



## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

HERE'S TO HAMILTON!

SOME years ago, a deputation of Hamilton men waited on a certain Cabinet minister in the Ontario ministry to urge that a grant be given towards a celebration in the Ambitious City. "If the Hamilton women are going to manage most of it, I'd give the grant," advised a sagacious Deputy, "because they're the ablest women in the province." The grant was forthcoming and the event was duly celebrated.

There are many women's organisations in Canada but none more happily conducted than the Daughters of the Empire chapters in Hamilton. Many have attributed the success of the Hamilton Daughters to the bright, magnetic influence of Mrs. P. D. Crerar, who has enough enthusiasm to lead a forlorn hope. Mrs. Crerar herself attributes the model working of this order in Hamilton to the excellence of her assistants, who unite in a whole-hearted fashion good to see.

Following Easter, these Hamilton Daughters held a "Feast of Blossoms" which made light and fragrance for a week and proved a most original and satisfactory undertaking. Japan was the background for a scene of delicate and varied beauty which made the Hamilton world forget the laggard spring and believe that O'Toyo's garden was not merely a Kipling dream.

"How is it that the Hamilton women work so splendidly together?" asked a Toronto girl who could speak of the Feast of Blossoms only in superlatives. "They do so much and yet it just seems like play when they're up to their eyes in work."

"I suppose it's organisation," I said in reply, for the energy of those Hamiltonians always makes one feel ashamed.

"I'd like some of those men who say that women's societies can't get along without quarrelling to see the harmony among all those chapters. There's another thing which I liked. Last year, I was at two Daughters of the Empire fairs or festivals where some of the girls assisting charged absurd prices for trifles and even refused to give change. I heard one man say that men couldn't teach anything about graft to the holders of some of the booths. There wasn't anything like that at the Hamilton 'Feast.' They simply wouldn't allow it and the consequence was that no one felt swindled for his country's sake, as my brother called it when he paid two dollars for a twenty-five cent blotter at a bazaar in another city."

It was good to hear about the Hamilton chapters again for I know by experience how thoroughly they carry out whatever they plan and what a jolly time they always give a visitor. There is one especially good feature about their work and that is its close connection with the schools. Teachers and pupils, alike, share in the genuine enthusiasm of such a chapter as St. Hilda's, while there are two school chapters—Ryerson and Alexandra. It will not be the fault of Hamilton women if the children in the schools grow up in ignorance of Canadian History.

About two years ago, just after Sherring's return from Marathon, it was my good fortune to visit the Hamilton schools on Empire Day and I shall not soon forget the pretty, flower-decked halls, the spirited music, the addresses from Daughters of the Empire whose eloquence was worthy of the day and the hundreds of happy-faced children who were learning a great lesson without a suspicion of toil. It was the brightness of it all which stayed in the memory—and brightness is not too common in our Canadian festivities.

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## CRUELTY AT A PREMIUM.

THERE are strange tales in the papers these days. While one naturally wishes to dwell on the sunny side of life, it is impossible to escape entirely from the shade, especially when the darkness means cruelty to the helpless. Toronto papers recently told of a delicate small boy who was tortured for two hours by twenty-one enterprising lads who were trying to force their victim to get money for cigarettes. The most amazing feature in the whole episode is that the father of the injured boy said to a newspaper reporter that he did not want the offenders punished.

What a nice parent that daddy must be! I wonder if the mother was as complaisant when she found that her small son's hands had been burned by the playful fiends who undertook mediæval methods. I hope she felt some slight glow of indignation against them and will take steps to have proper punishment meted out. Boys who will torture a helpless youngster for two long hours are not mischievous—they are fiendish and the sooner we drop a molly-coddling policy with regard to such brutality the safer the city of Toronto will become. If a sleek alderman is robbed of five dollars there is a commotion over the crime and the offender is regarded as a criminal to be punished promptly. But it is quite another story if a woman is brutally attacked in a shop or an innocent child is tortured by a crowd of pernicious hoodlums.

The man who is so indifferent as not to care whether the torturers of his child are punished is not likely to be a valuable citizen. We can hardly expect the law to do much towards protecting the helpless and punishing the wantonly cruel when a father is so apathetic in a case which would arouse any decent stranger's warm indignation.

CANADIENNE.

## THE HEART OF THE LAKES.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

There are crags that loom like spectres  
Half under the sun and the mist,  
There are beaches that gleam and  
glisten,  
There are ears that open to listen,  
And lips held up to be kissed.  
There are forests that kneel for ever,  
Robed in the dreamiest haze

That God sends down in the Summer  
To mantle the gold of its days;  
Kneeling and leaning for ever  
In winding and sinuous bays.

There are birds that like smoke-drift  
hover  
With a strange and bodeful cry,  
Into the dream and the distance  
Of the marshes that southward lie  
With their lonely lagoons and rivers  
Far under the reeling sky.



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