

How Wags the World

"Gossip, How Wags the World?" "Well, Gossip, Well"

—Jean Ingelow

The Wife and the Steady Job

"I COULD not love thee, dear, so much loved I not leisure more." Some phrase with the smack of gallantry about it, irrespective of the wording, no doubt lodged in the youthful bosoms of wives of erstwhile heroes, proved deserters. For repeatedly one is called to marvel at wives' forgivingness toward husbands classed as the worthless—jobless—faithless.

My friend, Mrs. F— employs a washer-woman whose husband's predilection for home, deserted under compulsion, the fact of the matter being he went to prison, has proved a constant drag on the bread-winner's pocket.

"Has your husband steady employment, now?" my friend, unknowing the facts of the case till casually, later, inquired of her help with solicitude.

"Yes," replied the unblinking helpmeet (the "help" part being ironically fitting) "the master has got his steady job—for a time."

And the "steady job" is the Government cure for hosts of just such household difficulties—just about such. An addition was made to the criminal code by parliament last session whereby a man is liable now to a fine of five hundred dollars or to one year's imprisonment who fails to provide for his wife and for his children who are under sixteen years of age.

It might help some if the worker in jail were paid, via his family, for his labour.

A Habit of Two Hemispheres

"SHE has her faults," admitted Mr. Guppy referring to his most obnoxious mother. "She has her faults—we all have—but she doesn't do it when company is present."

Now the holding of hands was one of the faults one did not "do" in public, until lately. The nearest thing to it was a certain bourgeois gallantry of the elbow, observed in the cases of couples catching cars. Propriety forbade it—a drastic prohibition, anaesthetizing the thing to the death as "vulgar."

Then all at once an adorable princess, who but the Kaiser's daughter, defied the custom, permitting herself to be snapped in the very action, and walked the streets with her lover, holding hands! And President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, lovers though many years married, were photographed, only the other day, hand in hand on the street at Cornish, New Hampshire.

It remains to be seen if the world is tinder to kindling from the torch of such examples. At any rate, time has completed a round, a cycle, on its most amusing orbit, and women are back at the place where they may walk, if they wish, to church on the arms of husbands—personal husbands. Nor does anyone wish to convey the notion that women walk Juggernaut-wise on the mentioned members.

Those arms, by the way, from long disuse may act, at the first, as the curtain poles to the rings—be so responsive.

A Grower of Roses

A DEVONSHIRE origin, a passionate love of roses, and the patience which brings an enchanting reward when one is one's own gardener, have been the equipment of Mrs. Allen Baines, whose garden space on Bloor Street, Toronto, has blossomed out this summer, a very bower.

Mrs. Baines' garden, while not large, has a bountiful showing of roses, including in addition to hybrid teas and hybrid perpetuals, a large number of beautiful ramblers in all the suitable places. Some climb over arches that shadow a central path, while others disport themselves upon a sloping bank. Among these latter

the "Tausend Schon" Roses have been a very beautiful sight this season.

This clever floriculturist employs no resident gardener, but performs what she is pleased to term "the hard work" in person. She admits, however, the fact of a gardener who "helps" two days in the week. Mrs. Baines' great wish is to draw the attention of all women with leisure to the vast store of amusement and health to be derived from gardening as a hobby.

To this end, a year ago, Mrs. Baines invited to a drawing-room meeting a number of flower lovers to hear Mr. E. T. Cook, the writer, lecture on "Roses." At that time it was decided to form the Rose Society of Ontario—which recently held a most encouraging rose show in Toronto.

Mrs. Baines was aided in the work of forming the society by the kindly assistance and encouragement of Mr. J. T. Moore, of Moore Park—the present Honorary President; of Sir Edmund Osler, Mr. Edward Armour, K.C., who drew up the constitution of the society, and numerous other friends. The president of the society is Mr. E. T. Cook; the vice-presidents, Mrs. Allen Baines, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Hartley Dewart and Miss Coleman; honorary secretary is Miss Marion Armour; the treasurer is Miss Beatrice Francis.

Dismissing a "Peck of Troubles" of Troubles

IN the personal case of Mrs. Carlyle, wife of the famous Thomas, the servant problem resolved itself into

simply "a peck of troubles"—a case familiar.

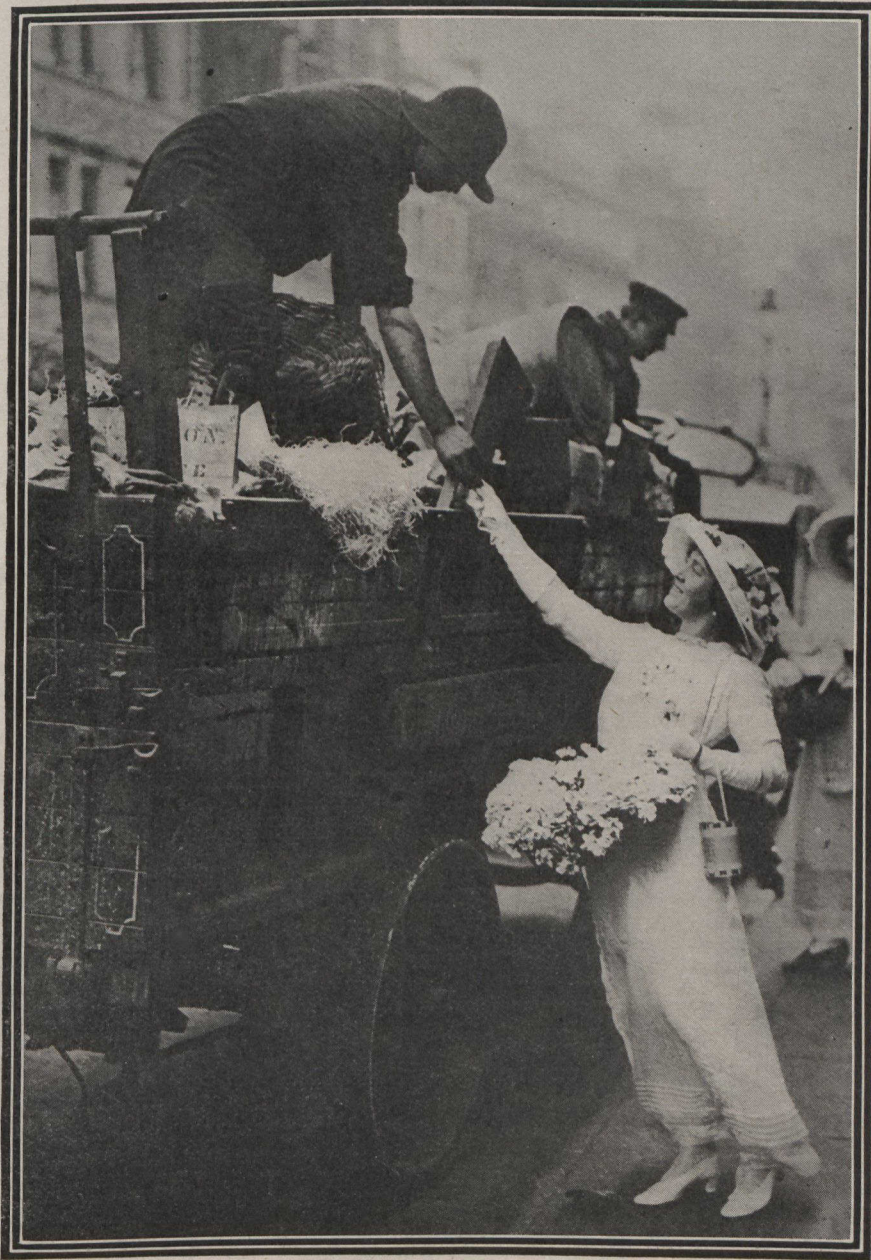
Some hitherto unpublished letters have recently been placed on view in the London Library with this inscription: "A few examples from a long series of letters written by Mrs. Carlyle to Miss Kate Sterling (Mrs. Ross). One runs as follows:

"I am in a 'peck of troubles.' I am again at Cheyne Row superintending the works and remodelling the establishment of one woman—Mr. C. exploded Fanny a fortnight ago—and I was vexed with him at the time; for my natural cowardice inclined me to puddle or with Irish cabinism and 'a cloud of lies' rather than front the horrors of change and of a strange face in the house, but now that the creature is fairly gone—even though I am in a state of interregnum—I am glad."

What might be said of the points of servants would fill a volume, let alone a letter. But help is at hand for housekeepers who have not Carlyles for husbands, and so are forced to do their own "exploding." Luckless task!

The educational authorities in London have opened a school for the training of girls in household work with a view to domestic service. The school provides for a two years' course and, as a departure in the trade school system, is at present attracting the general attention. Rt. Hon. J. A. Pease, president of the Board of Education, expresses the opinion that special training will dignify this field of Woman's labour. There is every reason why it should be shorn of its mediaeval servility and beneathness.

Canada is bound to benefit, primarily, from this movement, for native "help" is not to be got to occupy our kitchens, recruits for the same being chronically Old Country.



ETHICS OF THE DUST.

The Dustman Saw It to Be His Duty (Seeing Beauty Likewise) to Buy a Posy From One of the Vendors Abroad in London on Alexandra Day. Profits of the Sales Are All Devoted to the Pet Charities of Queen Alexandra.

COLGATE'S TALC POWDER

All Talcums are *not* alike—Colgate Talc differs from ordinary Talcums in:

(1) its very wide choice of perfumes;



(2) its beneficial amount of boric acid (that mild yet effective anti-septic);

(3) its other sanative ingredients to soothe burn of wind or sun.

Colgate's has the convenient six-hole sifter top which concentrates the powder.

These features should go far to prove to you that Colgate's Talc is safest and best for you and your children.

At your dealer's; or send us 4 cents in stamps for dainty trial box. Mention perfume desired

COLGATE & COMPANY

Dept. C, Coristine Building, Montreal
W. G. M. Shepherd, Montreal
Sole Agent for Canada

Does Your Table Need Variety

of desserts? You will find "first aid" to this problem in

MAPLEINE

The flavor that is daintily delicious, but distinct and satisfying.

Take your favorite recipes for icing, cakes, pudding, or ice cream, and use Mapleine for flavor. You'll enjoy its altogether different taste.

Won't cook or freeze out.

Grocers sell it.



Crescent Manufacturing Co.

Dept. E10 Seattle, Washington

Send 2c stamp for Booklet, "Mapleine Dainties."

A Desk-book of Errors in English

By Frank H. Vizetelly, F.S.A.,

Associate Editor of the Standard Dictionary, treats the hundred and one questions that arise in daily speech and correspondence which are not treated of in the dictionary.

The New York Times: "The scope and plan of the volume, which is of handy size and alphabetical arrangement, strike one as pleasantly sane and sound."

12 mo. cloth, 240 pages. Price \$1.00 post-paid.

Norman Richardson

12 E. Wellington St.

Toronto.