

strength. Briefly, this over-worked president is rushed to death!

She appointed two general conveners—Mrs. Lorne McDougall, and Mrs. Duncan Macpherson—and they appointed conveners for the different branches of the relief work. These last, in turn, asked for assistance from the members of the Club. There is a Receiving Committee, a Sorting, a Packing, a Food, a Room, a Press, a School (collecting) and a General Collecting Committee. Two rooms on Bank Street were opened for about a month to receive the contributions for which the Club had asked. But these rooms have been opened about two months now, and it is found impossible to close their doors. People are still eager to help.

"The word Belgian acted like magic," said Mrs. Herridge. "In all this time we have never been refused anything we have asked. Furniture establishments gave their time; so did carters, dressmakers and dozens of other people, whose time meant more than our money. It has been a revelation to me."

From Ottawa alone 206 enormous bales of clothing have been sent to Belgium. Almost as many more from outlying districts, and this does not include the quantity of food which was donated; flour, cereals, and the like. Nor was any of the money given spent for clothing. This amounts to almost three thousand dollars, exclusive of the two thousand Madame Vanderelde received at her lecture, and which, acting on the advice of Consul Goor, will be spent for flour.

The President is now engaged in a new branch of relief work, called by the Club the Small Coin Contribution. This means that any sum from one cent up will be gratefully received. That it may be given without the formality due, perhaps, a larger sum, the Postmaster-General has permitted pillar boxes to be placed beneath the letter boxes, in Ottawa, and throughout the Dominion these same receptacles will be installed in post offices. Mrs. Thomas Crothers and Miss Fitzpatrick have the Small Coin Committee in charge.

Mirror and Web

By THE LADY OF SHALOTT

THE principal motives to be gathered nowadays, from the mirrored highway, for the tapestry-frame by the window, are gallant as any plume of a Lancelot who rode to Camelot in sunny weather.

"And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two."

Now, the time of the year is grey November, and the knights that ride and tramp in khaki—I can hear the shouts of the drill-master even as I write and the feet of recruits obedient to the order beneath that shaft to South Africa's heroes which made our Mr. Walter Allward famous—are splendid less in accoutrements than spirit, preparing to fight as all of them are, for honour.

The inevitable glow suffuses the Lady, but she shivers, anon, at the sombre skies and the thin, wolfish wind among the maples. The warm, wool socks, will there be sufficient? The needles are flying all over the country. Why may she not steal from her web and join the click-clack?

In Praise of a Prince

OWING to the eccentricities of mails, which amount to idio(t)syncrasies in war-time, the clientele of the Woman's Supplement was deprived of a no doubt meaty account of the Women's Emergency Corps in England, which was posted us from London by Georgina Binnie-Clark, author of the new Canadian volume entitled, "Wheat and Woman," and advocate of Homestead (and other)

Rights for Women. However, enclosed with the news of that stray, Miss Binnie-Clark sends us a second contribution, which touches our coming Governor-General and the heading of which—though the Prince of Teck is a figure to measure in yards instead of inches—is the tribute, "Every inch of him a soldier." The communication is as follows:—

"Of special interest at the moment is a convincing pen-picture of the future Governor-General of Canada, drawn by the late John Stuart, special correspondent to the Morning Post, during the South African war. It is to be found in his book, 'Pictures of War,' in the chapter headed 'Mahon's March into Mafeking,' and runs:—'Hard by will be Prince Alexander of Teck, tall, strongly built, everlastingly youthful and keen. I once travelled half a day with him, not knowing who he was, and, as usual when campaigners meet, we fought this war from Talana

hundred acres. She is an even cleverer author than farmer, and no one can possibly read her book and not admit that here is a conquest also.

A Matter of Legs

THOUGHTS are perverse things; nothing per-
verser unless it be a daughter of Eve—and Adam. And the thought that obtruded itself in the mind as one shared the foregoing enthusiasm at the finely-built figure of the Prince of Teck was the reminiscent one that the Almighty "taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man."

Of course, if one were used to the legs of angels, instead of to the legs of men and women, I suppose, not even a Tappertit's calves would be regarded as anything exciting. You remember the finely-upholstered Simon and the Chippendale importance of his framework?

One has mentioned the legs of men and women. For it must be admitted that women have legs, despite the bewildered insistence of the censor, who has seen Pavlova and Isadora Duncan and, in order to save our morals, Gertrude Hoffmann, and of the equally befogged fashions critic to whom the slit skirt was a difficulty, that the generality of womankind are mermaids.

Now there are certain advanced women in the world—Anna Shaw, for instance—who clamour to wear the bifurcated garment which is now exclusively man's and known as trousers. They claim that circumstance, not sex, should dictate the wearing apparel of women, and that the change would mean not only comfort, but safety as well in innumerable cases where activity should be free and unencumbered. The equestrienne's habit and the garb of the mountain-climber are two concessions that this idea is sense.

But the importunity of even common-sensers must not be permitted to bring a revolution. Bifurcated beauty, all very well. But not every feminine "forked radish," as Carlyle, the clothes philosopher, says we all are, could, even with the assistance of a tip-top beauty "Professor," be sure of herself as a Juno in point of legs.

One once knew a furnace-man. Worked at night. Carried, almost invariably, a lantern. Alas, bow-legged! Ah, women, women, skirts are the thing—if not for yourselves, in the interests of your sisters! For what was the man with the lantern looking? For honest men? No, for something more invaluable: his lost opportunity to be a woman.

Queens and Times

"NICE manners curtsy to great kings," said a monarch of half of France and all of England. Likewise, manners pay court to queens, if the queens have in themselves sufficient greatness. One, herewith, offers a contrast in queens; a contrast, therefore, in subjects; of both, in manners.

There is a speech of extreme heartlessness on record. "Si le peuple n'a pas de pain, qu'il mange de la brioche." It is attributed to Marie Antoinette, though the fancy finds it hard to reconcile it with the creature who gaily rode a donkey at Little Trianon, and there played dairy-maid in cap and apron. Whether or not that lightest, most unfortunate of monarchs was herself possessed of the consummate sang-froid which gave rise to the cruel famous utterance, it is certain that indifference was the royal attitude, commonly, toward the sufferings of people. That "nice manner" made France a republic.

There is a work in evidence throughout an empire. Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, created to relieve distress and suffering among her poorest subjects, a work conducted by Her Majesty in person, is a superb proof that the earth has not turned backward. Queen Mary of England creates a manner of industry, of sympathy, of self-reliance, resulting in never-such loyalty and devotion throughout

LOVE (AND PERHAPS DESPAIR) AMONG THE RUINS



These people are refugees from Belgium and are here because——. The world demands the reason.



Scenes of exodus still meet one at every turn of the road in Belgium. The shafts in the background might be symbolic; for the people must fare in the grave-pitted Way of Mars.

to Paardeberg, and Pieter's Hill. Then I learned how earnest a soldier the Prince is, and how thoroughly wedded to his profession. From that conversation I guessed that he was a painstaking officer, and now I know it, for I have watched him at his aide de camp work, which is by no means easy. Every inch of him is soldier. He is a good trekker and a good camp man, too. And on this march he has often reminded me of the old school phrase—The horse is a noble animal. For he rides magnificent cattle, and looks after them as carefully as if he were their stud groom."

It is natural that Miss Binnie-Clark should be quick to rejoice in the points of a thorough soldier. She is pretty much a soldier herself, having "the little tyrant of her fields withstood," with remarkable success in the Canadian West, where she made good, single-handed, on a wheat farm of some three