

# AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY  
FOR WOMEN

## As We See Others

HERE is not a kinder community in the Dominion of Canada, I care not in what province you may be, than the city of London, Ontario. If you have once been a resident of the busy town on the Thames, you will be sure to travel back to it whenever a holiday gives you the opportunity to see Queen's Avenue or Dufferin Park again, while the riverway never loses its charm to those who remember childhood picnics on its banks. And then, of course, there is Port Stanley, just a little run on the new railway, where the breezes from Lake Erie make the summer-time a refreshing season of excursions and sails.

London is the most warm-hearted spot when it takes you by the hand and makes you feel at home, with five o'clock tea—and no lemon in it! Now, a London woman has shown the true, sterling kindness of her patriotism by proposing a pie shower for the soldiers. This good Martha of Western Ontario has let no baking go by, this summer, without sending fruit filled pastry to the boys on Carling Heights, and all who have partaken thereof have arisen and called her blessed and an ornament to her sex. Now, this typical London lady urges the housewives of the Forest City to send home-made good things to eat, to the men every week. She tells of how she had enjoyed watching a soldier eat almost a whole loaf of homemade bread which she had given him. The next time, she made a sort of "skyscraper cake," four stories, well-adorned with a delicious "goo-ey" icing, and she heard, with patriotic joy, that six soldiers had laid siege to that bountifully iced fortress of confectionery and demolished it within fifteen minutes.

The suggestion has been acted upon, with the result that the boys at Carling Heights are having berry pie, such as only mother can make, and chocolate cakes which fill more than one long-felt want. This plea for pie has not been in vain, for, wars may come and warriors may go, but one of woman's highest joys will always be to know that man has relished the products of her culinary art.

In fact, we have learned that the soldier boy's demands, in the ways of luxury, are quite simple and very much what the small boy loved. "What is it for?" asked a visitor to the shower office of the Women's Liberal Association, Toronto, last week.

"Tobacco, chocolate and acid drops," was the prompt reply, and we sent a small contribution that this fighting man might be sweetened and soothed. Now the acid drop (which an old-fashioned visitor called a "lemon lozenge") was new to us as a feature in soldiers' supplies, but we were assured that the man in the trenches finds that it is a great relief to a sore throat or a parched tongue. "Chocolate," said an officer, returned on sick leave from the front, "is always in demand. You cannot send too much of the brown stuff. The boys like it, and it has a curious power of making him forget the trials of the moment. But what the soldier demands first of all from the would-be benefactor (it's usually benefactress) is a cigarette."

So, we shall keep up the contributions of tobacco and chocolate until our Johnnie Canuck comes marching home again. He may be only a grown-up boy in his taste for sweets, but, on the fighting line, he's a man, every inch of him, our blessed Canadian soldier lad!

If you have not given a machine gun yet, you had better hurry up and save your pennies, or you'll be hopelessly behind the times. Everybody's doing it, and high time, too, if we are ever going to get those dreadful Germans out of Belgium and come within hailing distance of gentle peace. Doctors, lawyers, bankers, Free Masons, Varsity students, Daughters of the Empire and Children of the Seven Seas are giving machine guns. The Ministerial Association of Toronto, in solemn session, decided to give an extra good gun, which will go far towards expressing the convictions of the Church Militant. The British Empire has awakened to the need of ammunition, and lots of it—and the Germans are going to be shot back to the place where they belong, if it takes our very last dollar.

Although more than a year has passed, since the Huns set out on the path of destruction, we are grimly prepared for many more months of toil and anxiety. Any other spirit means all the lights of civilization put out by the barbarian. The feeling of the women of Canada today has been well voiced by Mrs. Young, of the sturdy town of Galt, widow of the late Hon. James Young, who was of our best type of public-spirited citizen. Mrs. Young, in giving a machine gun to our Canadian forces overseas, declared that since she could not send a man to fight in the country's battles, she would send a weapon.

A PROMINENT Canadian writer, especially interested in psychical ailments, has recently advocated an interest in some charity or philanthropy as a cure for nervousness, but warns us that the uppermost idea must not be: "How much good will this do to me?" The real cure for oversensitiveness or the nervousness which arises from too much introspection is to forget all personal ills and slights in some overwhelming interest which makes us realize how foolish are all those passions and cares which "wither life and waste its little hour."

I once knew a girl who said that she was cured of a morbid self-conscious-

ness and nervous distrust by becoming absorbed in the study of astronomy. "The stars made me feel so foolish, and finally made me forget everything about my own small worries."

So many of us have found that in the face of a great intellectual interest, or in the strength of a warm sympathy with the needs of a great "cause," the personal has taken its place as only part of that with which we are concerned.

ERIN.

## The Suffragist and War Problems

CROSSING from Liverpool to New York we met, on their way home from the great Congress of Women at The Hague, Miss Abbott, who went over with Miss Jane Addams, and is in charge of the Immigration Department at Hull House, Chicago, Miss Mabel Hyde Kittredge, and Miss Constance Drexel, all Americans.

There were many American delegates at the Congress, and many Germans, Belgians and Scandinavians, but no French women and only three British women attending as delegates. These three were all prominent suffragists, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Miss Crystal MacMillan and Miss Courteney. Canada was not represented, but Miss Laura Hughes, of Toronto, and Miss Wales, a Canadian resident in the United States, attended independently.

"Every second minute they passed a suffrage resolution," said Miss Abbott. "I'm an ardent suffragist myself, but I must confess that I did get a little tired of voting on those resolutions."

"Most significant," she went on, however, "was the attitude of the Norwegian women. They, as you know, have just been given the ballot and are most anxious to justify the action of the government by their use of it. They refused to support any measure without going into every detail with the utmost thoroughness. It was evidenced at every turn that they felt the deepest responsibility for their use of their new privilege of the franchise."

MONA CLEAVER.

## A "White Rose Day" for Canada

IT has been said of Queen Mary that though she has lived all her life among the British people, had it not been for the war they would never have come to truly know her. Certainly, the quick sympathy, the unsparing energy and large charity which she has displayed toward all who have suffered in the war, has gone far to endear her in the hearts of many who hitherto have known only the Queen, and not the woman. It is characteristic of her, too, that though a thousand new demands are now being made upon her interests, the older established philanthropic institutions which have been her special care, shall not be neglected.

Some three years ago Her Majesty, by pressing a button in London, opened at Weston, Ontario, that institution for consumptive children known as the Queen Mary Hospital. Here are gathered together all the children of the Province of Ontario on whom the White Plague has set its seal. The greatest (Concluded on page 15.)



THE RED CROSS AT NIAGARA CAMP.

Matron Leishman, snapped with Wardmaster Elliott and Lieut. G. S. Smith, is in charge of the sick soldiers at Niagara.



GABY DESLYS IN A NEW ROLE.

Garbed in the tri-colour, looking fairer than the flowers she held, the famous dancer stood beside her lavishly decked motor on French Flag Day in London, England, and sold blossoms, flags and medals to the passers-by.