

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

The Art of the Horsewoman.

WHAT a pity it is that the Scotchman who recently came to Canada and wrote Home such a slandering account of the women of our towns and cities, could not have reserved his judgment until he had witnessed a gathering of charming femininity such as the recent series of Horse Shows throughout Ontario have brought together. Had the poor man been allowed this privilege, it is safe to say his absurd and unforgivable impressions would have never come to light.

At St. Thomas recently when the Horse Show took place, the woman riders in their linen habits and panama hats made a very charming sight. That feminine interest in exhibitions of the kind has grown wonderfully in this country within the last few years, is shown by the constantly increasing number of women exhibitors. Of course, with many of us there is not the same inborn love of the saddle and the rein as with the women of England, but there is a natural tendency toward health-

The illustrations on this page include many of the successful women exhibitors at recent Ontario Horse Shows, including Mrs. Adam Beck, an enthusiastic horse-woman, who has very often carried



FEMININE EXHIBITORS AT THE ST. THOMAS HORSE SHOW.

From right:—Mrs. Roche, (on Day Dream); Mrs. Adam Beck, (on Sir Thomas); Miss Clewson, (on Grey Cloud).

off the honours by the splendid control of her mount and her perfect riding.

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An Edmonton Writer.

ON a summer night in Edmonton last year one of a musical coterie of friends played the accompaniments of the tenor songs in "Our Miss Gibbs," then the latest London success in light opera, while another member of the same group sang them from the score. The incident is recalled only to show that Edmonton, at the gate of the Last West, is nearer to the heart of the Empire by wire and post than the north of Scotland was early in the last century. The Edmonton lady who played the songs was Mrs. Balmer Watt, whose weekly contributions, signed "Peggy," to the *Edmonton Saturday News*, owned and edited by her husband, Mr. A. B. Watt, have made her a reputation as a woman journalist of talent which is not limited to the west of Canada. Mrs. Watt attended the annual meeting of the Canadian Women's Press Club held in Toronto, representing the Women's Press Club of Edmonton. Her journalistic work began in Woodstock, Ontario, where her husband owned the *Sentinel-Review* in partnership with Mr. J. F. MacKay, now of the *Toronto Globe*. She is one of the charter members of the Canadian Women's Press Club, which was formed on a trip to St. Louis in 1903. Her two books, "A Woman in the West" and "Town and Trail," speak for the picturesque and stimulating life of the West. Space and freedom, a chance for everyone, men and women used hospitably for what they are and not because they may bring with them influential let-

ters of introduction, the zest of life which was there before the first settler and is ready to buoy up each newcomer, such is life in Edmonton and round about. Mrs. Watt as a writer has portrayed not a few of these qualities. Her books are regarded as possessing the genuine western note.

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A Member of the C. W. P. C. from Winnipeg.

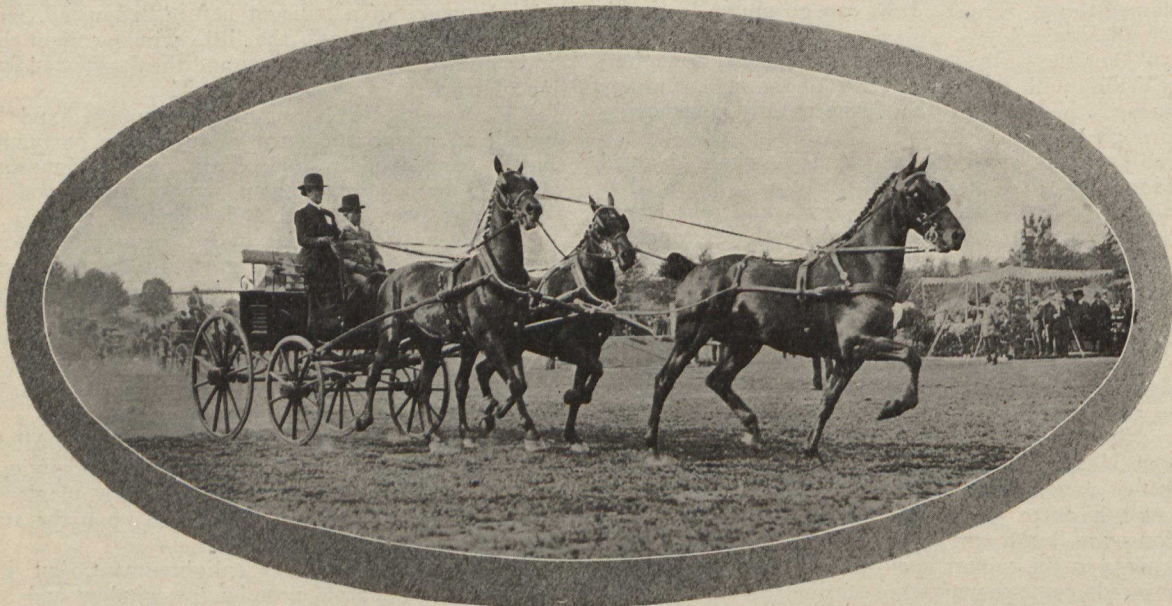
WOMEN journalists in the West could not be more ably represented than by Miss E. Cora Hind, Commercial Editor of the *Manitoba Free Press*, who attended the annual meeting of the Canadian Women's Press Club held in the King



MRS. BALMER WATT,

Whose clever contributions to the *Edmonton Saturday News*, under the nom de plume of "Peggy," have won her a reputation of being a most talented Canadian woman journalist.

ful, outdoor exercise (although our Glasgow friend says not) which insures the popularity of the sport in Canada.



A SPLENDID TURNOUT AT A RECENT EXHIBITION
Mrs. McSloy, of St. Catharines, driving her Unicorn at the Galt Horse Show.

Edward Hotel, Toronto, on the twenty-third of June. Miss Hind is one of Toronto's native-born. So were her mother and grandmother before her. Her father, a gifted artisan, whose work showed much promise, died young. Specimens of his carving in stone adorn Osgoode Hall, Toronto, and the House of Congress in Washington. Miss Hind went west as a girl when Winnipeg was a small town with its fortunes already golden in its hands. Having employment in the law office of Macdonald and Tupper, Miss Hind was not satisfied to do routine work. She learned land values from the mortgage work of the office. Agricultural life had kept her interest from the time when she had lived for some years on her grandfather's farm in Grey County. She opened an office of her own in Winnipeg as a public stenographer. About the same time she began journalistic work, writing for the *Manitoba Free Press* under the editorship of Mr. W. F. Luxton. To-day she is probably the only woman in the world whose forecast of the season's wheat crop commands the attention of wheat experts over a wide area of country. The women journalists of Winnipeg have taken a leading part in the national organisation of women newspaper writers. The Women's Press Club owes much to Miss Hind. Frank, downright, a tried friend, and possessing much initiative and energy, Miss Hind is one of the foremost women in the building of the West.

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A New Amusement.

A subway amusement pier, consisting of an underwater chamber, with collapsible entrance and exit tubes, is proposed for one of the Atlantic coast resorts. The amusement seekers will enter the chamber through the tube leading from the shore, and leave it through the tube rising to the pier above the chamber. Portholes around the sides of the chamber will give a view of the bottom of the sea.

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A Little Boy's Lullaby.

Little groping hands that must learn the weight of labour,

Little eyes of wonder that must learn to weep—
Mother is thy life: that shall be to-morrow
Time enough for trouble—time enough for sorrow,
Now—sleep!

Little dumb lips that shall wake and make a woman,
Little blind heart that shall know the worst and best—

Mother is thy love now; that shall be hereafter
Time enough for joy, and time enough for laughter,
Now—rest!

Little rosy body, new-born of pain and beauty,
Little lonely soul, new-risen from the deep—
Mother is thy world now, whole and satisfying.
Time enough for living—time enough for dying.
Now—sleep!

—Brian Hooker, in McClure's Magazine.