the German hospitals. Yet there was surprisingly little bitterness in the manner in which they told their stories. Many of them talked with an impersonal interest of their experiences, and some of them referred to "Fritz," not with hatred, but as if he were some extraordinary freak of nature, rather amusing than otherwise.

One Canadian was much annoyed with the German ignorance of British links.

"When I was wounded and taken," he said, "they had to keep me till the next day without seeing a doctor, for our boys were sending over some souvenirs. When the doctor examined me he looked at my Maple Leaf badge, and said in good English :

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‘ Serve you right, Yankee Doodle ! What business was it of yours ? ’

“ Say, can you beat it ? ”

I recall another cheerful ex-prisoner who arrived in England minus a foot. He told with glee of the unsuccessful efforts of the Germans to depress him.

“ Some of their good singers,” he said, “ used to come to the hospital to sing to the patients about Germany over all and dope of that kind. Well, when they heard that I was part of the cursed English they came to call on me. As I didn’t understand German well they told me in English that they were going to sing of their hatred for England and her wicked people, and they did, and made faces to show their frightfulness.”

“ And what did you do ? ”

“ Me ? Say, I pretended to think they were doing comic stunts, and the harder they sang the more I laughed and beat on the side of my bed to show what a good time I was having. They didn’t come again,” he finished meditatively.

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"Heinie wasn't such a bad boy where I was," said another; "he did a little morning hate sometimes, but we hadn't such a time as Smith there. Tell her about your Fritzes, Smith."

One visitor cheered up her repatriated friends greatly, though quite innocent of any intent to be humorous.

Two men from the same hospital were showing souvenirs, among them a photograph of a group of patients and nurses in a German hospital.

"This is very interesting," she remarked, "as one can pick out so easily the British prisoners from the German patients. Now this one, who looks like an escaped convict, could only be a Hun."

"That's me in want of a shave," remarked her Canadian host, to the riotous joy of the rest of the party.

When the general exchange of prisoners of war was begun in January, 1918, under the Hague Agreement, Mrs. Rivers Bulkeley was one of the Reception Committee, formed by the British Red Cross, to meet the men,

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to distribute flowers and cards with a message from the King, and afterwards to visit them in hospital. Sometimes this Committee waited weary hours at a London station for the men, and occasionally the monotony was broken by an air-raid warning.

In November, 1918, came the Armistice, and the Canadians began pouring back to England, free men. One of their first visits was to the Red Cross office, where they registered their names, asked for letters, and thanked in person the ladies who had proved such staunch friends.

Any day you might see in the ante-room of the Department young Canadians who had looked in to report themselves and to shake hands. Many had already been welcomed by the Red Cross, for both at Ripon and at Dover, where the men landed, Red Cross representatives helped to receive them, and notified their friends by cable or telegram of their arrival, while at Dover there was a Canadian Red Cross Rest Room.

London was greatly overcrowded when the men began to arrive after the Armistice,

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and there was a difficulty about securing accommodation. Quickly the Red Cross turned its Prisoners of War Packing Department into a Hostel, and within three days of the time the idea was suggested there were eighty beds ready. A total number of five hundred men enjoyed a comfortable bed and breakfast as the guests of the Red Cross. Nor had they found their way alone to this haven. They were met at the station by the Overseas Reception Committee, with lorries, and brought direct to the Hostel.

The record of the Canadian Prisoners of War Department and of those whom they served is a fine one. There is sorrow too, mingled with pride and the happiness of release, for one remembers the men who were kept behind the lines by their captors and suffered a living death. Some of them saw the defeat of Germany and returned in safety to England and to Canada. Of others one can only feel sure that to the last they upheld the honour of the Empire and kept unbroken the spirit which has been the wonder of the world during the years of war.

CHAPTER VIII
" CANADA-IN-HOSPITAL "

CHAPTER VIII

THE HISTORY OF THE



[Canadian Official Photographs.]

A Canadian Red Cross Recreation Hut

"YOU certainly are a nice bunch of ladies!" was the verdict of a Canadian who, during months of hospital life, had learned to look upon the Canadian Red Cross visitor as his friend, and the Parcel Department of the Information Bureau as the Fairy Godmother of the wounded soldier. And to this, the testimony of a wounded man, the visitor might have replied with truth: "The same to you," only changing the last word to "boys."

Canada was very proud of her men in the field; she had quite as much reason to be proud of them when they were sick and wounded, for they were a credit to their country and to their mothers under all circumstances.

The cheerfulness of these wounded men

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and boys was wonderful. Some of them were in great pain, many suffered from wounds which forced them to lie for weeks in one position, almost all of them were thousands of miles away from kith and kin. Yet they never complained, they were always grateful and smiling and responsive.

If you greeted a patient with, "Well, how are you this time?" he usually answered with a smile, "Oh, not too bad!" and generally hastened to tell that there was a new "Canada" in the ward who was very ill, and perhaps the Red Cross would send him some fruit or a paper from home to cheer him up.

The men always roused themselves to talk about Canada and about the war, and to tell scraps of news about other patients or Sisters or even the orderlies, for the shrewd eye of every patient observed the orderly who was officiously busy, and guessed that he was hoping to "put up" another stripe.

Their kindness and unselfishness to one another was remarkable. Sometimes they squabbled among themselves, to the amuse-

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ment of the “Imperials,” over the deeds of their respective battalions or batteries, or as to the merits of various parts of Canada. It was a favourite gibe for the Westerner to mention, in rather a clear, loud voice, that there had been nothing to go East for till it was time to sail for England and the war, to which the involuntary and quite obvious reply of the Easterner was: “The h—l there wasn’t!” But this outburst was not supposed to be overheard by visitors. Despite these little breezes the Canadians shared their treats and their news; they were eager that each should have whatever gifts and attentions were enjoyed by one; they established a reputation for helpfulness with the nurses and they were always popular with the visitors to the military hospitals.

Visitors were a fruitful and legitimate source of interest, amusement and entertainment. Some were charming. Of others the best that can be said is that they meant well.

I have sometimes wondered what would have been the feelings of “Lizzie,” for example, if she had known that she was called

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so by the ward because she looked like it!

There was also the lady who brought fruit, and flavoured it with good advice and some forebodings as to the future state of the recipients, both spiritual and physical. "Weary Willie" was an eccentric padre in whom some friends of mine delighted, and another visitor to a certain ward supplied a pleasing anecdote, but for obvious reasons he did not provide more entertainment.

He was a busy old gentleman, interested in emigration and the bonds between the Old Country and the "Colonies." Unfortunately he tactlessly chose to attach himself to a Canadian from the West, who was ill and tired and not interested in broad questions affecting Imperial relations. His one simple reply to all inquiries was, "Beat it!"

The expression was unfamiliar, but there was no doubt as to its meaning, so the visitor retired on his base and all was peace.

It never failed to amuse the Canadians that the names familiar to them were mispronounced, and that some of the visitors

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to the wards were vague as to Canadian distances. To mix up Halifax with Edmonton, and to think that Ontario was a town in New Brunswick was a great joke, and to teach and be taught the pronunciation of such words as Saskatchewan and Okanagan passed some cheery moments.

It is the barest justice to speak with warm appreciation of the great kindness of the people of the Old Country to the Canadians in hospital. Of the thirteen hundred Canadian Red Cross visitors, a large number were English and Scottish, and their kindness and devotion to the men, their real friendship for them, and their anxiety to make the time pass pleasantly and to relieve home-sickness, was as great as that shown by the Canadian visitors.

Warm-hearted people wishing to entertain wounded soldiers generally gave the preference to the overseas men, and if an occasional lonely Englishman or Scotsman grumbled a little and wished he had had the sense to join the Canadians, who had so much more done for them, he was usually reminded

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by Sister or by the other patients that these boys were thousands of miles from home and had no mothers or sisters or sweethearts to call upon them on visiting days.

Most of the "Imperials" took a great interest in the visits and presents sent by the Canadian Red Cross, and frequently someone on crutches or with a bandaged arm would hobble along cheerfully to find a new "Canada," lest he be overlooked. Then with unselfish satisfaction he would present to him a visitor wearing a Red Cross badge with a maple leaf, and speaking the familiar Canadian tongue.

"Say, are you a real Canadian?" was often the wistful preliminary to a long and cheerful conversation, which ended in photographs of "my mother and father," my "little sister" and, perhaps, "my friend," who, oddly enough, was always a girl, being produced and admired.

One's acquaintance became large, varied and interesting during the war.

I include among mine a bare-back rider in an American circus, who used to sew indus-

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triously and at intervals read Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Another friend was an ex-cowboy sniper, whose dream of happiness was to live in the most out-of-the-way place in British Columbia, by the side of a stream where he could catch trout for breakfast, and where there was no noise except the murmur of the water and the stirring of the wind in the tops of the pines.

“ I think,” he once observed meditatively, “ that I shall marry a squaw, and then she’s sure not to talk about the war.”

I also knew a tinsmith, a miner, a number of farmers, a brakesman on the Canadian Pacific Railway, a man who taught swimming at a summer resort, several deck hands on steamers, an organist, a lumberman, a professional hockey player, an assistant in a big dry goods store, an actor in the “ movies ” and a barber.

They were very unlike in their peace interests and in the setting of their past lives. They were much alike in the things that count. Great kindness, friendliness and modesty, a wonderful courage, a passionate

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devotion to Canada, and a sense of gratitude which nothing seemed to obscure.

Many of the visitors treasure among their souvenirs of the war the letters from the men written after they left hospital.

“Believe me, it’s women like you behind the men that makes this game worth while,” wrote one to his visitor, and another wrote: “It was good to have known anyone so kind.”

A letter ending “your loving friend, Jack” (Jack was nineteen, and very home-sick for Manitoba) contains the sentence:

“I have just been duck-shooting, and I wish you had been here. You could have gone with me.”

The age of “the boys” varied, though the majority were young.

The oldest soldier on my list was a big miner of sixty—“Forty-nine is my official age,” he remarked, winking confidentially—and the youngest was a handsome boy of eighteen, who had been in the army two years and had seen much fighting. He was known as “Baby” to the nurses.

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In December the delicate subject of age was mentioned to him.

“ I’m nineteen,” he declared indignantly. Then, being truthful, he wavered : “ At least, I’ll be nineteen in August.”

On second thoughts there was one even younger than Baby. He was a plump, cheerful person, rather like a jolly puppy and quite as lovable. He claimed to have joined at fifteen and to have fought for two years through many battles. He was longing to get back to Canada, and his comments upon life as he saw it and upon the ways of an older civilization were joyous hearing.

The work of the Parcel Department had much to do with the popularity of the visitors, though this does not mean that the friendship of the patients was cupboard love !

There was nothing, in reason, asked for that the “ Parcels Ladies ” under Mrs. David Fraser, did not supply quickly.

In one morning’s post requests for the following articles came in from visitors and from the men themselves—a Canadian flag, a book-rest, port wine and eggs for influenza

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patients (which were at the hospital two hours after being asked for), a wreath for the funeral of a Canadian soldier; requests to cash cheques and to change money, for a make-up box to be used at a hospital entertainment, and for a special crutch, besides letters of grateful thanks from the men and letters from mothers and wives thanking the Red Cross for doing so much for the boys.

Other gifts supplied by the Parcels Department were air-cushions, games, puzzles, materials for fancy-work, French, Russian, and Spanish books, water-colours to sketch, tobacco pouches, lighters, special boots, obtainable on the order of the Medical Officer, letter cases, eau-de-cologne, books and magazines, while "smokes" were a weekly issue.

The patients had a catholic taste in literature and personal preferences which had to be respected unless the reputation of the Parcel Department as a Universal Provider was to totter.

"I don't want this book, thank you," said one man. "It's full of dope about love.

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I want adventures and spy stories ; not all this silly stuff about girls.”

Meekly the visitor took the volume to give it to a man with more tolerance for the force that makes the world go round, and in time the Parcel Department sent another book, warranted to be full of the most delightful and improbable adventures.

“Did you like it?” asked the visitor hopefully, on her next appearance in the ward.

The cynic turned upon her a cold eye.

“A girl pinched the guy in the end,” he said reproachfully.

No literature, however, had the same popularity as the Canadian newspaper. One of the first shy requests always was, “I suppose you haven’t a paper from . . . ?” Montreal or Moncton or Winnipeg or Prescott, as the case might be, and every newspaper was handed about among the Canadians and read to the last line.

None who visited the wounded could fail to be impressed with the fact that the men loved their own people, as well as their own

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country, with a strong, unselfish devotion. Over and over again a suffering boy, lying, perhaps, with an arm fastened in a certain position by an arrangement of pulleys, would say, "If you write don't tell my mother just how I am. Say I'm doing fine."

One had had his right eye removed as the result of an accident. "Tell her something, but not that. She'll feel awful."

Finally a report was concocted. "I'll say your general health is good and you are sitting at the table for tea, but you have some trouble with your eye," suggested the diplomatic visitor.

"Sure, that'll keep her from worrying," said the patient, satisfied.

The devotion of the men to Canada was equally noticeable and quite as touching.

There was a party once, where the guests were Ontario, Alberta and New Brunswick, and the hostess a Red Cross visitor. The party included a drive to beautiful Richmond Park, with a pause to see the view from the famous Terrace.

Many and admiring were the comments

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of two guests, but after a silence, during which patriotism struggled with one's duty to a hostess, the youngest, whose native Province may be guessed, broke out :

“ Oh yes, I know England's very lovely, as you say, but don't you think Canada's a pretty nice country ? I don't believe there's anything better than Canada. Say, perhaps you never saw the Thousand Islands ? You wouldn't think much of other places if you saw them ! ”

“ It's a beautiful country, and everyone is so kind, but me for good old Canada every time ! ” was a frequent exclamation when leave and places visited while on leave formed the subject of discussion.

The chivalry and kindness of the men to one another was very beautiful. One boy, who had been in bed for a long time recovering from wounds, was at last to go for a drive in a Red Cross car. When the motor arrived and he was searched for, he was found sitting on the side of his bed, and refused to go out.

“ But you have looked forward to it for

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so long! What is the matter? Sister says you may go."

Then it came out, bit by bit. Smith (his chum), who, by the way, was a Welshman, on the other side of the ward, was feeling bad to-day, and anyway, they had always planned to go out together, and somehow it would make Smith feel worse to think other people could go out and have drives and he just lay there, and so, "No, thank you. Perhaps we can go together another time, but I guess I'll just stay round the ward to-day."

The war has left us a host of sorrowful, tragic memories. Those who have been spared personal grief share the grief of the world. But among the war recollections are happy ones as well as sad ones, and not the least of the happy memories are of the hours spent, during four years, in visiting Canada-in-Hospital—God bless him!

CHAPTER IX

THE RED CROSS IN FRANCE

CHAPTER 12

THE END OF THE WORLD

IN St. Paul's Cathedral there is the grave of its great builder, Sir Christopher Wren, and above it the words: "Do ye seek his monument? Then look around." Visiting France on two occasions during the war, and seeing at every turn the wonderful work of the Red Cross in the war zone, hearing on all sides the appreciation of this work, and watching the unselfish enthusiasm of the workers, I thought that the Red Cross could have no finer monument—though unseen—than the gratitude and appreciation of the Medical Officers, Matrons, and men, and the knowledge that both were deserved.

The Red Cross owes this success largely to the man who founded the work in the days when there was only one Hospital Unit in France, and we still talked proudly of "the"

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Division ; the man who fought the difficulties and trials inseparable from such work in war-time ; whose enterprise and sympathy built up a structure which proved a rock of strength and comfort to many in need of assistance in a time of stress—Col. H. W. Blaylock.

Col. Blaylock (then Captain) went to France at the beginning of 1915 with the idea fixed in his mind that there was but one guide to the work of the Red Cross in the war zone, and that : when help was needed it must be given and given speedily. Upon that rule he and those who worked under him based all their efforts. The success of these one learns from the many tributes paid to the Red Cross when the Canadian Units were preparing to leave France, Belgium and Germany after those strenuous years of "glory and of grieving."

"For the last four years the Canadian Red Cross has been the Soldiers' Friend. . . . There was never a time when a request for supplies or aid of any kind was not met with courtesy and dispatch," wrote the Corps D.D.M.S.

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“The list of comforts and necessaries issued by the Red Cross to the men in the field is too long to mention ; the amount of enjoyment given and relief from suffering obtained can never be estimated.”

“In all the spheres of its useful work I cannot too strongly express my appreciation of the service of the Canadian Red Cross Society.

“It is difficult to express adequately how much the Medical Service of the Division has been helped in its work by the generous aid so freely offered by your Society.”

These messages were received from the A.D.M.S. of the various Divisions, while one of the most inspiring letters of thanks came from the O.C. of a Canadian Casualty Clearing Station, returning from the Rhine, where the Canadians saw the climax of their service.

“Now, on the completion of our duties,” he wrote, “I wish again to express the very high appreciation of all ranks of this C.C.S. to the Canadian Red Cross, who have supported us so nobly. We are proud of your record

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and proud of those who have had to stay at home, but who made it possible. Backed by you, we have lacked nothing that would add to the comfort or aid the cure of our patients."

Looking at the record of splendid work in France one wonders how it was started, for precedents were limited and the greatness of the need made it necessary that there should be few errors of judgment.

If you ask Col. Blaylock this question, as I did, he will most likely reply with some appreciations of the Canadian troops, of the Medical and Nursing Services, and of his own staff, but with little detail of his share in the organization of Red Cross work.

"One of my clearest memories," he said one day, "is of that original crossing to France the second night after the German blockade. Travelling in the dark, with all lights out and a heavy storm raging, one realized for the first time what a change war had brought about. This was accentuated when we arrived at the quaint old seaside town of Boulogne, and found it practically taken over by our Army.

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“ We followed a steady course of getting suitable warehouses, organizing our stores, assisting our hospitals as they began to arrive and settle in France, and generally acting as liaison for all Canadians requiring direction or assistance as they passed through Boulogne.”

(This, I may pause to mention, the Red Cross did throughout the war, and there are many grateful men and women who will recall what a friend in need the Society was to them during long or short stays in France.)

“ No heavy fighting, you will remember, occurred with our troops until the memorable Second Battle of Ypres. One then heard rumours in Boulogne that the Canadians had been heavily engaged, and that they had done well. We all felt anxious, but we were obliged to wait patiently for further details. A few hours after these disquieting rumours began to circulate I received a signal wire from the D.D.M.S., 1st Canadian Division, to send him all the available Greely morphia units we had. Then we knew that grave

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events had occurred, and our anxiety was intense. In half an hour from the receipt of the message from the D.D.M.S. a fast touring car was on its way to the Front with about 10,000 of these individual hypodermic injections.

“ That night gassed, wounded and maimed Canadians began to come in, and soon the hospitals were filled. For the first time it was brought home to us with horrifying vividness what War really meant, because, as we helped to load the stretcher cases on to the ambulances, or as we walked through the wards of the hospitals, filled with suffering, broken, gasping men, we saw among them many of our own friends, shattered and wounded, and we heard from them of other friends who were now no more.

“ When two or three days had gone by we knew at last what a wonderful part the Canadian Division had played, and that our men had made for themselves a name which would last throughout all history.

“ There are numerous memories of those years in France, but great events crowded

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on so fast that it is difficult to choose from so many those which are most prominent.

“ A night which stands out in memory is the night of the arrival of the Second Division.

“ The transports were timed to reach Boulogne at intervals of half an hour from, if I remember correctly, eleven p.m. A number of us were waiting on the quay to see them arrive, and as midnight passed, and then one o'clock, and no boats had been sighted, a certain amount of anxiety made itself felt. About half-past one a transport was seen approaching the harbour, and soon entered. This proved to be the last and not the first of the boats which had left Folkestone.

“ A few hours after this a destroyer rushed into the harbour, playing its terrible search-lights, and megaphoned to the pier-head that one of the transports had been rammed in mid-Channel, and that all available assistance should be sent immediately. Tugs and boats instantly left, and I sent at once for my stores-keeper and lorry drivers, and got ready blankets and hot drinks in case such comforts should be needed.

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“ Just at the break of dawn, after a long, anxious night, the crippled transport was towed into harbour, with every man standing to attention. Considering the accident had happened hours before, and that these men had been standing on the crowded transport all night, not knowing if they were going to the bottom or not, it seemed a wonderful example of discipline.

“ In speaking of our work perhaps I cannot do better than describe a typical Red Cross day during a Canadian action. I had been informed that a certain action would take place on a certain day, and that much assistance would be needed from the Red Cross. Loading up our lorries with warm clothing, cigarettes and comforts of all kinds, I proceeded to the Main Dressing Station, a few miles behind the line, reaching there just after the famous Canadian attack on Vimy Ridge had begun—a bitter morning too, with heavy snow and sleet falling.

“ Shortly afterwards the first wounded began to come in, and during that day thousands passed through the Main Dressing

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Station. Words fail one in trying to describe the horror of it all, but one noticed with wonder and admiration the cheerfulness and self-sacrifice of the wounded. No one seemed so badly hurt but that, in his opinion, the chap next to him was worse, and needed attention first. Men with arms hanging limp were struggling to help men whose legs were wounded; everyone seemed to be thinking of his neighbour.

“Throughout that time the only complaint I heard from the men was that they were cold. Hot drinks were provided for them, and every attention possible for human beings to give was given by the Medical Service. Then the stream passed on, through the Dressing Station, out to the ambulances and thence to the Casualty Clearing Stations. And this went on all day and all through that night. I marvel how the doctors and orderlies stood it.”

When Colonel Blaylock speaks of “a typical Red Cross day during a Canadian action,” it will be noticed that he modestly refers to the heroism of the men and the splendid services of the doctors and orderlies

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rather than to the work of the Red Cross. Others, however, have borne witness again and again to the value of this work.

From the very beginning help was given to the sick and wounded in the forward area, but in the early days the advanced depots were with General Headquarters and with the three Canadian General Hospitals, from which supplies were distributed to the Canadian Casualty Clearing Station and the Field Ambulances. Later on an Advanced Store was opened close to the headquarters of the Deputy Director Medical Services, in charge of an officer of the Society, attached to the D.D.M.S. This Store, which had its own transport, was stocked with all supplies likely to be wanted in a great rush after a heavy engagement. The idea was to give all the help possible to Regimental Medical Officers, to Advanced Dressing Stations, and to other posts in the forward area. From this Store the Medical Officer of each unit was supplied with a special parcel containing Greely hypodermic units, solidified alcohol for heating water, soups, chocolate, *café au lait*,

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scissors, candles, matches and cigarettes, as well as socks and mufflers when the fighting took place in raw and cold weather, such as made Vimy and Passchendaele memorable.

To Relay Posts, Advanced Dressing Stations and Main Dressing Stations supplies were issued of dressing, socks, pyjamas, Primus stoves, oil heaters, scissors, biscuits, personal property bags (into which the casualty's little belongings were stowed for safe keeping), and many other comforts. If anything else was required the Medical Officers had many opportunities of notifying the Red Cross, as the officer in charge of the Stores accompanied the D.D.M.S. on his inspections.

The Red Cross officer was constantly watching to supply needs. For example, the officer in charge of the Advanced Store, having seen many serious operations performed in the Advanced Dressing Stations by surgeons who worked by a wretched light, thought of a means of relieving the strain. The outcome of this idea is appreciated in reading a letter of thanks from a Divisional

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A.D.M.S. "The Red Cross electric engines, which provided 25 portable electric lights in our Advanced Dressing Stations, could only be appreciated by those who had worked for months by inefficient candle-light."

What a picture that sentence conjures up! A small underground room, packed with badly wounded men waiting their turn for treatment. The muffled roar of the guns and the thud of a bursting shell not far away. The stifled groans of the suffering. And the surgeons working swiftly and unceasingly at their delicate task by the flickering light of a candle stuck in an empty bottle.

The treatment for mustard gas adopted by the D.D.M.S., Canadian Corps, also gave the Red Cross an opening to do some good work. The treatment demanded a supply of baths and of pyjamas. The D.D.M.S. had only to speak of his needs to the Society's representative in the forward area, who telephoned to Headquarters at Boulogne, with the result that within four hours the necessary supplies were delivered. The result of having the remedy on hand was that when

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our troops encountered mustard gas shells they escaped very lightly.

The conditions under which the Red Cross worked during the big engagements were indescribable. At Passchendaele, for instance, the ground behind the front lines was pitted with shell holes, and a sea of mud. Shell fire, gas, and bombs dropped from aeroplanes, all added to the difficulties of a task which was carried through splendidly by the Medical Officer, by the Chaplains and by the Red Cross representatives, who saved the lives of thousands of Canada's boys by their devoted labours.

Through all the terrible days of the spring of 1918 the Red Cross kept its work at a high pitch of efficiency. As the Germans advanced Casualty Clearing Stations were lost and Field Ambulances wiped out. The wounded poured unceasingly into all the hospitals and the demands upon the Red Cross were heavy and insistent. The lorries travelled the long roads day and night with supplies for the wounded, and the fresh supplies, as they came in from England, melted away as if by

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magic. In addition to all else, the air raids continued until the nerves of the bravest must have felt the strain, especially after the bombing of the Canadian hospitals and the consequent horrors. Yet not a single man or woman on the staff of the Red Cross in France applied to be transferred to England.

The last spacious Hundred Days of the Great War saw the Red Cross straining every nerve to supply all demands, never failing the Medical Service no matter how difficult the conditions. There was great trouble in keeping up with the Canadian units as the fighting grew more and more fierce and the conquering Armies advanced. At times the Advanced Stores almost lost the Field Ambulances, and on some occasions the Stores had to move several times within a few days. Yet when the Corps moved near Amiens the Stores were ready, and when the Canadians arrived near Arras for the attack they found the Red Cross "open for business." When the Drocourt-Quéant Line was taken the Red Cross opened Advanced Stores at Quéant, and finally, when the Canadian Corps

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arrived at Bonn the Red Cross, close behind, was ready to distribute its stores to the Medical Officers and Sisters.

Of the last days on the Rhine the O.C. of the 1st Canadian Casualty Clearing Station wrote: "Our first and last Canadian patients' Christmas dinner on the Rhine was a huge success, thanks to the Canadian Red Cross. How those wonderful Christmas stockings, fruits, puddings, etc., were got here in time, with the roads and railroads in the condition they were in, is, I suppose, one of your secrets, but it spells efficiency."

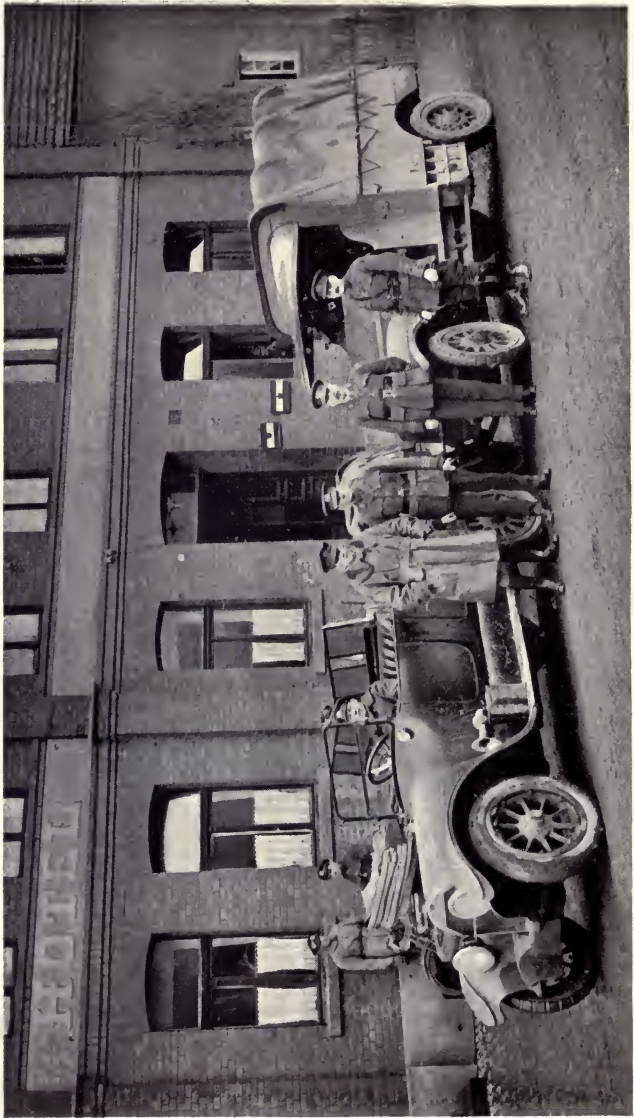
The splendid achievements of the officers who organized and managed the work in the forward area are fully appreciated; one does not forget, however, that but for the courage and devotion of the lorry drivers and orderlies, who, day in and day out, in all weathers, under shell fire and over broken roads, brought up the supplies, these results could not have been attained. Their work is anonymous, but they too are among the heroes of the war.

CHAPTER X

THE RED CROSS IN FRANCE—*continued*

CHAPTER 2

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES



[Canadian Official Photograph.]

The Canadian Red Cross at Corps Headquarters, Germany. From left to right, Col. H. W. Blaylock, Chief Commissioner; Mr. G. C. Cassels and Mr. C. Cambie, London War Committee; and Major D. J. Murphy, Acting Assistant Commissioner in France.

BOULOGNE was, from the beginning, the base for Red Cross work. Facing the harbour, where hundreds of thousands of troops entered and left France during the years of the war, is the Hôtel Christol, and there the many branches of Red Cross work found a home. The Societies were rather like one large family, for they were all linked together and worked sympathetically and harmoniously, having in view the one end, to give help where it was wanted.

The Canadian Red Cross offices proved a little oasis for the Canadians whose duty took them to the base, and to the many going on leave or returning to the Front. Through those rooms during the war must have passed thousands of officers and men and

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nurses, who always received a cheery greeting and whatever help could be given to them by the Red Cross before proceeding on their road. Many of them never passed that way again.

Warehouses were also secured at Boulogne, and in these were stored the many cases shipped from Canada to England, and then sent across the submarine and mine-haunted Channel to France. From these warehouses the supplies were sent in the Society's lorries to the Canadian Medical Units as they settled in France for their grave work. By the beginning of June, 1915, the Assistant Commissioner had received 3,400 cases without a single loss, and from that time until long after the cessation of hostilities the cases continued to reach France for distribution far and wide. (The total number received is given elsewhere in an appendix to this book.)

Two thousand of the cases mentioned as having been received in France by the early part of June were in Boulogne before the Second Battle of Ypres, and nearly one

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thousand were sent forward from the Boulogne depot at that time. The supplies were delivered very promptly, as witness the one incident of hypodermics being wanted. The A.D.M.S. sent a message that these were required at Ypres, and within four hours the units were delivered.

The Matrons of the hospitals in France soon discovered that the Canadian Red Cross was their strong friend. Within the first few months of the work they were writing letters of warm thanks and describing how their Red Cross stores were arranged and guarded, and these expressions of appreciation were received by the Red Cross until demobilization.

“Liberal as the Ordnance is,” wrote one Matron, “I can safely say that without the Red Cross stores we would often-times not know where to turn, especially when a large convoy of sick and wounded arrives. At such a time the Red Cross stores are looked upon by the Sister, not only as luxuries and comforts, but as actual necessities. . . . I wish the women at home, who are so busy

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making all these Red Cross supplies, could realize fully how much their work means to us who have had the great privilege given us of being sent over here to care for the sick and wounded. . . .”

In each Canadian Hospital there was a Canadian Red Cross store-room, upon which the Commanding Officer and Matron could indent for supplies over and above those from Ordnance, but, in addition to what was contained in the Red Cross store-room, there were many articles asked for as likely to make a sick or wounded man more comfortable and happier.

Jam, gramophones, crutches, chewing gum, nuts, work materials, coloured tissue paper, pipes, tobacco and cigarettes, tinned peaches, maple sugar, books, playing cards, chairs, tables, beds, even bird cages and sewing machines, stationery, pianos and cinemas were among the comforts which the Red Cross stood ready to give. The warehouses where these varied and fascinating supplies were stored were treasure houses of the most surprising and enchanting kind, but only

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the sick and wounded and those who cared for them held the keys.

It was wonderfully interesting to see these things in the big storehouses, and to look over the books showing how each article was accounted for, but it was even more interesting to visit the great hospitals and to see the gifts in actual use.

In one, crimson coverings on the beds had a cheering effect ; these were from the Red Cross. In another a gramophone was making the day hideous, or making life more bearable, according to the point of view. This was the gift of the Red Cross. In one ward, on my first visit to the war zone, the men were hard at work on Christmas decorations ; the materials were given by the Red Cross. In the Recreation Huts were billiard tables—the present of the Red Cross.

The gifts from Canada of clothing, dressings, blankets and socks were invaluable. In many instances it is difficult to realize how the hospitals would have managed without them.

One memorable day in the autumn of 1915

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an order came out for all hospitals to increase their capacity by 50 per cent. and to be ready to receive the extra patients in forty-eight hours.

That a hospital of a thousand beds had to be prepared to receive fifteen hundred patients meant a considerable demand for bedding and clothing. The order came on a Sunday, and by Tuesday the Red Cross had been depleted of every article of bedding, but the response from London was so prompt that every demand made by the hospitals was responded to on time. Bandages, sterilized dressings and anti-tetanic serum, as well as quantities of clothing, were among the necessities asked for in this emergency and supplied at once by the Red Cross.

Socks, pyjamas and shirts were all supplied for an ambulance train with about 200 wounded, who were practically naked, wrapped in blankets. As the O.C. of one Canadian hospital, which had asked for supplies for the patients as well as for the men in the ambulance train, said, "The timely arrival of your three large lorry loads saved the

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situation for us, and made us able to clothe comfortably every one of the patients before transferring them to England.”

Those who have lived through such experiences as the rush after a great engagement know well the conditions under which doctors and surgeons worked. Others can but faintly imagine them. At the Casualty Clearing Stations—the nearest to the front line that nurses were permitted to go—the ambulances rolled up in a steady stream, and for hours the tramp of the stretcher bearers might be heard as they moved the wounded to the wards to which they were assigned. Many of the men were gassed and choking for breath ; others fearfully wounded, their faces ghastly and their clothes dirty and blood-stained. All must be cared for at once, fed and clothed in clean garments.

The Medical Officers and Sisters worked without ceasing, so that the stock of dressings and of clothing dwindled rapidly. Yet always they had behind them the Red Cross Society with its fresh supplies, and even as they worked the lorries were rushing up from

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the base laden with all that was needed by men and women fighting death.

Or the scene is a Canadian General Hospital. As the staff awaits a convoy an air raid begins. The ambulances, carefully driven by women, move up with their suffering freight while the crash of bombs and the roar of the anti-aircraft guns shakes the nerves of men already weakened by pain, who moan and cry out under the strain. But no matter what the danger, and no matter what the stress, the work of caring for the casualties goes on. Each ward is fighting its own battles, and part of the ammunition is the proper supply of pyjamas, dressings, towels and food. As these diminish a S.O.S. is sent through to the Red Cross. With all possible speed the necessary cases are loaded into the lorries, and soon they are on their way, in the cold and the dark very likely, to bring fresh comfort and relief to the doctors and nurses.

The Red Cross constantly looked out for needs which the Society might fill, and was ready to make suggestions without waiting

The Red Cross in France

to be asked for assistance. For example it fitted up the officers' wards of a Casualty Clearing Station and added many little comforts not supplied by the military authorities ; it gave and fitted up recreation huts, attached to the Canadian hospitals (described elsewhere); it gave wheeled stretchers to move the wounded from the trenches to the ambulances ; it gave bedside tables for the wards, and at times distributed flowers and fruit to the patients in the base hospitals. All this promptly and without red tape.

This work went on from the beginning of 1915 until the Red Cross was demobilized. At no time did the Red Cross fail to give help when it was needed, and to give that help promptly and readily. And at a time when every moment was precious, for the lives of men hung in the balance, this promptness was invaluable.

This work was done, not for Canadians alone, but for the men from all parts of the British Empire, because the Canadian hospitals received all patients.

Much help was given in France to the French

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as well. As far back as early in 1915 the Canadian Red Cross opened a depot in Paris for the distribution of supplies to French hospitals in need of assistance, as well as for the benefit of the Canadian General and Stationary Hospitals in that area.

During the first six months of the Society's work 28,590 cases were allotted to 1,883 French Hospitals, and by the end of the war over 4,000 French Hospitals had received assistance from the Red Cross of Canada, to the extent of nearly 75,000 cases of supplies. During the last year of the war alone about 30,000 cases were distributed.

The French hospitals were scattered over a very wide zone, and the wounded *poilu* in hospital near Marseilles might find himself, unconsciously, enjoying the kindness of the Canadian Red Cross as much as did the men who were wounded at Verdun and cared for in that neighbourhood.

In Paris there were suitable warehouses for the supplies, which were distributed speedily and wisely as the need arose, while the Canadian Red Cross also maintained a

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small motor ambulance convoy, which carried many thousands of patients. This work for the French was deeply appreciated as the labour of love given by one Ally to another.

The gift to France of a modern, finely-equipped military hospital, at Joinville-le-Pont, Paris, crowned a long series of generous acts of friendship from the Canadian Red Cross, representing the people of all Canada, for, in addition to the supplies, large sums of money had been presented by Canada, for the work of the French societies for the sick and wounded, while, besides supplies distributed from the Paris depot, cases were sent to these organizations direct.

The gifts to the other Allies, such as Serbia, Rumania, Italy, Russia, Belgium and Montenegro, were offered generously by the Red Cross throughout the war. Early in 1915 Serbia was being helped by Canada, and at the time of writing, which is May, 1919, one still finds money and supplies being sent to that valiant and much tried country.

Most of these lands had been little except

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names to the average Canadian before the war. Now they represent friends; unhappy suffering friends who shared with Canada mourning for the brave dead, and in addition had suffered invasion and privation.

CHAPTER XI

THE WORK OF THE WOMEN IN FRANCE

THE WORK OF THE WOMEN IN SWITZERLAND

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The work of the women in Switzerland is a subject of great interest and importance. It is a subject which has attracted the attention of many writers and thinkers. The work of the women in Switzerland is a subject which has attracted the attention of many writers and thinkers. The work of the women in Switzerland is a subject which has attracted the attention of many writers and thinkers.



[Canadian Official Photograph.]

Motor Ambulance Convoy at Etaples, presented by the Canadian Red Cross. The ambulances were driven by women.



[Canadian Official Photograph.]

The Red Cross at Valenciennes, Nov. 11th, 1918.

(To face page 175.)

THE goal of the ambition of the average girl during the war years was to work in the war zone. There was something romantic and thrilling about being so near the war as to talk to the men who had come down from the front but a few hours before. No sea nor Channel separated one from the great things that were being done by a wall of living men who stood between us and destruction.

Yet the girls who did live in the war zone might have told the discontented that there was little romance and much hard work and sense of exile about their lives. They might have told this, but I know none who did. On the contrary, despite exile from most of the joys of young womanhood, from luxury and variety and from home; living under discipline and upholding the standard of the

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race in a foreign country, the women and girls who worked in France during the war were happily too busy to find much time for repining or for morbid self-examination. Slackers were not popular, and anyone who went to France and did not "make good" soon found herself either mending her ways or returning to England again.

The Canadian women and girls who served, some of them for years and some for months only, were a credit to the Dominion, though, thanks to the Censorship especially, comparatively little is known of their work. It was understood vaguely that So-and-So was "Somewhere in France," but few people could have realized what the life was like, nor exactly what So-and-So was doing.

The V.A.D.'s who worked under the banner of the Canadian Red Cross were some of them motor drivers—for the lorries which distributed Canada's gifts to the hospitals were driven by women as well as men—some of them in charge of the Recreation Huts attached to the big Canadian General Hospitals, some of them visitors to the Hospitals

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and searchers for the missing, some of them secretaries, and some of them industrious house-workers on the staff of the Canadian Red Cross Rest House for Nursing Sisters, which was one of the largest pieces of Imperial work done by the Society.

In the last annual report of the Chief Commissioner Overseas, issued after the conclusion of hostilities, he mentions what the conditions were like during those awful weeks in the spring of 1918, when the lorries were day and night on the road, taking supplies for the stream of wounded that poured in steadily from the front. In addition to all the work and all the heavy strain, the Canadian Red Cross was under orders to be ready to evacuate Boulogne instantly if the enemy's advance made it necessary. Air raids and bombardments were of almost nightly occurrence—and no one who has not experienced them can realize the strain on the nerves—but despite all the difficulties of that grave period in the story of the war Colonel Blaylock was able to state: "We did not have a single application for anyone to be transferred to

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England." This, coupled with the further statement: "I cannot speak too highly of the fortitude and the devotion to duty of all our staff, V.A.D.'s, orderlies and drivers," is a fine tribute to the work of women as well as of men during a terribly critical period of the war.

Boulogne was the centre of Red Cross activity during the war. All the Canadians who worked in the war zone are familiar with the high old grey town, with its cobbles, its busy quays, whose stones have been trodden by millions of troops since the war began, its markets, its sailors and soldiers, its many signs of British occupation, and to most of them the offices of the Canadian Red Cross Society and afterwards the Hôtel du Nord, in which the Rest House had its home, were the nearest links with Canada to be found in France.

Every Canadian, whether the officers going up to the front, or passing through to England on leave, or the Canadian Sisters going to and from Boulogne on their way to hospitals and Casualty Clearing Stations, blessed the

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Red Cross, but it was not until the spring of 1918 that the latter were able to find a temporary home under the shelter of the Canadian Red Cross. Colonel Blaylock had long felt concerned over the discomfort endured by all Nursing Sisters who passed through Boulogne, and were obliged to stay where they could, sometimes in very uncomfortable surroundings. After some consideration it was decided to take a large hotel and fit it up as a Home where Sisters, not Canadians only, but all Nursing Sisters, from every part of the Empire and from the United States, might be sure of a good room and good food at a moderate charge.

In February, 1918, the Red Cross entered into possession of the Hôtel du Nord. It is a typical French hotel, facing the Channel, and built around a courtyard, forming three sides of a square, the fourth being the high terraced garden, which climbs painstakingly up a hill crowned with houses. Mrs. Gordon Brown, of Ottawa, who had previously been commandant for a year of a most home-like billet for Canadian V.A.D.'s, was placed in

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charge, and with the help of her girls turned a hotel into a real home, with the prettiest chintzes and freshest curtains, good china and restful furniture, and the willing service of a staff of charming Canadian girls.

At once the Home became a success. Its fame went abroad and the news of its daintiness and comfort, its dinner, bath, bed and breakfast for five francs, at a time when prices were ruinous, spread through all the nursing services. From the date of opening, April 1st, 1918, until the end of the same year alone nearly 7,000 English, Irish, Scotch, Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, South African, Newfoundland and American Sisters had stayed in the Home, and had enjoyed over 36,000 good meals.

To be a V.A.D. at the Rest House was no sinecure, for the Sisters arrived at all hours of the day and night, and no matter when they came they received hot food and a welcome.

There were various incidents connected with the House which became matters of course to the staff, but were highly disquieting

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to their friends who read of them in safer spots. These were connected with air raids. The large concrete cellar, entered from the courtyard outside, as well as from the building, was reinforced by Canadian engineers, and the entrance carefully sand-bagged. When the raid warning came the guests and staff, sometimes to the number of 100, descended to the cellar by the light of electric torches, where they remained until the guns and bombs ceased thundering. There is no record of anyone "getting the wind up," though on one occasion a French servant, whose nerves were strained, is said to have screamed at a very close explosion, much to her own shame.

When it is considered that some of the Sisters who were in the house at such times had been in hospitals which were bombed, and that the V.A.D.'s had probably been up for several nights and had to carry on next day as usual, their self-control and courage in telling stories and playing games while a raid was on are worth recording.

The garden of the Rest House was one of

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the delights of the place, for the Commandant and her staff grew their own vegetables all through the summer, and to their everlasting pride and satisfaction were able to place on the table for Canadian Sisters a thoroughly Canadian dainty—corn on the cob.

There was much lamentation when it was rumoured that, on account of the rapid demobilization of the Canadian Sisters, the Rest House might be closed, and Colonel Blaylock was begged to keep the Home open as long as many Sisters from other parts of the Empire were passing through. This was done.

Dame Maud McCarthy, the head of the Queen Alexandra Nursing Service in France, specially complimented the Chief Commissioner on the House and its work, with a mention of the "charming V.A.D.'s." Nor were the nurses the only visitors who appreciated the Rest House, for Canadian women on sorrowful journeys to the graves of their dead were welcomed and tended with sympathy and courtesy at the Rest House.

The work of the Canadian girls in the

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Recreation Huts began in 1916, when Huts were erected and equipped by the Canadian Red Cross in connection with Canadian Hospitals in France, for the benefit of men well enough to be out of the wards.

The Huts were a stroke of genius. Men who were not ill enough or sufficiently badly wounded to be sent to England were often in hospital for some time, and after passing through a "Con. Camp" returned to duty. The Red Cross Huts were their happiest reminders of home and of a woman's care, for the Huts were in charge of Canadian girls, members of the V.A.D., who acted as hostesses and organizers, arranged entertainments, decorated their Huts for special occasions, and were often the confidantes of the boys and men, far from their own relatives, who shyly displayed family photographs and letters to these sympathetic friends. Many of the men never saw home and its people again, but they took back with them to the mud and drear of the trenches happy memories of a brightly-lighted, decorated hut, with music and laughter and fun, and of a girl's

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kindly, friendly face as she listened to the stories of home and of their war experiences.

The Huts—I speak from personal knowledge—were a pleasant sight, with their walls covered with pictures, their bright curtains, and their tables piled with books, papers and magazines and writing paper. Billiard tables were always in demand, and a stage at one end suggested the delights of a “show.” As to the Hallowe’en parties, riotous Christmas parties and other festivities, are they not all written on the memories of the men from every part of the Empire who enjoyed the hospitality of the Red Cross, and were the slaves of “Sister,” as they called the O.C. of their Hut?

At Christmas time especially, the girls toiled to give their “Blue Boys” a happy day to remember, even though out in the war zone, with the dull rumble of guns to be heard. To state that the programme largely consisted of eating is only common truthfulness, but there was a seasoning of games and of frolics, and a blaze of decorations, not to mention the music of suitable songs and

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carols warranted to make up the "best Christmas ever."

The girls had many appreciative visitors to their Huts at all times, but in one hospital the least articulate guests were a contingent of Portuguese patients, who watched with large, sad, dark eyes all the proceedings, came early to the "shows," which they enjoyed—or endured—in absolute silence, sat close to the stoves, also in silence, and after saluting their hostess went back to their wards to think of their own distant homes, far from this land of foreigners, speaking a tongue they could not understand.

The Huts were not used as places of entertainment only. In times of great stress they were turned into hospital wards, and during the strenuous days of the spring of 1918 these places, which had seen such gay and happy gatherings, echoed to the smothered groans of suffering men.

The Canadian Red Cross Motor Ambulance Convoy at Etaples was a constant reminder to the army, wounded and well, of the generosity of Canada. Sixty-five ambulances,

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bearing the names of Canadian towns and cities, and Canadian organizations carried the sick and wounded back and forth between railhead and hospital, or between hospitals, as long as the need existed. Nearly all the ambulances were driven by girls, V.A.D.'s (among them a certain number of Canadians), who lived in their own huts and took orders from their own officers. Their experiences would make an interesting volume, for they were always on duty and carried on through strenuous days.

“If I get a ‘Blighty’ I hope I’ll drive in your car,” said a Canadian soldier shyly to a Canadian girl driver whom he met in London.

And did he? This is fact, not fiction, so I have to admit I do not know. But it is always possible that he did, for in one year alone the ambulances carried 180,745 patients, and he may have been one.

The girls who drove the lorries for the Canadian Red Cross in France, though they were not allowed to go into the forward area, where the men went fearlessly, did splendid work. They carried the cases of supplies

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to the hospitals, and were familiar with every place in the Lines of Communication. Sometimes they had their adventures, such as having a lorry break down late at night in a snowstorm and being obliged to seek shelter at the nearest hospital. Often they made long, wearisome journeys rather than disappoint a hospital or an individual man who was to get a Christmas present. And for them, too, there was the constant strain of air raids. The garage was in such a popular district for bombing that during the last summer of the war some of the cars and the men drivers went out into the country each night, so that it would be impossible for all transport to be destroyed if the garage were hit.

From the very early days in France, Canadian women did good work in trying to trace the missing Canadians by inquiry at hospitals where men from their units were patients. This work was continued in England, and in time much information was collected for the relief of the anguished relatives of the men whose record closed with the awful word "Missing."

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Visiting was also undertaken by Canadians working at the base, who thus brought much pleasure and a feeling of home care to the Canadian men, so far from their own people.

One cannot close this brief account of the work of women for the Canadian Red Cross in France without speaking of the many Canadian girls who, though they were not all working directly under the Canadian Red Cross, still upheld the credit of Canada's women as members of the British Red Cross V.A.D., while a number belonged to the Canadian Imperial V.A.D., of which Lady Perley was commandant. Many of them served for years in hospitals and won much commendation from those in authority. The first Canadian V.A.D. to be mentioned in dispatches was Miss Alice Houston, of Ottawa, for her courage and faithfulness in working while her hospital was being bombed.

To them all one might offer as the highest possible praise that they were worthy of their brothers who fought under the badge of the Maple Leaf.

CHAPTER XII

THE RED CROSS AND THE REFUGEES

CHAPTER XII

THE RED CROSS AND THE DEFENSES

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IN a striking report by the French Mission attached to the British Armies in France, which Field-Marshal Foch laid before M. Clemenceau, who thanked Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief, the story is told of the part played by the British forces in feeding and caring for the people of the liberated towns and villages of France. It is a noble chronicle. For Canadians one sentence stands out. It is : "The Canadian Red Cross particularly distinguished itself in this fine effort."

That simple sentence covers some of the most splendid work done in France, and in Belgium also, by the Canadian Red Cross, which has so proud a record of service.

The weeks that saw a succession of victories until the Armistice was signed, saw also the

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restoration of their towns and villages to the people of those parts of France and Belgium which had been occupied by the enemy for years. Some were damaged, but not destroyed, and here the people had lived throughout the occupation, under the rule of a hated enemy.

When the British troops entered the liberated towns, they found the unfortunate civilian population in a terrible state of destitution and privation. Many people had been hiding in crowded cellars for days during the bombardment, without food, worn with exhaustion and almost poisoned by bad air. Many were ill, for influenza was rampant at a time when people were least able to fight against its ravages, and many were gassed as well. What was needed was not only food and comfort, but medicine and proper treatment for the sick and wounded. All that was required was given, and as the official report says: "This was a marvellous effort of systematic and ingenious charity, which turned the British Army, even at the periods of the heaviest fighting, into a sort

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of huge society for the relief of the liberated French people.”

There was the question also of the refugees who had been taken away by the Germans, and were now returning.

No one in peaceful Canada can realize what these people endured. One understands it to some extent after travelling, as I travelled, for many miles which had been war zone, but even then one fails to grasp the full horror that the people suffered.

Whole towns and villages are now masses of ruins and wrecks. Roofs are torn and broken, houses are crumbling to pieces, and sandbags which have been banked at their base have torn and are pouring out their contents to mingle with the pieces of brick, the rusty metal and wire, and the mortar.

A mass of rubbish is a church where the people heard Mass each Sunday, and where a simple, kindly *curé* instructed the people in their duty to God and man. A confusion of broken crosses and part of a stone wall indicates the cemetery where the dead were laid to rest in decency, but were not left in

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peace. For mile after mile the country is a hideous welter of destruction—the work of man. Yet the people clung to their homes until literally driven away, or until the terrible bombardments destroyed even the cellars in which they had been crouching. They had nowhere else to go. Many of them had never left their native villages until thrown out into the world, homeless, penniless, hungry, with all that was left of their little belongings tied up in a bundle slung over the bent shoulders of a woman whose man, perhaps, had been killed in the war.

The enemy drove them before him as long as they could keep on their feet, but as many fell behind, and as the German retreat became a rout, the poor people turned towards their old homes again. The roads were crowded with these pitiful victims of War. Old men and women, tottering and staggering, kept on their way towards home until they sank down from exhaustion and died where they sat, with their lined, worn faces turned to the skies. Young girls were crying as they carried their bundles and helped the

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older people. Emaciated little children clung to their elders ; babies, half dead with hunger and privation, were held in the arms of their half-starved and worn-out mothers. Pushing, struggling, wailing aloud, the refugees poured through the roads along which the enemy had passed.

All that was left of their belongings from once decent little homes, in which babies had been born, and where the dead, in awful dignity, waited to make the last long journey, was borne on their shoulders, pushed in hand-carts, or drawn by dogs. Sometimes even these poor remnants of home had to be taken from them to fill the shell holes, or were thrown to one side, that the troops helping to save their country might push along quickly enough. And all the time the guns thundered and the shells burst screaming over the towns and villages which the enemy was deserting.

These were the people helped by Canada, where no bomb had fallen, and where the clamour of guns was heard only in dreams by women who prayed in their sleep for men far away.

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The Canadian Red Cross, which had kept in close touch with the troops throughout the most strenuous times, was ready to help the civilians as soon as they reached them. In some cases the Red Cross was in a town before the shelling ceased and while the Germans were still retreating from it.

When the Red Cross arrived the people of the liberated towns were crawling up from the cellars, bleached from living underground, worn and gaunt and wretched, looking like ghosts of a once happy people. Many were dangerously ill, and the knowledge that the enemy was driven out had no power to move them nor to cheer them, for they were beyond caring. Among the suffering inhabitants were the poor old people in whom life was but a flickering, feeble flame, and some tiny babies who came into the world during fierce fighting, while the roar of the guns thundered in the ears of their terrified mothers. Many of the people were in rags, suffering from cold as well as hunger.

To all the Canadian Red Cross brought proper food and warm clothing, as well as a

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renewed hope for the future, after years of bending under the yoke of a brutal enemy.

The Assistant Commissioner worked early and late to aid the people. With him was a loyal band of helpers, both at the base and in the areas over which the fighting had been fiercest. Whether he and his men were hurrying their lorries over torn roads with supplies, while the shells were screaming ; distributing food ; fitting up improvised hospitals with bedding and linen from Canada ; bringing medicine to the sick and bandages to the wounded, and cheering the people with kindness and goodwill ; or whether men and women at the base were packing and shipping with orderly haste that no time might be wasted in giving assistance, the Red Cross never failed.

From Arras, for example, where many thousand refugees came through in a destitute state, Captain Murphy wired to the base for help for them, and inside of twenty-two hours a railway wagon of various goods arrived, and the foot-sore, destitute people were fed and clothed.

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I love to hear of these starving people of Arras, suffering from shell-shock many of them, who were told that food was coming, and despite all their misery had the heart to cheer for the Canadian Red Cross, and to force smiles to faces long accustomed to tears. It was a glorious thing to have been able, from across the ocean, to bring such comfort and help to the suffering.

Throughout the great advance the Canadian Red Cross offered every possible support to the Canadian Medical Services, which gave professional assistance to each place through which the Canadian Corps passed. The work of the Field Ambulances, Casualty Clearing Stations, and other units was beyond all praise, and no description could do justice to their activities on behalf of the sick and wounded refugees at this time.

Supply stores were established and distribution carried on—in some cases under fire—at Somain, Erre, Aulnoy, Denain, Jemappes, Wallers and other towns and villages. In every effort made by the Red Cross and the Medical Services the Mayors

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and Burgomasters were willing and grateful helpers.

Often the poor people could not believe that the food and clothing arriving in abundance came as gifts from Canada.

“Why do you tempt us?” asked the Burgomaster of one town pitifully. “Don’t you know that we have no money to buy such things?”

When he was told that the supplies were a free gift from Canada to her Allies he burst into tears.

Sixty-three tons of comforts and dressings were thus distributed among the inhabitants, all carried by the Red Cross transport, with the help of the Canadian Corps when it was necessary to accept assistance.

It seemed like a miracle to people who had been badly nourished for years, and were in the clutch of the influenza epidemic as well, to find themselves offered good soups and nourishing extracts, malted milk and cocoa for those who were ill; special food for the little babies, and biscuits, pork and beans, sugar, rice, oatmeal and other supplies for

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the rest of the people. Warm clothing and heavy blankets were also given, for the Germans had taken from the people all woollen materials.

Cambrai, Valenciennes and Mons are great and stirring names because they are associated with the courage and valour of our triumphant troops. To Canada they mean more than victory. They speak of friendship and mercy, for Canadian generosity has for ever linked these places with the distant Dominion. In these old towns which have suffered so greatly for four years and more ; these places with their ruins and their desolate spots, their ghosts of happiness and their spectres of a vanished security, the name of Canada will be remembered long and tenderly.

Relief work was carried on in all of them, for soup kitchens and clothing depots were established by the Canadian Red Cross. To Douai also thousands of refugees returned after the Armistice, and had to be assisted. In every case local committees, in close touch with the people, helped to administer the supplies sent by the Red Cross.

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The Canadian Red Cross was close behind the troops at Valenciennes. It was ready with food and other comforts the instant it was possible to find the people. It was the first to enter the old town to bring up from the hiding-places the hungry, half-dazed inhabitants.

I saw in Valenciennes a certain house which commemorates Canada's reading of the verse, "Sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me." It was here that a soup kitchen was established to warm and feed the stream of refugees passing through the town. Of the vast number returning to their old homes when the Huns turned them adrift as they retreated, twenty-five per cent. died of exhaustion.

I stood one bright spring day in an old building in Valenciennes and watched the refugees being clothed by Canada.

At the door waited a queue of people; quiet old men, for there were very few young ones to be seen; patient women, some of them old, with handkerchiefs tied over their grey hairs, and some of them young and

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bareheaded, as is the custom among the peasants, and many children. The women looked worn and strained after all they had endured, and even the children were more pinched and graver than one can bear to see a child. All had come to be fitted out with clothing and boots and shoes from the supplies sent by Winnipeg and Cobalt, Halifax and Vancouver, and Moncton and fifty other places whose names are as familiar as are our own.

Piles and piles of neat new clothing (all the Canadian gifts were good, and all new; no worn and second-hand offerings were made to the Allies) lay on tables and stands, sorted out according to garments and sizes, each garment bearing a little Canadian Red Cross label, while rows and rows of footgear, big and small, such as many of the people had never seen before, were ranged on the floor.

Close to the door stood a gendarme, in his picturesque uniform, who ensured that there should be no crowding and that each applicant should be dealt with carefully and at leisure.

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Everyone admitted held a card, on which had been entered previously the necessary details of her family and of her needs. This she showed to the secretary, sitting at a table, who passed her on to one of the kind and capable ladies in charge of the distribution. The latter did all in her power to assist the other. She helped her to examine the things she required, and to measure the little child, holding to her mother's hand, with garments into which someone reading this may have set stitches. It was a very human little scene, for one remembered what all these people, gentle and simple, had endured under the heel of the brutal Germans, and now once more they were receiving comfort and kindness.

In another centre gifts were being distributed to people who came from the surrounding country for help. Some of them had trudged twenty miles to receive this assistance. They had walked over roads which had been shelled again and again, they had passed spots where the marks in the fields meant trenches and shell-holes ;

The Maple Leaf's Red Cross

they had come from ruins of their old homes, where they had improvised new abodes. But already, after all the misery and the privation and the pain, Hope and even Happiness were putting out timid little new shoots. The very fact that the women were to receive free gifts for themselves and their children made the hard world they had grown accustomed to a little less sad and cruel.

Historic Mons, whose name will never be forgotten by British people, for it stirs poignant memories of the early days of the war and glorious memories of its end, is also associated with the work of the Canadian Red Cross Society.

The Grand' Place was very peaceful when I walked in it in the sunshine. Soldiers and townspeople went busily about their affairs, the shadow of war lifted from their lives. But as we stood outside the beautiful Hôtel de Ville, where Canadians had been welcomed in the stirring days of early November, we looked towards a church up a narrow street. This grey Church of St. Elizabeth has links with Canada especially, for it was here the

The Red Cross and the Refugees

wounded and dying were brought when the town was retaken, to enjoy comfort provided by Canada. The Canadian Red Cross had reached Mons in the early morning of the historic 11th, bringing supplies for the people, wounded, sick and freed, whose gratitude to the Society was as keen as that felt for their deliverers from the enemy.

Canada will not be forgotten in France and Belgium. In those grey towns, through which the Red Cross lorries pounded in their haste to bring succour, the name will become a household word. In all the battered villages upon which war had fixed a cruel grip, children will grow up in new cottages, built on the wreck of the old, who have heard among the tales of the Great War of the Canadians who rescued and fed and clothed them.

Already the name is being kept green in many places by streets and roads, which have ceased to be Place Bavarie, for example, as in Mons, and have become Place Canada. In some other spot it will be recalled that, while war reached its climax for the Allies,

The Maple Leaf's Red Cross

and the guns thundered, a Canadian band kept up the *moral* of the people by playing lively airs. Even the signs over some of the shops are changed as a compliment to Canada, and it will be set down in the annals of the country that the chimes at Mons played "O Canada!" on Armistice Day.

I was told by a French officer that the worst thing "*les sales Boches*" had done was to poison the minds of the less educated people against the Allies, during the four years' enemy occupation. It may be that the clothing made in Canadian towns and villages, and the food sent from Canada to her Allies will be part of an antidote to this poison, for Canada has been an Ally in deed as well as in word and in intention.

CONCLUSION

The History of the ...

The first part of the ...

CONCLUSION

The second part of the ...

WRITING of the work of the Red Cross in France and in England, one realizes that figures and facts convey but little idea of the human kindness which lay behind them. One can only paint a picture of what was actually achieved, which, however faithful a picture, lacks the warmth and the life of the reality. For no words can describe the kindness, the sympathy, the compassion, as well as the devotion to duty, that inspired the efforts of all ranks.

The personal element entered largely into the work of the Red Cross in all its branches. Few great organizations escape becoming mechanical. This was never the case with the Red Cross. Full of enthusiasm and inspired by a high purpose, it began its work for those who suffered through the war.

The Maple Leaf's Red Cross

With the same sentiments, to which have been added a deeper understanding, a fuller sympathy—for war has taught many lessons—its work nears its close.

It is typical of the Red Cross that these last months should see its tenderness and its practical sympathy given to those who have sustained loss and endured pain as the result of the struggle. Not alone are the refugees among these sad sufferers. For to the fields of France and of Flanders there have travelled in these days, under the pitying protection of the Red Cross, many women making a pilgrimage to some spot which is forever Canada; to a grave on foreign soil where lies one of the many men who freely and gladly offered up the present and the future, and went forth like a Crusader to fight for the right.

THE END

APPENDIX

1911

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APPENDIX A

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY OVERSEAS AND HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS.

OVERSEAS COMMISSIONERS :

Lieut.-Col. Jeffrey Burland, Oct.—Nov., 1914.

Lieut.-Col. C. A. Hodgetts, C.M.G., Nov., 1914—
April, 1918.

Col. H. W. Blaylock, C.B.E., April, 1918, until
demobilization.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONERS IN ENGLAND :

Lieut. E. W. Parker, Nov.—Dec., 1914.

Capt. H. W. Blaylock, Dec., 1914—Jan., 1915.

Lieut.-Col. Claud Bryan, July, 1915—April, 1918.

Lady Drummond, April, 1918, until demobilization.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONERS IN FRANCE :

Col. H. W. Blaylock, C.B.E., Jan., 1915—April, 1918.

Capt. (now Lieut.-Col.) David Law, April, 1918—
December, 1918.

ACTING ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER IN FRANCE :

Major D. J. Murphy, Dec., 1918, until demobiliza-
tion. (For three months previously in charge of
Advanced Stores.)

OFFICERS IN CHARGE OF ADVANCED STORES IN FRANCE :

Capt. G. W. Bridges.

The late Capt. W. MacLeod Moore, M.C., May,
1917—Dec., 1917.

Capt. (now Lieut.-Col.) David Law, Dec., 1917—
April, 1918.

Major D. J. Murphy, Sept., 1918, until demobiliza-
tion.

Overseas Officials and Heads of Departments

OFFICER IN CHARGE OF ACCOUNTS :

Major F. B. MacMahon, from Nov., 1914, until demobilization.

ARCHITECT TO THE SOCIETY :

Major C. F. Skipper, Licentiate R.I.B.A., M.S.A., and Fellow Royal Sanitary Institute, Dec., 1914, until demobilization.

OFFICER IN CHARGE OF STORES DEPARTMENT :

Major H. J. Testar, with Red Cross in both France and England, from Aug., 1915, until demobilization.

OFFICERS IN CHARGE, PURCHASING DEPARTMENT :

The late Mr. H. J. MacMicken.

Lieut. H. T. Reade.

OFFICER IN CHARGE OF WAREHOUSES :

Lieut. R. J. Wood.

OFFICER IN CHARGE OF TRANSPORT :

Lieut. H. E. Hewens.

LONDON WAR COMMITTEE, 1917-1919.

HON. PRESIDENT :

H.R.H. the late Duchess of Connaught, 1917.

HON. PRESIDENT :

H.R.H. Princess Patricia (Lady Patricia Ramsay), 1917-1919.

CHAIR :

Mr. G. C. Cassels.

Mr. C. Cambie.

Mr. F. W. Ashe.

INFORMATION BUREAU.

Lady Drummond, Founder and Head, 1915 until demobilization.

Mrs. Harrison, Private Secretary.

Appendix A

HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS OF INFORMATION BUREAU.

(A) INQUIRY, WOUNDED AND MISSING DEPARTMENT :

Miss Erika Bovey, first in charge from opening until demobilization.

Miss Ermine Taylor, second in charge for first two years.

SPECIALLY IN CHARGE, " KILLED AND MISSING " :

Mrs. Herbert Ellissen.

Miss Marjorie Sutherland, Chief Assistant.

(B) PARCELS DEPARTMENT :

Mrs. David Fraser, in charge from March, 1915, until demobilization. (Miss J. Fleet was in charge for a short time at the opening.)

Miss Hagarty, specially in charge of packing from 1915 until demobilization.

(C) HOSPITALITY :

In charge of Miss B. Caverhill, Miss E. Kingman and Miss L. Torrance.

DRIVES AND ENTERTAINMENTS :

Miss Shillington and Miss Perry for three years ; succeeded by Miss Armored Thomas.

(D) NEWSPAPERS :

Contessa Pignatorre ; succeeded in 1918 by Mrs. Gibb Carsley.

PRISONERS OF WAR DEPARTMENT :

Mrs. Rivers Bulkeley, in charge from May, 1915, until demobilization. Chief Assistant : Miss Jean Bovey, from opening until demobilization.

COMMANDANT CANADIAN IMPERIAL VOLUNTARY AID DETACHMENT :

Lady Perley.

Overseas Officials and Heads of Departments

SHORNCLIFFE DEPOT:

Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, from Oct., 1915, until demobilization.

REST HOUSE FOR NURSING SISTERS IN LONDON:

Mrs. Charles Hall, from opening until demobilization.

REST HOUSE FOR OFFICERS, MOOR COURT:

Mrs. H. B. Yates first; succeeded by Lady Allan, who was in charge until demobilization.

PRIVATE SECRETARY TO CHIEF COMMISSIONER:

Miss Mona Prentice (previously in Parcels Department); with the Red Cross from early in 1915 until demobilization.

IN FRANCE

PRIVATE SECRETARY TO ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER:

Miss Violet Butcher, V.A.D., for three and a half years until demobilization.

REST HOUSE FOR NURSING SISTERS, BOULOGNE:

Mrs. Gordon Brown (previously for one year in charge of Canadian V.A.D. Billet); in charge from opening until demobilization.

PARIS DEPOT:

Capt. R. M. Hardie.

APPENDIX B

CHIEF OVERSEAS EVENTS.

CANADIAN RED CROSS, 1914-1919.

1914-15.

Opening of the Duchess of Connaught C.R.C.S. Hospital, with the assistance of Major the Hon. Waldorf Astor, M.P.

Opening of the C.R.C.S. Rest Home for Canadian Nurses at 13, Cheyne Place, S.W., kindly lent by the Hon. Mrs. Graham Murray.

Seventy-eight nurses arrived from Canada to serve under St. John Ambulance Association.

A "Canada" car contributed to the Princess Christian Hospital Train.

Information Bureau opened by Lady Drummond, to gather and to transmit information *re* sick and wounded and missing Canadians, and those who were Prisoners of War; to visit all sick and wounded Canadians and to supply them with comforts.

Prisoners of War Department opened.

Fifty-six motor ambulances provided.

Canadian Red Cross supplies given, in conjunction with the Canadian Army Medical Service, to hospitals in France and in England; besides comforts to Canadians in British hospitals.

Chief Overseas Events

A depot established in Paris to distribute supplies to needy French hospitals.

In connection with C.R.C.S. work at Boulogne Canadian women assisted in the search for missing and wounded.

Canadian Red Cross Society erected and equipped a ward in the St. John Ambulance Association Hospital in France.

Opening of Supply Depot at Shorncliffe, October, 1915.

The King's Canadian Red Cross Convalescent Hospital opened at Bushey Park.

1916.

The C.R.C.S. Nurses' Rest Home, at Margate, opened April 1st.

The I.O.D.E. Hospital for Officers opened May 11th.

The Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital, Buxton, opened May 16th.

The C.R.C.S. Princess Patricia Hospital, at Ramsgate, in process in equipment.

Assistance given to C.A.M.C. in England, for 16,000 to 18,000 sick and wounded Canadians monthly.

Aid given in the erection and equipping of huts and other buildings to five Canadian hospitals in England and five in France.

In France the monthly turnover was equal to the contents of 8,000 Red Cross cases of supplies.

Recreation Huts erected, equipped and maintained in the Canadian hut hospitals in France.

Large issues made to French Red Cross Societies, and 300 French hospitals were supplied direct.

Five thousand cases per month distributed from Paris stores.

Convoy of five motor-ambulances started in Paris in conjunction with B.R.C.S.

Appendix B

The sum of 300,000 francs presented to French war societies as a token of sympathy from Canada.

Fifty-nine C.R.C.S. ambulances working near Boulogne.

Prisoners of War Department became Care Committee for Canadians, under Central Committee.

1917.

Assistance given in France to five General and three Stationary Hospitals, four Casualty Clearing Stations, thirteen Field Ambulances, and fourteen small hospitals attached to Forestry, Tunneling and other Companies.

5,432 cases of supplies given to Belgian, Italian, French, Serbian, Russian and Roumanian Red Cross.

Comforts distributed to 20,000 sick and wounded Canadians monthly, throughout Great Britain, in Canadian and British hospitals.

London War Committee formed (see Appendix A).

On April 1st the following hospitals, opened by the C.R.C.S., were transferred to the Military Authorities:

Duchess of Connaught C.R.C.S. Hospital.

The King's C.R.C.S. Convalescent Hospital.

The Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital, Buxton.

The Princess Patricia C.R.C.S. Hospital at Ramsgate.

Chest Wards erected in No. 1, No. 3 and No. 7 Canadian General Hospitals in France.

Number of cases of goods distributed in Great Britain amounted to 30,160.

Number of cases shipped to France numbered 32,433.

Advanced Store opened in France, adjacent to the Headquarters of the D.D.M.S., in charge of officer attached to the D.D.M.S.

Chief Overseas Events

Portable electric lights provided for dressing stations at the front.

Lieut.-Col. C. Bryan, Assistant Commissioner in England, visited Switzerland to inspect arrangements for Canadian Prisoners of War interned in that country.

Canadian Red Cross Home for Officers opened at Moor Court, Sidmouth, December.

1918-1919.

C.R.C.S. Rest House for Nurses opened at 66, Ennismore Gardens, S.W., January, 1918, through the generosity of Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Gretton, who lent this house furnished.

C.R.C.S. Rest House for Nursing Sisters opened at Boulogne, April 1st, 1918.

Col. Blaylock appointed Chief Commissioner Overseas, Lady Drummond Assistant Commissioner in England, and Capt. Law Assistant Commissioner in France (April).

C.R.C.S. Hospital at Vincennes, Paris, opened on July 3rd by Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden, as a gift from the Canadian Red Cross Society to the people of France.

Opening of the Manor House, Bexhill, as an Officers' Casualty Company.

London Motor Ambulance Convoy organized.

Large supplies and grants given to Allies.

Opening of small Maternity Home at Seaford for wives of soldiers.

Highly valuable assistance given in food and clothing to refugees in France and Belgium.

This help was offered throughout the last autumn of the war, and during the following winter and spring. Was specially referred to in report by French Mission.

Establishment of small temporary hostel for repatriated prisoners of war.

Appendix B

- Opening of Canadian Red Cross Officers' Hospital (Hotel Petrograd), London.
- Opening of Balmoral Hotel, Buxton, as hostel for soldiers' dependents awaiting repatriation to Canada.
- Unveiling of Red Cross memorial at the Duchess of Connaught's Canadian Red Cross Hospital, Cliveden.
- Bushey Park and Duchess of Connaught's Hospitals presented to British Government for the use of delicate children.
- Parties of Canadians taken to visit the graves in the war-zone, of relatives.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS.

Year ending	Cash Receipts.			Disbursements.			Transactions between Departments.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
31st Dec., 1915	141,194	15	5	126,479	12	7	1,075	16	1
31st Dec., 1916	256,698	7	0	291,835	13	1	7,180	2	6
31st Dec., 1917	385,750	8	2	307,098	15	6	198,712	9	7
31st Dec., 1918	387,874	2	7	459,415	19	6	111,322	19	8
	<u>£1,171,517</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>£1,184,830</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>£318,291</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>10</u>

Chief Overseas Events

STATEMENT OF SUPPLIES.

FOR PERIOD COMMENCING NOVEMBER, 1914, AND
ENDING DECEMBER 31ST, 1918

	£	s.	d.
RECEIVED FROM CANADA :			
248,673 cases of supplies ; jams and preserves, peaches and apples, valued at	1,971,118	6	0
PURCHASED LOCALLY :			
46,768 cases of supplies, valued at	547,185	12	0
295,441	£2,518,303	18	0

TOTAL NUMBER OF CASES DISTRIBUTED

To Hospitals in England	113,813	
To Headquarters in France	56,398	
		170,211
To C.R.C.S. Depot in Paris for		
French Hospitals	72,782	
Belgian Red Cross	4,860	
French Wounded Emergency Fund	634	
Italian Red Cross	5,394	
Russian Red Cross	2,850	
Serbian Red Cross :		
Supplies	6,228	
Jams	900	
Peaches	100	
Roumanian Red Cross	800	
Wounded Allies Relief Fund	360	
		94,908
		265,119

Appendix B

FROM THE 1ST OF JANUARY, 1919, UNTIL THE 1ST
OF MAY, 1919, THE FOLLOWING SUPPLIES WERE
RECEIVED AND DISTRIBUTED

Number of shipments received from Canada		27
Number of cases received from Canada	33,340	
Number of cases purchased locally	356	
		33,696

Number of cases distributed to Hospital Units in England and Sundries	16,099	
Headquarters in France.	4,807	
Paris Depot	2,018	
For distribution to Canadian Expeditionary Force, Murmansk, Russia	355	
		23,279

TO ALLIED INSTITUTIONS

Italian Red Cross	2,380	
Australian Red Cross (on loan)	652	
Canadian War Contingent.	231	
Roumania	3,660	
Serbian Relief Fund	383	
British Red Cross (apples)	1,015	
Anglo-Czech Commission	107	
		8,428

Chief Overseas Events

SPECIAL CASES FROM CANADA FOR REFUGEES

France and Belgium	424
Serbia	389
Roumania	394
Anglo-Czech Commission	20
	<hr/>
	1,227*

5,159 cases of apples were distributed in January to our Hospitals in England and France and Canadian Camps in England; 1,015 cases were donated to the British Red Cross Society. These formed the balance of the splendid consignment of 23,000 cases of apples from the Ontario Government, of which the majority were distributed during December, 1918. These figures are included in the foregoing number of cases distributed.

*In addition to the 1,227 cases above mentioned, the following were allocated during the month of June:

To France and Belgium	2,508
Serbia	713
Roumania	707
Anglo-Czech Commission	50
Italy	400
	<hr/>
	4,378

A further 925 cases are being sent from Canada, as this book is being prepared for the press, making a grand total to June 30th, 1919, of 6,530 cases for the relief of the stricken populations of our Allies.

SKEFFINGTON'S

SUMMER FICTION by the LEADING AUTHORS

Our Casualty

George Birmingham

6s. 9d. net.

Author of "General John Regan,"
"Spanish Gold," etc.

Where would we not go in the company of George Birmingham? And when we know that Ballyhaine is a residential suburb, entirely built over with villas, where in times of peace they discuss sweet peas or winter spinach, or chrysanthemums, and where they have a Veterans' Corps, we know we are in for some fun, and before we have gone far we want to go farther and read all about Cotter and Haines, McMahon and the rest.

1st Edition in Britain 10,000 copies.

Hope Trueblood

Patience Worth

6s. 9d. net.

A new writer—who will take her seat among the immortals—and a book over which generations of men and women will laugh and weep in the days to come, stand revealed in these pages. Sally Trueblood's "brat," the "elf" playing "waiting morning" with her mother under the eaves of the Grey Eagle, Miss Patricia, and Reuben, and the Sexton, and Vicar Gifford, the Willoughbys and the little bird in the wicker cage, and Willie Pimm Passwater's little china dog, we know them one and all, never to forget them again. A novel which will stand as a landmark of fiction.

Open Sésame

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds

Author of "Thalassa," "The Man who Won," etc.

This book consists of four novels.

6s. 9d. net.

The author knows how to rivet her readers' attention. Each one of the tales included tells itself, so rapidly does it run on from event to event and place to place and character to character.

Ismay Waldron and Conrad Blick and Dr. Drew and Monsieur Jarrett and Alain the Marquis, we are never tired of any of them for one moment, and read on breathlessly to know the end.

The Taste of Apples

6s. 9d. net.

Jennette Lee

Author of "The Green Jacket."

A story that makes you happy while you read it, is that of Anthony Wickham, maker and mender of shoes in the little American town of Bolton. Son of educated parents, Anthony has sacrificed much to help his family and to give his son, John, a start in life. John, who has "made good," sends his parents, his craftsman father, who is a philosopher in the finest sense, and his practical managing little mother, whose character is summed up in the word "Mother," to England, where, thanks to their utter simplicity, they meet with some delightful people and discover a life they had never dreamt of before.

A story that will calm, soothe and delight every reader.

The Girl in Love

6s. 9d. net.

Charles Garvice

Author of "Love Decides," etc.

As his readers know, Mr. Garvice's strength as a novelist lies in the arresting and holding qualities of his narrative, his power of depicting real living characters, the naturalness of his dialogue. To commence a short story by him is to find that it is well nigh impossible to lay it down unfinished; one is interested in the opening paragraph; the characters, who in most cases tell the story, are etched in sharply, distinctly; the incidents are related with a dramatic and vivid force which make them impressive and convincing; the point is driven home with an unerring directness.

The intensely interesting stories which form this volume are rich in these qualities; and the reader will be surprised as well as delighted by the variety of the subjects and moods.

Mr. Garvice has so long held the secret. We venture to prophesy for "The Girl in Love" the same enormous demand which the appearance of one of Mr. Garvice's long novels evokes from all parts of the English speaking world.

**William—
an Englishman**

6s. 9d. net. Author of "Senlis," etc.

Cicely Hamilton

A novel of the present day, dealing with the various phases of development through which William Tully passes, from his childhood onwards; with his love for Griselda and the ordeal which they both undergo.

A story full of patriotism and high ideals, in which more than one man and woman of to-day will recognize their own trials and experiences.

The Upward Flight Mrs. Kenneth Combe

6s. 9d. net

Author of "Chief of the Staff," etc.

A book full of extraordinarily vivid pictures of military life at home and in India. Around the central figures of Philippa Ferrington and Jasper Glenayre are grouped a number of characters each of which *lives*.

A modern novel with an atmosphere of high dealism, yet true to life from beginning to end.

The Pester Finger H. Marriott Watson

6s. 9d. net.

Author of "The Web of the Spider," etc.

The author plunges us into a veritable whirlpool of breathless adventure, of political intrigue and romantic love.

We are swept off our feet from the near East to Paris—to London and Scotland, and we feel we cannot lay down this book, until we know how *Sir Francis* and *Sonia* extricate themselves from the meshes which their enemies spread around them.

The Audacious Adventures of Miles McConaughy A. Howden Smith

6s. 9d. net.

Author of "Claymore."

A good entertaining novel, telling of the adventures of Captain McConaughy, Presbyterian, Ulsterman, of the Merchant Marine; powerful in prayer and in action; hater of Papistical Irishers, despiser of the mere English, and no cottoner to the supercilious British Navy, and of McConaughy's two pals in the service of the Red Funnel Line. The author gives the impression that he knows what he writes of ships and seafaring, and all the characters are convincing and true to type.

The Lure of the Manor Gertrude Griffiths

Author of "The Wedding Gown of 'Ole Miss.'"

6s. 9. net.

This is a story full of the quaint humour, charm and dramatic situations characteristic of this new and already favourite author.

One can almost smell the perfume of the magnolia and visualize the witchery of the Florida nights.

A book that will appeal to both English and American readers.

The Ace of Spades **J. Crawford Fraser**

6s. 9d. net

. Joint Author of "The Golden Rose."

The story of a quarrel and an accident in which an incriminating Ace of Spades effects considerable embarrassment and misunderstanding on the part of the chief character and his fiancée, until the mystery is satisfactorily cleared up. Quite an excellent novel in which the interest is well sustained throughout.

The Chartered Adventurer **6s. 9d. net**

Being certain romantic episodes in the life of Mr. Terence O'Flaherty and his friend Lord Marlowe.

Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of "Incomparable Bellairs," "Young April," "Rose of the World," "Diamond Cut Paste," etc., etc.

This book, written in the light-hearted vein of "Incomparable Bellairs" and "The Bath Comedy," belongs to that "Eighteen-Thirty" period which the French are fond of calling *l'époque romantique*. They deal mainly with the adventures of a genial, impecunious and improvident, highly imaginative young Irishman, "chartered" (at a high salary but under the seal of secrecy) by a popular and successful but personally barren romancer, to supply brilliant copy and devise thrilling incident.

The Tin Soldier **Temple Bailey**

6s. 9d. net

Author of "Contrary Mary," etc.

A novel that helps us to realise what the war has meant to the nation across the seas. It is not a war story but deals with a problem that has faced many a man, even in this country. Should duty to family or patriotism come first? The story is told with all Miss Bailey's delicacy of style and charming sentiment, and has an enthralling plot. What will Derry Drake's decision be? Once started the reader will have difficulty in laying the book down till he has found the answer to the question and seen what the future holds for Jean and her father.

Drowned Gold **Roy Norton**

6s. 9d. net.

Author of "The Plunderers," etc.

An exciting seafaring yarn. The adventures of the good ship *Esperanza* and her second mate. How Twisted Jimmy foiled the nefarious plot of one Klein, how the *Hector* made short work of the *Gretchen*, and, last not least, it tells the romance of Miss Sterrett and Hale himself.

Take One at Night**Keble Howard**

6s. 9d. net.

Author of "The Gay Life," etc.

The reader who takes the author at his word, and *does* take one, will not find one a cure for insomnia, but rather will he exceed the prescription, and thus turn night into day. "For married people," others than the married only will want to read, and having begun, will not lay down until they know the end of *Lady Jane and the Adjutant*, and all adjutants will do well to take this to heart: "He's got—no internal organs; Adjutants never have. They're made up of bits of tape and a spoonful of daily orders."

Shadows of Desire**Mrs. Sydney Groom**

6s. 9d. net.

Author of "Love in the Darkness."

The beautiful Daphne, with a "red streak" in her hair and a "red streak" in her nature seems thrown into the world to set it at odds—herself ardently desiring the admiration of men, she grants them only the shadows of their desire. Her adventures as a pirate of love are a fit subject for Mrs. Groom's vivid pen and will appeal to every woman with a heart.

The Petals of Lao-Tze**J. Allan Dunn**

6s. 9d. net.

Author of "Rotorua Rex"

There are eight petals upon which are written a secret prescription. Stuart McVea, now an elderly man, has seven, and to secure the eighth, which he had, many years ago while escaping for his life, hidden in a cave eighty miles south and west of Lhasa, he offers King Keeler ten thousand pounds.

King Keeler accepts, and to avoid suspicion, arranges to take a trading caravan through Tibet in search of the petal.

The story tells of his remarkable adventures and experiences in China and Tibet, with the whole organization of the Chinese priests, secret service and secret societies standing in his way, and threatening his life every other day.

A Bagman in Jewels**Max Pemberton**

6s. 9d. net

Author of "The Iron Pirate," etc.

"A Bagman in Jewels" narrates the experiences of a dealer in precious stones, and is full of exciting adventure in the author's best manner. The volume also includes a long story of the Haunted Days and of Napoleon's escape from Elba, together with other narratives of the kind to which Mr. Pemberton's readers are accustomed.

White Stacks

6s. 9d. net.

A new novel, with the same conscientious study of character, the same "sidelights" on familiar emotions, as distinguished some of this author's earlier productions, notably "Introducing William Allinson" and "Simpson of Snells." Written in a lighter vein, this story gives a vivid and faithful picture of Society life in the village of Maplehurst, of which the Farringtons of White Stacks, a family of marked peculiarity and four extremely pretty daughters, form the central interest.

William Hewlett

Author of "Simpson of Snells"

**Sweet Apple
Cove**

6s. 9d. net

A desolate coast settlement in Newfoundland is the scene of this striking love story. The descriptions of the Newfoundland scenery and of the people who live on the bare and rugged coast are a fascinating background for the romantic love experiences of Dr. Grant.

George van Schaick**Helping Hersey**

6s. 9d. net.

A variety of tales, entirely distinct from each other, though in all of them humour and pathos are intermingled. "The Common Man's Story" and "Mrs. Hornbeam's Headdress" perhaps stand out among the rest, but all of them have a charm and interest of their own.

Baroness von Hutten

Author of "Pam," etc.

Miss Ingalis**Gertrude Hall**

6s. 9d. net.

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