



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A Different Sort of Doctor.

DR. CHARLES HARRISS, the well-known Canadian musician and composer, who has arranged and will conduct the Empire Concert at the forthcoming Pageant to be held at the Crystal Palace, told an amusing story about himself the other day.

Whilst Dr. Harriss was on his way to South Africa, he desired to keep his identity a secret.

During the voyage a gentleman managed to get into conversation with the musician, and asked him if he would medically examine his little girl who was with him on the boat.

"My dear sir," replied Dr. Harriss, "I have never examined a child in my life."

Ten minutes later, he overheard the gentleman say, in the smoking-room:

"There you are, didn't I say that man was a fraud?"

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A Socialist Peeress.

THE Countess of Warwick has been, ever since her marriage to young Lord Brooke, one of the most picturesque figures in British society. She was Frances Evelyn Maynard in her girlhood days, and, like most aristocratic beauties, was married early and entered with enthusiasm on her career as a London hostess. Her beauty is of a more vivacious type than the usual Anglo-Saxon loveliness, and young Lady Brooke became one of the most fashionable and popular of London's fair ladies. King Edward, then the Prince of Wales, was a frequent guest at her house parties, and even elderly statesmen paid homage to her wit and beauty.

On her husband's accession to the Warwick title and estates, the influence of the Countess of Warwick widened to interests of a philanthropic nature. A social philosopher has said that when British democrats hold a meeting in favour of abolishing the House of Lords they usually ask a marquis to take the chair. Thus, when the outside world discovers a countess in the ranks of the Social Democratic Federation, it feels as if there were a derangement of the usual order. The Countess of Warwick has never been able to persuade the London socialists of her downright sincerity. Perhaps, her possession of thousands of goodly acres in one

of England's most picturesque counties is a stumbling-block to the follower of Karl Marx or Henry George. At any rate, although they listen



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK
A recent Photograph taken at the "House" and Bar Races at Epping.

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patiently and admiringly while she discourses, in a *Rue de la paix* gown on the subject of being born

free and equal, the socialist brethren do not take the Countess of Warwick too seriously. She visited the United States some years ago in the hope of carrying on a socialistic campaign, but the reporters of the New York press insisted on writing paragraphs on her complexion and velvet gowns, instead of her devotion to the cause of humanity.

The Countess of Warwick is certainly true to the principle of good works beginning at home, and the Warwick estates have felt in many instances the benefit of her original and sympathetic ideas. She takes a deep interest in agricultural education and has founded a college at Studley Castle, Warwickshire, for training daughters of professional men in horticulture, dairy, poultry and bee keeping. That somewhat hackneyed adjective, "up-to-date," may be justly applied both to her ideas and methods. Her charms of person, her keenness of wit and mind make her deservedly popular among all classes and few members of the British aristocracy have entered more fully into the responsibilities of high birth.

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The Bereaved Queen.

SYMPATHY will go out from every woman in Canada to the bereaved Queen. For a little over forty-seven years, she has been a model wife. For forty-seven years, as princess and as queen, she has been acknowledged as one of the most charming and one of the most beautiful women in the world. As the mother of three princes and three princesses, as the head of a Prince's household, as the second lady of the realm under Queen Victoria, as a leader of society, Queen Alexandra never shirked a duty nor failed to discharge an obligation. Purity and serenity, combined with an earnest desire to encourage everything that was best in modern civilisation—these have been her characteristics.

Grief and Queen Alexandra have become thoroughly acquainted, for queens are not exempt from the ordinary sorrows. One of her baby boys lived but a day; Prince Albert Victor lived to be twenty-eight, and then the mother was called upon to lay her first-born in the tomb. To-day she mourns by the bier of her lover, prince, husband, king. The shadow of her grief is upon the millions of loyal subjects throughout the Empire who have learned to love and to appreciate the royal daughter of Charles IX of Denmark.

Several times during their married life, did Death hover over the King's couch. In the winter of 1871-72, typhoid fever threatened to carry him off. His sickness after the death of Queen Victoria will be remembered by most Canadians. His strenuous life, nevertheless, was prolonged to a fair length, though not so long as his sorrow-stricken consort had desired. In later years, seemingly, they have been drawn very closely together and this has accentuated the pain of the sudden parting.

THE LAST MEETING OF THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF BRITAIN AND RUSSIA,—BARTON MANOR, AUGUST, 1909



Prince Edward, Princess of Wales, Queen Alexandra, Princess Mary, The Czar, The Czarewich, Princess Victoria, King Edward, Grand Duchess Olga (behind), Grand Duchess Anastasia (in front), The Czarina, Grand Duchess Tiniania, Prince of Wales, Grand Duchess Marie.