

# AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

## As We See Others

### The Lady and the Limelight

ENGLISH critics of social life and manners have recently had some caustic remarks to make concerning the women who have tried to use the war for the intensifying of the limelight in which a certain type of notoriety-chaser rejoices. On the outbreak of strife, there was a large accession of prominent society women to the ranks of the war nurses—and these women, from duchesses down, protested their willingness to do any kind of work.

A few of them were taken at their word, with the result that they objected to certain tasks as menial, and made such general nuisances of themselves that General Joffre is said to have written in despair to Lord Kitchener concerning these inefficient and parasitic creatures. The latter is stated to have replied: "Send them back."

The aristocracy of Great Britain, as a class, has proved its pluck and courage in the splendid sacrifices of its sons in some of the worst conflicts of the war. There is no indictment to be made of British peeresses, as a mass, for the most of them are doing the maximum of work, with the minimum of fuss. But there is a beruffled regiment of useless and meddling female persons who have seized upon the war as a means of personal aggrandizement, and who are making the public weary of their stage patriotism. Anything like real effort would alarm them, except the heavy task of posing for a photograph. That they are in the minority is quite certain; but the presence of any such prattlers makes us understand the man who wrote:

"If England were what England seems,  
And not the England of our dreams;  
But made of putty, brass and paint—  
'Ow quick we'd chuck 'er!—but she ain't!"

### Cochrane's Secret

MOST Canadians will remember that extremely handsome soldier, the Twelfth Earl of Dundonald, whose career, as Earl of C. in Canada, terminated so spectacularly, on account of some slight mix-up of the Departments of Militia and Agriculture and the Earl's vigorous comments thereon. Every once in a while, we hear of Cochrane's secret, supposed to be the "prescription" for a deadly destructive agency, presented to the British Admiralty, many years ago, by Admiral Cochrane, grandfather of the Earl who once took a lively part in Canadian politics and gave diplomatic circles a distinct shock.

If there is anything in the story, we really wish that the British Admiralty would put the Cochrane secret into action and blow some of the superfluous enemy away from Warsaw. This is war on the most gigantic scale ever known, and its termination within the next year is devoutly to be wished. The workings of the Cochrane concoction can hardly be as splendid as the gases with which the Germans have poisoned the Allies, and the more effective the weapons of the latter, the closer will the war be to its much-desired termination. So, the Cochrane secret, if such exists, may well be revealed in action.

### Employing the Prisoners

It is somewhat difficult to know what to do with our German prisoners. There are several complications, when it comes to discussing what labour they are best fitted for; and yet it is far from wise to allow them to remain in idleness. In America, Nova Scotia, the prisoners have been set to work on the hospital grounds, building driveways and terraces and making such improvements as are in accordance with a plan prepared by one of the prisoners, himself. This man, a German of marked intelligence, was formerly a landscape gardener in Germany, and had charge of a large estate. Some time ago, he prepared two plans of improvements to the hospital grounds and a town park. The plans were submitted to the town authorities, who, in putting the chosen plan into effect, will place the prisoners under direction of the man who drafted it. While the militarism of Germany has led to such widespread misery as we could not have foreseen, it must be admitted that there are many features in Germany's municipal government and, especially, in her architecture and her gardening, which Canadians may study to their profit. It is hard to see any silver lining to the war cloud; but, at least, we may turn our prisoners' time and talents to account.

### The Daisy Chain

AFTER reading about how the "Adriatic" was dodging about in the war zone, how the Germans were rebuilding bridges in Warsaw and how the Allies are smashing through to within hail

of Constantinople, it was a treat of a refreshing and homely order, to come upon that good old friend of ours—directions for making a daisy chain, in the information column of the evening paper. I have never tried to make a daisy chain, and cannot see, for the life of me, why any grown-up woman should desire to manufacture such an article. Yet there is a certain fascination in the directions for making a daisy chain, which has eternal charm for the feminine reader. How many times, during the last ten years, have women demanded to be told, by the omniscient lady of the information column, the how and the why of the daisy chain! It may be easy for some



THE PRINCESS AND THE POOR.

London slum children in fancy costumes who danced at the opening of a Flower Show at All Saints Church. Princess Alexander of Teck, who stands on the left, was much interested in their performance.

women to make out the intricacies of that affair, with two kinds of beads, a double thread of waxed silk and a needle which has a way of pointing from you and making a circle. However, the directions for a daisy chain have a positively dizzying effect upon some of us—and, when we come to where you

### DOING THEIR BIT

SUSIE sewing shirts for sturdy soldiers,  
Bertha building Balaclava caps,  
Clara crochets clever cholera-clingers,  
Nora, nobby Nightingalian wraps.

Polly Prim produces pink pyjamas,  
Bandage by the bolt bright Bessie bound,  
Helen hem-stitched half a hundred hankies,  
Wool for wounds wee Wilhemina wound.

Patchwork pieced our pert petite Patricia,  
Queenie quilted quite a queenly quilt,  
Sophy's shapely socks so soft, so seamless,  
Kitty knitted knobby for the Kilt.

Arabella aired aerated apples,  
Mary made a million muffattee,  
Winnie wove white, wonder-working wash-clothes,  
Carrie cut cup-covers cleverly!

Sally sends soft scarves for sundry sailors—  
Tilly trickles tenderly a tear,  
Bella brings big bundles of boracic,  
Pious Patty prays pathetic prayer.

Fanny forwards fancy fan-made fudges,  
Cynthia corners cards and cigarettes,  
Thrillingly Trix trills the Tipperary,  
Sylvia swinges-in-line the Suffragettes!

Kate kontributes kusses for the Kaiser,  
Flossie feels affinity for French,  
All admire, adore, and aid the Allies—  
Tender thrills to Tommies in the trench!

HELEN GUTHRIE.

"draw firmly" and have two beads of the second daisy fastened securely to the first daisy, we give up this study of the higher fancy work and go back to something simple and easy like the fight in the Dardanelles.

### Helping the Huns

IT is to be regretted that a woman who has accomplished so much good, as has been the achievement of Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, should lend herself to the folly of "peace at any price" talk, such as she has lately been inflicting upon the public.

The peace propaganda in the United States, as the gentle Jane must know, has a strong German "support," and it is a pity that a woman who has done much for the amelioration of slum conditions should have lent her energies to the cause of the "Lusitania's" criminals.

ERIN.

## Quebec in War Time

Quebec, Aug. 16th.

THERE is not much change. If anything, Quebec is more itself than ever! The small boy can still earn an honest penny by haunting the railway stations and helping the overburdened traveller. The traveller, at the present moment, is generally a nice fat old lady, laden with parcels of home-made cake for her boy at Valcartier, and a polite little urchin with a smile is often an aid with the bundles. Cabbies, too, appear to be making a fair profit, and teasshops and grocers are not doing badly. The Hotel, judging from its charges, is also in a good way of business, and this year should draw more Americans than ever.

Quebec this summer seems to be polished to a military brightness! The prim little shutters on the old houses are almost as bright a green as the grass in the tiny squares, where the flower beds are in such beautiful order that a fallen leaf would mar their symmetry. The cannons along the old wall are stage properties set for the play of the soldiers and their sweethearts. Such vivacious little girls, with black eyes under wonderful hats, that the French regiment was entertaining the day I saw them. Everyone seemed happy except two young people on the Terrace. They were seated on one of the newly-painted benches gazing out over the Lower Town to the wharves. Her eyes were on an ocean-going ship, but evidently the sight brought painful anticipations, for she looked away with a very sad face.

It was more cheerful at tea time, in the Palm Room, just off the Terrace—cheerful, that is, if one looked no further than the surface. There was an air of the gay Continent—of those old days when the Continent was gay—about the little tables and flowers. Here was a group of three youths around a soldier friend, there a family party down to see "the boy." There was music—clashing happy music, reminiscent of tango teas and "new" dances, which for a moment almost drew one back to the carefree life of 1913. But the partings at the end of the afternoon, when the orchestra wound up with "O Canada" and "God Save the King" brought us back to the grim nightmare of to-day—and all the colour and interest of Quebec cannot keep us from realizing that our men are off to war.

M. S.

## Princess Alexander of Teck

PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK, whose picture appears on this page, is the wife of Prince Alexander of Teck, a brother of Queen Mary. Before her marriage she was H. R. H. Princess Alice of Albany. They have one son and one daughter, and they occupy apartments in the Henry III. Tower at Windsor Castle. It is quite possible that some day Their Royal Highnesses may occupy Rideau Hall, Ottawa.

## The Gentle Art of Giving

SOMEWHERE in the obscurity of the backwoods of British Columbia there lives a woman with the soul of a patriot. Though thousands of miles away from the heart of the Empire, she has heard the clear, insistent bugle note which calls upon the women as well as the men of the nation to serve in the present need. The following letter, written to Mr. Noel Marshall, Hon. Secretary of the Red Cross of Canada, speaks eloquently of the sacrifice which this lady believes it to be her privilege as well as her duty, to make for the cause of England and the Allies:

"Dear Sir,—A few days ago I got your letter telling me you had sold my brooch and would forward the money to the British Red Cross Society. I offer you my earnest and most grateful thanks for your kindness and for the trouble you have taken. I thought the brooch was worth about \$30, but I did not expect to get more than about half, and I am very thankful to your friend for buying it.

"I am sending you two more small trinkets—a pearl heart-shaped locket and a small amethyst brooch. They will be posted at the same time as this letter. I hope I am not encroaching too much on your kindness in asking you to sell them or get some one else to do so for the benefit of the British Red Cross, and to forward the money to London. I do not know

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