

ROAST BEEF

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were on duty here, and in contrast to the canteen's chief, their sergeant in charge was a young, and decidedly pretty, lady. Her name was MacGregor and with a name like that, kidded her subordinates, how could you help but take orders.

Their post was on the second floor of the clubhouse, a room given over to double bunks and three infirmary cots. These "hospital wards" were divided into cubicles by Walls of Jericho, that is, grey blankets hung on lines. A lamp, a table and easy chairs gave the makeshift quarters a homelike touch and induced what rest there was to be had.

To date they had had 58 casualties, most of which were cases of collapse. Their biggest trouble was with the very young youngsters who worked beyond their strength and would not give up until forced to.

Finally, we wound up our tour with a visit to the canteen in the basement of Gordon United Church. Smaller than the others, yet it was equipped to do baking in its own right with a wood range, and the next day was getting their electric range connected from the Red Cross.

For this reason it especially welcomes donations of pastry mix, cake mixes, hot biscuit mixes and so forth. Supplied by the same women's organizations as the Kelvin Club, it takes the overflow from there, and so good are its meals, though less well known, that men who have discovered it return again and again.

This canteen has had an exceptional number of anonymous donors. Its minister, Mr. MacLean, has been an outstanding example of helpfulness, and while we were there was busy getting fuel for the stove, clad in overalls. On Sunday