

At the Sign of the Maple

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VACATION VAGARIES

THIS is the season for summer holidays, but only the great and powerful may obtain them now. People who draw the largest salaries have first choice and only occasionally does the weatherman mischievously contrive that the customary "dog-days" will be comparatively cool and the newest stenographer, who could not get leave till late September will draw the finest weather. Canada is extraordinarily well supplied with summer resorts, and the wealthy have a wide choice of two seaboard, mountains, rivers and lakes of every imaginable shape, size and temperature, but most of us must frugally select a spot not too far from home. The mother insists that there must be a good safe beach for the children; the school-boys and girls demand canoeing and sailing; and father flatly refuses to exchange his comfortable brick house for a tiny room on the shore of a mosquito-haunted lake, unless the good golf links are very near. Father is rather fond of the tranquil evenings he spends in his shirt-sleeves watering the front lawn while his family are far away.

SPEAKING of shirt-sleeves, isn't it rather pitiful how apologetic men are when 90 deg. in the shade forces them to remove their coats? Yet we unblushingly appear before them in garments so sheer as to leave little to the imagination. The papers are full of seasonable suggestions for women's attire, but surely a hot-weather dress reform is needed by men! The popular young man at the summer-resorts always looked very nice in his sports shirt and white duck trousers, but now he is sweltering in khaki and preparing to face a fiercer fire than even old Sol himself pours upon us, or else he encounters the equally disagreeable fire from the eyes of those who have willingly parted with their nearest and dearest and bitterly resent that others should hold back.

THREE young girls were sitting on a verandah railing swinging their feet. "We have a swell time at our summer place," one of them was saying, "canoeing, swimming, and all that sort of thing—it's simply great!" "I'm not going away this year," said another, "but there's lots of fun in town—movies to go to, tennis and parties nearly every night!" At that moment they noticed a young man who was passing and at once they ceased their chatter and broke into a refrain: "You'd look lovely in khaki. You'd look lovely in khaki. . . .!" "I wouldn't have minded it so much if they had been knitting at the time," the young man told me. He happened to be an officer, temporarily in mufti, who was soon to go overseas as a private. "Let him that is without sin amongst you cast the first stone."

FOR every member of a business concern who is holiday-making, there are two working over-time at home, and each of us who does not go to the front has a double duty to perform. We must see that every minute of the time our boys at the front are backed up by the finest possible equipment—munitions, food and hospital supplies—and to do so will take all the effort of which we are capable. Some business concerns shorten their hours of labour during the summer months, but the great business of war is carried on more furiously than ever. A certain amount of relaxation is necessary to keep non-combatants cheerful. There can never be too much cheerfulness, but isn't there apt to be just a little too much relaxation? Are we beginning to lose interest in war work, especially during the hot summer months? Not all of us, by any means. Knitting-needles click steadily on the verandahs of

all Canadian summer hotels and cottages. Red Cross work is organized, and proves to be a very pleasant way of spending rainy days. Patriotic tea-rooms may be found at many of the resorts, jitneys to golf grounds are driven by ladies, in aid of some worthy fund, while bazaars and garden parties, concerts and water fetes, under patriotic stimulus, flourish as they never did before.

A PARTICULARLY attractive fete was given on August 5th, at Centre Island, Toronto, in aid of the 126th Peel Battalion. Every house in Oriole Road, a little grassy street leading from the lake to the bay, was devoted to some form of entertainment—music, bridge, tea, or booths at which various tempting home-made articles were sold. The entire street was decorated with flags and lanterns, and the band played on an awning-covered barge in the lagoon, where the Yacht Club ferry landed patrons and boys in khaki and girls in dainty summer attire assisted them in parting with as much money as possible. An interesting feature of the entertainment was the singing of the patriotic song "Here's Hoping," by Miss Brenda Macrae, the well-known contralto. The words of the song were written by her mother, Mrs. R. S. Smellie, the music by her sister, Mrs. Arthur McMurrich, and copies of the song, which has just been published, were sold to augment the funds of the battalion.

CENTRE ISLAND has a well-organized Red Cross committee, who meet in the rooms of the Island Aquatic Association, and send a large supply of surgical dressings overseas. In the Georgian Bay district patriotic concerts occur very frequently, and that locality seems to attract an unusual number of musicians. At the Madawaska Club, on Go Home Bay, the work of the Toronto University Hospital Supply Association continues. Last year 100 lbs. of wool was knitted into socks by the cottagers, and this year an equal quantity has been taken. The Biological Station is used as a distributing centre for

surgical supply materials once a week and the wives, daughters and guests of the members of the University faculty who make their summer homes there, take the keenest interest in the work. The supplies are now sent to the needy hospitals in France, but as soon as the call comes from No. 4 base hospital, at Salonika, the work will be sent to them. Miss Evelyn Henderson, the capable secretary, to whom the credit of this most successful branch is largely due, reports that many of the summer residents of Stoney Lake, Pickering and Deseronto are working for them, while various churches in country districts have increased rather than decreased their demands for supplies. There is still a great need for socks, and wool is the easiest material to take on a summer outing, besides, knitting is said to be good for the nerves and the temper.

EVEN summer resorts are not exempt from flag days, and bathers bravely face the bayonet charge when fluffy femininity takes them unawares—only very frequently the swimmers find they have left their money in the bath house. Is



There is an almost unnecessary economy in bathing suits.

the war responsible, we wonder, for the economy of material in bathing dresses this summer, and for the shortness of skirts? Are even the sharks feeling the effects of the war, since they are attacking neutral bathers on the Atlantic Coast?

DE GRASSI POINT, Lake Simcoe, will be the scene of a very pretty garden party this month, in aid of the Dreadnought and Liege Chapters of the I. O. D. E. Several cottagers will give their houses for tea, dancing, or music, and the lawns will form a pretty background for the booths.

Many interesting people are spending the summer in Canada, partly owing to their inability to travel in Europe. Mr. Owen Wister, whose little volume entitled "The Pentecost of Calamity," has become so famous, has been enjoying a holiday at Banff.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Henry are among those who are finding pleasure fishing in the Bow River, where better sport is being obtained this season than ever before. Mrs. Mitchell Henry has endeared herself to Canadians by her splendid work for hospitals in France, and for our Canadian prisoners of war, and has been untiring in her efforts to raise money for war relief since she came to make a prolonged stay in the Dominion.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton Holmes, of world fame in the photographic sphere, are making trips out into some of the wilder parts of the mountains, and will visit the annual camp of the Alpine Club of Canada this month on the slopes of Mount Bourgeau.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, accompanied by the Princess Patricia, has also been a recent visitor in the Rocky Mountains. Mountains, lakes, rivers, seaside, it is hard to decide which is best, but certainly no one need go out of Canada for the best of summer holidays.

JUST now the temper of the ordinary person is short. Not of those who are in bitter personal trouble, for great troubles swamp little ones, but there are so many conveniences to which we have

grown accustomed that now we must learn to do without. The shortage of labour affects us all in numberless aggravating ways. Goods are promised and not delivered, charwomen fail to appear on the appointed days, prices of food are soaring so that we have to think twice about expenditure, and it is the small worries that keep the bad sleeper awake. Even a good conscience is far dearer than it used to be, and peace of mind is hardly procurable. If we take amusement we feel we must excuse ourselves and good humour is apt to go out of the door when economy comes in by the window. There is the desire to escape to a far part of the country where



Standing Treat: A war time economy.

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