

A Word to the Outward-Bound.

By MARY MACLEOD MOORE,

Author of "The Maple Leaf's Red Cross," etc.

ELEMENTARY facts, such as the distance from port to port, the names of the big towns, and the number of miles that separate Halifax from Winnipeg and Montreal from Vancouver, according to where the traveller is bound, are learned by all who plan to go to Canada.

A far smaller number, so small as to be almost infinitesimal, study the little differences that make the average visitor feel strange and bewildered when she reaches the great Dominion, famous for distances, for wheat crops, and for fighting men, and finds that her tram has become a street car, her reel of cotton a spool, and her lift an elevator; while all chocolates, nougats, and marzipan shelter under the generic title of "candy."

Minor differences seldom are mentioned by those whose business or pleasure it is to translate the new land to the old, yet some knowledge of what to expect smoothes the path of the fresh arrival, and prevents a certain amount of confusion in the mind of the Englishwoman on her first visit to what, I pray Heaven, she does *not* call the "Colonies." For the Canadian, intensely proud of Canada—her past, present, and future—is also keenly conscious of being an important part of the British Empire, and not a helpless child hanging to the skirts of the great Mother England.

Every woman going to Canada should be well aware of this fact, and most of them are, thanks largely to the Great War. Yet intelligent, well-read persons with some idea of international politics and views of their own on large questions, are often absolutely hazy as to the difference between Americans and Canadians, and add to their sins that of letting the Canadian know of their ignorance.

If you want to start a lively, not to say a vehement, discussion at a dull party of Canadians—if such a gathering can be imagined—you have only to mention that Mrs. Blank, on being told emphatically that Canadians were not Americans, replied: "Oh, I can never understand your little differences over there!" and that Lady Chose, on being instructed in the same truism, said, airily: "I know your naughty little Canadian prejudices; but, you see, the Americans seem to belong to us, too, so we can't help mixing you up a bit."

If there still exists a prospective visitor to Canada who has not a clear idea of the standing of the Dominion, and knows little of her splendid history, French and English, woven with endurance, courage and loyalty, she is here urged to read some of the excellent books written about Canada by Canada's admirers in this country. If, in the course of her reading, she is attracted to the fine story of the United Empire Loyalists, of whom Canada is not unreasonably proud, she will better understand Ontario, and will realize all that is meant by the statement that many men who fought and fell in the Great

War were descendants of the United Empire Loyalists.

An important question with every woman planning to go to Canada is that of clothes.

Careful perusal of the Correspondence Column devoted to dress, in many of the women's papers, leads me to believe that the writers have not studied the question first hand, else they would never write of thick blouses for heated houses, and advise large outfits which suggest that shops are rare birds.

A few years ago it was not unreasonable to take out large outfits, for clothes were less expensive in England than in Canada, but recent experience of high prices show that there is little now to choose between the countries, and that it is better to wait and buy in Canada what is wanted, beyond one's moderate wardrobe, and what is worn by Canadians themselves. There are splendid shops in the large places, and even women living far from the great centres can do their shopping comfortably by "mail" with the aid of a catalogue.

Canadians, by the way, have a *flair* for dress, and are critical of neatness and trimness; though, if I may timidly suggest it, I think the Englishwoman often shows more individuality.

The English visitor, accustomed to "rooms with attendance," will miss overseas the privacy thus involved. In Canada there are many boarding-houses, but the lodgings with a landlady to arrange about cooking and cleaning are not to be had, and it is waste of time to seek them. The newcomer may comfort herself with the knowledge that her study of the country and its ways will advance more quickly in an hotel or boarding-house than in a private sitting-room.

If the Englishwoman going to a large Canadian city decides to take a flat—and can get one—she will be surprised to find that the rent includes heating, which is done by a furnace situated in the basement and warming the whole house. The hot-water supply is also arranged by the management, and the flat will contain many labour-saving devices needed in a country where servants are hard to get and harder to keep.

The question of heating is one over which the most retiring Canadian waxes eloquent when visiting the Old Country. To English people it may seem unhealthy to live in steam-heated houses and flats, though Canadians can show a fair average of good health, but the Canadians never cease to murmur over the cold of the English dwelling in winter.

"Of course, you're joking," says the English friend. "How can anyone coming from a country like Canada find England cold?"

"It's not c-c-cold out of doors," replies the Canadian, as energetically as her chattering teeth permit. "B-B-but each time I leave the room where there is a fire I suffer a change of temperature. Every room is different. If I sit over the grate-fire my face burns red; if I sit away from it I can see my breath. Radiators may have less soul than the cheery open fire with the flames dancing merrily, described in pre-war fiction, but, at least, we can warm both sides at once."

Before the war Englishwomen found it harder than they do now to understand the servant problem of a newer land. Now the trouble is so acute, that the capable Englishwoman is becoming expert at

