

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

As We See Others

When Easter Comes

FOR the children there is no festival of the year which has the merry significance of Christmas—the day of gifts and gladness when the spirit of the day is all good-will. As the years go by and each succeeding Christmas means a reminder of the many friends who no longer keep the holiday with us, it becomes a day of regret as well as merriment, with a leaf of rue among the holly. But Easter, more solemn in its associations, becomes the most hopeful of all anniversaries as the dawn of Easter Sunday breaks. The name, it is true, was connected with the Pagan rites of spring-time rather than the Christian worship, but the meaning of the two has blended into the festival of rejoicing over the new things of Earth, with the deeper note of spiritual renewal beneath the lighter joy.

There has been much criticism in recent years of our somewhat ornamental keeping of Easter, with the toy rabbits, chocolate eggs and wee, downy chickens in the shop windows. Yet the finer meaning of Easter observance has not been forgotten, even if its social aspect has become almost childishly picturesque. In Canada, we do not observe Lent with the traditional strictness of Latin communities, but Easter is still to us a season of renewal and revival.

A sympathy with springtime gladness surely belongs to all unspoiled natures. The man who can be cynical on an April morning, the woman who can refuse to believe that God's in His heaven when the first bird-notes are thrilling from the eaves, must be sadly wrong and ought to take something in the way of a walk in the woods or an aeroplane flight for that hopeless feeling.

It is curious how the force of a verse from sacred writings often comes home to one in surroundings most remote from church or sanctuary. I never hear the great words which express the Christian belief in the Resurrection without recalling "The Tale of Two Cities." Do you remember how, in Dickens' account of Sydney Carton's sacrifice, to save a life which Lucie Manette loved, those words come to him with inspiring comfort even at the edge of the scaffold: "I am the Resurrection and the Life"? The novelist who revealed so much of human suffering and divine tenderness gave the verse its deepest meaning for the man whose nobler nature had risen again, to crush all that was base in his past.

Living and Learning

IS it the high cost of living or is it the cost of high living which is giving modern civilization so much to talk about? If we determine to do without certain luxuries and to keep to the essentials, are we so very badly treated in the price list of today? "But look at rents," says one observer. "You pay thirty dollars a month for a house in Toronto which was only sixteen dollars a month twenty years ago." Exorbitant rents, however, are bringing about their own reduction and the newer apartment houses are striving to meet the requirements of those who have moderate incomes.

The great difficulty in coping with lodging and rental conditions lies in the rush to the cities. A province of small towns is to be desired, rather than a scant rural population and a few congested centres. "Cities are a disease," declares a modern writer on sociological conditions, and, no doubt, he is telling the truth. We seem to be afraid of our own society in the lonely places, and it is not until the city has shown us its utmost of noise and unloveliness that we are willing to go back to the town or the village. A race which loves out-doors and the sports of field and water is likely to live long in the land. And the worst of it is that Canada's new-comers, instead of going to the vast, unspoiled places and tilling the land, are crowding into Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, to join the ranks of unskilled labourers. We want more farms and fewer factories. If the speed mania, which seems to have taken possession of us in late years, both in social expenditure and public life, receives a check by the temporary financial stress, we may have an opportunity to consider whether we are troubled by high living or low

thinking. The problem of the conflict between tastes and income is more pressing than it ever was before. The extreme publicity of the present age is partly to blame for this, as pictures and paragraphs show three-fourths of the world just how the remaining fourth lives—and it is difficult to shut one's eyes to the charms of purple and fine linen.

Home and Abroad

ALREADY the summer holidays are a matter of concern and we are beginning to dream of long afternoons on the lake and twilight in the land of pines. A girl who has been away at school for two years in France and Germany was speaking recently of the coming months.

"I'm going to Georgian Bay for July and August," she said, firmly. "There's nothing more beautiful than our own islands, after all."

"I'm glad you haven't been spoiled by being



LADY WILLISON.

A Toronto hostess, whose public activities have been connected chiefly with the I. O. D. E. and with the Ladies' Branch of the British and Foreign Sailors' League. Sir John Willison is editor of "The News."

abroad," said an admiring aunt, "I was afraid that nothing in Canada would be good enough, after the Rhine and the Alps and Paris."

"Canada's lovely," asserted the satisfied young person. "It's so young and so jolly—especially out in the West. Of course, it hasn't castles or cathedrals or picturesque hotels; but its lakes and rivers are enough to make any Canadian glad to see the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario again. I think a trip abroad is all wasted if you come back from it discontented. I am ever so glad for the two years I spent in Europe, but they have just given me new friends and ideas without spoiling the old ones. And, after all, we're ever so much alike."

So, the traveller or the student usually concludes that human beings are essentially of the common family of Adam and Eve, with just enough difference to make life interesting. Europe teaches us something of the "long results of time," calms our commercialism and tends to give to the young observer the valuable quality known as poise. Success comes so suddenly and bewilderingly sometimes in this New World of endeavour that it is well to learn in older lands that the quality of patience is not to be despised and that grace and haste are hardly compatible. Yet, we do not wish to lose the "homeward turning heart" after all foreign travel and training, and we are glad when the girls come back, content to be Daughters of the Dominion.

There is no denying that we are a restless people, who find it difficult to stay at home when the "Red Gods" of woods and hill and river are calling in the spring-time. The long whistle of the train in the night and the echo from the first steamers in the bay stir within us that impulse "to go—go—go—

away from here," which brought our forefathers across the seas and incidentally built a line of trading-posts across a continent. When the old-fashioned house-wife felt this "call of the wild," she straightway took to spring house-cleaning and exhausted her energy in a vernal orgy of setting things to rights—which is an excellent form of pioneering.

ERIN.

A Figure in Feminism

AN Englishwoman by birth, a Canadian by adoption, and a citizeness of the world by the right of ubiquitous travel, there could scarcely have been chosen a more representative head of the new national suffrage organization of Canada than the president, who was recently chosen by acclamation, namely, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, of Toronto.

But familiarity with the race elements which compose this conglomerate nation would not have sufficed to entitle any woman to the headship of such a body had she not possessed also in her personality both natural qualities and attributes of culture which constitute the marks of leadership. Mrs. Hamilton's election was the manifestation on the part of her countrywomen of faith in her strength of service as proved already.

By inheritance the new president is independent-minded. She comes of a line of Warwickshire yeoman, surnamed Bodington, and claims a grandfather on her father's side who was the pioneer in open-air treatment for tuberculosis. That same Dr. Bodington, of Sutton Coldfield, England, is mentioned in the Shaw play, "The Doctor's Dilemma." Mrs. Hamilton's father was likewise a physician, and came with his family (including Constance, the subject of this writing), to Canada in 1887, crossing the wilderness country to Vancouver. He established there in general practice, and later in special work of a mental nature, and was made, eventually, superintendent of the Provincial Hospital for the Insane at New Westminster, B.C. Her mother was a lady of Shrewsbury, Shropshire, whose people were intimate with the Darwins, including the famous Charles, and enjoyed also Alfred Lord Tennyson's friendship.

"Our foremost suffragist" met her fate (who is entirely in sympathy with her projects) in the days when Vancouver was in its swaddling clothes. Mr. Hamilton was a C.P.R. man, employed in that quarter as chief of the land department. His wife now smiles as she reminisces on the wild, now Stanley Park, as a "courting" landscape. She was married, and very shortly after, Mr. Hamilton being promoted, the pair moved to the then town, Winnipeg.

The Musical Society of Winnipeg, at present a flourishing body, was the direct outcome of Mrs. Hamilton's efforts united with those of Mrs. Angus Kirkland to bring entertainment in the musical form within the reach of all in the Prairie City. She used her Leipzig training to this end. Music, as Mrs. Hamilton holds, would prove of the utmost educative value among our foreign peoples, most being of essentially musical races.

It was only in 1901 that the Hamiltons moved to Toronto. And yet, in that city, so great is the confidence placed by the workers of her own sex, and also by the men, in Mrs. Hamilton, that she has been made convener of the Committee on Agriculture for Women of the National Council of Women of Canada, President of the Equal Franchise League, and now President of the new and trenchant National Suffrage organization. She is an active worker in Y. W. C. A. interests, a patroness of the arts, a prolific writer, a linguist who has used her accomplishments in social work among our immigrants, and a pianist of unusual charm and power. She is always busy, but never in a hurry, and possesses that most rare attribute of "poise."

In short, our foremost suffragist and feminist is a square knot in a square hole, or a round knot in a round one—though, strictly, she's not in any sort of hole whatever.

The new national suffrage organization, which has for its president Mrs. Hamilton, and for its secretary Mrs. W. R. Lang, who contributes to the Supplement this week, is the outcome of a prevalent feeling of dissatisfaction with the one national body which already existed. The new association will set itself to entirely neglect all personal interests in the accomplishment of the work of womanhood. The officers are leaders with an eagerness to serve, and the most able of them is she who is the head.

M. J. T.