

# At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN



Fanciers of the French Bull Toy Held an Exhibit in the Hotel Astor, New York, a Few Days Ago. Salvolatile Was Shown by Mrs. Mary Winthrop Turner.

## Emancipation for Housewives

**T**WO cups of joy there are, to drink of in the year's passing—September days, and June's—two brimming cups of cheer.

Each year their luscious greens and their ripening scents are poured for our strengthening. In youth we quaff, unchecked, 'tis our right. But when youth with flying feet has gone, when cares come, and brain and heart are confused with plannings, when more than ever before we need the strength we deafen our ear to the fountain's flow, and with dry, parched lips plod wearily on, our thirst unquenched.

For ten years after my marriage I lost these wild, sweet days, longed for them, ahead, hailed them wistfully as they came, and bemoaned them as they passed. Spring sewing, autumn preserving, and both seasons' housecleanings, chained me indoors, and I dragged through each thirty days, a slave to these tyrant demands. Then suddenly, one sweet, "misty, moisty" morning, I decided that there was no actual need of the sewing siege, that Johnnie and Janie and Angeline had each really quite enough blouses and frocks to last them into July, and that my own could spend even farther into the season. Thus deciding I folded away my gingham and broderies, closed and locked my machine, and took June.

Oh, the blessed joy of those exquisite days, mine again, after so long relinquished! I left undone nothing actually needed for comfort of my household, but I did no more.

Each day, I had an hour or two in the fields, or in walks around the town, even in rains making my little journeys, the sweet, soaking rains of spring.

When my good man left for the office I would linger a bit on the steps for the morning delights; at even I often walked with him down the shady roadway; or I swung in the hammock while the children played their gloaming games of "Tag" and "Rancy Dancy De."

We hadn't a pudding or a pie for dessert in all that June, nor have we in any Junes since, nor ever will we again, while Junes wax and wane. Bananas and berries and crackers and cheese satisfied us all.

To its last rich drop I drank the cup, and then, strong of spirit and happy of heart, I hurried a bit

through July, and easily "caught up" with sewing and everything. So, in like manner, did I take September, its incense-breathing morns, its hazy noons, its yellow, dreamy eves. As before, I neglected nothing truly vital for comfort of the household, but, September was mine, and from the first day to the last I let its vagabond vagrant spirit possess me. I was "on the road" again, after being shut in civilized houses for ten years!

Not the newly-organized Browning Club, not a booth at the Charity Fair, not a Bridge party at my neighbour's house, nor my neighbour's wife, nor anything that was unneeded effort of body, mind, or will, could tempt me from my cheer. The shackles had fallen, I was free!

Some days I only puttered around the gardens. Sometimes we wandered to the woods, the children and I, and rustled our feet through the fallen leaves, and on several sunny afternoons I made a visit to friends outside the town, lovely rural walks through old-time scenes, and sweet, blessed communion with these old-time friends.

**I** DID not make a jar of peach preserve that year, nor did one of plum nor pear, nor have I in any of the years since, but we do not greatly miss them. For a very few cents more than fruit and jar and sugar would cost, I can buy them, if I wish, quite as fresh and almost as tasty as my own—while September comes but once in every year of a woman's life.

We are all happier for these cups of joy. The children have learned that they are "mother's months," and have caught the infection of the happy-go-lucky spirit. They join me often on my walks, and even condescend to ask me on their fishing trips. The demands, all around, are lighter, the supply more appreciated.

Follow me, mothers.

You women in the country, wander around the orchards, in bloom and in fruit. Go to the top of that hill you have been viewing wistfully these many years! The crown of glory it wears is for you, has been for you, and ye "would not" take it. Walk across the pasture to the fields where your men are ploughing; the newly-turned turf has a breath of strength, and your men will like to show you the plans for their planting. Pack a basket, one morning, and tell them you will all have dinner together under the big beech tree instead of at the stuffy, stove-heated house.

They may laugh, at first, and perhaps never actually admit to you the charm of it, for that is ever a man's way. But they will not refuse the dinner, and you will have had your whole happy day in God's good outdoors.

You women of the city, go on that car ride you have often planned, to park or pond; have your husband join you at the noon hour, and dine together from basket or restaurant. Go to the public gardens of an afternoon, with a new magazine under your arm, and read it through at a sitting, love story, and poems, and contributors' club. Linger a bit by the fountain, while the squirrels and the birds chip and twitter around you. Walk, at sundown, along some sequestered street, and let the peace and glow of the quiet hour into your soul. Take the children over to the little square nearby, and let them play down the paths while you sit with folded hands and think and rest. Be outdoors, if possible, one portion of every day, on shores of lakes, on banks of streams, or under green trees, anywhere.

Clothes wear out, and moths and dust corrupt, but a month of blue skies and green fields and wild scents will be yours, forever, a treasure of heaven, come down to us while on earth.

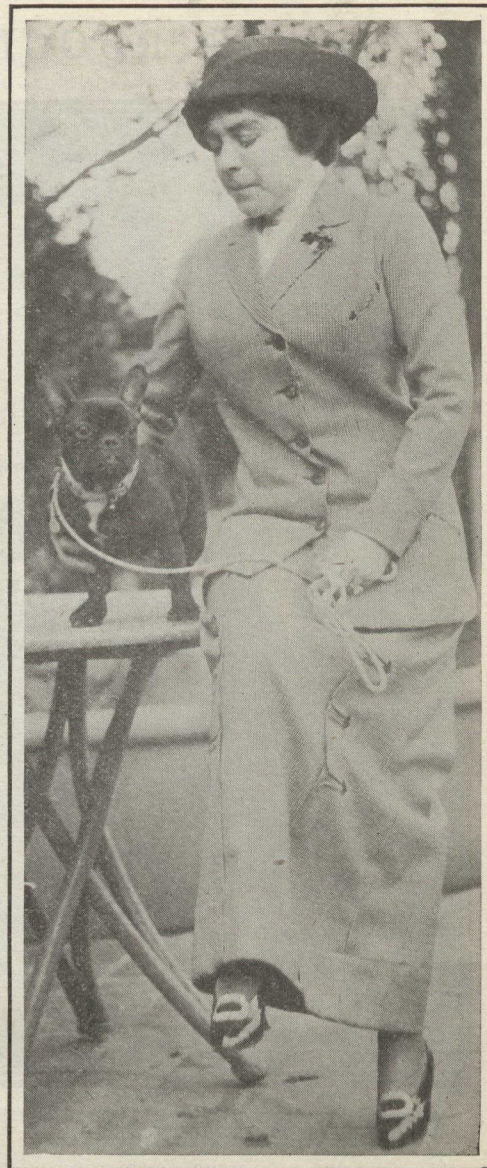
"Yo-ho-hoho, ho-yoho, who's for the Road!"

MARY MURRAY.

## Thirteenth Annual Meeting of I.O.D.E.

**S**Ocially, as in business respects, the annual meeting of the I. O. D. E., in Winnipeg, recently, was successful. Among the more conspicuous events were: The entertainment at Government House, when Mrs. Cameron was hostess; the presentation of the Pageant of Empire, with the Order as special guests; the civic honour of an auto drive and tea in the city park; and the reception the Winnipeg chapters tendered at the Royal Alexandra Hotel, at which Mrs. Henshaw's address on "Canadian Mountain Trails" was the principal feature.

The occasion was the Imperial Order's thirteenth annual assembly. The sessions were presided over by the President, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, of Toronto. The attendance was large and the representation covered the extremes of direction, east and west. A welcome tendered at the opening meeting by Mrs. S. P. Matheson, President of the Municipal Chapter, of Winnipeg, was suitably responded to by Mrs. James George, Vice-President of the



At the Show of the French Bull Toy, Mrs. J. S. Campbell Exhibited Her Diminutive Canine With the Very Appropriate Appellation of Campbell's Kid.

National Chapter. Reports, advanced by Mrs. Van Wart, President of the Provincial Chapter, of New Brunswick; by Mrs. Hannington, of Victoria; by Mrs. A. Wilson Smith, of Winnipeg, and by Mrs. Henshaw, of Vancouver, were among the factors producing a wealth of discussion. The Order's ideals and accomplishments were set forth ably and acceptably by Miss C. Welland Merritt, of St. Catharines. The Chapters, individually, have been surprisingly active and the year's work, in the aggregate, is tremendous.

A gracious feature of the big convention was a message of greeting to Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, coupled with a formal resolution of thanks, to the proper Source, for the latter's convalescence. The resolution was moved by Mrs. A. E. Gooderham and seconded by Mrs. Bruce, of Toronto. As an outcome of the somewhat lengthy discussion on immigration, the Order will aim to establish a chain of hostels across the Dominion, to be known as the Duchess of Connaught hostels. Miss Sutherland, speaking of the settlers' welcome work, deemed it the most important work of the Order.

The election of new officers amounted to reelection; the official posts for the year to be manned as follows:

President, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Toronto; Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. J. Bruce, Toronto; Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, Toronto; Hon. Organizing Secretary, Miss Chaplin, Toronto; Standard Bearer, Mrs. Henshaw, Vancouver; Vice-Regents, Lady Mackenzie, Mrs. James George, and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Toronto.

The Councillors-elect are: Mesdames A. E. Gooderham, Hannington, J. Bruce, Fetherstonhaugh, Henshaw, Lady Mackenzie, E. F. B. Johnston, James George, Auden, S. T. Matheson, Worthington, Nesbitt, R. S. Wilson, W. H. Burns, Ross Gooderham, John Cawthra, G. O. Hughes, Arthurs, H. G. Williams, W. A. R. Kerr, J. J. Garland, McKenzie, Alexander, Reddill, Peuchen, G. H. Smith, J. A. Ross, McGillivray, R. G. Sutherland, Garrett, Lady Tupper, Raynolds, DeGueren, Hodgins, T. J. Clarke, W. J. Wright, W. D. Spence, R. R. Earle, Miss Chaplin, Miss Constance Boulton and Miss Michie.

Toronto was unanimously chosen as the meeting place for the 1914 convention.