



MAGIC BAKING POWDER

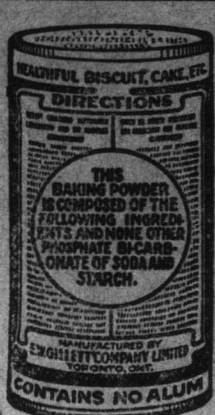
CONTAINS NO ALUM

It is a pure phosphate baking powder and is guaranteed by us to be the best and purest baking powder possible to produce.

The perfect leavening qualities of "Magic" combined with its purity and wholesomeness make it the ideal baking powder.

The ingredients are plainly printed on the label and our half century reputation should be sufficient guarantee of the high quality of these ingredients.

E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL



The Woman, the Child and the Fairy Tale.

Paper Read to the Ladies' Reading Club by Mrs. Hector McNeil.

(Continued.)

The early Victorian type of woman would have been a pitiful sight in Great Britain to-day. If it had not been for the progress that women have made within these later years, Great Britain's cause in this world war would have been lost. From kitchen down eminent men have declared that to be a fact. And this Great War is the fairy-tale, or, if you will, the allegory of St. George and the Dragon over again. For fairy-tales are not only founded on fact—but like children crossing a stream on stepping-stones—they spring from the fact of yesterday to the truth of to-day in their progress. That is how the fairy-tale lives.

Woman has widened her 'sphere' but has not stepped out of it. She is engaged in pre-eminently womanly work. Like her sister of bygone times, she polishes her knight's armour and hands him his lance—that it should be in a munitions factory is merely an accident of evolution. She weaves his garments, and gathers the sick and wounded into her own care. She is working early and late in the fields that the National Mess of Pottage shall be plentiful,—and she goes into the factory to see that it is prepared swiftly, and well; with scientific knowledge of what should go into it. The steam of it is wafted out to us across the waters—every newspaper containing articles on practical cookery: economical, nourishing and savoury. Is it a phase? Is she seeking notoriety? If that were so she would be doing the unique. There is the drudgery of the commonplace in washing, dusting, cooking, nursing, and women who never did an honest day's work before in their lives are turning out of bed at daybreak, toiling all day, and throwing themselves exhausted on their beds at night, doing the housekeeping of the Nation.

With all this, woman has not neglected the nursery. Instead, she has accomplished the miracle of stretching its walls until it includes the children of the slums. Never was so

much done for infant welfare. The newspapers—smaller in size, crammed with articles of vital importance on many other subjects—find much to say concerning this one branch of mothercraft alone.

And while we see woman—with enlarged heart and brain—working on forbidden ground, we find the nursery invaded by the male sex. A case of the wise men again bringing gifts and laying them at the feet of babes, recognising their responsibilities where the child is concerned.

Prof. Dewar J. Swinburne, F.R.S., and others, have been giving wonderful lectures to young children on various scientific subjects. The short accounts of them in the newspapers are sufficient to show us how comprehensive they are. According to a critic, these lectures on astronomy, chemistry, natural history, etc., are positively fascinating, and, as far as possible, brought within the scope of the understanding of the youngest child by means of toys, playful illustrations, experiments and pictures.

One of these lectures included the blowing of bubbles, coloured and black; also the lecturer's own discovery, permanent bubbles. There seems to have been only one protest raised against these lectures, and that was when, in a "Physical Science Lecture", a tiny boy lifted up his voice and wailed,—scared at the sight thrown on the screen of his corpules enlarged to the size of ships' biscuits. A clear case of mental indigestion, brought on by the mere thought of his little body apparently filled to the skin with imaginary corpulesc doughnuts. It was only on being assured that if they really were that size he would be an enormous giant that he was content to allow the lecturer to proceed.

The account of a lecture by James Swinburne, F.R.S., on "Science and Toys" makes one wish that one could have heard it. The critique on this lecture (and in war time, mind you,) ran to almost a whole column of the London Times. The lecture was on "Why a top stands upright when it spins, and how does a church organ make so many different kinds of sounds."

Just one quotation to illustrate the delightful way in which the young idea of the future will be encouraged in its sprouting. "More fun still was caused by his 'vox humana' pipe. He said when the organ-builders invented it they must have first put a hat pin

into a goat and listened to its cry, then added the wobble of an incompetent singer. As he played it, the description was perfectly demonstrated." Yet we hear no complaints against these men for having invaded woman's sphere with their games and fairy-tales. Nor are they being pelted with bad eggs and other strong arguments.

While considering our National nursery, the fairy-tales must not be overlooked. Fairy means fancy, but to live, the fancy must, as we said before, have a basis of truth. The great and well-known fairy-tales of this war will have a tremendous bearing on the thought of the future. Great minds will need to step into our nursery and read them to us, but not a few will be completely lost.

One of those minor miracles—like a blue-bell growing on a rock—was found in a bald account in the Times concerning a committee meeting on poor relief. It related to that wayward, irresponsible child of the Nation—the vagrant, and gave statistics which showed that his numbers had decreased by some thousands since the outbreak of the war.

What had become of the vagrant? He had gone to the war; he is dressed in khaki; he is submitting himself to the authority of another; and of that class, between which and his own has always existed mutual dislike and mistrust; instead of being washed only twice in the course of his existence, first on coming into the world, and then on going out, he is washing himself every day.

What has transformed the vagrant? If he wished to end his existence, there was the comparatively easier choice of the Thames. If he looked for notoriety of any sort, what would be his chance amongst millions?

It might be well illustrated by a little legend of the children of the Holy Family.

One day with His little playmates, when modelling wet clay into different shapes, the Christ-child formed a dove. At His finishing touch it grew snow-white and flew into the air.

That is the miracle of the vagrant. The clay has been touched by the Master-hand.

That is a legend of the slums. You will say that the imagination which has seized upon the vagrant and impelled him to the trenches has only momentarily inspired the women of the Nation; that after the war she will settle back into her own "sphere" again.

Will she? Should she? Emerson says: "Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker upon this planet!"

Motherhood, hovering over that holocaust of Nations in the Old World—the centre of civilization, the birthplace of Christianity—shudders and thinks.

Fatherhood has been paramount in the councils of state management for hundreds of years. Motherhood shudders and thinks.

It is a comfort to reflect on the fact that woman has unutterable patience and persistency. She may be stifled to-day, turned back to-morrow, almost converted the next, but, once having heard the call, seen the need, she will rise after every defeat stronger than before; and, at last, she "will arrive."

We call necessity the mother of invention; it is much truer to say that necessity is the mother of reform, and the movement for the greater freedom of woman is coming about because it is a psychological necessity, if the welfare of the children of the future is to be safeguarded.

As one of our present-day writers puts it: "Our duty, to those we see, to our kinsfolk, our fellow citizens, is an ever-present stimulus to an honest man. But these unseen myriads who beckon to us out of the future, touch us with a more pathetic pleading; so helpless are they, so utterly passive in our hands. To the extent a man is spiritually educated will he respond with all his nature to that unvoiced prayer. He will strive, not

only for the present, but also for this other time that waits. A mighty imperative is upon us all to secure that, as the result of our being and doing, "Sweeter shall the roses blow."

In those fear years, those happier years:

And children weep when we lie low
For fewer tears, far softer tears."

It seems, too, that the nations have their own distinctive imaginations, and it would be interesting to sum them up. We shall take just a few: France, for instance, is more inspirational and metaphysical than England. The strength of her courage and her inspiration are greater than her physical strength. The Maid of Orleans is the prototype of France in this great she has an imagination. As it looks as though France might have a renaissance of Art, Music, the Drama, and be the mother of some of the greatest thinkers and prophets of the future.

The imagination of England is typically masculine—founded on experience and logic—working deliberately from a given hypothesis, as it were. That ponderous Asquithian sense of duty was hampering her in the rapid movement of events. She was obsessed by theories. So she took a visionary Celtic head, as she would take a crystal ball, and her outlook changed. That crystal ball represents woman's more instinctive imagination.

As for Germany, we are constantly told that she has an imagination. As during her later years her envy and hatred of other nations increased, and her brutal physical force became as a religion to her, she oppressed and held in less and less esteem her women.

As France is the heroine, and England the hero of the war, Germany springs upon the scene as the madman. France will return to her fire-side a saint. England will return to hers more like a Roman matron, calling her children of both sexes her jewels; but where the mind of a lunatic leads, it is impossible to conjecture.

Surely the mother-mind is needed in the national nursery also. We have discussed a threefold nursery: the inner, the civic, and the national, with a few thoughts on the children and the fairy-tales of each; and now we find Ruskin saying that "we must own ourselves forever children, gathering pebbles on a boundless shore."

Another writer asks: "Is there anything which so differentiates us from the brutes as the faculty of wonder?" As we remarked before, the faculty of wonder is the basis of religion. Robert Browning asks, "... 'How could I praise, if such as I might understand ...'"

If we had nothing at which we could wonder, we should have nothing to which we could pray; for while the spirit within is always calling to the spirit without, the fairy-tales of childhood resolve themselves at last into the eternal Mysteries of the Universe, and the Madonna and Child in Art become for us the epitome of Humanity cherished in the lap of the ages.

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