

The Earth to Save the Woman and Lesser Themes

"P" IED April," let in again by that Gentleman Usher of the Bauble, April Fool, is just exactly the same drab month as all the other eleven to women whose life is to grind in the prison houses.

Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, convener of the Agriculture Committee of the National Council of Women, recently waited on the Ontario Provincial Secretary and semi-officially pleaded for women offenders. She would give them to Mother Earth as children for utter re-creation; would have their womanhood re-established by work on government farms, exchanging walls for the open air and sunlight. In brief, she would claim for women the hope of the farm at Guelph for men, a replica of which is for Edmonton.

That the idea is practicable the advocate is assured by her investigations made in the country south. At a girls' farm in Darling, Delaware County, Pa., not only do women perform the actual outdoor and indoor labour, but also the entire management is female. Ambition is given abundant scope by this means. Mrs. Hamilton, moreover, has herself conducted a fruit farm—a country hostel for women at Lorne Park, Ontario, and the experiment has been excellent in its results.

Stopford Brooke has written a poem entitled "The Earth and Man," which is just as truly the poem of earth and woman in this application. The burden runs:

"A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west—
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.
"So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

"A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream—
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

"So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy;
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy."

"Oh, good gigantic smile of the brown old Earth!" cries another poet. How it lures again even her eldest children to roam for the pussy-willows, to adventure the sludgiest tuft by the swollen rillet! And while one yields in abandonment must it still be denied to any to hearken the robin bending its reed of the ruddy, newly-rain-washed osier dog-wood?

The Dinner or the Arch?

THE agreeable alternatives were recently being discussed by the Edmonton branch of the Canadian Women's Press-Club. The

branch was arranging the entertainment of all the other branches, including the roots and trunk, of that body in June.

Now the writer, being a mere twig, has diffidence in suggesting. But truth is truth. She would vastly prefer the dinner. No, gluttony is not one of her vices. The goad is, on the contrary, altruism. For have not the housewives of Edmonton but lately achieved a cook-book? Has not the Lieutenant-Governor's wife contributed to its pages and have not many prominent women of Edmonton?

Far be it from guests to intrude upon hostesses' private arrangements. But the question appeared in the Edmonton press; so the inquiry is permitted: Why the arch? Might it not be a regrettable discourtesy to those ladies if an arch were preferred to their favourite recipes? The usages almost necessitate the dinner.

Whatever the issue, a feast of goodfellowship certainly there will be, when Olympians in the guise of humans with "brilliantine" in their



A Recent Triumph Achieved by the Heliconian Club of Toronto Was an Evening of Living Pictures Arranged by Mrs. J. E. Elliott and Mrs. Agar Adamson. One of the Most Charming of These Was the Above Illustration of a Well-known Verse From Omar. The Margaret Eaton School Gave an Ideal Stage.



Figures in the Tableau Salon, Which Was Recently Presented by the Toronto Heliconian Club. The Participants, from left to right, are Identified as follows: Miss Ethel Sheppard, Miss Mary Houston, Mr. Agar Adamson, Miss A. E. Dyas, Miss Isabel Sneath, Miss Mary Morley and Miss Evelyn Pamphylon.



Impersonally in the Arrival of Doctor Friedmann When He Came to Toronto to Demonstrate His Serum. As a Matter of Fact, the Young Ladies Should Look More Spirituelle, for the Group to a Maid Are Enlisted Students of Music.

satchels, hooks to do up in the mornings and places at table, will consort and be comfortable in a holiday.

King and Bottle to Part

REGARDING King George as a man there's a doubt (my personal opinion) as to which way the indignity falls when his picture appears as a sticker on whiskey bottles. That is to say, the test being strength, the bottle is always the better man in the long run. But regarding King George as a king the thing is monstrous. Peel him off. Imperialism and patriotism demand it!

The question was incidentally raised at the organization meeting of the new Provincial Chapter of the I. O. D. E., in Victoria, British Columbia.

The assembly elected Mrs. Henry Croft, of the provincial capital, as regent, and Lady Tupper, of Vancouver, as vice-president. The other newly-made officers are as follows: Mrs. H. E. Carry, Vancouver, second vice-president; Mrs. Hasell, provincial recording secretary; Mrs. Day, recording secretary; Mrs. W. J. Bowser, treasurer; and Mrs. D'Allain Davidson, of Vancouver, standard-bearer.

Addressing the delegates previously in cordial words of welcome, Mrs. Croft joined British Columbia roses and England's national emblem to make a garden of glory for Crown and Country.

Proof by Exception

ARE Englishmen in the main domestic tyrants? Charlotte Bronte declared that they were in her day. On the positive ground, to-day, many people are excusing the militant tactics of English suffragettes—"tictacs" an arguer called them and ruined a point.

The taste that lurks in the dregs of a cup will undoubtedly tincture the bubbles, and any characteristic dyeing a proletariat will also impinge a nation's upper classes. Significant, therefore, the words of Mrs. 'Opkins.

Mrs. 'Opkins denounce the English 'usband? Denounce him? Dear me, no! She only made boast that her personal "mastah" was so nice-tempered a man that none could explain the ugliness of their offspring. She further conjured me to ask any neighbour they had lived beside four years now and be told they would scarce know a man was about the place.

Crowing Hens' Accomplishment

SMALL wonder if Vancouver women are showing an unwonted "cockiness" at the moment, at least that special community of them that brought out the Vancouver Sun on March 19th. The usual chanciers were compelled to admire.

But the admiration was an outcome merely; the object was, by the sale of a special all-women's number, to raise funds to erect a building for use by the Vancouver women's clubs. In charge of the undertaking were Mrs. J. H. MacGill, Miss Lily Laverock, Mrs. W. G. Drummond, Mrs. W. H. Griffin, Mrs. W. C. McKechnie, and Mrs. E. P. Bremner.

M. J. T.