

The Mirror and the Web

By THE LADY OF SHALOTT

Beauty and the Beach

THE season is here when Beauty at large and the rest of the fair sex, also at large, have betaken themselves to the beaches to disport. So that what woman wears there, and especially what she doesn't, since the one-piece bathing-suit is increasingly in favour, is coming in now for a deal of comment. It amounts to much ado about (practically) nothing.

For the one-piece suit is a genuine godsend to the true sportswoman of the liquid element. Her limbs should be free from voluminous drygoods if she is to achieve successfully stroke or plunge or other move demanded by aquatics for modern woman.

It is a question of suitability simply. A modest woman does not become immodest by the mere donning of a one-piece garment any more than does an immodest female become at once modest by the miraculous assumption of an eight-piece suit—not counting rubber posies.

As for those dutiful "darling daughters" who are carefully not going "near the water" although in the proper (?) costume—Die Lorelei in the (more or less) flesh as is deprecated by the pained reporter and also by the sensitive snapshotter—those fair amphibians are chiefly creatures of the August magazine covers which aim at coolness. That is to say, on this side the Atlantic. And even trans that bring dominion. "The Bystander" artist was put to it hard to supply a page of the so-called sea-side sirens.

So the Aphrodite who neglects the sea-foam is, on the whole, but an airy invention—a perversion like "the short and simple flannels of the poor," which were also believed to have shrunk from the touch of water. Beauty at the beach, in the one-piece habit, and the rest of the sex who have accompanied her thither are sensible sportswomen, ten to one. So why not overlook the naughty siren?

Charity de Luxe

NATURAL it is that the Sunset Province should have gilded notions on a variety of subjects, including the raising and dispensation of alms. So that it was not in the least surprising when recently Victoria, B.C., or that part of the far-west city which is represented by the Camosun Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire and its regent, Mrs. Croft, undertook a rose fete in the name of the organization, the affair was an instance of charity de luxe.

A prodigality of entertainment was provided by a resourceful and artistic group of workers for the hundreds who patronized their endeavour in aid of the slum children of a London parish. An episode was the paying of homage on the part of a score of rose-wreathed fairies before the enthroned and sceptred Queen of Summer. Music accompanied a maze of dancing, the participants being in the similitude of flowers or butterflies with the gifts of rhythm and reason. One wondered that Pan could remain in hiding when he might so easily have peeped from the bridge that spanned a dreaming pond of water-lilies, or out from between the boles of the trees, his hoofs twitching to join this outdoors revel. For the whole took place on the spacious lawns and beneath the overshadowing trees and amid the fragrance of the rare gardens of Mount Adelaide and the home of Mrs. Croft.

Which park, for two days running, was the

setting of the aesthetic dances mentioned above and also of a sham encampment of gipsies, who told good fortunes for better cash, and in Romany ways outdid the wool-dyed Romans, of needle-work arbour, of sweetmeat booths and of numerous other artistic devices for separating patrons from their money. There was also, indoors, a vaudeville performance, which realized the desired amount of profit.

And the finest of British Columbian weather attended the endeavour like a skilled factotum—blackening the shadows on a sun-drenched greensward, unbuttoning buds for impatient gardens, waiting hand and foot, in brief, on the general function. And perhaps it was this gilt lackey of the rose fete which prompted the heading we chose to give this copy.

"Seeds of Pine"

THE wild country which challenges the tamer, the Canada of those heroic enterprises before which mountains have become as mist, Muskeg has grown solid and forests have been felled, has attracted at least two Edmonton women as the happy hunting-grounds for "stuff" for books. Miss Katherine Hughes wrote "Father Lacombe," a tale of the doughtiest of pioneering when the West was buffalo-woolly and Indian-wild. And the many writings of "Janey Canuck," otherwise Mrs. Arthur Murphy, president of the Canadian Women's Press Club, are all, like her new book, "Seeds of Pine" (Hodden and Stoughton, London), calculated to enthrall the reader with feeling for the bold "rough-hewers" of our country who are also the "providence which shapes our ends."

"Seeds of Pine" is less a story than a chain of



INDUSTRIOUS MEMBERS OF THE I. O. D. E. Had added a needlework booth to the devices for separating patrons of the recent rose fete, held by the Camosun Chapter of Victoria, B.C., from cash.

stories; as one reviewer puts it, it is "an Odyssey of the wilderness of Alberta." Gangers, policemen,

doctors and missionaries are heroes alike in the eyes of "Janey," whose questing journey takes her to Grouard in the Peace River country. It is a tale of travel by motor, river-boat and also portage-wagon, which is rich in incident, vivid in description, and interpretive of a rough but tender country. An ebullient wit enlivens the pages, and interspersed are instances of pathos with a suddenness which has one by the throat.

Mrs. Murphy, in brief, is a fascinating author, and her "Seeds of Pine" increases her reputation. It is a book which "natives" will read with gusto, as will all other Canada-lovers who are capable of seeing the giant trees in pine-cones—the Future in Now.

Women in Winnipeg Stores

A SPECIAL report in the Labour Gazette on women employees in departmental stores in Winnipeg says that in four such establishments there are 2,432 to 3,200 women and girls, according to the season. A few of the women are highly paid, one receiving \$50 a week, and half a dozen others receive almost as much. As a rule, however, the highest wages paid to saleswomen are \$20, while the average is between \$15 and \$18, though they start at \$6 or \$8. No girls are employed under 14 years, and the lowest wages paid are \$3 per week. The largest store has three nurses, of whom one has charge of the store hospital and the other two visit the homes of the employees who are ill. The same store has a pension system, and any woman after 15 years' service can retire at the age of 40 on a pension ranging from \$8 to \$40 a week. Reports from factories as well as stores may show an improvement soon in Manitoba—a woman inspector being appointed.



HOMAGE PAID TO THE GODDESS OF SUMMER.

By a score or so of garlanded girls whose dance was one of the many attractions at the rose fete held at the home of Mrs. Croft, Mount Adelaide, Victoria, B.C., lately.



THE SWEETMEATS ARBOUR

Was an attractive and paying feature of the recent far-west revel of roses for the benefit of the poor of a London parish.