

At the Sign of the Maple

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN



MISS DOROTHY COOK

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With Unmixed Paints

A HOLIDAY, a car and a country road, friends including two or three children for companions, the time morning, the weather October's utmost! An ogee curve in the road, which could not be taken on such a morning except on alternating pairs of wheels; an ascent, third gear; and there you were on the top of the highest point in N— County.

And what a picture! Not "you," of course, but the panorama. A giant neo-impressionist had done it—had dipped the trees into vats of colour and had set them up overnight to dry and startle. They still dripped paint in the morning sunshine. The pure dye trickled from the mountain-ashes; blotches of it widened beneath the maples; it had oversplashed the roots of the oaks and filled up the hollows in between them. Smear upon smear, daub upon daub, spill upon spill of vital colour blazed upon the landscape like a canvas. Yellow by scarlet, gold by crimson, green by orange to intensify the motley, and afar, to bound the impressionist's mosaic, a single ring of bold, defiant blue. The ring, three parts, was the Blue Ridge Hills and where its sapphire broke to the south, the turquoise of the Lake made up the circle.

One was glad to have met by chance on the road three rollicking girls whose red dresses made them look like ripe and glowing apples. There were bright, plump, real apples basking in the orchards, and, piled at the barn-doors, pyramids of pumpkins.

A wind brought a sudden patter of beechnuts. The children were down on the ground in a trice, shelling the spoil with their small milk-teeth and smudging their faces with once-pink fingers, now earthy from poking among the leaves. The chauffeur stayed with his car and a nut which had got down his collar—a simple exploit; he was striving to be polite and extricate it. The rest of us sat on and off the fence—a slippery one—and chatted. And then it was that "Saul of Tarsus" entered.

"HELLO, Bill," called a man of the party, and "Saul" stopped in his ramshackle buggy, proofs of his "breathing out threatenings and slaughter," clear in the glint of his eye and his gun and in the bumpy bag behind in the box from which a fluffy, black-ringed tail protruded. The man of the party had spied it at once. "Ah ha!" he said. "A coon, and a big one! Many round here? And what else is there?"

"Saul" climbed out and whispered, "Black ones," giving one a glimpse in the bag of a sable squirrel; and then he hauled out three raccoons and bubbled over with the glee of sportsmen in telling how he had converted the game from "the cutest things I ever see" into the poor limp things he held up for inspection.

"Is the pussy dead?" asked one of the children, his eyes big and his baby voice persistent. "Yes, dear," said his mother, "the pussy is dead." And I knew her heart was sick in the golden weather.

Why should the gold have become thus tarnished? The man of the party was telling us all how the huntsman, rattling on now in the road, was as keen at work as he was at sport. "One of our best hands at the shop," he finished. And all the while the little ringed tail was bobbing behind the ramshackle buggy, proclaiming that "Bill" in front was a "Saul of Tarsus"—a persecutor and slayer of innocent life.

A bright, red leaf on the ground attracted my attention. Blood. My little raccoon had stained it, held up as he had been in exultation. And my thoughts sped to the fields of Europe, where life, human, was "watering the furrows," and all for one mean soul's vain-glorification! I looked on the flaming woods around me and saw, there, innocent Louvain ablaze and life taken wantonly—for sport.

Why is the lust to kill within men who have not the might to make alive?

M. J. T.

A Revolution in Mourning

TIME was when the measure of her grief was the number of ells of black drygoods which a bereaved woman could swathe about her person. It is to rejoice (if one may rejoice in such connection) that the said time, like the hired lamentation which preceded an orgy of "baked meats," has passed into the limbo of bygone customs. Grief has ceased to be ostentatious, at least in those circles where men are being given to lead in the face of death on the field of honour.

The appeal issued by the Duchess of Devonshire and others that the customary mourning should not be worn for those who perish fighting for their country is meeting with a great response in England. It is felt that the bassard on the old man's arm, the knot of ribbon at the woman's breast will suffice to deter the thoughtless and unwitting from lacerating the wounds of recent sorrow. Which, after all, is the one excuse for "mourning."

But "the heart knoweth its own bitterness." The outward sign, which cannot be the measure, will in no wise change the reality of sorrow which cares not to impose its sacrifice. No pride in the hero can stifle that grief which keeps all its tears to shed in secret. The woman bereft may glory in her dead. In the hero she glories, but for the man she weeps.

The example of the aristocracy in England is bound to be followed in a measure by the people. It will



THE COUNTESS OF ASHBURNHAM.

Who has been actively engaged in Fredericton, New Brunswick, in assisting the local Red Cross enterprise. Her Grace is a systematic worker, as previous to her romantic marriage she held a commercial position in that city.

mean less poverty in this war-time when many a reckless widow would be spending a lump of her Tommy's pitiful insurance in order to do his memory "black" justice. The women who are responsible for this revolution in mourning have all got near relations serving with the colours; yet they say with more than a touch of heroism:—"We know not what their fate is or yet may be. But if it is their for-



MISS FLORENCE MORRISON.

Executive Secretary of the Women's Canadian Club of Vancouver—an exceedingly live organization which is rendering practical, patriotic service.

tune to die for their country we shall not show our sorrow as for those who come to a less glorious end."

News in Brief

"WOMEN in War and Peace" was the theme of an interesting address by Madame Helidore Fortier, at the opening meeting for the season of the Montreal Women's Club, last week. Madame Fortier is president of the club. A second important feature of the meeting was an explanation by the municipal regent of the I. O. D. E., Mrs. Preble Macintosh, of how women may help in the present crisis.

Miss Nellie Hozier, the younger sister of Mrs. Winston Churchill, is out at "the front" in the role of interpreter in French, German and Russian, and is accepting a large salary for her work. Reports term her "a sensible young woman."

The Women's Employment League of Vancouver the other day decided to make the request of the managements of local stores that preference be given to women and girls who have no homes in the city, in taking on "help." Compliance with such an unwise request might mean the disestablishment of homes which are now largely maintained by their downtown members.

The St. Cecelia Choral Society, of Montreal, is just beginning its rehearsals for the winter under the directorship of Miss Grace Davis, soloist of the Erskine Church choir.

At a recent meeting of the Ottawa Women's University Club it was stated by Miss Arma Smillie that at the International Council of Women, which met in Rome last May, the only delegates who were not in favour of an appeal to The Hague for the more effective international protection of women in time of war, were German.

Mrs. Henshaw, F. R. G. S., is to give a lecture under the auspices of the Vancouver Women's Canadian Club, on "The Romance of Vancouver Island," on November 12th.

The memory of the late Mrs. John Calder was recently honoured in Hamilton, in the unveiling of the portrait of the organization's foundress, at a special meeting of the Women's Wentworth Historical Society, of which the present president is Mrs. John S. Hendrie, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. Appropriate speeches were made by Sir John Gibson, Mrs. John Crerar, and the painter of the portrait, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, of Toronto.

A business girls' home has been established in Vancouver, which bears the name "Rosary Hall," and is managed by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Peace. Charges are very moderate and provision is being made for the unemployed.

Charities everywhere this fall are balked by an unusual need of money. The Montreal board of management of the Victorian Order of Nurses has had to repeat its appeal to the public for help.