

THE MAPLE LEAF'S RED CROSS.

The war story of the Canadian Red Cross Overseas has been charmingly told by Miss Mary Macleod Moore in "The Maple Leaf's Red Cross," just published on behalf of the Canadian War Memorials Fund for the Canadian War Records, by Messrs. Skeffington & Son, Ltd., 34, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. 2, to whom we are indebted for our illustrations.

"The story," as Miss McLeod Moore tells us, "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

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 and all creeds. Many were very wealthy. Many were poor. It made no difference. All alike were rich in a zeal for helpfulness."

Money for the Red Cross Campaign Fund came in from Indians and Esquimaux, as well as from white people. "The oldest adherent of the Canadian Red Cross was an Indian 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 for membership in the Canadian Red Cross."

Not only did the Canadian Red Cross supply the needs of its own people overseas. It "realized



Canadian Official Photograph

CANADIAN RED CROSS CAR IN PRINCESS CHRISTIAN AMBULANCE TRAIN.

of the refugees. The influence of devoted, unselfish labour extends over an incalculable future and none can prophesy its end."

"What would you say was the work of the Red Cross?' I once asked Colonel Blaylock," says the author, "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."

The generosity which provided this help "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

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." Again, "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."

"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 relief to overstrained medical officers and matrons and sisters during a great rush, and a sense of home, and its care, was conveyed to a

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