

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

As We See Others

Women and Recruiting

SEVERAL authorities have recently been urging that Canadian women should do nothing to discourage recruiting. So far as my observation and experience are concerned, I have heard no discouragement, from Canadian women, when the subject of enlistment has presented itself. On the contrary, there has been a quiet and brave acceptance of the necessity for sending the men of the Dominion to the front, unless we are prepared to see our land Germanized. When we consider how remote a great war has seemed to Canadians of this generation, it must be admitted that Canadian women have adapted themselves with wonderful readiness to the unprecedented conditions, and have counted not their own feelings first, in the momentous decision for the son or husband anxious to enlist.

As for the actual work of recruiting, that may best

sion, that she will be to this generation a "Rosalind" and a "Juliet," to be associated always with the golden days in the Forest of Arden or the tragic love and strife of old Verona. A modern critic has described theatrical fame as "a statue of snow," melting in the spring sunshine which beams on new favourites. The true artist, however, has exerted an influence far beyond the immediate audience, and has created an image which remains among the treasures which do not pass away.

A Comedian to the Rescue

THE men in the trenches are still the first consideration of the Allied countries. Women must be prepared for another strenuous winter of providing hospital supplies and varied comforts for the men who are doing the actual work of withstanding the enemy. Among offers which have recently been announced, to assist in making the men at the front more content with their lot, none is more noteworthy than that of Harry Lauder, who is anxious to go to the front for the purpose of giving free concerts and keeping up the spirits of the fighting men.

In the piping times of peace, the papers have jested at the expense of the hilarious Harry, suggesting that the successful comedian has an undue fondness for the "baw-bees." Harry Lauder, like the majority of his fellow-countrymen, may be a bit thrifty, but he is also capable of a truly Caledonian generosity in time of stress. So, he is going to desert the music halls for the scene of military action, and his talents will be at the service of all such fighting men as desire to be cheered by the Lauder-esque songs. The men, doubtless, will be more than glad to hear from Harry, and are to be permitted to "join in the chorus." Next to a military man, a melodious ally is the best aid possible, these days, and the popular Scottish comedian will find the tour of the trenches the time of his life.

Freak Fashions

WHATEVER fashions may come out of this war, like the froth which flecks the storm-waves, there are a few features in to-day's vogue which are sufficiently distressing. Our headwear remains military unto roguishness, with consequences little short of disastrous to some women's countenances. Very few women, in fact, can wear a helmet-shaped hat and not look like caricatures. Then there is the coquettish bit of a turban, which is most trying to the lady of mature years, and which, when worn at a defiant angle, gives the wearer an aspect of inebriation, unknown to local option districts! Military headwear, when worn by young and rosy-cheeked girls, has an alluring chic of its own; but when donned by older women it has a deplorable effect of belated sprightliness.

Then there is the cretonne skirt to add to the horrors of modern fashions! Whoever introduced it must have been a German and a secret foe, who maliciously desired to make the women of Anglo-Saxondom ridiculous. If you think you see your grandmother's sofa or your great-aunt's ottoman coming up street, do not tear your hair and wonder

if your mind has given way, at last. It is not a spectacle of upholstery on a promenade, but another specimen of the cretonne skirt—in all its flowered glory.

Jewels of Modern Make

IN the development of modern handicraft for women, nothing of a decorative nature has been more interesting than the jewellery work, which has been so popular in recent years. If you will visit any

A STORY WORTH WHILE.

ROBERT MACHRAY'S Serial Story, beginning in this issue, is a gripping piece of writing. This Canadian author has done nothing better. It is quite stronger than any of his previous novels, which number more than a dozen. Because it describes the experiences of a British journalist arrested in Germany as a spy, it is decidedly opportune.



AN ACTIVE WORKER.

Lady Tilley is the widow of the late Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, who is president of the Soldiers' Wives League of St. John, N.B. She was married in the year of Confederation. When she lived at Ottawa, she was one of a brilliant circle of women of whom Baroness Macdonald was the leader. She has been a prominent member of the National Council of Women since its inception.



A NATIONALIST HAT.

Women are nothing if not adaptive, hence the Nationalist hat for a Nationalist year. This is the Welsh hat, with its high crown, smart rolling brim and gold quill. Will some one please design a Canadian Hat?

be done by the men, especially those who have been at the front and who realize the nature of this warfare, and the price which must be paid, if we are to preserve the civilization which our forefathers bequeathed. Except in the home circle, woman's influence as recruiting officer is indirect—but it is, none the less, effectual.

The Retirement of Julia Marlowe

THE theatrical world, in which Julia Marlowe has been so striking a figure, will be the poorer for her withdrawal from all stage activities. One does not wish to be pessimistic concerning the modern drama; but it must be admitted that there are few women in theatrical life to-day who may be mentioned with Julia Marlowe. The popular play of the last ten years has been that warranted to "amuse the tired business man," and to make the seeker for serious or noble drama very tired, indeed. It seems a long time since Julia Marlowe first delighted the public with "Rosalind," and yet her retirement is an all-too-early closing of a career which meant so much to lovers of the things that are more excellent in histrionic art. In Shakespearean repertoire, she possessed a charm which will be an abiding memory. Perhaps her "Katherine" in "The Taming of the Shrew" was somewhat lacking in virago fire—and we can hardly believe that she really enjoyed the part of "Kate the Curst." But there was so much that she gave us, in brilliant succes-



A NOTABLE GROUP AT THE QUEEN'S CANADIAN HOSPITAL.

Lt.-Col. Charles Gorrell, M.D., of Ottawa, has charge of the Queen's Canadian Hospital on the Astor Estate. He has received Premier Borden, General Sir Sam Hughes and other prominent Canadian visitors. Here is a group of English celebrities—including Queen Alexandra, Princess Royal, Princess Maude, Lady Antrim and Mrs. Astor. Miss Campbell (left), the matron, recently received the Royal Red Cross.