

# Dress Goods From Canada

Showing How Canadians Are Keeping Up With The Rest of The World

By RUTH WARNER

SHE asked "Where are they made?" Quite cheerfully, with not a little triumph I replied, "In Montreal."

Why does it matter? What business is it of ours? We are the buyers, the "ultimate consumer," the women of Canada.

Yes, they're "made in Canada." But this is not an advertisement.

I was deluged with textiles. They took a living form in the shape of millions of samples of print for dresses, for shirts, and aprons, nainsooks, cotton, sheeting, towelling, table-cloth, window hangings, voile, ticking, flannellette, gingham, galateas, ducks, drills, worsteds, and cloths. I heard all their advantages from eager young men, sales-men of the mills. Then I took some of them home and washed them and they washed, and not only washed, but wore. Neither sunlight nor soap faded them.

Most of the cottons manufactured in this country have heretofore been sent out to the wholesaler without a mill stamp or a Canadian stamp—that's a fact; it's changing now. The "Made in Canada" label went on the output of one mill at the outbreak of the war and stayed on in spite of a wobbly protest from a wholesaler that buyers had not been used to buying that particular weave as Canadian made. I saw some beautiful cottons, however, with "Made in Canada" stamped on the end of the roll, so that if you insist you'll get Canadian goods quite unmistakably stamped.

The wholesalers, however, are quite anxious to sell you Canadian goods if you're ready to buy. In the end, it will be better for them as it will be better for the country. But if country buyers wander in and refuse even to look at Canadian prints, as they do, the wholesaler can do nothing but sell the imported article.

One maker says:—"The sole reason why our prints have been sold as English is not because of any prejudice on the part of the jobber who handles our goods, but because the average retailer throughout Canada, who has the ultimate disposition of the goods, feels that by having imported prints it is something to talk about and a means of persuading his customer she is getting the best value for her money in buying an imported print."

"The retailer has found this is by far an easier way than having to educate the consumer to the fact that Canadian made prints are equal to the imported prints, or in other words is following the line of least resistance."

"As an instance of what I mean, would say that some time ago we sent out to the retail dry goods stores in Canada a little booklet containing samples of our print. In this booklet we called attention to the quality and others matters of interest, and asked them to solicit this print from the wholesaler as "Canadian" print.

"Among the many replies we got back was one from a certain retailer in Ontario who told us very briefly that he could never buy Canadian prints as his customers found they did not wash well."

"We had our man in Toronto go and see him, and he reported to the effect that this man was using Canadian prints, bought from a certain wholesale house, which he was firmly of the opinion were English prints, and as a matter of fact, he stated that some two years previous he had bought some prints from another wholesale house, of which he still had some left, which turned out to be

some poor grade of foreign goods, and he had assumed from what the traveller told him that these poor goods were of Canadian make and the ones that were giving satisfaction were of English make.

"He was much surprised when our representative conclusively proved to him by our own sample and patterns that the goods he preferred were Canadian-made, and this man made the statement that he would always in the future insist upon getting and would get Canadian-made goods when the price and quality were equal."

"How many people know that probably ninety pieces out of a hundred of Canadian prints are sold by the retailer as English goods?"

"This is done because of unnatural prejudice, but the fact remains that of one million of pieces of print goods we sell in the year we possibly do not have 50 pieces

"Now here is an imported article," and he inclined the customer to believe some greater advantage that he believed to be hers from buying the imported article.



a year returned because of bad coloring."

A Canadian linen manufacturer says of his goods: "With regard to the quality of the Canadian article being inferior, if you will ask an expert what he would think of double damask table-cloths and napkins containing 100 to 120 ends to the inch, and

140 to 150 shots per inch, of 70s and 90s line linen yarns, you may get some idea of the fineness of the linens this company makes."

"The fact that our linens are sold by the large department stores in the City of Edmonton and by the T. Eaton Co., and Robert Simpson Co., in Toronto, together with high grade stores from one end of the country to the other, might convince any person that the quality is right."

Linens can be made just as well in Canada as anywhere. Hand looming of linen in Ireland is a thing of the past. I have it on the best of authority that the supposedly hand made linens sold by the peasants on the roadsides and at some of the ports where hand made linens are sold to the unsuspecting tourists are not hand made at all, and in fact, in most cases, are Austrian products or German factory-made, bought at a low price and sold by the peasants as their own handiwork.

Another opinion of Canadian goods, quite independent, is that of a man who buys more cotton goods than anyone in Canada.

"Such and such Canadian print," he said, "that you buy at 10c. a yard cannot be beaten; the 12½c. prints are better than any other country makes at that price; this 15c. duck cannot be equalled and the 15c. galatea is as good."

He quoted Canadian cashmerette at 12½c., as being the best value made and said the same of cashmere, ducks and drills at 15c.

Certain piques, repps, and lawns, are "better value than Europe." They are; I saw them. Not that my opinion counts when an independent expert is speaking; but as an ordinary woman, who goes shopping, I have a very vivid recollection of these particular goods. They are beautiful.

So on, with gingham and the rest. These are all low priced goods. Can our Canadian mills not make finer weaves? Certainly, but they are so busy supplying the demand for the staple lines that they are only slowly expanding into the other.

What we don't know about our own Canadian manufactures is amazing. Some one told me no voile was made in Canada. I came across a factory, a lace-making and

(Concluded on page 36)

# French Women Are Not Frivolous

As We Have Been In The Habit Of Thinking In The Past

By GABY GIRARD

HOW does it happen that we French women are called frivo-

lous, and are supposed to be, of all women, the most immersed in the dictates of fashion? Well, let me tell you, a Frenchwoman of only moderate means, myself.

I am a good example, because I am what you call typically French. So much is this true that certain of your writers have been kind enough to put me in stories, in which they copy that very bad English of mine, and in which they speak of that expensive perfume I use, and of my many chic gowns, and oh, la la, of my hats without count.

Take those hats, for instance, I make them all. With a ten cent frame from your very admirable five and ten cent store and a yard of old brocade which mamma had before me, and a dozen strong big pins, I will guarantee to produce a hat which will make everybody on the fashionable avenue stare at it, and wager that I have paid at least thirty dollars for it. After I wear it a few times I take it all to pieces, push the frame into a different style, use a piece of black velvet, and there I have quite another hat.

I buy straw hats in the fall and felt hats in the spring, and so I always have a good stock of hats on hand, which I can, with these small fingers of mine, twist into any shape that I want.

Oh, but my Canadian friends always say, I have not those nimble fingers, madame!

And why have you not? Every Frenchwoman has and they are not gifts of Le Bon Dieu, either, but they exist because they must, because they are needed. France is not a rich country, but it is a thrifty country, where wastefulness and inefficiency are looked upon as crimes. Oh yes, I know that this disagrees with the popular conception of France—that France which has given to you bad novels, extravagant modes, and naughty plays, but I am talking about the real France. The France which gives you all these evil things is the France of which we French people are ashamed, and which has no more real, national existence, than the gunman of your slums has.

Every French girl, then, must learn to sew, because she must make nearly all of her clothes, and because she has good taste, and because the nation puts a great deal of stress upon beauty, she must learn to follow the styles, and to achieve a great deal with almost nothing. She must learn to make ribbon bows, to mend lace, to clean her own delicate silk waists, to take care of her shoes, and to adapt her wardrobe to the changing modes of each season without recklessly cutting up and destroying good material. This is true of the rich girl as well as of the poor girl, with the exception, of course, that the rich girl will have more clothes, and richer ones, in proportion.

You are always being struck with the pretty appearance of the Frenchwoman, but that appearance is not because she spends money; no, it is because she spends time and thought, and not money.

A lady who sees me often said to me, the other day: "Madame, you have so many beautiful black dresses, all so different in style."

That makes me laugh. "Why, my dear friend," I say, "that is always the same dress."

She will not believe me, until I show her. The dress itself, is a plain black one, but of very, very good material, and well cut. It has a round Dutch neck and elbow sleeves, and I can wear it anywhere, and be appropriately dressed, by adding to it, with those same nimble

fingers of mine, any one of a dozen different sets of accessories.

First, I can wear it as it is, with just a gold

cord around the neck, or with collar and cuffs of sheer, plain linen. That will do for morning. Then I have some very beautiful gold bandings, arranged like a bolero. I can put them on the dress, add a gold buckle to the drapings of the skirt, and—voilà!—there I am, good enough for an afternoon concert or for a tea. If I want to be just a little bit dressed up in the afternoon, then I pin a long, beautiful frill of lace to the neck, which hangs down and is tucked into the belt. Then, if I go to a ball I wear with my same black dress a handsome silk sash, worn gypsy

fashion around my waist, and a chiffon waist which is adjusted to the waist of my black dress, and which is embroidered in the same colors as the sash.

A great many people have seen that poor little dress, with all its many ornaments, and they all, except some occasionally very clever women, give me credit for all kinds of extravagance.

Frivolous? Why, my dear Canadian sisters, the Frenchwoman is one of the most serious minded people in the world. What deceives you is that beautiful smile, which she wears for everyone; the policeman on the corner, the person who returns her a dropped handkerchief, or assists her into a car, they all receive it. That smile is inborn in her from the time that

she is big enough to understand the value of it. She uses the smile as her small change, but even though she understands how to use it for her own ends, do not think that it is selfish. First of all a French girl learns to smile for her father and her mother, and even though she may learn to smile at the world at large, later on, the real tenderness and fineness of her smile remain. And very often she will give it to you while in her heart she may have some very bitter sorrow.

The French girl has been taught from her earliest day that it is due to her sex to be bright and cheerful, and not for anything would she want anyone to doubt that she is possessed of charm. And charm, when you analyze it—what is it but a bright smile, a sweet voice, and a merry sympathetic glance of the eye. In that way a Frenchwoman makes up her charm, and in that way, too, she is often accused of frivolity, when it is really goodness of heart.

What I like in the Canadian woman is her courage, her independence, and her good business sense, but I seriously believe that she could learn something from the women of my nation about her own proper business, which is that of being a wife and mother.

Every Frenchwoman, no matter how high her social position or what else she does, is proud of being able to cook. Often, with a houseful of servants, and with more money than she knows what to do with, the Frenchwoman will go into her own kitchen, and make some special dish for her family, and she is proud of being seen driving or motoring to market; often, she will go far out into the country, every day or so, just so as to get fresh eggs or fruit.

As a mother I think I can say, without laying myself open to the charge of egotism, that the Frenchwoman is the best in the world. In the Bois de Boulogne, in the afternoon, you will see hundreds of mothers out with the nurse and the children, playing with them, and making a point of seeing that the nurse is really a proper person to be with them. You will not see that in America, nor will you see Canadian mothers going about constantly in the company of their children, and yet this is the usual thing in France.

