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VACATION SEASON.

For a large section of our population, August is the holiday month of the year. The schools are closed, and the youngsters play all day long, or go to visit their cousins here and there. The weary teacher becomes a child again. Whole families troop off to the woods or the watering-places. City houses are shut up. Merchants have little to do, and indulge themselves according to their liking. Clerks get their fortnight of liberty. In all towns and cities it is "the slack season." Farmers and mechanics get their turn in winter.

We have thorough faith in holiday-keeping. An everlasting grind, grind, grind, at the same mill makes men stupid or mad. The world little knows how much human life is indebted to the weekly rest of the Sabbath-day. An observant stage-driver, whose road lay over a long plain, between two ranges of steep hills, said that he had noticed that the dead level took a great deal more out of his team than the hill and valley sections; and there must have been a great deal of human nature in these horses. It is a penny-wise-and-pound-foolish economy of himself, that makes any man so intent on getting on, as to grudge himself time to rest awhile. It is heartless tyranny, or shameful thoughtlessness, when an employer requires every working day of the year to be given to business by his assistants. We plead strongly for holidays, therefore, and are glad to see them multiplied, to have the Queen's Birthday, Dominion Day, and a civic holiday, secure a day in each of the summer months for general recreation.

There is one class of the community for whom we feel moved to put in a special plea, as they are so often overlooked in the distribution of holiday privileges. We mean mothers. Their lot often makes us think of a description once given of Illinois, "A very fine country for men and dogs, but death on women and horses." Husbands are often strangely forgetful of the fact that their own occupations bring them frequent change of scene and society, while the wife has constant and unvarying succession of the same labours, day after day, the same meals to cook, the same rooms to keep, the same children to mind,—the only break in the monotony being from the cooking-stove to the wash-tub, and from