



## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

### Women Who Worry

THIS must be an age of anguish, for the magazines and newspapers are full of advice not to worry, and most of this advice is addressed to women. Truly we are an advised sex and if there exists a woman who is not good and happy, she cannot plead that she has not been advised as to how to reach shining heights of integrity and joy. Man pauses between drinks (nothing more serious than apollinaris suggested) to pen a thoughtful paragraph as to the faults and foibles of the sisterhood, with a "they-can't-say-I-haven't-warned-them" expression.

This time, it is Mr. Edwin Markham who has taken an hour to dictate a cheerful article on "Women Who Worry." Some years ago, Mr. Markham achieved a month or so of fame by writing a poem on Millet's mournful picture, "The Man With the Hoe," and certainly there was nothing in the Markham verses to cause anything but a tired feeling. In fact, he was so utterly pessimistic about the person with the agricultural implement that a New York paper arose in its might and offered a glittering cheque to anyone who would write a satisfactory reply to the Markham effort and set forth the joys which flow from the perspiration of honest toil.

That mood has passed, however, and Mr. Markham is now in a frame of mind to declare that every woman should be at rest and enjoy life, if she would only look upon this world as a mere experiment, or place of initiation. Among other shortcomings, woman's fashion of looking backward and bemoaning past blunders and griefs is held up by way of disapproval. "Looking backward," says this philosopher, "brought severe punishment on two widely different ladies of old—on Eurydice and on Lot's wife. These allegories, making the backward-lookers stationary forever, are suggestive." If Mr. Edwin Markham lived in Toronto, he'd be "a-scared" to call Lot's wife an "allegory," for Mr. S. H. Blake and Rev. Elmore Harris would have him in the evening papers in no time and he would have to hurry to a rest cure.

Some of Mr. Markham's advice is excellent but a few of his bits of wisdom are not to be taken literally. For instance, when he tells the worried woman: "Slip away for ten minutes, and tranquilly picture your work before your mind's eye as a triumphant and completed whole," the feminine reader is tempted to smile. Suppose the difficult moment comes when she is busy with mayonnaise dressing—not the boiled stuff which too many Canadian women call mayonnaise, but the "really truly" dressing such as they make down South! If the olive oil and the yolk of egg simply *won't* unite amiably but show a certain incompatibility of temper, how much good will it do to slip away into the silence and picture that mayonnaise dressing as a triumphant whole? Indeed, Mr. Markham, it is sometimes much better to remain with the work and begin all over again.

The writer gives us a few instances of women who have attained an enviable serenity by dwelling upon Lofty Thoughts. There is a lovely yarn about a noble creature who was among those present during the San Francisco earthquake of 1906. "She was awakened by the fierce writhing and wrenching of the world about her. She knew that she was caught in some tremendous cataclysm. But she did not open her eyes. She lay in a great peace, saying, 'I do not know what it is; but come what may, nothing can harm me. I shall be given my own place.'"

Did you ever hear of a more perfect lady? Talk of the repose of Lady Clara Vere de Vere! The fair aristocrat of Tennyson's poem had nothing more nerve-destroying to contemplate than a despairing rural lover. But this Markham heroine, in the midst of an earthquake, while seismic thrills are running up and down her spine, is capable of reflecting that she will be given her own place and does not care the least bit in the world whether she is landed in Mars or left on the Earth. Nerves are not nice and the woman who talks about them is a bore above all others in Israel. But a woman who can take an earthquake with equanimity is almost too peaceful to be true.

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### More Advice

A CANADIAN editor, who is old enough to know better, has written more than a column of fearsome denunciation of the corset. In fact, he

classes it with alcohol as an enemy of the human race. "The two greatest afflictions of the present day humanity are alcohol and the corset. . . . What is to be done, then, to remedy these evils, to combat these afflictions? The answer is simple. The law must take a hand in it. Alcoholism is already being attacked from different directions. The corset must be next on the list for extermination. . . . If the governments of all countries would begin and keep up a fight against alcoholism and the corset these afflictions soon would cease to ravage the human race."

So writes an editor in our own enlightened country and he appears to be entirely sober and serious in his crusade. Horrible thought! Perchance he is a masculine Carrie Nation who contemplates a trip to Toronto on a glad bargain day when certain goods are marked down. He may cherish the design of swooping upon the counters and destroying the fatal garments according to the methods which Mrs. Nation has made famous. Think of this foe to the "Royal Worcester" and the "Bon Ton," reducing a counter of these attractive makes to shreds and patches! But no woman need fear that our Canadian law-makers will stoop to interfere with feminine fashions. They have larger affairs to deal with and are too absorbed in Trans-



"Solveig" in "Peer Gynt," at the Princess Theatre, Toronto.

continental Lines to heed the words of the perturbed journalist. The press of the country is active and enterprising in its discussion of all political and financial questions. But lovely woman will resent the editorial discussion of wherewithal she shall be clothed and will probably refuse to class the corset with the cocktail as a modern evil.

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### Souvenirs of Erin

THE keeping of the "Seventeenth of Ireland" grows in favour with the years, and St. Patrick's Day is observed in Canada by all of Irish blood—whether they come from Derry or Cork. This is as it should be, for the North-of-Ireland folk are far from being Scotch in temperament, although in the States the expression "Scotch-Irish" is used for those who have come from Ulster. In Canada, "Irish" is good enough for all of us who have Erin's blood dancing in our veins. The late Dr. Potts was as proud of the name as any of his South-of-Ireland friends and Canada knew no warmer-hearted Son of the Emerald Isle than the man whose voice and smile made sunshine wherever he went. In the House of Commons at

Ottawa, in the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, the shamrock is the badge on the Seventeenth of March and the health of St. Patrick is drunk by all who love the Green Isle, while Tom Moore is quoted by Ulster and Connaught alike.

The women of Irish descent share in the general observance of the day and many a St. Patrick's party, aglow with shamrocks and harps of gold, bears evidence of the loyalty of the Daughters of Erin. But there is one feature to be condemned, in the name of both loyalty and respectability, and that is the vulgar gorilla-like post-cards which certain vendors put on the market. That sort of stuff should be "boycotted" by all those who object to disgusting caricature. Most of it comes from "the other side" where the Irish have been so misrepresented in art and music that the Hibernian societies of New York have revolted against the hideous cartoons and comic songs.

The professed "funny" weeklies naturally make a business of caricaturing all nations; but a souvenir is a different matter and should have a touch of the dainty or poetic in keeping with its name and purpose. No country has a more romantic story than the land, "with a tear and a smile in her eye," and when an Irish-Canadian sees a Hibernian post-card disfigured by a revolting countenance, alleged to be Irish, the beholder feels like taking a shillalah to the vulgarian who designed the atrocity.

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### Jewel Fancies

WE have an assured way of referring to this as an age when superstitions are dying fast—that is, your superstitions. Mine are beliefs or ideas, but yours are not always to be dignified by such a word.

"I'm not at all superstitious," remarked a wise woman who would not hesitate to undertake a journey or a new venture on a Friday, "but some way I don't like to wear an opal."

"It's prettier than any other stone," said a friend, who simply would not sit down to a dinner of thirteen guests. "I have two opal rings and want a bracelet with opals."

"But aren't you afraid of something happening?" said the first woman.

"Not a bit—except of not having more opals." The birthday ring fancy is a pretty one and has been fairly adopted in modern fashions. March owns the bloodstone, that sturdy dark green "pebble," with a tiny blotch of scarlet, which is supposed to bestow courage and fortitude on the child who is born in the blustery month of the year. To April belongs the diamond, which seems almost too splendid a jewel for the month which never knows its own fickle mind and is cloud and sunshine within the same hour. CANADIENNE.

## Laymen's Missionary Congress

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lets, thus describe the movement of the Congress: "The Committee desire to emphasise the fact that the Laymen's Missionary Movement is an 'inspiration,' not an administration. It collects no money; it disburses no money; it neither secures, trains nor sends out missionaries; but its aim is to act as an inspiring impulse to a more generous support of missionary endeavour by every layman and to enlist his active co-operation in this work in his own parish."

This brief article is intended to deal primarily with the coming noteworthy Congress, not attempting to comprehend the manifold phases of the movement itself, nor the work it has accomplished.

Those who attend the great Congress in Massey Hall will hear addresses by Bishop Thoburn of India; Mr. Robert E. Spier, New York; Dr. Zwemer, Arabia; Mr. S. B. Capen, Boston; Mr. J. Campbell White, New York; Hon. D. F. Wilbur, Halifax; Mr. Silas McBee, New York, editor *The Churchman*; Mr. Charles A. Rowland, Athens, Ga.; N. W. Hoyles, LL.D., Osgoode Hall, Toronto; Mr. J. A. Macdonald, Toronto; Mr. J. Lovell Murray, New York; Principal Gandier, Mr. S. H. Blake, Canon Tucker, Canon Cody, Mr. S. J. Moore, all of Toronto, and many more.

N. W. Rowell, K.C., Toronto, will be president of the Congress. Mr. S. J. Moore, president of the Metropolitan Bank, is chairman.

The foremost men of the land have their names coupled with the movement. The gentlemen whose photographs are reproduced here are but a few of this great army fighting to evangelise, armed with inspiration, bound to achieve victory in this generation.

Polished, courteous, indefatigable, Mr. H. K. Caskey, of New York, executive secretary, has for weeks past kept four stenographers busy in a suite in the Confederation Life Building, Toronto, attending to the multitudinous details of the forthcoming gathering.