

## Of Interest to Women

### KEEPING A DIARY

**Most Women Consider Their Everyday Doings Too Unimportant to Be Worthy of a Chronicle—And Those Who Do Make a Record of Everything They Think, Do and Say are in Constant Dread of Losing It.**

The writing of a diary is suggested by Miss Clemence Dane, the well-known novelist, as an amusing and interesting pursuit, writes Ann Adair in the Glasgow Herald.

Hardly any one, Miss Dane declares, can give a coherent account of any chosen day in her past life. Yesterday, like an old newspaper with its record of a hundred multifarious happenings, is shoved away and lost. Lost, too, are all the fascinating little details which gather interest with the years—the kind of dress you wore at the Forbes' garden party, trailing draperies or abbreviated skirts; the games you played, croquet or center court tennis, even the refreshments provided. Were cocktails just coming in then, and was grapefruit known as a beverage, or was Russian tea all the rage, and if the Forbes being rich and extravagant had Neapolitan loaves?

Most women consider their doings too unimportant to be worthy of a chronicle. All very well to write a diary on holiday when no two days are alike. Delightful to look back to those weeks abroad ship, to record one's impressions upon entering the dreaded Bay, upon attaining one's first glimpse of Gibraltar. But very different the diary of a stay-at-home.

#### The Domestic Diary

"Mary overslept. Rush to get breakfast. Ralph cross because bath-water cold. Gave Mary notice. Wish could give Ralph notice, too. Telephone ceases functioning. Rush to call office to demand assistance. Telephone-man arrives lunch-time. Very sarcastic when he tests phone and finds it working perfectly. Feel a fool."

"After man departs looking superior, decide to ring up servants' registry. Phone dead as mutton. Rush to call office to recal superior young man. On return, Mary reports telephone all right, and gentleman to see me. Said gentleman, complete stranger, wrings my hand warmly, proceeds to unpack new type of carpet-cleaner, and to sprinkle newly cleaned carpet with suspicious-looking powder.

"There!" he exclaims triumphantly as he applies machine to hitherto pristine surface, and goes off on long dissertation in the middle of which Mary ushers in Mrs. Bore.

"Problem: Should one introduce unknown gent? Mrs. Bore gushes over noisy machine. Unknown gent greatly intrigued until she admits she bought one six months ago. Get rid at last of U. G., not of Mrs. B. Ralph returns, glowers at her. Unmistakable odours of dinner arise from below stairs. What to do? Ralph does it. Rain's coming on. Mrs. Bore. I'll run you home in the car if you like."

"Clever Ralph. Decide not to give Ralph notice. Nice dinner. Decide to keep Mary on. Wireless afterwards. Decide after listening till midnight

programmes aren't what they were. Telephone bell rings. 'Bell all right? There was some complaint earlier?' 'Gosh,' says Ralph, 'we'll be cut off if I keep on forgetting to square the bill.'"

#### Big Happenings Scarce

Now no woman in her senses thinks that sort of thing worth committing to paper. And the big things in life only occur once in a while. When they do, something keeps us from recording them, some inner reticence forbids us writing them down. Nothing could induce us to record that we fell in love, or out of it, on this day or that in a little gilt-edged book which anyone might prise open and read. Nothing would induce us to expatiate upon the anxiety we endured when our loved ones were ill, or in danger, for the simple reason that at the time we daren't acknowledge even to ourselves the extent of our anxiety.

For my own part, I cannot conceive any woman sitting down at the end of the day, pen in hand, and writing the truth, the whole truth about its happenings. We are so much creatures of the moment that the result would be an unfair showing. Our anger, our affections, are so short lived, that it were better to leave them unrecorded. We should only reveal ourselves as vacillating creatures groping in a mass of fear and doubt. In fiction there is invariably an ending to every story. In real life, conversely, so much is unexplainable, so much is never satisfactorily straightened out that a truthful diary would only be a mass of tangled threads that never achieved a satisfactory pattern.

#### Fears of Authorship

I have one friend who keeps a diary, and who lives in constant dread of losing it, although her entries are cryptic enough. "Had the aunts to dinner. Help Black lace. Ducklings. Strawberry flan." Confusing this, a trifle, until you realize black lace is what the writer wore, ducklings what she gave her guests to eat. The reason for those mundane details is because if she wears the same frock soon again her relatives are apt to say—"Dear me, have you not another dress in the world?" and to think her lacking in housewifely instincts if she inadvertently provides the same thing over again to eat.

More of a give-away is another entry in this diary—"Went to the Smiths' party. Never again." Only two lines, but enough to give its owner a sleepless night when she mislays the book containing them.

Here in a nutshell, is the reason why diary-keeping is rarely a pleasure or as profit to its author. Because of fear of other eyes, of possible misconstruction, the diarist dare not be wholly and unrestrainedly honest. And truth is the only snice to make palatable an otherwise dull dish.

ian father, who hated slovenly habits of speech, trained Lowell as a boy to express his ideas.

Perhaps this has more to do with his hold over audiences than all the high-powered colleges he attended later. In fact, he admits it.

#### Slang Not Funny

The advent of slang into our lingo, or rather into our language that has become lingo has shoved expressive words over the ledge. A little of it is a "bit of all right," as the Cockney says. But slang is not so popular because it brings a laugh—it really doesn't, any more—but because it can be rolled off without thinking.

Speaking of confidence, by the way, there is no other booster to pride in the world that can equal that of correctly expressing one's ideas. "Gab" is really a gift, if it is concise, interesting and spoken straight from the brain without repetition or halts.

So many people trying to get to a point ramble over to China and back when all they want is to get next door, figuratively speaking.

Calvin Coolidge had a reputation for silence. Perhaps he was too silent to suit most people. Often he did not choose to speak, but when he did it was quoted all over the land.

#### Worth Parents' Effort

And so, I believe that parents could not spend time to any better advantage than in training the child in the art of clear expression. Also, to increase vocabulary by the addition of one new word a day. It can be done by spelling and defining a word, using it in two sentences and then having the child make up several of his own.

After that this word and others learned before should be included in general table conversation or whenever the family is together.

Children should be encouraged to relate an experience in clear, brief sentences without gesture and without shouting all over the place. As they grow older the factor of entertainment must enter into it. They should learn description and details that will hold listeners.

But the ABC of good-speaking is the slight pause, before utterance, in which thoughts are assembled at the front of the mind before firing, the speech of everyday life will eventually take on the characteristics of the "exercise time." Then it will become natural.

## Old Times Recalled

The following paper was read by Dr. Alfred G. Bailey of the Provincial Museum, Saint John, before the Fredericton Science Club. We will, by request, publish a portion of it each day until the series is completed.

(Continued)

After the battle the British troops lingered in the Netherlands without accomplishing much. Life was hard and monotonous. Edward Wolfe's weakly body succumbed to the continuous strain of army life. After a short illness he died of a virulent consumption.

#### Battle of Falkirk

Wolfe was recalled to England. In 1745 a domestic crisis was reached which the British troops were called upon to meet. On July 25 Bonnie Prince Charlie landed with a few followers in the highlands of Scotland and marched south with the determination of seizing the British crown from the reigning Hanoverian dynasty. He made a brave showing at first. As he descended to the harsh notes of the bagpipes through the rugged highlands inhabited by warlike clansmen, many took up arms and flocked to the standard of the Stuart prince. But when he reached the English midlands many of his followers went back to their homes, and few English joined him. At Derby he wavered and listening to the perhaps bad advice of his officers, he commenced to beat a retreat. The English troops followed hard on his trail, and caught up with him at Falkirk, beyond Edinburgh. The English did not think that Prince Charles' troops would attack. But they did, and took the English completely by surprise, who in fact were having their dinner. The Scotsmen beat off a charge of horse, as can be seen in the picture. They charged with their claymores and broke the English left and centre.

Only where Wolfe was stationed did the English stand firm, and when they had to fall back to keep their alignment with the rest of the force, they did so in such perfect order, with drums beating and colours flying, making such a gallant show, that the victorious Scots shrunk from following them.

Altogether it was a curious encounter, and according to the gossip of the ale-house and tavern, both sides are said to have run away.

#### Cumberland

But in reality the Stuart cause was already lost. The Duke of Cumberland ravaged the highlands and punished the rebel highlanders with great severity, and with such cruelty, according to their sympathizers, that they called him the butcher. "The battle of Culloden followed. As Wolfe laconically described it, "Yesterday about one in the afternoon the Duke engaged with the Rebel army, and in about an hour drove them from the field of battle where they left nearly 1,500 dead; the rest, except the prisoners escaped by the neighbourhood of the hills."

It was after this battle that the Duke of Cumberland is said to have told Wolfe to shoot a wounded highlander, who, instead of saluting, was scowled at His Royal Highness.

"My commission," Wolfe is said to have replied, "is at Your Royal Highness' disposal, but I cannot consent to become an executioner."

After a brief campaign in the Netherlands it was Wolfe's unenviable

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to spend the next eight years in Scotland pacifying the sullen Jacobite rebels, among a people with whom he could not, by the nature of his calling, be on friendly terms, and in a climate which undermined his already frail constitution and hastened his end; and in command of a regiment in England, which did not seem to agree with him any better.

Although his duties at this time certainly did not show him to be anything more than an efficient officer, they earned him the name in the army of being "the soldier's friend." His regiment fell short of the demands made by his superiors, it would not be "all along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess, all along o' doin' things rather more or less."

He maintained a strict discipline both among the officers and men, and there was to be no shirking of duty or hardship. But at the same time he was keenly solicitous for the welfare of those under his command. To him they were human beings and not merely sub-divisions of platoons.

This unusual view of human nature earned Wolfe a reputation for eccentricity, but his methods were completely vindicated when his regiment underwent the test of active campaigning. The Duke of Newcastle afterwards, even went so far as to say he was mad. In answer, George II is reputed to have said: "Mad is he! Then I only hope he'll bite some of my generals."

#### Elizabeth Lawson

The monotony and drudgery of holding a regiment together in peace time was only relieved by the existence of a young lady called Miss Elizabeth Lawson, daughter of Sir William Lawson and Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales. Wolfe seems to have become passionately, if temporarily in love with her. She had an uncle who was a general, and her mother was the niece of an earl, but her dowry of 12,000 pounds was not enough to satisfy Mrs. Wolfe, although neither she nor her husband had any personal objection to Elizabeth.

Wolfe's mother had the Yorkshire regard for "brass," and her ambitions for her son far exceeded anything that the Lawsons had to offer. One might suppose, from looking at her picture, that Wolfe would have been very lucky to get her at any price. He was not to do so. Mrs. Wolfe set her face like flint against the match. And there was in Crofton a Miss Hoskins who had two and a half times as much, and who went so far as to send Wolfe her compliments. It is probable that he could have had her for the asking.

He may have been repelled by the friend who brought the message, and who, in seeking to commend her to Wolfe could find nothing better to say than she was "a complete woman." Although Wolfe remained faithful to Elizabeth Lawson, his position was particularly embarrassing. He was forced to accede to the will of his dominating mother, and to avoid a upon breach with his parents, he caused his shaky financial position made it impossible not to ask them for help.

As the commanding officer of a regiment he was expected to cut a good figure in society, but all he had for pocket money, after all his bare living expenses were paid, was a shilling and a penny a day. His mother Henrietta, portrait by Hudson is shown here, could therefore call the tune, and she did.

But Wolfe did not give in without a struggle. His father now a general accused him of "obstinacy and perseverance in error." Henrietta was "open to the suspicion of having exaggerated an attack of sciatica to give the impression that her son's disobedience had made her seriously ill." He returned to his regiment and the affair went badly for some months. When he visited home again, the subject of his marriage was brought up by his mother who is said to have had a nagging tongue.

Not content with urging the attractions of Miss Hoskins, the complete woman, she made insinuations about the past of Elizabeth Lawson's mother, accompanied, so Wolfe's biographer guesses, by allusions to the principles of heredity. Wolfe's anger blazed, and he flung himself out of the house, and took to an idle and dissolute life that did his health no good. The love affair was over. Although he cherished affectionate memories of Elizabeth for many years, he never saw her again. She died unmarried six months before Wolfe was killed at the battle of the Plains of Abraham.

In 1756 Wolfe was thirty years old. He had little more than two years of life before him. It is probable that if he had died at that moment his name would soon have been forgotten. It is true that he had proved himself a good soldier, but that is not a guarantee of immortality. All those achievements for which his name has become famous were crowded into those last two years. But the character which supported him through the crisis of the last years was now formed, and the skill and knowledge that were to lead him from one success to

another had for the most part been acquired. Between the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle which had ended the war of the Austrian Succession in 1748 and the outbreak of the Seven Years' War in 1756, he had not had a chance to prove his mettle.

Now events were taking shape in which he was to play a decisive and heroic part. France and Great Britain were again at war. They had seldom really been at peace in the colonies. In the previous year the English general Braddock had been defeated and killed in attempting to take Fort Duquesne, the French stronghold on the Ohio; and the English had by the capture of Beausejour, extended their power across the Missaguash into what is now New Brunswick.

The growing desire for national prestige in England and France at every point, the rivals demanding the satisfaction of military and naval victories over each other. These sentimental excesses did not veil the fact that the growing capitalist structures of the two countries were competing for the control of the raw materials that had been made available by the discovery and settlement of America, and by the opening up of India to European commerce.

In the history of this rivalry the Seven Years' War forms a decisive epoch. It had been in progress fourteen months when Wolfe was called upon to take part. Up to this point everything had gone disastrously for Great Britain. On the continent the Duke of Cumberland was defeated at Hastenbeck. His only ally, Frederick the Great, was threatened with ruin by converging forces of French, Austrians, and Russians. The French had captured Minorca and gained control of the Mediterranean. In India the English lost an important stronghold and suffered the tragedy and disgrace of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

In America Montcalm destroyed Oswego and thereby deprived the English of their footing on Lake Ontario. The English people were completely demoralized and trembled in fear of invasion.

The government of the corrupt and ignorant Duke of Newcastle, commanded the confidence of no one, but that gentleman was such a master of political trickery that he kept himself in power. William Pitt knew that he was the only man who could save the country from complete collapse. Every one else knew it too, and George the Second, who disliked him, was forced to offer him the position of secretary of State. Pitt, of whom we see a portrait here, was one of those men whose influence and achievements are hard to explain. "His knowledge was neither wide nor deep. His administrative capacity was small. He was irritable in temper and overbearing in manner." His behaviour was theatrical and his speech bombastic. But he was absolutely above corruption, he was a magnificent orator, and his patriotism was lofty and unswerving. Perhaps greater than any of these, he had a surprising capacity for picking capable leaders, disregarding the claims of birth and seniority with which the navy, and particularly the army, were rotten. Wolfe was one of his chosen men.

In 1757 Pitt determined to seize and destroy Rochefort on the coast of France, by a bold stroke. The expedition, with which Wolfe sailed, set out with the greatest secrecy. Unfortunately Pitt had not been left free to choose the leaders of this expedition, and when Wolfe surveyed the situation of the town, and reported an effective means of attacks, the generals and admirals commanding approved of it, hummed and hawed, refused to co-operate, and did nothing. The expedition returned to England in disgrace. A commission of enquiry was held, and the army leader was brought before a court-martial. Wolfe's evidence showed that he was one of the few who had acquitted themselves well, and as he was one of Pitt's men, that great statesman was given a free hand to carry out his experiments in leadership, shocking though they were to military prejudice.

Although British fortunes improved in India and on the continent, in America they looked blacker than ever. Pitt determined upon the reduction of Louisbourg as a decisive step in the converging military and naval attack on Canada. Judging by promise rather than achievement he replaced the senior officers by young men and vigorous men. Colonel Jeffrey Amherst was put in command, and Wolfe received this commission as one of Amherst's three brigadiers.

The fortress of Louisbourg commanded the approach by sea through which passed most of the maritime traffic to and from Canada. It served as a base for the raids of privateers on New England shipping. But above all, it dominated the fishing industry of the Grand Banks, and was a distributing point for goods of all kinds. From the West Indies, Canada, and Europe. What was particularly galling to the British authorities was the brisk contraband trade between Louisbourg and New England.

It was recognized by the British commanding officer that the most critical part of the operations was the effecting of a landing near the fortress, in Gabarus Bay, with the risk

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of probable destruction by the French shore batteries.

Wolfe was selected to land eleven battalions of the 13,000 men who composed the enterprise, and to secure a foothold on the coast. As his boats raced for the shore a tremendous storm of grape-shot forced him to call a retreat. At that moment some of the boats had, by accident, drifted around promontory, out of sight of the French. Wolfe was able to see beyond the promontory, and ordered a dash for the landing-place. Many boats were stove in by the rocks, and many men were drowned. But Wolfe was able to dispose his troops before the French realized what had happened.

The French abandoned their trenches and a vast quantity of ammunition and stores. As Wolfe's biographer has said, "There were probably not half a dozen men in the British army who, at a moment of confusion and disaster, would have instantaneously seized the chance" to turn defeat into victory.

But Louisbourg had still to be taken. Wolfe recognized that speed was

(Continued from Page Three)

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