

## OUR MANLESS SUMMER RESORTS— AND WHY

THE male animal is nowhere in a more trying position than at our Canadian summering places. He is at once wanted—and not wanted by the thousands of holidaying young women. His absence is complained of when it comes to rowing to the post office for the mail or chasing somebody's wandering cows off the cottage verandah. When a night-prowling porcupine gets into the kitchen and upsets the furniture—then it is a man the household craves, a large brother with a stick and a reassuring voice, who will stalk into the gloom of the kitchen and put the marauder out—dead—into the place whence he came. The women-folk may eat alone, dance alone, fetch water from the spring alone, and go frog-catching

alone. But for the final brutal operations connected with "frog-ging" once more is a man wanted. Yet if an able-bodied specimen turns up the question asked by all eyes is: "Why are you loafing in ducks and negligé shirts while the rest of our men are in khaki?" It is a hard question to answer even when the man has the best of excuses. The fact remains that he has to excuse himself.

Canoeing alone, exploring alone, sailing alone, fishing alone—these occupations are indicated by the reproductions on this page. In the lower left-hand corner is a girl at a different occupation—a French-Canadian girl making munitions in Montreal. Beside that picture is one showing six Canadian women—not all young women—either—working on an Ontario farm. The real explanation of all the other pictures on this page is shown in the picture of Canadian Highlanders being reviewed, as it happens, by Sir Sam Hughes in

England. These men and the other thousands that have been collected in camps and trenches to meet the demands of Empire defence very probably represent each a family that has been compelled to learn the art of doing all the odd jobs at home—even to mending kitchen taps and putting on the storm windows—formerly done by male help. The girl munition worker, by the way, furnishes an example of what French-Canadian women have, to some extent, been able to do toward repelling the invader. This photograph was taken in a factory in a French-Canadian town, but was obtained only on condition that the name of the town and, of course, that of the factory, be withheld.

