

# Why Stay at Home?

*When you can see Canadian people and places like these photographs*



LOVE'S old sweet song is here seen at its best, at Les Madeleines, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with Grandmere knitting along the road—knitting for a soldier, perhaps. Grandpere carries no watch. Time is nothing to an ox. He goes by the sun; and if the day happens to be cloudy it makes no difference when anybody gets anywhere with anything.

A CANADIAN editor once remarked: "We are a dull and diligent people!" He was speaking of Canadians. It was one of those careless adages that nearly became classics. The writer himself may have been speaking somewhat from experience when he referred to our fondness for hard labour and our disinclination to find pleasure even by travel in our own country. Anyway, it was a few years after he made the remark that the said editor himself first got the nameless ecstasy of beholding for the first time the great prairies. He has never been the same man since.

The need for Canadians getting entertainment from seeing their own country was never so great as now. The war has depressed everybody. It has made us diligent if not dull. We are more serious than we were three years ago. We travel less, laugh less, drink less, dance and play cards less—and that's all in the interests of a better humanity. But "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." We are preaching ourselves into economic morality over production, and anti-waste—and that's all very well, too. But the worst economy is that which takes money out of circulation.

Our neighbour, and "our Allies," the people of the United States, have already been appealed to by that captain of industry, John Wanamaker, through the public press, not to withdraw their money from trade, through any false notion that by so doing they would be aiding the war. And he shows how, if there is no money in circulation, the United States will become poor, and a poor United States cannot give the punch to the war it means to give and must give.

EVERY time we force one of our summer hotels to close we let Germany get a wedge into us. They are not doing this in the United States.

All the seashore resorts of Long Island, Massachusetts, and New Jersey are advertised as usual, and already the bookings at the hotels, boarding houses and "cottages" show no difference from former years. Americans have no idea of changing.

An American lady at Nassau, this winter, on being asked if she was being frightened by the war scare and "the city darkness" into leaving earlier, made this characteristic reply, "No, indeed. I won't let the report of German submarines drive me home a day sooner than I meant to go. I won't yield that much to the enemy."

A gentleman and his wife from New York, during the past season, rented a beautiful Bermuda home for the entire winter.

VICTORIA HAYWARD  
Photographs by Edith Watson

When the war scare came up, his wife wrote her cousin, "I should feel safer at home and I wish I was there in case of war, but Jim says he is happy here and doesn't mean to budge. He says 'that if I want to go I can,' but of course he knows I wouldn't do that. And we are very happy here. So we will stay on."

Both of these groups, through sound common-sense at the moment when decision was necessary, had all the enjoyment out of a winter south and escaped the cold of their northern winter, with its accompanying grippe and pneumonia.

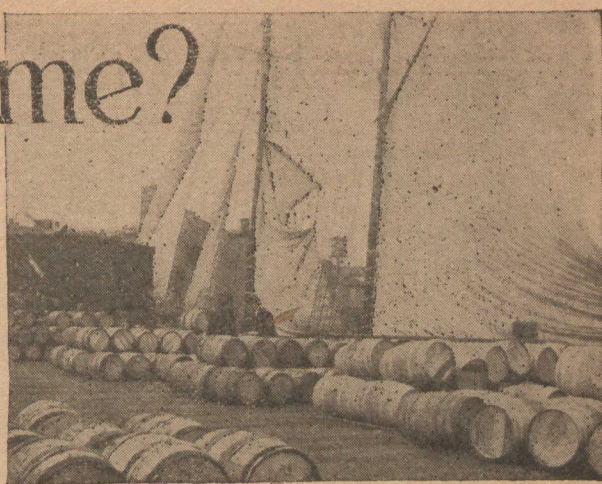
Surely Canadians will be no less brave!!! The very exercise of restraint over your fears, if you happen to have them, will mean a great deal, in the way of character. And then, too, the lad in the trenches will like to feel you are doing



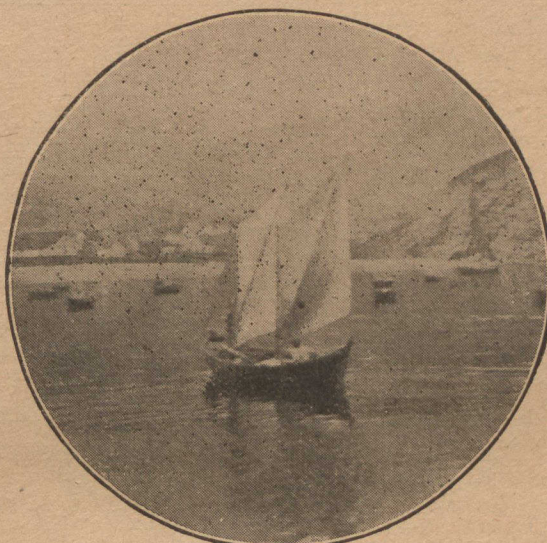
WE have known cows that were very pernickety about precisely whereabouts in the barnyard they preferred to stand in order to be milked. This cow of Ingonish, C.B., would never stand to be milked in a barnyard. She chews her cud in calm contemplation of a scene that no stage artist could reproduce in a back curtain. That dreamland of lake and hill looks down from Baddeck, N.S., on the Bras d'Or Lakes. And the ping-ping of the milk in the ten-quart pail almost raises a Tennysonian echo.

something purely Canadian with some of your days. He'll love to hear about the woods, how the fishing goes, whether you caught any salmon or trout out of the old pool. How the motor-boating progresses on the river. Whether the catch of codfish is as good as usual, if George MacDonald shot any moose this spring or bagged an old bear up the Interval at berrytime?

You owe it to him to give him a change of scene in his letters. If he's been over long he must be getting frightfully tired of the same old story of the narrow round that fills up your days. You must remember that when he comes back he will be a



IN middle and western Canada we may be worried over the price of fish. And down in Nova Scotia, where the fish come from, they may have the same sad story to tell, because things as a rule cost at home what somebody else has to pay for them thousands of miles away. But this picture of industry and indolence has nothing to do with the cost of living.



WE are told that this picture resembles Lake Como. If so, we should like to see Como. After a long swing-out in the open lake you drift into this cove with the fishing-smacks at anchor and the village in the offing. The experienced traveller may have seen dozens of scenes like this. But not along the main line of any railway.

travelled man with broadened ideas. Better in character or worse he may be, but broadened of that we are sure. He will not look at you just the same. It may be hard to keep him at home, hard to keep him interested in the quiet office or farm after his life of action. He'll be a hero, too, and unless he and you are careful the flattery and admiration of the neighbours and the town may spoil him. In any case, it will be hard to settle down. Let him see that you, too, have lived a life of action, that you, too, have travelled in his absence.

This can be done if you travel and meet people, meet them not only in works, but what is more essential even, in their play. If you stay at home you do not meet the people that give you the novelty of other ways of living, fresh types, and new places; which is the real philosophy of travel.



NOW the beauty of this spinning wheel is that it isn't a derelict stage property crammed into an attic or gilded to decorate a front hallway. It's a piece of real life. The mother with the sun-wrap on her head and the curly-headed cherub on her knee is a real workaday woman with her foot on the treadle of the wheel and her eye on the bobbin of yarn that she spins from the fleece. Her cottage door has the light of heaven, and we fondly hope that she was unaware even of the photographer.