

taught, not in city schools alone, but in all towns, in all consolidated schools, and eventually in every school in the land.

"We are always glad to have visitors," were the cordial words spoken at parting. "We are anxious, too, that parents should come sometimes, for our most interested pupils are from the homes where parents sympathize with the work, and support us by their personal knowledge of and interest in what the girls learn."

The Chaplin Romance

IT is a bad law which blows nobody good. The recent legislation inspired by the Right Honourable Lloyd George, which has made the lot of the landholder less pleasant than of yore, has sent an unusually large number of British aristocrats to Canada in search of large estates, which will be (comparatively) unencumbered. The Duke of Sutherland, the Marquis of Exeter and the Duke of Leeds are among the members of the peerage who have come to the Dominion with intentions of "looking over the West." The Chaplins are among recent English visitors to British Columbia who have found the Pacific Province of more than merely picturesque interest. Right Honourable Henry Chaplin, now in his seventy-first year, and a vigorous supporter of Unionist principles, had a romantic career in his youth. In 1864 Mr. Chaplin was to marry Lady Florence Paget, daughter of the second Marquis of Anglesey. One day, Lady Florence, with Mr. Chaplin for escort, drove to a large shop in London, apparently bent on making purchases. She entered the shop, slipped out through the back entrance where Lord Hastings was awaiting her, jumped into a cab and was whirled away to a clandestine marriage, while her fiancé, patiently and unsuspectingly, awaited her return.

Mr. Chaplin, it is said, showed no signs of resentment at this dastardly trick, but quietly set to work to defeat Lord Hastings on the turf. He outbid him in the purchase of the famous Hermit, and when at the Derby of 1867 Hermit struggled to the winning-post, through a blinding storm, with odds of forty to one against him, Lord Hastings was a broken man. He died in 1868, broken in hope and resources, "leaving neither heir to his honours nor the smallest vestige of his ruined fortune."

Mr. Chaplin continued on his victorious career,

winning fame both in political and sporting circles. He married in 1876 Florence, daughter of the third Duke of Sutherland. His only son, Mr. Eric Chaplin, is a most popular young sportsman, and "Mrs. Eric," whose picture is reproduced, is one of the most charming of the younger English hostesses. Her two beautiful boys are the pride of their sturdy grandsire, and are likely to be worthy successors to the Chaplin fortunes.

CANADIENNE.

Recent Events

THE "emancipation and coronation of woman"—that most marked outgrowth of Western civilization—has perhaps its most exquisite manifestation in the public care and protection of the aged. Nearly every good-sized city in Canada has at least one Aged Women's Home; but the provision calls for ever-recurring extension. The Aged Women's Home, at Victoria, B.C., is busy adding a wing—which is not to be confounded with taking to itself wings—which will be ready for occupation in September. Mrs. W. L. Clay is the able president and Mrs. Gould the untiring secretary of the committee which is responsible for the improvements.

The Canadian Penelope is not an extinct type—if the specimens of women's work at the Winnipeg Exhibition may be read to convey that indication. So exquisite are the various samples of hand-made lace—netted, tatted, crocheted and knitted—and so wonderful are the tapestries, lavishly displayed, as to make the charmed beholder, who is not a needlewoman, long to set her larger feet in her grandmother's little shoes, and "Take her 'broidery frame and add a crimson to the quaint macaw"—or to whatever motif happens to make the pattern. Mrs. Coombes, Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Warner will judge the exhibits.

It is announced that her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught will shortly sail for Germany, attended by the Princess Patricia, to recuperate at one of her favourite Spas. Marienbad or Weisbaden, will probably be selected; if the former, that especial suite will likely be occupied, which was annually used by the late King Edward.

A few places in Canada are still medieval and

the same fear to which Joan of Arc was a sacrifice, has in thrall the Canadian village of St. Regis. The cause is a native Indian girl, Iola Razon, whose exceptional cleverness and elfish prettiness have gained her the baneful sobriquet, "Black Witch." Her friends—alas, her enemies!—charged the girl with the sickness of children, the madness of dogs, and the like, and the chiefs in council compelled her to leave the tribe.

Vancouver has just accomplished a society's organization which will have for its aim the rendering of that city, a city of roses. It proposes that a rose festival be annually held, with an automobile rose parade as a feature, and will see to the planting of roses all over the city. Certainly this "City Beautiful" idea is one that should be nationally followed.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Patricia received her investiture, on July 15th, as a life member of the National Chapter of the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire, at the hands of the Manitoba chapters, at Winnipeg. Mrs. Colin Campbell read the graceful address—to which the Princess replied in a few well-chosen words—and presented the dainty, heraldic, membership pin. The Princess Patricia Chapter, Manitoba, is the first children's chapter to bear that name.

The luncheon of the Women's Canadian Club, Winnipeg, given to honour her Royal Highness, Patricia of Connaught, was a brilliant and, naturally, high-browed event that everybody enjoyed—of course, of the bidden. The Royal Alexandra lent spacious accommodation and the tables looked rare with their tasteful bedeckings of flowers. Four hundred members did honour to the occasion and an address of welcome was tendered the Princess, by the second Vice-President, Mrs. W. H. Thompson, in the absence of the President and first Vice-President; to which her Highness made a fitting response.

The ladies of the Canadian ministerial party are being well received over-seas. Mr. and Mrs. Norton Griffiths, entertaining in London, dispensed hospitality, lately, to a group which included the following: Mrs. Borden, Mrs. Pelletier, Mrs. Hazen, Miss Doherty, Lady Duncan, and others.

"The House Where I Was Born"

"I remember, I remember
The house where I was born."

By WILLIAM BANKS, JR.

JACK HELLIWELL and his wife repeated the lines in unison, each emphasizing the "I." Then they looked at each other; her eyes somewhat dim, his lips trembling a little.

"And now it is to be ours; really and truly ours," she whispered. "Oh, Jack! you are wonderful, wonderful."

He kissed her. "Hush," he said. "You must not say that. I'm just a plodder, Lucy, just a plain, ordinary plodder. I—"

She placed a hand on his lips. "I used to think so," she confessed, smilingly, "but see what your plodding has brought us, Jack: money, position, and—and—" her head drooped to his shoulder. She looked up after a moment or two. "I'm so happy, with my 'Mr. John Watson Helliwell, the prominent architect,' and the children and—"

"And now," he broke in, "we're going to fill the cup of our happiness, sweetheart, with 'the house where I was born.'"

"Where I was born," she repeated, quite gaily now. "Wasn't it an odd coincidence that Dad should have bought the house where you were born, and that Mother should have—" she paused.

"Arranged for you to be born there," he finished the sentence for her, and went on. "Then your Dad, as mine had done, must needs come to the city, because Daisyville did not afford opportunity enough for the children. I love it, that old house; every brick and stone of it; every nook and cranny. I love it the more because you were born there, too."

She patted him lovingly on the cheek. "And now Wilson wants to sell it because his wife is socially ambitious, and Daisyville, she says, has no 'real society.' My! what a world it is, Jack."

"A good old world to us," he said.

"Yes; yes. Sixteen years married, and still in love. That doesn't seem right—"

"What's that, Lucy!" he cried, in pretended surprise.

She laughed happily, and then—"Haven't you an

affinity, Jack?" she asked, demurely.

"Yes," he said, his eyes shining.

"Oh! Do tell." She snuggled closer to him, and he looked into her eyes. "She has ruddy hair," he said, gently, "with little streaks of grey in it. Her eyes are brown; deep, deep brown; her head just reaches to the shoulder of the six-foot-two lubber—"

"Jack!"

"Lubber, who calls himself her husband. He—"

"Jack, let's look at the plans again."

"All right, sweetheart. If you are tired of affinities I—"

"You may kiss your affinity just once more," she said, with mock primness. And when he had kissed her three times they went over the plans of the "old home" for the twentieth time at least that week.

"And the alterations won't alter it a bit, except to make the interior a little more modern," she said, after they had examined the plans closely.

"That's all, Lucy."

"You'll have to take the train to your town office every day."

"Except Saturdays, Lucy. I've always promised myself the week-ends at home when my ship should arrive. And the railway service is so good that the journey will not be more than ten minutes longer than the trips I make now. There is a good high school for the children—Jean will be going next year, you know—and the public school for Teddy. And pretty soon Doris will be—"

"Why, Jack," she interrupted, "she's only four now."

"But the time does fly, sweetheart," he said. "Twill not be long before you'll be watching her rushing off to school."

"I don't like to think of that," she said, slowly. "It will be rather lonely for me then."

They were silent for a while. She sat with her head resting on her hands, her eyes turned toward the open window, whence she could see the children

playing in the roomy yard. "I wonder if they will like it," she said, almost to herself.

"Why, yes." A startled look came into his eyes, but he went on bravely, "of course they will. They've always enjoyed the summers they've spent in Daisyville."

"Yes, yes," she said, a little hastily, "but I just happened—it just struck me—I—oh," she cried, a note of pain in her voice, "don't you see, Jack, they were born here; in this house. Suppose—suppose—it means as much to them as our birthplace means to us."

"I don't think so," he answered, with attempted brightness, "children love a change. Afterwards, when they are grown up, they'll think more of this place than they do now."

"They are such home lovers," she said. "It's wonderful how attached they are to this house. Even little Doris often says, 'I likes this place best of all of 'em.' And Jean, I believe that Jean loves every brick and stone and—your very words, Jack, your very words."

She looked at him; her face troubled and clouded, and saw that he, too, was anxious and disturbed.

"We'll ask them. Not just now. To-night."

"Saturday night," she said, with a brave attempt to smile. "I don't think you'll ever really understand how eagerly they look forward to Saturday. 'Dad's Day,' they call it."

He laughed. "God bless them," he said, and forthwith stepped into the yard to join the children in their play.

She heard the joyous cries that greeted his arrival, and her lips moved in a repetition of a little prayer that Doris had repeated very often, "'God bless Dad, an' make Sat'day fine, 'cos it's Dad's Day.'"

After dinner that night; always an early dinner on Saturday, in order that "Dad" might have one more romp with the children before bed time, he broached to them as gravely as though discussing it with his equals in years, the question of removing to Daisyville. While he spoke his eyes were fixed

(Continued on page 21.)