

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

As We See Others

The National Birthday

WHAT a birthday Canada was to have known in this year, the hundredth anniversary of Waterloo! Forty-eight years have gone since the day which heard the Confederation of the Dominion proclaimed, and this was to have been a joyous birthday celebration. But we are keeping our holidays soberly, this year, for not one of those statesmen whom we have called the Fathers of Confederation could have foreseen such a Dominion Day as we are facing in 1915. One only of those who assembled to draw up this famous Confederation compact of 1867 remains to survey the strife of to-day, when all the sons of Britain are fighting in freedom's great cause. Across the seas, in the England which watched with pride the young Dominion of the 'sixties, is a venerable Canadian statesman, Sir Charles Tupper, bowed with years,

rather have you live and mend my coat."

The reply of the gushing lady has not been recorded, but let us hope that she made a stitching demonstration of her devotion. It is ever so easy to talk about what we care for, and how much; but a deed goes farther to prove sincerity than any oration.

"We're very sorry about it," chorused a small assembly of persons.

"Well, I'm sorry five dollars," said a quiet citizen, who had hitherto been silent, as he placed a crisp new note on the table.

There was a sudden silence, and then the other sorry citizens "materialized" their grief, with a happy result for the cause concerned.

A statesman in Saskatchewan has suggested that each farmer of that province should cultivate an extra acre of wheat this year for the benefit of the Allies. Premier Asquith referred to this proposal recently in his now famous Guildhall speech. This is truly a golden form of patriotism which Saskatchewan is devising, and when each farmer is sympathizing to the extent of an acre, the prospect for Europe's daily bread grows brighter. We are expressing our loyalty "in kind," this year, and, as one hears of the proposal of this western province, it is to recall by Warman's line:

"For the soul of the Saskatchewan's a little grain of wheat."

The Medical Forces

A CANADIAN woman said at a patriotic meeting the other day: "I don't know what we'll do without our doctor. He's gone to the Front, and I'm sure he'll stay over there as long as he's needed. I hope none of the children will be sick while he is away."

"But there are other doctors," suggested a friend. "There's no one like our doctor," insisted the first speaker. "But I don't grudge him to the soldier boys."

While it is more evident in small or scattered districts, what the skilful physician becomes to each household, there are many Canadians both in cities and countryside to-day who are praying for the safety of the doctors who have gone across the seas. Next to our military contingents, our medical forces have been the busiest in the land, during the last ten months; and, in the face of their patriotism and professional sacrifices, the cheap sneer of the funny column at the doctor's expense seems especially out of date. The latest discoveries of medical research are being used now in the healing of our wounded; and, if the world has never before seen such an exhibition of cold-blooded brutality as the "kultur" atrocities, it has also never before witnessed such a devotion of strength and skill to the cause of freedom and humanity as is being shown to-day.



LADY AMES,

Wife of Sir Herbert Ames, M.P., of Montreal, who was in the recent birthday list of honours.

Both at home and abroad, whether in free attendance on the dependents of those who have gone to the war (as is the case with nearly two hundred Fellows of the Toronto Academy of Medicine), or in the actual care of the wounded in France, Flanders and Britain, our Canadian doctors have this year won a Distinguished Service Order which the Dominion will not forget.

ERIN.

Lady Ames

THERE are few better known women in church circles, and particularly in the American Presbyterian Church, than Lady Ames, of Montreal. Merely social functions she rather avoids, but any movement which has social reform for its object, is sure to have her sympathy and support.

She was Miss Louise Mariam Kennedy, daughter of John Kennedy, C.E., who is famous for his work



LADY DRAYTON,

Whose husband, Sir Henry L. Drayton, K.C., was a recipient of recent birthday honours from His Majesty the King. Sir Henry is chairman of the Railway Commission, and resides at Ottawa.

and watching, with loyal anxiety, the course of the continental conflict. May he live to see a happier Dominion Day and the days of peace return!

As for the Canadians who are in the midst of life's struggle and clamour, it may be said that they know their country to-day as they have never before. We have listened, on many a Dominion Day, to orations on our national resources, and our wonderful heritage. Since last August we have proved worthy of that heritage, and have shown that our greatest resource is the splendid manhood which sacrificed itself in the cause of honour and liberty. To most of us, war has meant little more than tradition and history. Now it has flamed into the testing-time of a people, and Canada can say, in both grief and pride, that the young soldiers who went forth eagerly in this year of trial were worthy in fortitude, daring and steadfastness of the great races which have blended in the making of a Dominion. Whatever birthdays may be kept in future years, Canada will not soon forget the Dominion Day of 1915, when she drank to the health and the victory of her sons across the seas.

That Extra Acre

IN one of his earlier poems, Tennyson speaks of those who are mere would-be philanthropists as "divorcing Feeling from her mate—the Deed." In the need of to-day, there are few Canadians who may be accused with justice of contenting themselves with a show of good-will. A resolution of sympathy is accompanied by practical offers of wheat, flour, cheese and canned salmon, to say nothing of the dollars we have sent to the hospitals across the Atlantic. We are not only being loyal with the mouth—we are giving wealth, property and life, itself, that the cause of the Empire and the Allies may prosper.

A well-meaning and affectionate young wife once remarked to her husband: "You know, dear, I would willingly die for you."

The long-suffering gentleman replied, meekly: "I'd



A PRETTY TORONTO WEDDING.

On June 16th, at the Rosedale Presbyterian Church, Toronto, the marriage of Ethel Phyllis Hyslop to Gordon Erskine McCarter, was celebrated. The bride's attendants were (left to right) Miss Gladys Lee, Miss Margaret Woodruff, of St. Catharines, and Miss Marjorie Warwick. The ushers were (left to right) Mr. Jack Eastwood, Mr. Stuart Clark, Mr. Norman Lorimer, and Mr. Everett Smith, of Guelph.