

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

As We See Others

The Gifts to the Bride

THE grandmother of the bride looked rather doubtfully at a table laden with cut-glass and silver and centred with an electric lamp.

"Dear me," she said, with a mixture of benevolence and doubt, "it seems to me that girls nowadays have a great deal to start housekeeping with."

"What did you have, Granny?" said the bride-elect. "You must have had some lovely old china. That cup you gave me is one of the nicest things I have."

"Yes, there was china, and there was the best of linen and there were a few pieces of good furniture—but, as for five o'clock tea sets and curates," with a contemptuous glance at the tiered wicker receptacle for little cakes and muffins, "we didn't bother with them at all. Of course, I don't say that it's all wrong for you to have a limousine and a cabinet of silver, but it's hard for a young man in business to live up to those things."

"When we can't run the limousine, we'll rent it to some of our friends," said the bride-elect, cheerfully. "What was your wedding-dress like, Granny?"

"The finest white muslin," was the prompt reply, "it had a billowy skirt—none of your slit skirts in those days—with a long sash of blue silk—and I wore my hair in ringlets, tied with blue ribbon."

"You must have looked lovely," said the bride-elect, wistfully. "And didn't you have a bouquet?"

"Just a homemade one of moss roses and mignonette that John's mother sent me from her own garden. It was a beautiful day, too. I remember how the sun was shining on the bay when we drove off to take the afternoon train for Montreal."

"And that dear old home on the Bay of Quinte is given up," said the bride-elect, mournfully. "I think it must have been a delightful wedding, even if there was no newspaper account of a charming bride with a court train. But don't you think Harry and I have a chance of happiness, too, even if we're going to have a limousine and a vacuum cleaner, to say nothing of the tea-waggons?"

"I don't doubt it, my dear," said the grandmother, generously, nodding approval at the photograph of a good-looking youth in a silver frame. "Your Harry has a chin that reminds me of my John. He can fight his own battles and yours, too, and that's the best kind to marry. I've no opinion of these society young men who can't do anything but tango and 'hesitate.' I don't suppose the presents really matter, if the man is worth while."

The Lady With a Career

AT least forty novels must have been written, in recent years, about the heroine who does not know whether she desires to become the wife of the hero or to have a career. If she marries, she is sure to lead the hero the life of a dog—and a very dull dog at that—and, perhaps, in the end, she departs from home and husband in search of a nebulous career. Then there is the other heroine, who has no hesitation in appropriating the career, leaving an honest rural lover to mourn her ambition. She becomes, of course, a famous actress, a great artist or a prima donna of surpassing range. Then, all of a sudden, at the height of her celebrity joys, she is seized with a pathetic yearning for the simple home happiness which she had scorned, and, true to the traditional temperament of the "career" lady, goes into violent hysterics over the honest rural lover, who now has a beautiful home on the farm, with honeysuckles over the porch and a loving wife to share his daily toil. We refuse to sympathize with the careering lady or with the lady who chose domesticity and then pined for fame. Is it not time for the dear ladies, both in fiction and in fact, to recognize the truth of the homely proverb which tells us that we cannot both eat our cake and have it. So many neurotic women, of this first quarter of the most energetic century that has been, seem desirous of devouring their cakes, in a quick-lunch fashion and then bemoaning themselves that the cake, with pink icing and all, is not

on the plate before them. There are only crumbs left, and, however cunningly one may mix the ingredients of another cake, there will never be that particular cake again. It is difficult to say which is the greater bore—the married woman who speaks regretfully of the many diversions she has been obliged to give up and the few opportunities she has for developing the mind, or the whining spinster, who discourses on her loneliness, and hints coyly of the many suitors of her youth.

Then there is that most unpleasant heroine, such as the "Lady Mary" of one of Mr. Wells' recent novels, who calmly chooses a rich husband rather than the man who is so fortunate as to win her



AN INTERPRETER OF TREES.

Elizabeth McGillivray Knowles, of Toronto, whose landscapes in oil, including as a specialty miniatures, go far to establish the fact that trees have spirits. "The Pines" is a typical work from her hand in which this mystic feeling is apparent. Both Mrs. Knowles and her artist husband are particularly kind to budding talent, and "The Studio" is a Mecca to students in art.

love. The same and aforesaid "Lady Mary," however, is not at all superior to a cheap and sordid flirtation after she has secured the wealthy and trustful husband. In fact, all these grasping and exhausting creatures, who demand a little more than the earth are a weariness to the soul, whether we meet them in the popular magazine or in what we call real life. The woman who has elected a career and is cheerfully interested in the same is a being to be admired. So is the woman who, like Cornelia of old, boasts of her juvenile "jewels" and looks well to the ways of her household. But the plaintive person, who is sure that marriage has blighted her artistic achievements, or the desolate damsel whose career has ruined all prospect for domestic bliss are alike to be shunned. Eat your cake and enjoy it, if you will, but do not make life uncomfortable for your dear, unforgiving friends by regretting your devouring deed.

The Threatening Crinoline

WE may just as well admit that woman is in bondage to the Powers which make the modes. Is there a woman in the Dominion of Canada (Galicians, Doukhobors, and other newcomers excepted) who has taken a free step during

the past year? Of course not, for the skirts which Poirer, Premet, Cheruit and other French authorities decreed forbade anything like an unrestrained movement on the part of the unfortunate wearers. Our knees were confined in a most distressing fashion and then we went to church and heard about those dreadful Chinese who bind the women's feet, and otherwise oppress the feminine half of the population.

Now we are assured that the skirt is to be wide once more—flowing, in fact—and crinoline is more than darkly hinted. The large waist and bulgy blouse are to disappear, and the wasp waist, which charmed the 'sixties, is again to be the fashion. But at the mention of the hoop skirt, the modern woman falters and almost resolves to fly in the face of a fashion so absurd. The rush of business life will probably forbid such a vogue, as it would be impossible to reconcile crinoline with street cars or bargain days. So, in spite of the rumours which are coming westward from Paris and northward from New York, we refuse to believe that crinoline will literally be upon us before November.

It is all very well to exclaim over the faded photographs of ladies of the 'sixties and call those voluminous skirts, "so deliciously quaint," but to take care of such a garment in the modern tea-room or shopping expedition would be enough to send us all to rest cures. We may tolerate the basque with scallops and the rows of frills with cording on the edge, but crinoline is not for this generation.

ERIN.

A Voice of Consequence

MADAME PAWLOSKA, the Montreal soprano who first won her way to fame with the Montreal Grand Opera Company, has been studying for several years in France and has just returned, a full-fledged prima donna. She has undertaken to star in "Sari," on the invitation of Mr. Savage who, out of compliment to the newly-acquired member, will send his company to Montreal some time during the coming spring, at the end of March or in April.

"Sari," pronounced by the prima donna "Shari," is Kalman's latest Viennese operetta which was produced in English for a short while last year for the first time on this side of Atlantic. But according to the notion of Madame Pawloska, the music and orchestration throughout are not really comic opera, but grand opera in lighter form, while the opportunities for stage and costuming effects along "futurist" lines are marvellous. Her part, that of a Gypsy girl, is full of delightful lyric music, much of which, according to her statement, makes quite as severe a demand on her voice as any grand opera.

The singer's studies in Paris were pursued under the guidance of Signor Bal Delli, the famous Italian teacher, and were mainly along grand opera lines. She will probably return to her repertoire, but meanwhile is highly enthusiastic at the prospect of starring with Mr. Savage. The company will open on August 18th, at Philadelphia, and will then go to Boston for a six weeks' season, after which they will go West as far as San Francisco. The star is most sanguine as to her future and confesses to no nervousness whatever, save what she is likely to experience next spring, when she returns to sing to the folk of her own home city. She declares she rejected recently a tempting offer in Europe in favour of the Savage undertaking.

Between Ourselves

BY M. J. T.

O SISTERS dear, was Rudyard right,
Who wrote those awful verses
About a lady's power to bite
And scorn her victim's curses?

A thing of beauty should she be,
Whose loveliness increases.
More deadly than the male is she,
The female of the species?

I hunted up a simple thing
That turned out quite contrary:
The she-mosquito has the sting—
It's in the dictionary.