



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A Canadian Horsewoman.

By AMY R. BARTRAM.

RICHLY endowed is Mrs. Adam Beck of London, Ontario—health, wealth, beauty of feature and character, honour, applause and motherhood; and as in every life which rises above the ordinary, there are some events which stand out like fixed stars, for her are the acclamations of every lover of the horse in Canada, England and the United States upon the succeeding occasions when with hunter or driver Mrs. Beck has won the coveted trophies, but these fixed stars are eclipsed by the meteor radiance in the trail of her staunch support of every philanthropic movement in the Forest City.

To begin this sketch properly, we must go away back to when in 1872 the famous English Cricketers came over to Canada to meet the cricketers of Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa and London. The champion Grace and Mr. J. C. Ottaway, barrister, of Old London, were numbered in the renowned eleven. Mr. Ottaway passed through every city heart-whole until in Hamilton he met and loved Marion Stinson (now Mrs. P. D. Crerar of Hamilton whom Earl Grey the other day designated "the Commander-in-Chief of the Tuberculosis Forces in Canada"). Their marriage was consummated in Hamilton five years later. Mr. and Mrs. Ottaway went to London, England, and Lilian Ottaway (Mrs. Beck) was their only child.

Notwithstanding the fact that her early widowed mother, Mrs. Ottaway, brought her six-year-old daughter to Hamilton, Mrs. Beck really belongs to London, for her girlhood was passed in the pursuit of her studies in Old London and Brussels and in 1898 while still in her teens, the Hon. Adam Beck, the then rising young politician and ardent sportsman, wooed and married Lilian Ottaway, bringing her to a London home. By a strange coincidence, Mr. Beck had prepared for his bride the home where ten years before her existence her father had with the cricket team been entertained by the late Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hyman. The Hyman home in Richmond Street North with its Liberal associations had been remodelled and as "Headley" became the



Little Miss Marion Beck.

home of the Conservative Cabinet Minister. "Headley," by the way, is called after the country seat of Mrs. Beck's late uncle, Sir John Bridge of Surrey, England.

Previous to coming to London, Mrs. Beck as Lilian Ottaway had won fame on the turf and her handling of the ribbons was the admiration of all beholders, while as an equestrienne her peer was not, and is not, to be found in Canada. She had shown her own horses in New York and Chicago, winning distinction with "My Lady." With the establishment of Headley and the magnificent stables, (Mrs. Beck's separate from those of her husband), new life was infused in the London Hunt Club, of which the Hon. Adam Beck is Master. This enthusiasm has continued without abatement, cross-country runs being held bi-weekly almost the whole year.

Shortly after her marriage, in Toronto and Ottawa, Mrs. Beck's little mare, "Sparkle," covered herself and her owner with glory, responding splendidly to the reins in the hands of Mrs. Beck and carrying off in a short space between fifty and sixty awards. "Lady Norfolk" (which animal still has her stall and receives no end of attention), a beautiful harness horse, won the lion's share of honours at Toronto and Montreal shows in 1906-07-08 and this brings us to her great international triumphs with "My Fellow," when at the International Horse Show in Old London last year, first and second prizes went to this thoroughbred hunter. The week just closed has witnessed another Horse Show in Toronto with the Beck horses still to the fore.

The sweeter phase of Mrs. Beck's life is on the same pinnacle. Possessed of a contralto voice of rare sympathy, she has studied under the best masters in Europe and New York and this talent is never withheld from serving as the magnet at any concert or entertainment whose object is philanthropic. To Mrs. Beck's winning personality, executive ability and co-operation was due the success of the Made-in-London Exhibition by which in the neighbourhood of seven thousand dollars was contributed towards the furnishing and maintenance of the Tuberculosis Hospital in London, opened a fortnight since, and thus she proves herself a worthy daughter of "the Commander-in-Chief of the Tuberculosis Forces in Canada."

For the last decade Headley has been the scene of the entertainment of distinguished visitors to London, the Viceregal parties during the Minto and present regime having been received by the Hon. Adam and Mrs. Beck. It is an ideal home and its brightest jewel is the demure little daughter, Marion, who daily grows more like her beautiful and talented mother and is a truly charming picture when with a tall groom in attendance she takes her morning rides astride her little Welsh pony, Brownie, with an ease and grace wonderful for her six summers. Miss Marion has an earnest desire to learn to ride like "Mama" instead of astride.

Mrs. Beck's versatility is exceptional, riding, driving, golf, tennis, with a wide range of musical and intellectual interests, and rising pre-eminently above these is the charm of her sweet womanliness. Add fair colouring to the accompanying photograph which was taken in England last year at the time of Mrs. Beck's presentation at Court, and nothing further need be said of her beauty.

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The Kindly Deed.

MANY are the stories of experiences, unique and interesting, which have befallen Madame Tetrzzini during her tour in America, and the following incident recounted in *M. A. P.* adds another to the diva's record of good deeds.

A girl, whose acquaintance she had made in San Francisco, travelled to New York to hear the prima donna sing in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. She was taken ill in the great city, and was told by the doctor that if she went to the opera she went in peril of her life. During one of her daily drives, taken by the doctor's orders, the young invalid stopped at the singer's residence in West End Avenue and told Tetrzzini the story of her disappointment.

"You mustn't worry," said Tetrzzini, "and perhaps in a day or two you will be well enough to come and hear me sing." But the singer was too much of an optimist.

Next day the girl was too ill even to take her drive.

She rang up Tetrzzini on the telephone and poured her tale of woe into the singer's ears.

"Well, my dear," answered Tetrzzini, "if you can't come to hear me at the opera you shall hear me sing now. I have an accompanist with me, and if you listen, I will sing the Mad Scene from *Lucia* for you."

The girl was delighted. So was the telephone operator who happened to have heard the latter part of the conversation. She notified all the exchanges that were not engaged, and in a few seconds the prima donna had an unseen audience of some hundred or more appreciative telephone operators waiting at telephones all over the town to hear the difficult music sung by its greatest living exponent. It was twenty minutes before the excerpt was finished, and during that time there were more wires "engaged" than ever remembered in the history of the New York telephone.

When the last note died away Tetrzzini took up the receiver and was astounded to hear a chorus of "Brava," "Bis," "Encore," and other expressions of appreciation come over the wire. The invalid was too grateful for spoken thanks, but the singer treasures a letter.

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The Duchess and the Abbey.

THE young Duchess of Westminster, who recently lent her beautiful house in Upper Grosvenor Street for the annual exhibition and sale of the Royal Irish Industries Association, is one of the most popular hostesses of her day. Her home is a veritable art repository, and the pictures in Grosvenor House are worth a visit alone, including, as they do, Gainsborough's famous "Blue Boy," which was lent to the recent art exhibition at the Franco-British Exhibition.

The Duchess delights in telling an excellent story about the Shah of Persia who was very fond of paying compliments to English ladies.

When the Duchess of Westminster was presented he greeted her heartily. "I have heard so



Mrs. Adam Beck, of London, Ont.

much about you," he said. "Your worthy name is well known even in my country."

The Duchess was surprised at first, then a light dawned upon her. "Gracious me, I do believe he mistakes me for Westminster Abbey," she said, and, what was more, she was right.

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Swallow Song.

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL.

O LITTLE hearts, beat home, beat home,
Here is no place to rest.
Night darkens on the falling foam
And on the fading west.
O little wings, beat home, beat home.
Love may no longer roam.

Oh, love has touched the fields of wheat,
And love has crowned the corn,
And we must follow love's white feet,
Through all the ways of morn.
Through all the silver roads of air
We pass and have no care.

The silver roads of love are wide,
O winds that turn, O stars that guide.
Sweet are the ways that love has trod
Through the clear skies that reach to God:
But in the cliff-grass love builds deep
A place where wandering wings may sleep.
—*Youth's Companion*.

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Remarkable Versatility.

BOOOTH TARKINGTON relates how he wrote for five years before he had a single manuscript accepted. During those five years his earnings were just \$67, of which the major portion came from a relative "for services rendered," \$20 for the sale of a drawing, part represented two prize essays, "and the rest," concluded Mr. Tarkington with pride, "was earned by shovelling snow for the neighbours."