



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

NOT often in these dull, prosaic times does a flash of old-fashioned romance brighten the record of the day's work. But during the last fortnight the Southern States, and even the New York papers have enjoyed a recital of a deed as romantic as ever was done in the days when our very great-grand-parents rumbled off in the stage coach to Gretna Green. Miss Julia Jackson Christian, the only granddaughter of the great Confederate leader, General "Stonewall" Jackson, has been ever since her childhood, the idol of the Southern people, who have recognised in her bright, generous spirit an inheritance of the splendid courage which inspired the men who wore the grey. Several years ago I knew her in the pretty town of Charlotte, North Carolina, where Miss Julia, as winsome and merry a school-girl as ever kept a household lively, lived with her grandmother, the widow of the great general. Like most girls of Dixieland, Julia Christian is both pretty and spirited, and when she discovered that the talented young Virginia lawyer on whom she had bestowed her affection was not regarded with favour by her unsympathetic father, the impetuous little lady straightway fled from Atlanta to Charlotte, and was married to Mr. Edmund Randolph Preston before her cruel parent fairly realised the fact of her departure. Mrs. Jackson is fully in sympathy with her motherless and romantic grand-daughter and the warm-hearted South, where the magnolias bloom and the serenade is yet a vivid memory, wishes all good fortune to the girl who has laughed at locksmiths. The bride is a typical Southern girl—which is the best and the last word as to feminine charm. Whatever may be said of the modern Yankee girl—of her money, her accent and her over-emphasis—the Southern woman is still as delightful as in the days when she inspired such soldiers as the world has seldom seen.

Many, many centuries ago, when the Britons were painting themselves blue with that mysterious dye of which the old green-backed history informed us, there was a colour which was in imperial fashion and which came from the ancient city of Tyre. If you were an empress or closely related to the royal family, it was the proper thing to wear purple and, if possible, fine linen. The Tyrian purple must have been of a softness and splendour such as modern science and art rarely produce. But once more Tyrian purple is the fashion, although the correct shade is so expensive as to leave a light pocket-book. Our grandmothers would not have liked the combination of navy-blue with purple. But we are making queer experiments nowadays with greens and mauves, browns and French grays. Therefore, blue and purple form a combination not to be despised. "But purple is a trying colour," some will object. Never mind! If it is the fashion, you may look sallow, withered or ghastly—but do not be different from your neighbour. Look like a fright if you will, but, at all costs, be in fashion.

The suffragettes are a rather curious body of agitators, in the eyes of most Canadian women. We may be a provincial order of femininity, but the physical struggle for votes hardly appeals to our sympathy. Surely we have

enough to worry over without being obliged to listen to the blandishments of political candidates. It may be deadly benighted, but I admit that I belong to the majority of Canadian women and do not care the least bit

A FAIR SOUTHERNER.



Julia Jackson Preston, Grand-daughter of General "Stonewall" Jackson.

in the world for the ballot. Politics is an interesting game but it is a man's game—and so very muddy. But woman will purify politics. Will she? Not by means of the ballot, say those who know something of the way woman suffrage has worked in Colorado and elsewhere. But one thing is certain. If woman ever really wishes to vote, she will attain her political aspirations. Woman has always had what she wanted. Eve wanted that beautiful rosy apple and she got it. She wanted Adam to eat the smaller half—and he obediently took a bite—and apple-sauce has needed sugar ever since. If the Canadian woman should at any time really wish to spoil ballots, Sir Wilfrid, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Roblin and that delightful Westerner, the "Honourable Richard," will simply hand over the political machine with "Certainly, Madame."

The ancient and honourable game of croquet has known a surprising revival this summer, and the click of the mallet is once more heard in the land. An English critic, speaking of the pastime says:

"Its survival and recovery are the more creditable by reason of the ridicule that it has had to live down. What other game has been the butt of keener shafts? What other game has been so associated with love-lorn curates and the simpering objects of their calculating affections? To-day it is no longer a mere excuse for philandering, and this particular season it has a new interest as being one of the very few games in which the supremacy has not passed overseas."

In Canada, croquet was once a game for others than the clergy. Why it should be regarded as an amiable game is difficult to understand for, to those who know, the critic is telling the simple truth when he says that no other game is, on the face of it, so spiteful.

CANADIENNE.

The Song my Paddle Sings

By E. PAULINE JOHNSON

West wind, blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
Oh! wind of the west, we wait for you—
Blow, blow!
I have wooed you so,
But never a favour you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.
August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir tree rocking its lullaby
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song my paddle sings.