

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Shopping in France

Mentone, France, August 20th.

WE still shop in France, though instead of smart hats and new summer dresses we are generally in search of stout cotton for pyjamas and flannel for undervests, flannel and cotton both getting dearer and scarcer day by day.

"I saw such a lovely piece of flannel, like the best English vyella, that had been made at Rheims," said someone of late. But there will be no more flannel made at Rheims this year nor the next, the Germans have taken good care of that. Then there are queer coloured wools to be matched for the darning of the poor home-knitted socks that have trodden bloody paths since they left the Breton fisherman's, but by the mournful and misty Atlantic or the lonely Basque farm high up on some Pyrenean (?) mountain slope.

In the smaller shops, where we buy tapes and buttons, the proprietress sits alone with perhaps a child playing on the floor. She is quick-witted and smiling as ever, but behind the smiles one can see that she is heavy-eyed and that sad lines of endurance are drawn round the mouth.

We have already heard the stories that have drawn those lines and our talk generally begins with an enquiry after husband or brother at the front.

Sometimes this brings the bitter outburst of an overburdened heart against "ces sales Boches qui ne sont pas du Chrétiens," sometimes just the old plaint that the time is long, ending with the wistful question, do I then think it may be over before Christmas.

One such friend, for these Frenchwomen are friends now, I found the other day packing a box for her brother at the front. "Ah, madame, my sister-in-law is poorer than I am, though I haven't much left, and see, he sent me a pansy picked where the shells fall." Then she interrupted herself. "Pardon, madame, a moment. My neighbour at the umbrella shop opposite is stout and cannot raise her shutters alone, so I go to help her."

They are always ready to help someone, these women, and if they know that one is working for the hospitals, a thing easy enough to know, for all English left in the south are busy, in one way or another, they have always some plea to make for a woman in bitter need of work, yet who would feel out of place in the municipal workrooms.

"FOR the wounded" are magic words, and there is always some rebate made, or when I buy a dozen of bright-tinted Mentone post cards, palms and blue seas and pink mountains, such as the bedridden love to send to their friends in the north, they always give me a few over. Even the one-legged, bright-eyed boy who sells military cards in the street insisted on adding half a dozen. The prices of boots and shoes are going up week by week, so it was with a clear conscience that I yielded to temptation and went to-day into a boot shop where prices were still low. Here I found the centre of interest was a tall, well-made young Senegalese, with a sooty-black, broad, honest face. He was trying on a pair of good tan boots, and two shop girls chirped encouragement while a young woman, come to buy bed-room slippers for an old lady in deep mourning, looked on smiling. I joined the band and sat and smiled, too. At the general chorus, "Oh, but you will be chic," he drooped eyelids and head like a bashful child, but he took the boots and must have paid a good price, for I heard one five-franc piece after another ring down on the desk. After each piece he asked, "encore?" and the young woman smiled "encore" until he had paid enough. On my way home I saw him coming out of the fruit shop, where I stopped to buy some of those big yellow plums that melt in your mouth. The pretty daughter in charge said, "Yes, he had come in to tell her of his purchase! Oh, they spend much, these Senegalese, for they have more pay than our French, or else why would they come so far. And then some of them are chiefs and are 'tres instruite' and have big farms." The last I saw of him, he had caught sight of one of those melancholy little bands of men from the Dardanelles, marching, or rather crawling, down from the station, and had bounded off after them like a young leopard.

ALICE JONES.

Providing the Needs of War

OF the women's organizations which are engaged in patriotic endeavour in Montreal, one of the most energetic has been the Wolfe and Montcalm Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, of which the regent is Mrs. Henry Joseph, a prominent member of social and philanthropic circles of that city. The initial effort in the way of war work made by this society was a generous contribution to the fund for the hospital ship which the Daughters of the Empire throughout the Dominion undertook to provide upon the outbreak of

the war. Since that time the members have not relaxed in their zeal. They have lent their support to every movement for the benefit of the soldiers in the field and in hospital, and have contributed to all of the many funds which have been opened for patriotic purposes.

Mrs. Joseph has also been the leader of a group of Red Cross workers who, since the beginning of the war, have met weekly at her house to make hospital supplies and who have forwarded to the headquarters of the Red Cross Society many thousands of articles. In order to raise money for the purchase

real's most beautiful residences.

Mrs. Joseph has been spending the midsummer months at St. Andrews, N.B., where she organized a Red Cross Circle, which has been doing excellent work. A great many people from the United States have been staying at that popular sea-side resort, and Mrs. Joseph has been successful in enlisting their interest and co-operation.

M. D.

A Story of Rural Quebec

THE author of the novel, "Jean Baptiste," recently published in London and Toronto by J. M. Dent and Sons, Limited, is J. E. Le Rossignol, a Canadian by birth, and a professor in the University of Nebraska. There are several works on political economy to the credit of Professor Le Rossignol, but this versatile graduate of McGill University is not content with subjects relating to sociology and finance. His fancy lightly turns to habitant homes in old Quebec, and, more than once, readers of the Canadian Courier have been pleased with the tales of rural adventure told by this writer, who knows well his St. Lawrence and the land of little lakes and rivers.

This summer, Professor Le Rossignol has given us a novel of St. Placide, a village of Quebec, wherein is faithfully depicted the life of the small parish, so remote from the madding crowd, and yet so representative of a medley of human ambitions and beliefs. The hero, Jean Baptiste Giroux, is of the good old traditional sort, with marvellous physical strength and a stout heart. He is a lovable, clean-minded youngster, this Jean Baptiste, who reads so beautifully and yet feels no vocation for the priestly calling. St. Placide furnishes enough adventures for Jean, to justify its being called by a stormier name. But in the end our hero defeats all foes and wins his Gabrielle—as dainty and winsome a maiden as ever proved a capricious lady love. However, not to spoil a good story by too conventional an ending, Jean Baptiste loses much of his worldly wealth, and is left with youth, love and ambition all unspoiled, to begin again.

The charm of the story lies in the simple grace of the telling. The author knows his habitant and makes the reader thoroughly acquainted with the folk of St. Placide. He also knows the wood lore of that land of lakes and hills and his style has caught something of the depth and sparkle of lovely Lac Desir.

ERIN.

Of Montreal, a leader in philanthropic and patriotic movements in that city, as well as a prominent member of social circles.

of materials and to carry on the activities of these and other societies in which she is interested, Mrs. Joseph has from time to time given, for entertainments, the use of her house, which is one of Mont

ONE hundred and five entries, the greatest number ever recorded, have been made for the Women's National Golf Championship, which will shortly be held at Onwentsia, near Chicago. Miss Vera Ramsay, of England, has been entered by a Canadian Club, and hopes to duplicate Miss Ravenscroft's feat of 1913.



A SUN-ROOM WHEREIN EVEN THE SUN MUST LOVE TO LINGER. Rosy chintz, gay birds in white cages, a lamp of unusual design and the most charming of tea settees, combined to make a sun-room shown by the Robert Simpson Co. at the Canadian National Exhibition one of the most attractive of the house-furnishing exhibits.