

POOR DOCUMENT M C 2 0 3 5

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1921

On To Calgary and The Women's Council

And so we reached Toronto at half past seven in the morning (though that inland city registered daylight time, or "Pev's" time as one man rather expressively named it, (womankind not guilty) and found Toronto in the midst of celebrating the glorious 1st of July. The station was densely packed with holiday seekers. The delegate realised forthwith that another month had made its advent, and that some miles stretched between her and the home Mecca. However, thoughts were quickly transformed, for there was a friend to meet her, who had not lacked courage on a hot summer morning to make her way on crowded street-cars to the station to meet that one stranger from the National Council. Packed valises, bulging with more than one more wardrobe were swung against our hurrying forms in our haste to reach the street, while family groups with many kiddies anxiously waited the word to move on, and still we kept on moving, not only from necessity like "Joe" but in our eagerness to arrive where that appetizing breakfast was awaiting the expected guest.

Good byes had been said to Mrs. Manning of Moncton, who still indefatigable after the heat and dust of our long journey from Winnipeg, was to travel in an hour's time to Windsor, Ont., from where after a little visit she would return to Moncton. A bright woman, an interesting traveler, and one who to have instilled a regret at parting. Picture a gay breakfast party, after which came the diversion of the telephone, which links up the guest and the waiting hostess so conveniently—and we let memory's tide sweep us away from other days when a too constant ringing came when the back-door bell and the front door bell all clanged together, and an irate housewife would "bless that everlasting telephone."

We saw a big labor parade pass the house, almost endless, and whenever we rined to the windows those teams, rages and horses were still plodding in slow procession. At noon, lunch, and it was a luncheon, for you mustn't mistake the last syllable to be a luncheon, and a luncheon; as the first means a meal for twenty-five cents, and the other in today's accepted parlance assumes a greater importance, and the price may mean any change from \$2 to \$5.

In the early afternoon the ferry boats presented a very difficult proposition, a solid phalanx of anticipatory passengers on the waiting ferries. It was worth while to see how Toronto celebrated a holiday, and as the incoming boats and the different exits sent the boats in different directions one was able to discern by the calm observation, and from the directing hand of each boat-uniformed officer, the right boat to choose. On an upper deck, for these ferries have such advantageous places to see all over the expense of blue water, the family groups were interesting, the children delightful, even though their mouths were sticky from the last remaining glories of the modern candy sucker, and hands were becoming less clean from colorfully rubbing on the railing. Did you ever notice the perpetual motion of the little hand, what a strenuous worker it is, and how soon the dust and all other delightful stickiness combine to accumulate too soon an early allotment of the peevish peck of dirt. Surely we do get that historical peck in a hurry when childhood's hour is so sweet, and the end of the road not yet in sight.

Young men and sweethearts, in a world of their own and grave folk who also do look askance sometimes on the world's public love-making; kiddies everywhere; always a mother, a father and kiddie, sometimes in the whole sale enumeration; some with baskets, some with bundles, from which the long suffering string is threateningly disintegrating; some of candies, baseball bats, and the owners gay, chattering school boys; some with bathing suits one recognizes by the enfolding towel; and all of the world's paraphernalia for pleasure and real sport, when the day is fine the air warm and from somewhere across that stretch of blue lake comes freshness and gladness and sweetness of a people's park.

We were over to the other side in about fifteen minutes; and the crowd surging down the gang plank, up the wharf, and through the enclosure which protected too eager holiday seekers from an unexpected bath. Lake Ontario in its islands a very beautiful wooded bathing place for Toronto people. They uprise three islands, bridged across by means which, flowing softly along on nearly a level with the road-side almost present the appearance of a little Venice.

Think of over 10,000 people who reside on islands all summer, not including the floating population that come and go through every day of the week. These islands are owned by the City of Toronto, and on opposite side of Island Centre, where some have summer year lease, the same as Banff. At the farther end of the island is a Coney Island, with all the attractions the most "base Coney Islands could desire. On the beach the kiddies were paddling, and the voices of the holiday makers were one long echo of delight.

With my hostess, Mrs. Melvor, who had come to take me to her summer abode, the delighted St. John woman, walked across the soft green sward, away from the gay holiday makers, under great shady trees, past the open place where a cricket game was the centre of keen excitement, while Mrs. Melvor gleefully encouraged the runner to take another goal; past tables, with convenient encircling benches for the alfresco tea later for some happy families past the foot ball game and the would be professional base ballists of junior years—in fact every kind of ball being played by all ages, irrespective of sex.

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Gene's smile was almost a shadow of the Mona Lisa's calm, satisfied calculating, and yet somewhat arrested in so small a face, set off by a halo of soft golden curls. We talked on, unconscious that those questioning eyes were again upon us, for sitting up in her offended dignity, "You disturbed me!" The chilling rebuke silenced us for the moment, and the offending hostess smiles and the guest quickly murmurs: "It's peculiar," while mentally yearning for the answer to the question: What will these years of childhood bring to the coming year, which somehow is instinctively mixed up with the image of the pretty girl and the laughing youth.

Into a pretty garden, and near by a tennis court, while the stalwart son of my hostess came forward in greeting, he returned officer in the Imperial army, who suffered from wounds and gas, but is fitted now to take a big place in the world's work. Tennis in full swing, and under a grove of convenient trees we idly watch the game from the comfort of long reclining chairs, quite welcome to the traveller after steady entertainment since seven-thirty in the morning.

Later we strolled along the little road, way, still following the lagoon, and came to a broad, sandy beach, from where could be seen away out on the other side of Lake Ontario the yachts with their beautiful sails, racing towards the winning goal; the incoming steamer from Niagara Falls, and somehow we seemed to have slipped away from the laughing merrymakers, the gay voices of the tennis players, into a quiet little seaside resort with attractive homes fenced in along the lake front. We entered the gates of Mrs. Pope's pretty little home with a wide verandah and a smiling, welcoming hostess. Shrubberies in pink

and white bloom, flower beds in gay profusion, and tall trees, while a pet terrier barked loudly. It was a great pleasure to meet this talented artist, who is a close personal friend of Mrs. Dignam, the honorary president of the Woman's Art Association of Canada, whom you will remember, gave us on the way to Calgary such a perfect day of entertainment, and who had proved that four substantial meals could be provided and enjoyed between eighty-three in the morning and eighty-three in the evening. It has since been viewed in the light of a miracle that a hostess could not only provide such hospitality, but more miraculously still that the St. John women, suffered no distress of interior mechanism or derangement or yet were deprived of the blessed power of speech the following day on the train.

Mrs. Pope's beautiful work has been long recognized, and as a painter of beautiful china she is unexcelled. Her latest achievement has been the transformation of old coffee tins, etc., into beautiful quaint boxes of Dutch design for the smoking rooms of particular, fastidious men.

The pleasant hour with Mrs. Pope will not soon be forgotten, and of itself form another treasured link with those members of the Art Association, whose friendship is so unstinted and unrestrained.

TRY TO COMBAT ELEPHANTIASIS

Plucky Canadian Physician in
Samoa Has Taken Inoculation—Germs Carried by
Mosquitoes.

Vancouver, July 13.—In order to study the terribly tropical disease of elephantiasis, an unnamed Canadian physician in Samoa has just had himself inoculated by bites of mosquitoes that had fed on men after suffering from the malady. Captain David Ritchie, of the Canadian-Australian freighter Wairimu, told the arrival here of his talk with the plucky Canadian scientist who has dedicated his life to find a cure.

In the tropics the natives of many countries are subject to the terrible

elephantiasis. Science has striven for many years to find the remedy, but to no effect. It has been learned that the germs are carried by mosquitoes, and that inoculation occurs when a mosquito feeds on its victim. The disease-carrying pests are confined to those that have first fed

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off an elephantiasis sufferer and transmission of germs can only take place on the twenty-first day after the insect has bitten the diseased person. The life of many mosquitos is not that long, still there are enough whose span of existence permits them to carry the deadly germ. The doctor told Captain Ritchie that he would be better able to study the progress of the malady if he were suffering from it himself. He could watch every phase of development and would thus be in better position to find a cure. It takes from nine to ten months to develop. If the scientist cannot solve the problem he has set before himself he will eventually suffer the terrible end that comes to all elephantiasis victims.

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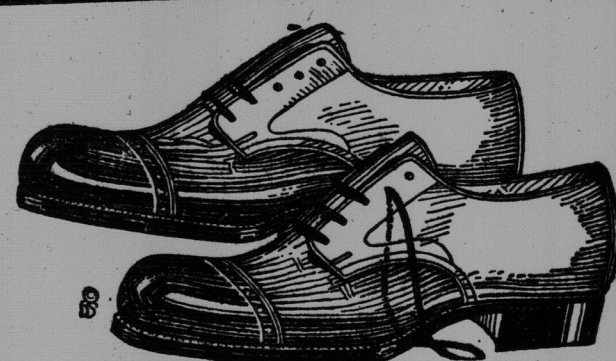
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