

Woman's Page

Devoted to Ways and Means for Bettering Her Lot in the Various Walks of Life

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED FOR THIS PAGE

THE TRAILS OF TEMAGAMI

By VICTOR SHAW

The trails of the Northland lure me,
For the Wanderlust is strong;
And the swaying pine
To this heart of mine
Croons the sweetest sort of song.
The lust of the hunt is on me,
And my heart and hands are free,
So I turn once more
To the fir-rimmed shore
Of my Lake Temagami.
—ROD AND GUN

Gow Ganda Incidents

MARY COTTON WISDOM

Sometimes in the evening, when all is still save for the cry of some lonely night bird, and the shadows are growing deeper, I look out between the closed doors of my tent and gaze into the forest ahead of me. Its dark silence has a strange attraction when I realize that beyond me it stretches its unbroken bounds up through vast areas to Hudson Bay, before reaching the home of another white woman.

Never in my life before have I been beyond the sound of the whistle of a locomotive, or out of any reach of a telephone or telegraph or a doctor.

The nearest settlement to us, excepting a few prospectors' camps, is the town of Gow Ganda, eight miles to the south of us, reached by a canoe route, intercepted by rough portages.

Our camp is pitched on a high bluff of rock on the shores of Lake Obuskoong. They chose this particular bluff for our summer camping ground on account of its scarcity of trees.

As a rule the shores are rimmed close to the water's edge with fir trees, which look beautiful. But alas, true it is that things are not what they seem, for these cool, inviting lovely looking glens are not nearly as nice when you reach them.

They are filled with swarms of black flies and mosquitoes, of moose flies and mingets, and various other insects that bite and sting and devour one in a most annoying manner.

One gentleman, who went prospecting in fly time this summer, told me that his eyes were so swollen most of the time that he could hardly see out of them and this in spite of a liberal application of fly oil. In camp we have been troubled very little with either black flies or mosquitoes; the breeze from the lake blows over our camp and drives them away.

Our camp is comprised of two sleeping tents for the men, furnished only with spruce boughs on which they spread their blankets. Also a cook tent, which is really our dining room and kitchen combined. Jack, our good natured cook, reigns supreme here, over his portable stove and his long shelves of canned goods, dried fruits, flour and bacon. We dine on an upturned toboggan set on four posts. For chairs we have two benches made of poles along two sides of our dining table. Our nearest approach to the conventionalities of outside life is a white oil cloth for a table spread. We have tin cups and plates and bowls. We make our soup in a tin pail. This soup Jack serves from the side-board (of poles) with a great flourish.

Jack is a baker by trade so we have delicious home made bread and buns. We also have fresh fish for the trouble of catching them, for there are plenty of fish in the waters up in this new country.

The only other tent in camp is that of the mine manager, over which I

preside with what grace I can. Our tent is slightly more pretentious than the others, in that it has log walls and a frame work of poles which keeps the canvas drawn tight. This is a luxury indeed, for when the wind howls and the rain falls it keeps things snug.

We have a little portable stove in one corner, a table in another, and our bed in one end. We have three shelves, one of which holds our toilet articles, soap, tooth brushes, etc. One holds our books and writing materials and the other is the medical chest for the camp. These things might as well be reposing in the drug store from whence they came for all the need we have of them. This is a too healthy a place for one to need medicine. We all have the best of appetites and our sleep is sweet. One of the miners told me that he had been camping out for fourteen years, rain and shine, winter and summer, and never knew what it was to have a cold.

This is our summer camp. When snow flies we will move back into a warm little valley full of trees, and live in log cabins.

We are well on up towards the north and the winds blow cold in winter. The custom of the country is to move to the sheltered places when cold weather sets in. So we follow the custom of the country. Those who have passed through the bleak cold winters know best.

Thus far I have enjoyed my stay immensely. The most delightful thing perhaps of all is the water and the lovely long canoe trips one has to take to get anywhere. With plenty of cushions in the canoe, I am lulled and sometimes go to sleep, as they paddle along the shore in the shade of the overhanging trees.

Odd Thoughts of an Odd Fellow

One hears a great deal these days of the "Servant Problem." Poor dames of the bourgeoisie have their cares, cannot as easily as yore, hire docile serving slaves! Says Ruth Cameron in the London Free Press:

Trust begets honesty and openness. Distrust is a natural breeding ground for deceit and dishonesty. When I hear a woman complaining of her servant, I always wonder if part of it is not caused by what she lets herself expect and if the same servants would be dishonest with some one, who expected honesty of them.

Believe the world is good and you will do much to make it so.

It is strange that the daughters of the working class shirk going into service, when a degenerate middle and ruling class not only treats them as inferiors, but when idlers expect them to be industrious, liars exact from them truth, when their employers in everything bid them: "Do as I tell you, not as I do."

An English wail, a "Barnado" charge, on reaching Canada was placed in a Christian minister's home. She was worked to the limit of her capacity, was treated distinctly as an inferior, had to eat her meals at odd times in the kitchen, shed many a tear from loneliness. Her sister was at the age of eleven entrusted to the care of so-called good Christians. These people were childless and adopted her. Made her the servant, you may guess. At the tender age of thirteen she became a mother, outraged by the scoundrel who had promised to protect her, and the good woman discarded her, and thrust her out into the world, and spoke of her as a depraved sinful creature.

The wife of an eminent Divine has no scruples to have her servant girl attend the furnace, early on Sunday morning.

An instance came under my observation very recently, of a mistress training the maid to lie, though very likely expecting the girl to be truthful in relation to her. I called at the splendid home of a man, known quite widely in Canada as the teacher of high ideals. I asked the maid, if her mistress was at home, as I wished to see her on a matter of business. Instead of truthfully answering me: "Madam is at home, but may not wish to be disturbed at present; but I'll see." I received the stereotyped answer of the well drilled servant girl: "I don't know, but will find out." She went up stairs, and

in subdued, but to me audible tone of voice, speaking in German which I happened to understand, told her mistress that some one had called to see her. I could not hear the response, but down came the girl, calmly lying: "Madam is not at home. Will you leave your message?" I left no message there. But my message to my kind readers is to rouse themselves, to think, to see things as they are, to work for the time when class lines will disappear and wage slavery cease!

Help hasten the day, so that the daughters of the working class will not be forced to slave at measly pay, for long hours, obeying a class that prattles of high ideals, of grand ethical laws, forces their helpers to act as lie and tells them to be "good."

GUSTAVE PRAGER

THE WOMAN'S CRUSADE

By S. GERTRUDE FORD

No care have we for flouting or for scorning:

We know the day breaks round us where we throng.

About our brows the light that makes the morning

Trembles, and on our lips a morning song.

And still new voices come to join our chorus,

And still into our goal new feet are drawn.

Behind us wanes the ignorant night; before us

Sings ever a wind of dawn.

From lip to lip we pass the cry of Justice.

The woman's claim to share the free-man's right,

In Freedom's name, in Freedom's strength our trust is:

Her battle, even hers, we go to fight.

What though the darkness leaves its lingering traces

In clouds yet dwindling, kindling one by one?

Steadily as a flint we set our faces,

Still, to salute the sun.

From all the crafts that grow by woman's labor,

From all the arts she serves with toil, or thought,

We meet, we mix as sisters and as neighbor,

Proud of the various work our hands have wrought.

And round us, lo! the flouting and the scorning

Die, and in broadening light our banners flame,

With us and for us are the stars of morning—

On, on! in Freedom's name.

—AMERICAN SUFFRAGETTE.

WELL TRIED RECIPES

Eggs and Tomatoes

Materials:—Six medium sized tomatoes, six fresh eggs, buttered toast, pepper and salt.

Preparations:—Scoop out the centre of each tomato and with this pulp make a well seasoned sauce.

In each of the cavities of the tomatoes, break an egg carefully, and season with pepper and salt. Put the tomatoes in a well buttered tin in the oven and bake till done. Have ready some buttered toast, on which place the tomatoes, pouring the sauce around them. This makes a tempting dish for supper.

Fish Pie

Materials:—The remains of any cold fish, some mashed potatoes, anchovy sauce, butter, bread crumbs, cayenne.

Preparations:—Butter a shallow pie dish and strew over it a few bread crumbs. Flake the fish and season it with cayenne (or black pepper if preferred) and anchovy. Lay it in the pie dish, fill up with mashed potatoes and over them put a few bread crumbs and lastly some small pieces of butter. Bake one half hour.

Ham Toast

Materials:—A few slices of cold ham, one of butter, a little parsley, cayenne, buttered toast.

Preparations:—Melt the butter in a small sauce pan; add the ham very finely chopped. Season with a little parsley and cayenne. Make the mixture thoroughly hot and spread over slices of buttered toast. This dish, which is nice either for lunch or supper, takes only about five minutes to prepare.

Order a bundle of Cotton's for distribution among your fellow trade unionists. It will wake them up.

ABOUT WOMEN

WILL R. SHIER

Woman should be regarded as a companion of, not as a menial or a plaything for, man.

A woman's sphere, like a man's sphere, should be determined, not by the accident of sex, but by her capabilities and inclinations.

There should be equal opportunity for the sexes in all departments of life, and equal remuneration for equal services performed.

Our double standard of morality is pernicious, in that it is an injustice to woman and a license for men.

Woman's greatest protection lies in freedom, education and economic independence.

The doctrine of man and wife being one is also pernicious, for it means the elimination of the individuality of one or the other, usually that of the woman. Marriage is a union, not an amalgamation of two personalities.

There is no office that requires such rare and diverse qualifications as that of motherhood. A clerk's knowledge need not extend beyond the goods he sells, a book-keeper need know little more than the rules of arithmetic, but a mother must be a teacher, a physician, a nurse, a moralist, a business manager, an artist, a legislator, a judge and a lover all rolled into one.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Cleanliness is the most essential ingredient in the art of cooking; a dirty kitchen is a disgrace.

Every morning visit your larder, change dishes and plates when necessary, and empty and wipe out the bread box. The shelves should be scrubbed twice a week.

In hot weather, a large porous flower pot wrapped in a wet cloth, or with some fresh cabbage leaves wrapped around it, turned over butter will keep the butter firm.

Much time is saved by putting all pots and pans away clean and ready for further use, and all meats and other food should be placed on clean dishes or plates before they are consigned to the larder.

Thrusting the knife that has been used for peeling onions, once or twice into the earth, will take away the onion smell.

Do not scrub the inside of your frying pans, unless they are of enamelled iron, as, after this operation, any preparation fried, is liable to catch or burn to the pan. If the pan has become black inside, rub it with a hard crust of bread, and wash it in hot water mixed with a little soda. It is a good plan to have one regular day in the week upon which every culinary utensil should have a thorough cleaning.

The more quickly colored things are washed and dried the less likely are the colors to run. Prints should always be hung in the shade to dry.

Blankets and white flannels should not be wrung much, but allowed to drip, and they should not hang in a strong sun as this makes them yellow.

THE CALL OF THE WEEK

By A. HENRY SCHNEER

Far above the clang and clamor

Of the hustling, bustling street;

Far above the dray and hammer

With its burning, yearning beat,

Calls the tempting, whispering hill-top

With the breath of mountain peak—

How the trees call, and the seas call,

But, oh, for the call of the weak!

Sing the praises of your river,

Of its urging, surging waves—

How they dance and how they quiver

That your heart so frantic raves:

Sing the praises of your landscape,

Of the sun-lit crimson streak—

Silent! Hush! The echoes murmur

A dirge for the death of the weak.

The way to nail men and women to the Socialist platform is to get them to subscribe to Socialist papers. More people are made Socialists in this way than in any other.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

ADVERTISEMENTS

PSALMS

PSALM 35.

20 For they speak not peace; but they devise deceitful matters against them that are quiet in the land.

21 Yea, they open their mouth wide against me, and said, Aha, aha! our eye hath seen it.

22 This thou hast seen, O Lord: keep not silence: O Lord, be not far from me.

23 Stir up thyself, and wake to my judgement, even unto my cause, my God and my Lord.

24 Judge me O my God, according to thy righteousness; and let them not rejoice over me.

25 Let them not say in their hearts, Ah! so would we have it let them not say, We have swallowed them up.

26 Let them be ashamed and brought to confusion together that rejoice at mine hurt: let them be clothed with shame and dishonour that magnify themselves against me.

27 Let them shout for joy, and be glad, that favour my righteous cause; yea, let them say continually, Let the Lord be magnified, which hath pleasure in the prosperity of his servant.

28 And my tongue shall speak of thy righteousness and of thy praise all the day long.

PSALM 36.

1 The transgression of the wicked saith within my heart, that there is no fear of God before his eyes.

2 For he that flattereth himself in his own eyes, until his iniquity be found to be hateful.

3 The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit: he hath left off to be wise, and to do good.

4 He deviseth mischief upon his bed; he setteth himself in a way that is not good; he abhorreth not evil.

5 Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.

6 Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments are a great deep: O Lord, thou preservest man and beast.

7 How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

8 They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasure.

9 For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.

10 O continue thy loving-kindness unto them that know thee; and thy righteousness to the upright in heart.

11 Let not the foot of pride come against me, and let not the hand of the wicked remove me.

12 There are the workers of iniquity fallen: they are cast down, and shall not be able to rise.

PSALM 37.

1 Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity:

2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

3 Trust in the Lord, and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

4 Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

5 Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day.

7 Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

8 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

9 For evil-doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

10 For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be: yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.

11 But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in abundance of peace.

12 The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnashed upon him with his teeth.

13 The Lord shall laugh at him; for he seeth that his day is coming.

14 The wicked have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow, to cast down the poor and needy, and to slay such as be of upright conversation.

15 The sword shall enter into their own heart, and their bows shall be broken.

16 A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.

17 For the arms of the wicked shall be broken: but the Lord upholdeth the righteous.

18 The Lord knoweth the days of the upright; and their inheritance shall be for ever.

PROVERBS

CHAPTER 19.

18 Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying.

19 A man of great wrath shall suffer punishment: for if thou deliver him, yet thou must do it again.

20 Hear counsel, and receive instruction, that thou mayest be wise in thy latter end.

21 There are many devices in a man's heart; nevertheless the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand.

22 The desire of a man is his kindness: and a poor man is better than a liar.

23 The fear of the Lord tendeth to life; and he that hath it shall abide satisfied; he shall not be visited with evil.

24 A slothful man hideth his hand in his bosom, and will not so much as bring it to his mouth again.

25 Smite a scorner, and the simple will beware; and reprove one that hath understanding, and he will understand knowledge.

26 He that wasteth his father, and chaseth away his mother, is a son that causeth shame, and bringeth reproach.

27 Cease, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge.

28 An ungodly witness scorneth judgment; and the mouth of the wicked devoureth iniquity.

29 Judgements are prepared for scorpions, and stripes for the backs of fools.

CHAPTER 20.

1 Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

2 The fear of a king is as the roaring of a lion: whoso provoketh him sinneth against his own soul.

3 It is an honour for a man to cease from strife: but every fool will be meddling.

4 The sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest, and have nothing.

5 Counsel in the heart of man is like deep water: but a man of understanding will draw it out.

6 Most men will proclaim every one his own goodness: but a faithful man who can find?

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO

ST. MATTHEW

CHAPTER 1.

16 And Jacob begat Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus who is called Christ.

17 So all the generations from Abraham to David are fourteen generations; and from David until the carrying away into Babylon are fourteen generations; and from the carrying away into Babylon unto Christ are fourteen generations.

18 Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost.

19 Then Joseph her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily.

20 But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife; for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost.

21 And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.

22 Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying,

23 Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is, God with us.

24 Then Joseph, being raised from sleep, did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him, and took unto him his wife;

25 And knew her not till she had brought forth her first-born son; and he called his name JESUS.

CHAPTER 2.

1 Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

2 Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

4 And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

5 And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judaea: for thus it was written by the prophet,



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WILSON'S FLY PADS
Will kill more flies than three hundred
sheets of sticky paper