

OVER THE PATCHWORK QUILT

ALL true Canadians sing the praises of the patchwork quilt. You who have never slept under one, go twang your lyre about the spruce-bough bed by the river, the deerskin sleeping-bag or the hay-mow. For us, the crazywork quilt will suffice. We know that quilt in its day and generation to have been the most economical of all fabrications. In those days—Fenian Raid or thereabouts—it called together, as Ezekiel did, the dry bones, all the old print shirts, silk dress remnants, old neckties and ancient wedding reliques from old rag-bags. And so it has always remained. How coyly the unfeminized lad sent to sleep in a spare room under one of these marvels of domestic economy scanned the pattern and the material before he went to sleep on the fat feather-bed. It fetched to his imagination many a thrifty scene; not least of which was the day of the quilting bee, when from two concession lines mothers and grandmothers came together at the Call of the Rag-Bag to work arm to arm and face to face on the quilting frame made by father on a wet day. Section and quarter-section the fabric was crazy-worked from the patches, each mother and grandmother trying to get first place for design and colour in her choice



from the rag-bag. Some time during the day the grand assemblage of all the sections took place on the frame, with the cotton base—was it cotton?—the padding—was it cotton-batting?—and the lining; the stitches up and through and the cups of tea and the chatter. It was an occasion worthy to be celebrated on a par with Longfellow's Hanging of the Crane. The patchwork quilt was, and still is—thank heaven!—a thoroughly Canadian institution. So may it continue to be, as this photograph and that on the cover illustrate.

And in these pictures from Gladstone, Man., we see the new life of the Canadian woman working on the new emergency in the old-fashioned woman's way. The quilt itself is but the occasion, not for gossip, as it used to be, but for talking about the new work of woman in this country. These women, we take it, are talking about what Mr. Hanna, the Food Controller, wants them to do in the matter of saving food that the soldiers of the Allies may not want. This woman's section of the Canadian Courier for July, 1917, is an illustrated chapter in the Food Control Campaign, the greatest movement in which the women of Canada have ever taken part. So we believe.



REFERRING explicitly to the photographs on this page and on the cover, we may state that the cover picture is just one corner from a group of more than 50 women of the Gladstone, Man., Red Cross Society. Gladstone has about 800 people. In three months the Red Cross Society of 50 active workers sent abroad 51 quilts and 461 garments. The cash receipts for the period were \$812.67. The garments included: 79 suits pyjamas, 32 day shirts, 7 dressing gowns, 52 comfort bags, 48 handkerchiefs, 6 surgical gowns, 200 pairs of socks, 13 pillows, 24 pillow cases.

The 51 quilts were all made in 12 days, as shown in the photograph above, which, as a matter of pictorial make-up, shows only half the group and omits altogether a great heap of

garments ready to go. The photograph alongside shows some of the real old grandmas of Gladstone rallying with their knitting needles to do their bit, as years ago, when they were young married women they worked like heroes in the lonesome days on the prairie for the good of the community which then seemed 1,000 miles from anywhere. If the patriotic activities of Gladstone, with its 800 people, could be extended pro rata to the whole Dominion of Canada, what would be the result? First divide 800 into 7,500,000, our total population. This gives, say, 93,000 Gladstones for all Canada. Multiply the number of quilts, garments and dollars given above by 93,000 and see what you get. Of course this is a bit fantastic, but it will hurt nobody to try it.

BEING the First Page in Our Once-a-Month Illustrated Review of what Canadian Women are Doing. The particular feature this month is the Food Question; how women are ready to be shown what to do by the Food Controller and his organization in the great business of winning the war by economics. The women shown in these two splendid photographs and that on the cover, by Cyril Jessop, of Gladstone, Man., represent just one band of war workers in the grand army of Canadian women from coast to coast and the islands that lie beyond.