



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

THE one inquiry from the feminine world is: "What will the Spring fashions be?" Every other question is subordinated for the time, in the face of anxious queries regarding the waist. Empire and directoire gowns have been trailed through the drawing-rooms and halls of the land for so many afternoons that it seemed as if they were not going to change to any more definite fashion. However, there are dark hints abroad as to strictly tailor-made styles for the gowns that bloom in the spring. The fluffy lace waists are to vanish and the trailing skirts to become an extremely back number, while the severe lines of the tailored gown will remodel the world of fashionable woman-kind. It is also rumoured that the days of the waist buttoned up the back are numbered and that lovely woman will no longer become frantic and perspiring in the mad effort to reach the "two middle" buttons, while her aching wrist falls helpless after repeated efforts.

But all these changes sound too sensible to be true. It almost seems as if the pocket, that fairy-like convenience of ever-so-long-ago, might be restored to us. There are also vague whispers of a greater fullness in the skirt and if that useful garment is to have puckers and frills, surely, somewhere in its plenitude, there might be stored a pocket. However, the full skirt is not to be our portion yet. April is to bring turbans and tailor-mades, while June may come with full, flowered skirts such as the Early Victorian *Amelias* wore.

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MISS CORELLI'S INCOME.

THE recent publication of the income of Miss Corelli, as sixty thousand dollars, is exciting envy on more than one continent. Even Mrs. Humphry Ward must fall into second place, so far as financial returns from novel-writing are concerned. It will not be said, even by those who find Corelli fiction too vehement for their taste, that this popular writer has regard chiefly for the shekels. No one can doubt Miss Corelli's sincerity, no one can help admiring the vigour with which she pomels the vices of lofty and lowly alike. Her "Holy Orders" has done more, it is said, to rouse the nation to temperance reform than all the sermons preached in the United Kingdom and it is high time for Britain to recognise the evil done by the "chemical beer" which is poisoning the lower classes. Miss Corelli is no respecter of persons when there is a vice to be exposed or attacked. The Bishop is no more held in awe by this vigilant lady than the poorest drunkard in the tavern. Miss Corelli of Stratford-on-Avon may come dangerously near to being a shrew but she is no snob. Her industry and fearlessness, to say nothing of her vivacious imagination, are such that no one need grudge her one dollar of the sixty thousand which flow in an annual stream from the publishers.

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CANADIAN MANNERS.

IN the London *Daily Mail* (England) there was recently published a letter which should make some Canadians reflect seriously on their ways and manners. The writer, signing herself *Niobe* of Huxley, Alberta, discourses in a somewhat mournful strain of the Canadian child. It seems that Early Grey has lately remarked that the English-speaking women of Canada might profitably take a lesson from the French of Quebec in the matter of training their children in habits of politeness. *Niobe*, after commenting on this bit of Viceregal advice, proceeds to remark:

"The average Canadian child is a mixture of familiarity and impertinence, and has no respect for anyone, not excluding its own parents. Of course, the parent is to blame, not the child, and the fault is really more the outcome of thoughtlessness than anything else, for many Canadian parents seem to consider what is really lack of manners on the part of their children as only the signs of a manly and independent spirit. It is common practice here for children to address their elders simply by their Christian names, and 'Please' and 'Thank you' seem to be unknown in the child's vocabulary. As the child is trained so will the man or woman become, and in this country as a whole there is a regrettable ab-

sence of those little everyday politenesses which help so much to make life pleasant."

Now, really, *Niobe*, it can hardly be so bad as that, even in Huxley, Alberta. It must be admitted, with all sadness and humility, that English-speaking Canadian are not so polite as they might be. Yet, it is surely not the custom for Canadian children to address their elders by their Christian names and to refuse absolutely to use either "please" or "thank you." The juvenile United Stateser is frequently accused of being a "holy terror" but I have not seen finer courtesy than that of the youth in the Southern States where the fragrance of courtly manners still lingers. We may be in danger, in these days, of mistaking pertness for self-reliance and, verily, there is no object more terrible than a "smart" child. Admitting the shortcomings of a new country, where the gentle uses of the fork and finger-bowl are not generally understood, one yet insists that *Niobe* has overstated the case and that the Small Person of Canada is not destitute of courtesy.

This generation may have swung too far from



Miss Gertrude Huntley, a talented St. Thomas Musician, who played at Massey Hall, Toronto this week

the old style of awe for elders and superiors but there is still a saving regard for age and weakness. Toronto is not a town which is regarded as a Chesterfieldian community—in fact, its nickname throughout Ontario would seem to suggest that the capital of that premier province has a cheerful little fashion of laying hands on whatever pleases its fancy, without much regard for Hamilton or any other town whatsoever. Even in this city of the selfish pseudonym, there is manifest a good deal of thought for others, especially in these days of cold and distress. We Canadians are not so impolite as *Niobe* would paint us. Huxley, Alberta, may not be a town of Gallic grace. The very name has a hard, unyielding sound which suggests more pebbles than pearls. It is possible that even in that spot of little urbanity, the stranger who would show himself friendly might find a small boy who would say "please" or a little girl capable of replying "thank you."

OLD MAN FROST.

Old Man Frost is come again
To fleck and peck at the window-pane!
When you hear a sound like a blade of wheat
Snapped on the ground beneath your feet,
Look up—and the hoary beard of grass
That presses close to the wintry glass,
That is a sign upon the pane
That Old Man Frost is back again,
With all the fancies you had lost—
The rose of spring and the summer rain,
The joy they brought and the pain they cost—
Old Man Frost!

Old Man Frost, he hangs a mist
As cold as the gold and amethyst;
He hangs the mist of a hope forlorn
On the golden moon and the purple thorn;
But I never saw in his frozen mane
A picture wrought of terror or pain—
Only the stars, and castle towers,
And fairy gardens of trees and flowers;
And so your dream of love that is crossed
With a dread that it may not bloom again,
Is only a fancy, like the frost
On the winter window-pane!

—Aloysius Coll, in *Outing*.

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THE WOMAN CHAUFFEUR.

THIS part of the world assumes that it is far less conventional than the countries of Europe, so far as woman's taking part in public affairs is concerned. Yet French women are much better financiers than any business women whom America has produced and English women have made a political stir through the suffragettes such as Washington and Ottawa have never known. By the way, I wonder what that masterful gentleman, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, would do with the suffragettes. Would he use the "big stick" or just ask the dear ladies to the White House and talk them to death, while de-e-lighting in the process?

However, to return to effete Europe and the woman who does things! London has a sensation in the person of "Miss Sheila O'Neil," which is the motor name of a capable young Irish woman who has undertaken to run a public motor car and is already receiving paying custom. This is a varied if responsible occupation for enterprising women who do not wish to enter upon the milder employment of the kitchen or the hospital. The ambition of the average small boy is to drive a stage or command a pirate vessel. His modern sister may give up the care of dolls to contemplate the joys of a miniature motor car, looking forward to the days when she will have a "really, truly" automobile of her own. The Irish name of the daring lady is somewhat ominous. Does she hope to lure some dull and unsuspecting Saxon members of Parliament to become her passengers, thereby placing themselves in the power of a fair Fenian? It is a pretty name for the latest thing in feminine wage-earners and we less enterprising Canadian women may hope that she will have a glorious run and a multitude of fares.

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DENTAL "COURAGE."

AN American dentist has lately announced that, in his opinion, women are much braver than men. The former, he says, will submit much more calmly than their brethren, to the various probing touches of those hideous little steel instruments. Perhaps this distinguished dentist has a large practice among sensitive women and has an interest in praising their "nerve"—in his course of devitalising the same. This question of "bravery" is rather beside the mark. A woman is not a coward because she shrieks at the little grey form of a mouse and rushes to the highest point for safety. She is not really afraid of that small, creepy animal—she just has a profound aversion for its tricks and manners. So, the masculine avoidance of the red plush chair with its disturbing associations may not be so much an instance of cowardice as a proof of a certain masculine prejudice against small steel instruments. He does not "mind" the least bit about the pain, but he shrinks from the humiliation of having his dental defects explored by the thread-like impertinence in the hands of a fellow-man. If the dentist were a woman, would masculine distaste for the chair of torture decrease?

CANADIENNE.