



## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

### OUR LADY OF THE ICE.

THE Canadian sensitiveness about snow ought to be abandoned by this time, as rather ridiculous. While we properly resent the representation of Canada as an ice-bound region, where the roses never bloom and ice-cream soda never fizzes, it is entirely unnecessary to make a disturbance whenever a Canadian toboggan slide is pictured in an English paper. The Irish-Canadian poet, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, wrote "Our Lady of the Snows" long before Mr. Kipling dreamed of his frost-touched tribute to this extensive part of the British Empire. There is no reason why we should be ashamed of our winters, and seek to blot the three white months from the calendar. Let us insist on the summer, by all means, and pray that it may be ninety-six in the shade when our guests from the British Isles come over to have a nice cool time in Canada, don't you know, during July and August. But may we take a pride, also, in our days of glorious winter sunshine and snow, when a turquoise sky arches hills and fields of pearl. Is there anything more ethereally fair than the moonlight streaming over a midwinter lake and forest? Can you look on a jollier scene than a Canadian hillside on a Saturday in January, brilliant with the blue and scarlet coats of Johnny Canuck and his sister, who are gathering roses for their young cheeks in the shrewd air of the winter afternoon?

Montreal is to have a carnival and ice-palace, during the latter part of January and the first week of February. It is high time for a revival of Montreal's old-time sports and celebration, and those who are grumbling lest the ice-palace should keep away the festive immigrant are wasting their lamentations. Those immigrants who are frightened by the prospect of an old-fashioned winter are the weak or the worthless—just the class of immigrants whom we desire to keep away from our shores. Lazy or timorous citizens are, of course, afraid of being frozen, in a country where you must work or walk, to keep warm in January's outdoors. If we can frighten away the unfit and attract the sturdy, by building an ice-palace "which shall shiver the stars apart," let us make all haste to erect the glittering structure. Toronto, it must be admitted, is no city for such a palace. The days of dreary slush, in the capital of Ontario, make it a place to be shunned during, at least, one-sixth of the year. Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec are ideal winter cities and the sports which make the days of ice and snow picturesque and glowing should be seen in their most vivid colours in the early months of the year. Montreal has more of metropolitan flavour than any other city in the Dominion. It may be mediæval in the matter of mud, during April and May, but it is a dream of summer loveliness and a delight of sapphire river and reddening mountain-side in September. It ought to afford a winter pageant such as no other city of this continent can display, and Our Lady of the Ice may find a mansion "royal-rich and wide" in the palace of Borean architecture.

It seems as if the immigration department and other faint-hearted elements were trying to discourage the Canadian metropolis in the palace project. Was not Lord Roberts, the Empire's beloved "Bobs," forced to give up his Toronto visit last summer because the heat of Quebec and Montreal had proved too much for a veteran who had written "Forty-One Years in India"? After that, "who's afraid" of having an ice-palace in a city which can freeze or thaw in the superlative degree?

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### THE WIFE OF A GENIUS.

THE latest book about Whistler, the delightful work by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, gives the world a more complete story than it has yet heard of the moods and methods of "James McNeill." His marriage was as whimsical as any other episode in his unconventional career. A friend asked him one day why he did not marry Mrs. —, a charming widow whom he had long admired. Mr. Whistler modestly expressed his willingness to enter the estate of matrimony, if the lady were "agreeable." The widow, who was present during the amiable interrogation, nonchalantly assented and the entirely unfashionable wedding took place within

a few days after this brusque wooing. The marriage, according to these and other chroniclers, was a "happy-ever-after" affair, as "Mrs. Jimmie" was content that her eccentric spouse should say and do very much as he pleased.

The Whistler story, so far as its domestic aspect is concerned, leaves the reader wondering whether the wife of so eminent and eccentric a genius is to be congratulated. Probably the only woman to enjoy or tolerate such an existence is the utterly domestic or the idly Bohemian type. The woman who cares and knows nothing about the books her lord and master may write, the pictures he may paint or the sonatas he may compose, but who is quite content to prepare meals at whatever hour he cares to partake of them, is not likely to find her gifted husband anything but appreciative of her inferior but satisfactory talent. The woman who sympathises, yet refrains from interference with his work, and is content with a casual salad or an occasional new gown is often an ideal comrade for the genius. Yet the biography of the artist is likely to give no woman exalted ideas of the joy of sharing the great man's income and bearing the great man's irritabilities. The question has often been asked: "Do men like clever women?" We might also consider: "Do women like clever men?" By no means. Clever men are too fond of a monopoly of lime-light. Woman likes best the man whom she can call "a dear old stupid" and patronise in a superior feminine way.

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### EVENING.

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL.

When the white iris folds the drowsing bee,  
When the first cricket wakes  
The fairy hosts of his enchanted brakes,  
When the dark moth has sought the lilac tree  
And the young stars, like jasmine of the skies,  
Are opening on the silence, Lord, there lies  
Dew on Thy rose and dream upon mine eyes.

Lovely the day, when life is robed in splendour,  
Walking the ways of God and strong with wine.  
But the pale eve is wonderful and tender  
And night is more divine.  
Fold my faint olives from their shimmering plain,  
O shadow of sweet darkness fringed with rain.  
Give me to night again.

Give me to day no more. I have bethought me  
Silence is more than laughter, sleep than tears.  
Sleep like a lover faithfully hath sought me  
Down the enduring years.  
Where stray the first white fatlings of the fold,  
Where the Lent lily droops her earlier gold,  
Sleep waits me as of old.

Grant me sweet sleep, for light is unavailing  
When patient eyes grow weary of the day.  
Young lambs creep close and tender wings are failing,

And I grow tired as they.  
Light as the long wave leaves the lonely shore  
Our boughs have lost the bloom that morning bore.  
Give me to day no more.

—The University Magazine.

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### THE EARTHQUAKE IN SICILY.

THE Sicilian disaster is one of those overwhelming catastrophes which (fortunately, perhaps) no reader can imagine in its full horror. We of the northern countries are so likely to adopt English impressions of the Mediterranean that Sicily, Algiers and the Riviera seem to be idle playgrounds in which there are always sunshine and roses. No island of the purple-waved ocean is more beautiful than that with Palermo and the ill-fated Messina. Sicily had her great warriors, sailors and teachers when England was a barbarous territory and Anglo-Saxon dominion was undreamed-of. The beauty of these southern districts is so alluring that the traveller forgets the dangers which lurk beneath the smiling, fertile surface.

The history of this stricken land is rich with art and romance. No word has yet been received of the extent of injuries to historical remains, and, naturally, the first thought has been of the distressed people and their needs. All countries of Europe are touched by this calamity but to the island itself the disaster has brought a terror which will lead to a temporary abandonment of the regions near the overthrown cities. We think of the destruction of Pompeii as one of the worst disasters of this kind, perhaps because Lytton's story did so much to add to the romantic interest of that awful happening; but the seismic disturbance of the last week of 1908 really wrought more widespread ruin than any of the earthquakes or eruptions of those early days. Yet, so curious is the effect of distance on immediate sympathy, the story of this great upheaval is less harrowing to the western world than the mere headlines of a railway wreck near New York or Montreal.

"In Sicily," said a Canadian girl who had been in Taormina last winter, "oh, I hope no one I knew has been hurt." So we all instinctively turn to the one familiar face or scene, fearing that something or someone we knew has been part of a tragedy that means irretrievable ruin to thousands.

CANADIENNE.



A Party of Tourists near Lake Louise in the beautiful Banff district of British Columbia.