

'Tween You and Me

MY OWN PAGE

Whereon I will Discuss with You the Bits and Bobs of News
that Drift in to Me from Everywhere

Jean Blewett

Mrs. Gurnett Says Conserve Still

FROM SOME OF THE Christmas letters which came from our women readers, we gather an idea prevails that after the long spell of conservation, a little extravagance in our kitchens is quite excusable. Not so. This is what Mrs. L. A. Gurnett, Secretary of the Women's Auxilliary to the Organization of Resources Committee (yes, a lengthy title, but the little lady carries it well) has to say on the matter and perhaps no other woman in Canada could speak with more authority:

"If the food problem was acute during the war it is not likely—according to information received—to be less so now that we have the neutral nations to feed. The restrictions on sugar and flour are practically unchanged. In fact, the War Measure Act will be in full operation for some time to come. In hotels two pounds of sugar are allowed for ninety meals. In the homes each person may have 1½ lbs. per month.

Important Meeting in Historical Old Kingston

THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE of the Council of Women which meets this month in Kingston promises to be one of the most interesting yet held. Also the most important. National problems will claim attention. Mothers' Pensions for one thing. At the last Local Council Meeting in Ottawa, presided over by Mrs. Adam Shortt, it was resolved that as the war had brought widowhood to hundreds of Canadian women, and the epidemic of influenza added to the list, there was no time like the present for pressing the question of Mothers' Pensions home to the Provincial Parliaments.

All along the line the Local Councils fell into step. The National Executive will likely deal effectually with this far-reaching item. The Women's Political Platform, the threatened withdrawal of the I.O.D.E. and other equally absorbing subjects will have place. Judging from this resolution, carried unanimously at the December meeting of the Kingston Local Council—

"That this body expresses itself as strongly opposed to buying, selling or using any goods made by Germany or her Allies;" patriotism of a practical sort will be urged upon our Canadian women.

Happy New Year To All

AT THE DAWN of the most wonderful year, the world—our world—has known or will know, we desire to gather our readers together, like one big family and wish them A Happy New Year!

IT IS WORTH WHILE BEING ALIVE at any time; (though pessimists profess to think otherwise) it is doubly so when the making-over processes of world-old problems are in operation.

So, my readers, you bright, big-hearted women of the Dominion—A Happy New Year! In your grand homes and your humble ones—A Happy New Year! For the sympathy you have sought of us sometimes, for honest praise and honest fault-finding, (we have given up hopes of ever being perfect) we thank you truly.

God takes our yesterdays, dim and old,
Touched with sorrow and sinning,
And gives to us, with a grace untold,
The years' soft dew and the dawn of gold—
Gives us the fresh beginning.

To each and every one of you, A Happy Year!

The Chap Who Loved His Fellow Man

NEIGHBOUR IS A WORD beloved of Westerners. It means more to them perhaps than to other folks, at any rate, just to hear them say it warms your heart.

A grain man was telling me of one, Mr. Woods (plain Bert Woods to the grain man of course), a farmer living ten or twelve miles out of Saskatoon who had put the War Veterans in the way of securing the largest donation received up to date.

"When Bert's seeding was practically finished last spring," thus the grain man spoke, "we woke from a dream of peace like old What-do-you-call-him, the chap who loved his fellow man and all that, and Bert says, 'I find I've a bit of land ready that I don't need, so I'll give the other fellow a show. There's the returned soldier, he showed himself a friend of mine by fightin' while I farmed. It's his turn now.' So he calls up the Veterans Association and without any talk of giving favours asks how they'd like to sort of help a homesteader out by coming along at harvest time and stooking these areas, providing he plants it for their special benefit? Their answer was that they'd be there with bells on. And they were. If you could see the Association's bank-book you'd

understand the big-feelingness, so to speak, of the members. You see, they have just deposited the biggest cheque that has come their way as a real donation up until now. It was paid them for the 206 bushels of No. 1 hard they raised on 'a bit of land' loaned them in a neighbourly way."

"Comparisons are Odious, Neighbor"

ANOTHER OCCASION, when the word rang out significantly was just as the Hon. Frank Carvell finished a fine address to a body of Calgary workmen who threatened a strike for higher pay. He had dwelt upon the fact that the soldiers in France away from home and family, subject to hardship and danger, had received but one dollar and ten cents per day, while they, the would-be strikers, etc., etc.

It was then a tall lean man, slightly grey, wearing a suit we more than suspect his wife not only made, but cut and fit—bless the bold heart of her—stepped up. By the hand-clapping which greeted him, you recognized him as one who had the confidence of his fellows.

"Neighbour," said he, and the word on his lips seemed to stand for man to man, "when I trudged to the old red schoolhouse back in New Brunswick, nigh forty years ago, I wrote in my blotted old copy

The King's Gift

The New Year coming upon pinions fleet
Is the King's Gift, and all that in it lies
Will make our lives more rounded and complete;

It may be laughter, may be tear-filled eyes,
It may be gain of love or loss of love,
It may be thorns, or bloom and breath of flowers,

The full fruition of these hopes that move,
It may be what will break these hearts of ours.

What matter? 'Tis the great gift of the King.
We do not need to fear ought it may bring.

—JEAN BLEWETT.

book, "Comparisons are odious." They are. All the time you're making them there ain't a listener but ain't thinking deep down in his mind that your own wages—and they're some wages, neighbour, nigh onto fifty dollars per working day I take it—goes ambling right along.

The Mettle of Our Women

ONE THING THAT CANADA must forever include in the mercies she thanks high Heaven for is the mettle of her women. Past the doubting, they have established their claim to courage and steadfastness of purpose. Untrained, untempered, in a way unsought, they began their campaign without waving of banners or beat of drums, with nothing but a compelling

desire for service urging them on, they beat (there is no other word for it) their way through their own selfishness. Shrinking through the unfaith of pessimists, through the world of heartbreak, throbbing in good-byes from marching men, the husbands, brothers, sons, whose task until then had been to shield and shelter them; beat their way through the littleness, jealousies, pettishness, engendered by long years of slothfulness and vain striving; through tears that blinded; work that gave no respite, weariness untold, straight to

The Hills of Courage
Whose high peaks reach to God.

Straight to the heart of the nation's need, a force unconquerable.

"Working Girls" is an Honourable Title.

THE PRETTIEST GIRLS of our city, and of most other cities and towns, are the working girls. If any of you doubt this, take a respectful glance at them as they hurry to their places of toil from home and boarding house, morning after morning, the year through. "Oh, please don't use the term, 'working girls!'" protests one with soft brown hair and blue eyes.

"We're sales ladies, office girls, stenographers, munition makers (or were, a lot of us), teachers, etc. Don't call us 'working girls,' it sounds too common."

Get that foolishness out of your head, my dear; "working girl" is a title. Honours go with it. We all love the ring of it, just as we do the young fairness and bloom that goes with it. We would count our-

selves in if we dared, but though we are all workers, we are not, alas! all young and sweet and good to see.

Here is a true story of the war. Among the volunteer helpers at an English hospital for soldiers was a duchess. Nobody inquired as to her rank. "Can you scrub?" asked the superintendent. "I can try," she answered and fell to work upon the hall floor. Presently a young officer came picking his way over the damp floor. Would he please bring her a bucket of clean water? "You're speaking to an officer," he thundered. "And you're speaking to a duchess," she returned gently, "and to one more worthy of respect, a working woman." It proved a cure. So long as she continued to scrub the floors of that hospital, so long did the most bumptious officer in parade continue to carry all the water she used—and she used a lot.

There are only two kinds of girls—real girls—in the world of to-day—the girl who shirks and the girl who works. We are proud of the latter and do not care who knows it.

The First Requisite in Life-Partnership

IT IS ON THE observation car of the Imperial Limited. "Westward ho!" sings the wind, the wheels, and the heart in our bosom as the train flies fast from prairie tameness, sameness, flatness and fertility, hillward, ever hillward. It is so wonderful, you wonder how people can spend time discussing ordinary everyday subjects. They can though, hark!

"It would seem that men no longer count love the first requisite in life-partnership," the white-haired professor on the first holiday in ten long years is remarking to the company at large—his wife, (who pays so little attention, you know instinctively she has heard it all before), a bright-faced lad on his way to Squimalt Naval College, a little old lady who reads "Mountain Trails" religiously, Betty devoted to a disreputable doll—"a rag-and-buttons baby" she calls it, she herself being, as she explains, "a skin-and-curls-baby." Betty's mother who counts only because of the relationship, a young couple on their wedding trip and a few commonplace people like ourselves.

"Companionship between the sexes used to be unthought of," the Professor perseveres. "Men put a pretty face before a keen intellect or rich originality. You do not find them making that mistake to-day. They're grown sensible. When a man's eyes outgrow the mists of youth—love-blindness, the ancients called it—he sees clearer, and—"

An interruption comes from an unexpected quarter. "Humph!" cried the old lady of "Mountain Trails" bluntly. "When he gets that old he had best leave the partnership business to his juniors."

The bride and groom smile tolerantly. What do these prosy old folks know of the matter?

"Eternity is Made of Love."

THE HILLS HOLD US. Our first mountain sunset with its mist of gold and seas of flaming rose is on us. Dim yet, but drawing nearer with every pulse-beat of the engine, the great peaks come to meet us, bringing, or seeming to bring the topaz sky, the Gates of Pearl and the Sapphire Sea right with them. When the soul of us trembles and tries to hide, as it does, we pity it even to tears, apprehending the truth, that it is a flat-country soul and cannot bear at first the grandeur and beauty, the mystery and strength, the majesty and glory incomparable of this mountain world.

"The rainbow tipped and spilled the gold
That set the valley shining."

sings a sleepy Betty to her doll. "Bully sunset!" chirped the sailor boy and strolls away. Betty's mother carries the skin-and-curls-baby (who in turn hangs fast to the rag-and-buttons-one) off to bed. The Professor with his comfortable and, let us hope, companionable wife, leaves us. But we wait—and watch—until by and by the evening star flinging aside its ashes-of-roses altar robes comes out in its naked whiteness to hush the clamour of the world to sleep with its psalm of praise:

"In his hands are the deep places.
The strength of the hills are his also."

"If you don't mind, I'm coming over beside you," whispers the little old lady. "Eternity," with a wave of her hand, "always sobers me."

In their own corner the young pair are absorbed in each other. The scenery is absolutely wasted on them. In answer to a remark of his comes her laughter sweet and warm as the spring song in the throat of a wild bird.

"Even Eternity does not solemnize love, nay Eternity is made of it—I don't care how many learned persons to the contrary," smiles the little grey lady.