

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

The Holiday Habit

"WHERE are you going for the summer?" is the query at teas and garden parties and even at springtime weddings. The established summer vacation has come about rather slowly. Twenty years ago, there were comparatively few families, in our smaller towns and cities, who knew a yearly summer holiday, with its change of "camping out" or long water trips. A two weeks' holiday was considered a long breathing space and there were few business men who managed to go away for even that brief fortnight. Now, as soon as the first buds are seen, the plans for "getting away" are discussed with a taking-it-for-granted attitude which even the head of the family finds it difficult to resent. Saturday afternoon finds us in the woods or by the creek, and there we plan for still farther excursions afield.

"I can't afford to take a holiday" is the sentiment frequently expressed by those who imagine that constant work is an economy, and that there is something wickedly extravagant about a change of air and scene. There is another side to the question of holiday expense. Those who absolutely refuse to consider the necessity for holidays and who imagine that there is a lofty virtue in keeping one's nose eternally to the grindstone, will discover some fine morning that Nature is in a state of rampant rebellion, that the wheels simply will not go round and that a hospital holiday is the prospect ahead of the foolish person who insisted on all work and no play. There is nothing drearier than being absolutely idle, except having too much to do—and the Canadian citizen of to-day finds that a holiday is an absolute economy as well as a diversion.

The Pleasure "Exertion"

THAT rural humourist who wrote the "Josiah Allen" books tells of how she and her husband once went to a picnic which proved in the end a sad trial to nerves and patience and was described by the writer as "a pleasure exertion." We can all look back on such picnics which proved from the moment we entered the train or the carriage on a broiling day to the late hour when we reached home in a thunderstorm, downcast and drenched, nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit. The mercury just climbed higher and higher until Old Sol seemed to be grinning at our perspiring efforts to find amusement, the mustard pickles and custard pie became involved in an unhappy union, the raspberry vinegar leaked over the salmon sandwiches and somebody had forgotten the salt—so the hard-boiled eggs had to be eaten in savourless disappointment. Yes, there have been such scenes in life when the hardest toil in the world seemed light in comparison with the pursuit of a little innocent pleasure.

But what a joy was the Sunday School picnic, with its announcement for three Sundays in advance, so that every small person was on the tip-toe of expectation before the happy Wednesday dawned. How we regarded with suspicion those youngsters who joined the class just a few weeks before the picnic took place! Our favourite trip was from London to Port Stanley, and we awoke about four o'clock in the morning in order to be ready for the early train. Neither Atlantic City nor Palm Beach can at all compare with the Port Stanley of the Sunday School picnic days. Never was there such a fairy sheet of water as Lake Erie, nor such delectable dinners as we had at the Fraser House, with ice cream for dessert. Also, there was a brass band which played patriotic selections on

the hottest afternoons and made the holiday riotous with the strains of "The Red, White and Blue." It may have been an anxious day for parents and teachers, but never was the day too hot nor the band too loud for the rejoicing children. It was a picnic worth having, even if your nose was sunburned, your hair-ribbon was missing and your hat was crushed out of recognition by the end of the day.

A Variety of Faring

BUT where to go, in this Canada of ours, is the question—with due regard, of course, to such trifles as the bank account and the summer wardrobe. The Old Country is the natural touring spot for those whose gaze is fixed steadfastly across the

stories and essays along the streams of Quebec. Then, in Ontario, we have ever so many playgrounds, both to the south and the north. Along the Gatineau, up the windings of the Magnetawan, on the wide steel-blue expanse of Georgian Bay, or among Muskoka's myriad islands—you may find all that the heart of the nature-lover might desire—except the sea and the mountains. Long ago, I gave my fancy to Muskoka, and it has never wavered, in the many summers that I have watched from the car window to see the rocks push through the soil and the march of the pines begin. I know just what it is beginning to look like on a certain far island, where there is a white cottage with a green verandah—and—but what is the use of knowing about it? "Here" is a pile of copy paper, and "there" is Muskoka. "The song my paddle sings" is the most alluring in the world and it echoes all the way from Lake Joseph.

Then there is all the rare and radiant West waiting for you to come and have the merriest time of your life—where matchless Lake Louise smiles up to the perfect sky—or on to the Pacific where "West meets East beside our land-locked blue." This reminds me that the members of the Canadian Women's Press Club go to Edmonton this month for the triennial meeting—and will have the happiest gathering of scribes that ever was—for is not Mrs. Arthur Murphy the presiding genius of the Edmonton Women's Press Club, and the planner of many wonderful things, including an excursion to Jasper Park?

A Folk Lore Fete

SUCH gay revels as there were on one of Toronto's most picturesque lawns one Saturday in May when the players of the Margaret Eaton School gave a Folk Lore Fete in aid of the League of Empire. The ancient games of Nuts in May, Sally Walter, London Bridge and half a dozen other fondly familiar diversions were played by lads and lasses, whose charming costumes and graceful steps made the scene a bit of Merrie Old England of Robin Hood traditions. It did not seem very far from Queen's Park to Sherwood Forest, and we modern folk watched the Mummings' play of St. George and the Dragon, and the varied movements of morris dances and sword dances with a feeling that the "jingly-jingly nursery rhymes were true." Then Professor Maurice Hutton, President of the Canadian Branch, League of the Empire, told in charming fashion of the historic meaning of these dances of olden days, and brought the England of the country games close to the busier world of to-day. It was a most quaint and artistic spectacle, with music of ancient melody, costumes of old-time grace and colouring, and a setting of verdant terrace, branching elms and a velvet stretch of lawn, with Queen's Park away to the west. It was a pleasant bit of historic masquerade, which reminded us of the grace and merriment of the past, and which linked the game of to-day with the customs and fashions of immemorial tribes.

The pageant of historic nature, which has been revived in England during the last five years, has no doubt brought about a renewal of interest in these games of olden days. The rustic dance, as re-produced by the modern players, is full of joyous and charming movements, and compares most favourably with the ungraceful and repulsive fashionable dances of to-day, which have lately been so generally condemned. The dance around the Maypole has been revived, and the physical culture department of our modern girls' schools could present no more attractive diversions than these games which made merry the springtime of our forefathers. Let us have more of these Folk Lore Fetes with their historic gambols.

ERIN.



CANADIAN SECRETARY OF AN IMPERIAL LEAGUE.

Mrs. H. S. Strathy, of Toronto, is Known for her Interest in Many Philanthropic and Patriotic Activities, and of Late Years, as Hon. Secretary for Canada of the League of the Empire, Has Been an Enthusiastic Worker in this Educational Movement. Mrs. Strathy is a Daughter of the Late Principal James George, D.D., of Queen's University, and is a Sister of Mr. W. K. George, of Toronto.

sea. France, Italy and Germany, not to mention the low-lying charms of the Netherlands, are all becoming known to the Canadian tourist. But in our own Dominion, there is an inexhaustible wealth of scenery and sport to explore for those who are not bent upon going abroad. There is the East with its Evangeline country, its seaside resorts and Cape Breton's wonderful stretch of Bras d'Or Lakes. Then we can go on to the ancient colony of Newfoundland and find rest with its wholesome fisher-folk, and let the briny breezes blow away a year's accumulation of business worries. Prince Edward Island is a veritable garden paradise in July and August, while the Province of Quebec has an unrivalled river and an endless chain of mountain lakes for the joy of the gypsy-hearted traveller. It is no wonder that Dr. Henry Van Dyke has found inspiration for some of his most charming