

## Women's Quiet Hour.

A month will almost have elapsed since the death of our beloved King when this page reaches my readers, but even so it will not be too late to say something of what true mourning for one of the greatest kings the world has seen, should mean.

To be head of the British Empire today is the most exalted position that any man can occupy. King Edward VII. came to the throne after the long and illustrious reign of his mother, the brightest reign in all the annals of British history and for nine years he has ruled not alone justly, but with such splendid discretion that he goes down in history as "Edward the Peacemaker," than which, no sovereign ever earned a grander title. His ability to do the right thing at the right time amounted almost to inspiration. His reign did very much not only to cement the different portions of the great Empire more closely together but to draw more closely into the bonds of brotherhood the men of all nations. That he is sincerely mourned by every loyal Canadian no one familiar with Canadian life will for a moment doubt. In Western Canada, however, there is an enormous foreign population and these people are, as yet, to a great extent, aliens in thought as well as speech. It should therefore be the duty and privilege of every Canadian to give expression to his or her sincere mourning for the loss of so great a ruler, not only in speech but in act. One minister in Winnipeg gave utterance to what seemed to me, one of the wisest things on this head that has yet been said. It was "if we truly mourn our great king, we will follow the works of God seeking to do what is best for the Empire and we will loyally stand behind his son and strengthen him in the hour of his great need by our prayers and our loyalty in thought and deed."

It has been very touching, in Winnipeg, to note how many of the foreign population have entered into the idea of mourning and in scores of little shacks in the outskirts of the city were to be seen small pictures of the late King surrounded by a bit of purple or black or tiny Union Jacks at half mast over the roofs.

One thing that should be done is to see that in every rural school house there is a picture of the late king suitably draped with black and purple.

No one really feels any more sorrow because they show an outward badge of mourning, but in a case of this kind Canadians should show to the strangers within their gates the real respect and reverence which there is in the heart of every true Canadian for constituted authority of which the king is the visible head.

King George the V. comes to the throne at the time of a great political crisis, perhaps the greatest since the time of James and William of Orange. He is an unknown quantity as a ruler, but he was admitted to the closest confidence of his illustrious father. He has sworn to endeavor to follow in his footsteps and every British subject the world over should give him loyalty of thought and affection, and "God Save the King" should be sung prayerfully.

Miss Talbot, secretary of this league, visited Winnipeg on her return trip from organizing leagues in Australia and New Zealand. The Victoria League, land and I will give in her own words just what the league stands for: "The Victoria League (a non-party association of British men and women) has its headquarters in London, Eng., and is under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen with the Countess of Jersey as president, and the Countess of Crewe as deputy-president.

The aim of the Victoria League is to promote mutual understanding, help and intercourse between all citizens of the British Empire, and its work has been called the "organization of senti-

ment." The Victoria League is absolutely outside all party politics, comprising men and women of every shade of political opinion, and is so constituted that, while carrying on a permanent organization for hospitality and educational work, it can readily form a special committee to deal on non-party lines with any Imperial question which may be of interest at the moment. To become a member of the league means to join a large body of people, living in all parts of the world, who are seeking to study the problems of the Empire, to exchange hospitality, and to become acquainted with all the aspects of life and the different points of view of the citizens of both mother country and daughter lands."

In the Canadian West Miss Talbot did not organize because it was thought best to work through the "Daughters of the Empire" which has already been established at a number of points. I think this league is of interest to readers of the Monthly for the simple reason that, while it has big objects such as described above, it also comes down to detail and any woman or man in the remotest part of the Canadian West can write to Miss Talbot at the permanent quarters of the league, 2 Millbank House, Westminster, S.W. London, England, and be put in touch with those who will exchange newspapers and magazines from the old land or who will indeed send them without an exchange. This, it seems to me, might be the means of broadening the knowledge of Canadians as to things in Great Britain and Ireland, and also, in the case of newly arrived immigrants, to help to tide them over the first feelings of loneliness and isolation. A letter sent to this address asking for some of the literature of the league will give better than I can in the space at my disposal, an idea of the wide-reaching

nature of the work being done in an earnest endeavor to make the various sections of the empire better acquainted. The work of this league is assuredly the highest form of patriotism.

The Domestic Science Classes at the Agricultural College have been successfully launched and by another month I hope to have something further to say about them. I saw the equipment just before work was taken up and nothing about it pleased me so much as the fact that though it was excellent of its kind and just what was needed for class work, at the same time there was nothing about the model kitchen that could not be reproduced in any kitchen in the Canadian West by any man or woman handy with tools, and the expenditure of a small amount of money and a reasonable amount of brains. If "well begun is half done" then the Domestic Science section of the Agricultural College is well on its way to success. Miss A. B. Juniper, of whom I wrote for the April issue, is assisted by Miss Macdonald, who is a graduate and gold medalist from the Household Science section of Toronto University and by Miss Kennedy, who was instructor in needlework and dress-making at Macdonald College, St. Anne's de Bellevue, Que.

I am giving two of the poems sent in, both short but both very beautiful, I think, and well worth cutting out and pasting in the scrap book, which I hope every one of my readers keeps by her.

### The Land of Little Faces.

I wonder, oh I wonder, where the little faces go,  
That come and smile and stay awhile,  
Then fade like flakes of snow.  
The dear, wee baby faces, that the world has never known;  
But mother's hide, so tender-eyed, deep in their hearts alone.

I love to think that somewhere in that country we call heaven,  
The place most fair of anywhere shall unto them be given;  
A land of little faces—very little, very fair,  
Where every one shall know her own and cleave unto it there.

Oh, grant it loving Father, to the broken hearts that plead,  
Thy way is best, but oh to rest in perfect faith indeed!  
To know that we shall find them, even them, the wee, white dead,  
At Thy right hand in Thy bright land, by living waters led.

### "Others."

Lord help me live from day to day  
In such a self-forgetful way  
That even when I kneel to pray  
"My prayer may be for 'Others.'"

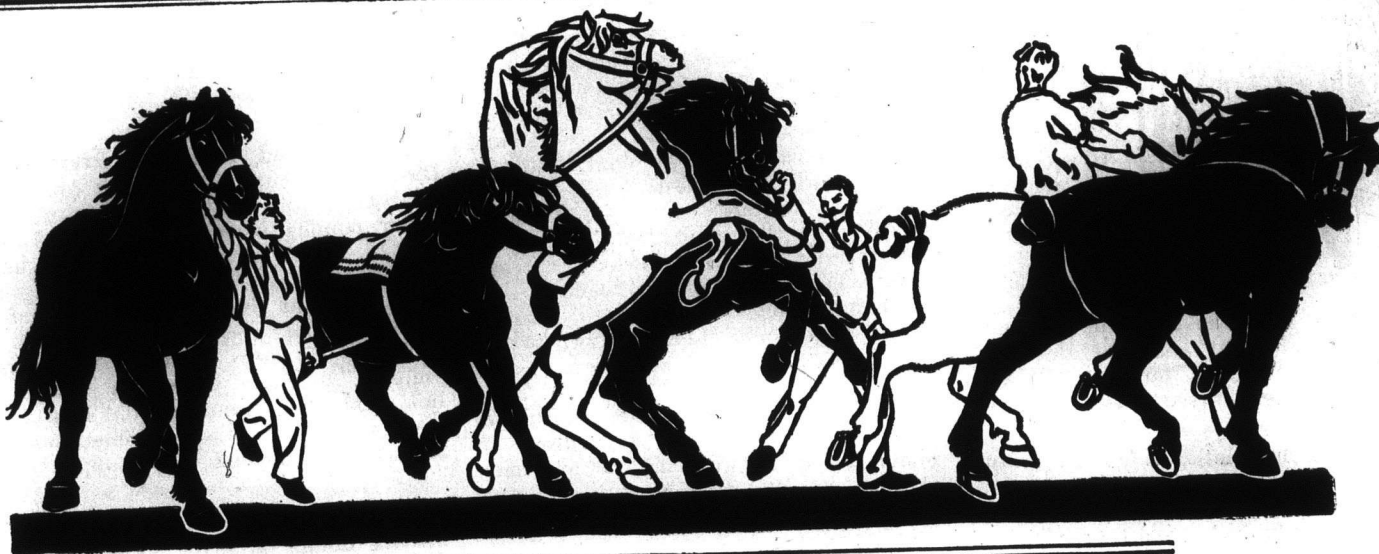
May self be crucified and slain  
And buried deep and all in vain.  
Attempts be made to rise again  
Except to live for "Others."

Take all my selfishness from me  
One Thou my eyes that I may see  
That even what I do for Thee  
Must need be done for "Others."

And when on earth my work is done  
And my new work in Heaven's begun  
May I forget the crown I've won  
While thinking still of "Others."

"Others" Lord yes "Others,"  
May this my motto be  
Help me to live for "Others"  
That I may live like Thee.

In accordance with my promise last month I am giving my readers a chance to make the acquaintance of Valancy Patriarche, of Winnipeg, author of "Tag or Chien Boule Dog." This is the most charming story that came out just in time for



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