

# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## As We See Others

### Woman and Politics

**D**URING the month of June, when the elections for the Legislature of Ontario were literally a burning topic, I heard more than once a married woman express herself to the effect: "Oh, I think elections are simply dreadful! I'm so glad my husband is not in politics." You may say that the grateful lady was not sincere, that it was purely an instance of sour grapes, and that her husband would probably have failed to secure any nomination in Ontario. However this may be, in a few cases, I believe that many women are absolutely consistent in their dislike of the political arena as a scene for the husband's activities and ambitions. There is a natural dislike, on the part of a woman, to have her husband made the object of public attack, although in Canada, "mud-slinging," in its most objectionable form, is seldom to be anticipated. Then political life always means a domestic sacrifice. Only those who are unaware of what the burdens of public life mean, think of those occupying responsible positions as sinecure-holders.

However, by the time a politician attains to the honours of the Cabinet, to say nothing of the leadership, his wife has become fairly hardened to the slings and arrows of outrageous political fortune and is prepared to sit through campaign meetings where her husband's absolute unfitness for office is urged excitedly by determined opponents. I have seen the wife of a very prominent politician in Ontario remain quite calm and smiling through a savage onslaught on her husband and say cheerfully to a would-be sympathizing friend: "Oh, it is only politics. I have been trained to listen to this kind of thing."

There is a rather serious side to woman's opposition to political life for the head of the household. As a young woman said, lately, when a worthy citizen expressed his contempt for political honours: "That is all very well. But it is our country, after all, and, if men like you are going to despise public life and class aldermen and members of Parliament as 'grafters,' what is to become of Canada?"

"Bad government cures itself," said the worthy citizen, with a shrug of the shoulders. "The people finally become disgusted and exchange one set of grafters for another. Then the new ones behave themselves, for a few years, in fear of being sent home."

"But, in the meantime, what becomes of the public? The health of our citizens is, in part, dependent on the men who hold civic office. A typhoid epidemic in Ottawa, Montreal or Toronto means bad city government."

"That's another story," said the man.

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### Canada's Birthday

**T**HIS week, Canada has been celebrating her forty-seventh birthday, with all the jubilant decorum which befits a grown-up nation. Only one of the early statesmen, who watched the first days of the Confederation, remains to rejoice in the prosperity of the Dominion of to-day. Away across the sea, in a typical English home, Sir Charles Tupper is spending the twilight of his life and still sends a message of remembrance and congratulation to the land in which his political years were spent. What a rushing torrent of waters has flowed beneath Canadian bridges since that summer day in 1867, which saw the four provinces formally united! We have known political conflict and civil strife, we have faced grave problems in Church and State, we have known our years of depression and our seasons of doubt. But, taking our dull Canadian who would not look forward, with a great belief in the Dominion and its people.

An old lady, who is a most enthusiastic patriot, was telling me lately about the first Dominion Day, which was celebrated, in her opinion, much more picturesquely than it is to-day.

"However," she concluded, magnanimously, "Canada is doing very nicely, even if we haven't the 'regulars' out here any more. But you should have heard the band play that evening, my dear, over in Queen's Park. It was a park worth while, in those days, before they filled it up with houses and cut down some of the best old trees."

In the process of nation-building, many of the

scenes, dear to the old citizens, have changed in an almost disheartening fashion, and yet we all believe that the ultimate result will be progress. The Canadian woman, who played so important a part in the pioneer days of hardship, has bequeathed to her descendants a sturdy nature and an unshaken pride in a country, whose golden age lies in the future.

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### The Matter of Adoption

**T**HE story of the little girl, orphaned by the recent terrible disaster to the "Empress of Ireland," and adopted by a wealthy family of Quebec, is like a chapter from an old-fashioned romance. Among



MRS. J. D. REID,

A Delightful Hostess of Simple Tastes, is this Chatelaine of "The Farm," at Prescott, the Rural Home of the Minister of Customs.

the many pathetic scenes, associated with that desolating wreck, none was more tragic than the lot of the bereft little children. That Florence Barber, one of the forlorn small creatures, should find so readily a welcoming home is one of the gleams of brightness in a sombre tragedy.

The adopted child is often discussed in these days, when juvenile welfare is so much in the foreground. An orphan asylum, however well conducted, seems a rather chilly home for very small citizens, although it is much better than the home where there is a drunken father or a neglectful mother. It is said that, in the case of adoption, a little girl is nearly always preferred to a little boy, and, of course, a pretty little girl, with golden curls and sparkling eyes, is almost certain to be chosen. Not long ago, in the city of Montreal, a wealthy merchant and his wife visited an orphanage, asked to be shown the small girls in the institution, and whisked off the prettiest in an automobile to a luxurious home and the probable inheritance of millions. It was a curious little drama, more interesting than any moving picture play, the transition from an orphan's estate to the position of a capitalist's heiress. And it may have been just a matter of extra long eye-lashes or a trifling depth of dimple which recommended that particular baby beauty to the parents in search of a pretty daughter. Yet, however affluent the home

to which the adopted baby is taken, those of us who have had "our very own" father and mother are not in any danger of envying the small person in such a case.

The magazines are so distinguished in these days by the walls of forlorn spinsters, that it may occur to many practical readers that some of these desolate damsels with wealth and leisure might well adopt a homeless wee citizen and give it something more cheerful than institutional care and environment. Some years ago, an unmarried woman about thirty-five years of age, who was alone in the world and had a dear old house which she hated to leave, and an income of about twelve hundred dollars a year (which means comfort in the small town of S—), flew in the face of the advice of two kindly brothers and their well-meaning wives, and adopted two little children. Teddy and Beatrice were the son and daughter of old friends, whom she had always known, and whose death had left the two little mortals with nothing before them but an "institution." So, the lonely woman, whose kinfolk live many miles away, and who has an especial fondness for small persons, played the fairy god-mother and brought the little orphans to the old white house, which has the largest lilac bushes in town. That was five years ago, and the experiment has turned out most successfully for Teddy and Beatrice, to say nothing of "Aunt Elinor," who had not the slightest desire for a "career," but has a positive genius for home-making. In fact, the eldest member of the household considers herself lucky in being an "adopted aunt."

ERIN.

### A Rural Hostess

**A**RTIFICIAL standards and biased views are apt to supplant simplicity and a true perspective of values in the case of the woman whose life is purely social. From which, the fact that so many women who participate in the social life of political Ottawa are not, in the main, of the butterfly order, is matter for public self-congratulation. Canadian hostesses, generally speaking, are delightfully gay, but too well-balanced to allow the social round to become a tread-mill.

In particular, Mrs. J. D. Reid, wife of the Honourable the Minister of Customs, is a charming hostess whose tastes are rural and who at "The Farm," her home, near Prescott, dispenses the pleasantest sort of entertainment.

"The Farm," as visitors like to recall, is a dear old place, a modernized farm-house, set in the midst of waving fields and overlooking the beautiful St. Lawrence. So that the cause for wonder is scant that the chatelaine is a happy "farmer," two of whose very chiefest delights are to roam the fields and to tarry on the water.

Frequent companions in these excursions are the dogs, two great pets, "Paddy" and "Caesar," an Irish terrier and a wire-haired fox terrier, respectively, of whom their mistress declares "they are positively human." Constant companions are two bright children, little Miss Reid and her brother Jack, who are even more human than the puppies.

Before her marriage the popular wife of the Minister of Customs was Miss Ephie Labatt, of Hamilton. As Miss Labatt her hobby was music, and with some idea of professionalism she went away to Germany to study. Ill-health, unfortunately, prevented her ambition; but that Mrs. Reid is a clever musician is the fixed persuasion of everyone who knows her.

### Song from "Up the River"

Let me lie down upon the bank, and drink!  
The minnows at the brim, with bellies white  
Upturned in specks of silvery light,  
Flash from me in a shower, and sink.  
Below, the blue skies wink  
Thro' heated golden air—a clear abyss  
Of azure, with a solitary bird  
Steadfastly winging thro' the depths unstirred.  
The brain turns dizzy with its bliss;  
And I would plunge into the chasms cool,  
And float to yonder cloud of fleecy wool,  
That floats below me, as I kiss  
The mountain Lady's lips with thirsty mouth,  
What would parch'd Dives give amid his drouth  
For kisses such as this?

—ROBERT BUCHANAN.