

OUR SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

STATESMEN may discuss the Cretan question, the tariff or Canada's contribution to the British navy according as the site of their treadmill may be European, American or Canadian, and newspapers may divide their attention between the baseball games and the latest woman scandal; but the great heart of the people is centred upon no such trivialities these days. On every front porch, about every tea-table, in the shade of every park tree, there is but one question of real human interest up for discussion. It runs: "Where shall we spend our summer holidays?" It seems easy in the winter when no holidays are in sight to "take holiday." To represent it as a labour would be to arouse the ridicule of the hard-worked. Holiday is then a synonym for ease, leisure, and care-free enjoyment. But when the holiday season is at hand, all this illusion vanishes. Then we discover that there are few harder tasks before us throughout the year than the taking of holidays.

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THE preliminary discussion of "where" alone makes a parliamentary debate look like a casual chat. At first, it seems as if there were a multitude of places to go. "The woods are full of them." The sea-shore is lined with them. The mountains are dotted with them. But when we come down to "brass tacks," the choice is seen to be not quite so varied. Most of the places we know have a more or less fatal objection attached. We cannot go there because the "board is poor," though the scenery is superb; and we cannot go there because there is "nothing to do" but sit on the verandah and await meal-time. A third place is barred to us for a real enjoyable holiday because the So-and-Soes are sure to turn up; while the fourth is deadly dull for lack of company of any sort. One resort is too popular and another is too deserted. A holiday is a tyrant demanding perfection; and it does not take a very large fly to spoil the ointment. Here we have waited all year for its coming, labouring through the long winter buoyed up by the thought of the superlative pleasure we will enjoy when its days of liberty have arrived; and now nothing less than the best is good enough for this most precious fortnight of the twelve-month.

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BUT finally we select a place by the process of exclusion. It is often found at last to be "the only place that will do at all." Sometimes it is a place which we do not know; and we accept it on the recommendation of another. This is a perilous experiment, however, for it may lose us two things—the enjoyment of our holiday and the friendship of the person who recommended it. It is seldom, indeed, that two people like the same sort of a place for a holiday. They may think they do until they come to try it. Still there is always a lure in trying the unknown. Some of the best holidays I have ever

had have been travelling holidays—that is, we would start out to travel through a certain district, reserving to ourselves the option of staying where we chose as long as it seemed to be the wisest use of our time. Under this system, unpleasant features of a place cannot bite in. When they become annoying, all you need do is move on. The new place has the "call" undoubtedly for interest; but at an old place the holiday begins sooner and appears longer. You seem to have been there for weeks at the end of the first day.

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HOWEVER, choosing the place is but a preliminary labour. Getting ready to go and getting there are more onerous tasks. The worries of getting ready to go, we of the masculine persuasion only know as a rule by hearsay; but it certainly looks laborious. But getting there is our end of the job, and it is herculean. I venture to say that the average holiday-maker never works so hard within a given time during the whole year as when he is convoying his loved ones from the front gate of his modest domicile to the front verandah of his often immodest summer hotel. He has then to do with hackmen, railway porters, super-heated trains, short-tempered officials, cantankerous fellow passengers, tired children and nerve-racked adults, hotel clerks and an army of tip-hunters. He could not work that hard for wages more than two days at a time; and yet here he is working at this topmost tension and paying for the privilege. Great is the midsummer holiday!

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BUT the virtue of holidays does not all lie in the holidaying. He is getting that best of rests—change—all the time, and he is storing up in his memory experiences and scenes which will lose their shadows as the routine of his work-a-day life goes on after his return, and will become pleasant recollections to brighten many a dull winter's day or bring a laugh in many a winter evening's chat. Nor is it all of the holiday to get there. Once settled comfortably amidst new surroundings, the days wear golden wings. The regular labour of the office or the shop is far away, and there is nothing to do but follow inclination through the sleepy hours. The great thing is to follow this inclination honestly, and not to try to imitate the inclinations of others. Others may insist that "the thing" to do is thus-and-so; but the question for each of us is what do we want to do ourselves? A holiday in which caprice is allowed to rule and ordered wisdom is locked up at home, is one which will perfume the memory for many a hard-working year with its sweet taste of pure liberty.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

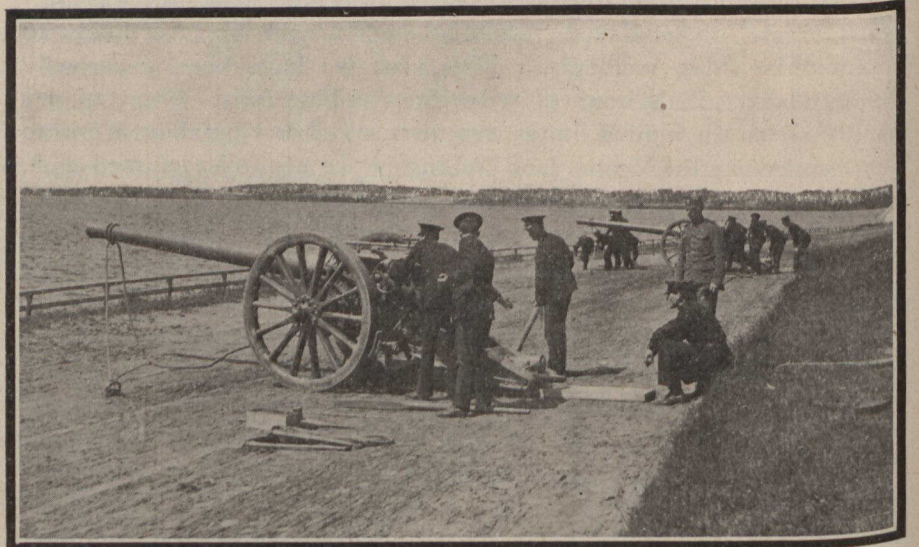
A Jammy Anecdote

IN appearance, Sir William Hartley looks exactly what he is—a genial merchant prince, says "M. A. P." No one ridicules the idea of undue solemnity in business more than Sir William. "Making and selling jam," he once observed, "are every bit as pleasant as eating it." At the same time he told a rollicking story of a letter he once received from a Welsh customer. "Dear sir," it ran, "why in the name of goodness gracious don't you send the jam I ordered last week? I have already lost Mr. Jones' custom through you. Why don't you send the jam, man? Bother you, you are a nuisance whatever! Send the jam at once, quick.—Yours truly, John Davies." Then followed a postscript, "Dear sir, since writing the above letter I have found the jam under the counter."

Scenes at the Charlottetown Military Camp



A Battery of Two 4.7-inch Guns on Parade.



A Section of No. 3 Co., 4th Regiment Canadian Artillery, at Sighting Practice.

PHOTOS BY BOYER, CHARLOTTETOWN