

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

As Others See Us

How the Land Lies

THE farmer is saying little these days; but he is, perhaps, congratulating himself with all his heart on his possession of a few acres of his own. A Montrealese, who had been considered a rich man before there were "Allies versus Germany-Austria," declares now that he takes great comfort in the thought of a small farm down in the prosperous Eastern Townships. How he exults in the possession of those chickens, the brown stretch of potato patch and the prospect of a crop worth while. The farmer is the true real estate magnate and is the happiest citizen in Canada to-day.

Are we down-hearted? Not while we have three million square miles and more in this Dominion, and a prospect of good harvests. The land is our unfailing resource and it is a most forgiving parent, yielding aid and comfort even to those who have forgotten the way back to the simple life. There has been a great deal of good advice in recent years, as to our complicated activities and our modern extravagances, with their often tragic consequences. The sword has cut through many entanglements and has proved to the world once more that there is very little wealth which humanity may call real. Paper values crumpled in a day and the soil which we possessed became the only firm belonging. There is a sense in which it is impossible to return to the simple life. We can hardly go back to the days of the spinning-wheel and the tallow candle, but we can go back to the ideals of simplicity in dress and habitation which made for peace and comfort.

For years, Canada has been "progressing" very rapidly, and, in some communities, money has been made with such apparent ease and swiftness that it had become the fashion to speak of a get-rich-quick citizen as one who had "made good." He might have lost health, honour and happiness in the process, but he was pointed to as one who had attained the ultimate height. Our get-poor-quick citizens are now coming to realize that the essentials to true success are not denied, in this land, to true industry. The land is ours still, and, in spite of war and taxes, while we have so good a heritage, it is not ours to grumble. Let us get acquainted with it, this year, as we never did before, and we shall realize that we have not only a Golden West, but a Gorgeous East.

A Surprise for the Cynic

A MAN who has been quite busy in patriotic work this year and who has two sons away in Flanders, remarked last week: "The cynic must have met with many surprises this year. While there have been revelations of ghastly cruelty and inhumanity, there has, also, been so much of unselfishness that one becomes both humbler and prouder every day."

Do we not live daily, in these tragic times, in an atmosphere of surprise at what humanity can endure and dare? We had a great belief in what our soldiers could and would accomplish, but the actual deed has been so much mightier than our assurance that we can say little over the heroes' dauntless charge and realize that Hamlet's "The rest is silence"

is a fitting close to the tragedy. In later years, loud tributes will be paid and stately shafts will commemorate "the wild charge they made," but to-day the heart of Canada is too deeply stirred for open acclaim. Least of all do we wish to hear a word from the cynic—from one who is all too engaged with flaws to see the majesty which sometimes blazes out in every soul. The man who has been scoffing at humanity for years, "blackening every blot," is heard but seldom in these months, when a sneer is utter blasphemy. We have learned much of horror, of what extremes of savagery the lust of world-conquest is capable, but we have learned, also, of the great, generous heart of our people, ready to relieve the distress of those who have seen home and country in ruins, and prepared to see this greatest conflict through, to the bitterest end. No, this is a time when the cynic finds his occupation gone.

Making Over Things

S AID a practical and hopeful woman the other day: "There is one thing we'll have to learn again—how to make over. We have become so accustomed, in years of plenty, to throwing away distasteful food or discarding half-worn clothes, that we have almost forgotten how to make over anything. And it does not need to be a failure, either, because it is a made-over. Think of the terrible task it will be to make over Europe."

"I'd rather be a young soldier who died at Langemarck than a man who will have poli-



LADY HENDRIE.

Wife of Col. Sir John Hendrie, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., of "Strathearn," Hamilton. Sir John is at present Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and residing in Toronto.

tical or military office after the war," said a knitting sister.

"Well, the men can't shirk their task of making over," said the first speaker, "and be sure that they will not want to. The boys have set us too good an example. But, do you know, I believe it will be a relief to many of us to cease 'keeping up appearances,' frankly admit that we need to economize and set about concocting simpler desserts and making last year's coat suit do for another season?"

"It is all very well, at first," agreed the other. "But there is nothing more monotonous than economizing. It is only when I think of the sadder lot of others that I am reconciled to our losses. I suppose we have needed all this 'lesson,' but there are so many innocent sufferers that one feels like protesting to Providence."

Making over things will be a world-wide task for many years to come. Kingdoms, empires and republics will be piled in shapeless masses before the machine-guns have ceased from firing. The work of reconstruction will be a vast undertaking, but that work will find the men fitted for its execution. To woman will fall the simpler, but not less important task, of reconstructing the home, where making over will be the policy until brighter days have come. However, even at its most difficult, the making-over process will not be as strenuous as the construction problems which were solved by our pioneer forefathers.

Much argument has been expended in trying to prove whether men or women have been most responsible for the extravagance of the household. Perhaps it is safest to say that each was equally guilty. But Canada has learned the folly of at least



LADY EATON.

Wife of Sir John Eaton, of "Ardwold," Toronto, who was made a Knight Bachelor in the recent Birthday Honour list. (From a new photograph taken especially for The Courier.)

some of this extravagance, and we shall probably all live saner and simpler lives until the cycle comes again.

ERIN.

Lady Hendrie

LADY HENDRIE is the wife of Ontario's Lieutenant-Governor and mistress of Government House, Toronto. Since her residence in that city during the past few months, she has devoted much of her energy to the furtherance of patriotic work and has associated herself with many of the women's organizations of the Province. Lady Hendrie before her marriage was Lena Maude, daughter of the late P. R. Henderson, of Kingston. She has one daughter, Miss Enid Hendrie, who has been of great assistance to her mother in the heavy social duties connected with Government House.

The Hendrie home is at "Strathearn," on the side of the mountain at Hamilton, and has long been known as a centre of hospitality and social work.

Lady Eaton

LADY EATON, or Mrs. Jack Eaton, as she has previously been known, is the mother of three sons, aged three, five and twelve years. Gardening is one of her hobbies, and the gardens at "Ardwold," Sir John's splendid residence on Davenport Road, Toronto, bear testimony to her taste and skill. Another hobby is music, and the Eaton house has a beautiful music room decorated by Mr. McGilivray Knowles, and furnished with a huge pipe organ.

Lady Eaton was Miss Florence McCrea, daughter of Mr. John McCrea, of Omeme, and was married fourteen years ago. She has a happy disposition, a generous nature, and a host of friends.

A Question of Skirts

OBVIOUSLY, from the results of the recent annual meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, held in Ottawa, this body is determined upon the "uplift" of the women of Canada. No half measures will be tolerated; the reformation must begin from the ground up. "Longer skirts for grown women" is one of their most urgent reforms, and they add "two inches longer at least, than the prevailing fashions call for." Now, we do not want to be harsh or unjust in our criticism of these earnest ladies, but do they know what the "prevailing fashion" in skirts is? Does any one know? What is the absolutely correct length of the fashionable skirt? We admit that we ask more in a spirit of curiosity, rather than with a desire to conform with the standards of length set by the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

So far as our observations go, the prevailing fashion in skirts calls for a garment full in the extreme and of a length that is neither graceful nor disgraceful, but serves only to hide a dainty ankle or (Concluded on page 13.)



MISS ELIZABETH CAMERON.

Of Vancouver, recently appointed Health Inspector by that city. Miss Cameron has since obtained leave of absence and sailed with the last contingent of Canadian nurses for service with the Army Medical Corps.