



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

MRS FLORA ANNIE STEEL is well known as the author of "On the Face of the Waters," and other lesser novels. Lately Mrs. Steel has been writing "special" letters to the London papers, and of these an epistle on the alarming subject, "Is Marriage Too Expensive?" has attracted some attention in the silly season when topics of a sentimental nature are made the head-lines of paragraphs long-drawn-out.

Mrs. Steel seems to be in a positive worry about the apparent indifference of the modern young Briton to the holy estate of matrimony. She scolds the girls for spending so much time and thought on gowns and hats. "Now," she says, "the one great absorbing interest in the lives of the majority of women at the present day appears to be dress. You have only to walk through the streets and count the shops devoted to feminine fal-lals; you have only to look at an ordinary blouse, with its tuckings and puckerings, its inlayings and frillings and stitchings, to see that a very large proportion of a woman's time must necessarily be taken up by her raiment."

This is rather cheering news because most United Statesers and Canadians have been under the impression that Englishwomen, except the upper classes, dress badly and wear hideous shoes with hygienic soles. So they are neglecting matrimony for millinery and actually frightening the men away by their extravagant garments. But do not be alarmed, novelist of Anglo-India and its Simple Life! Matrimony will always be more or less in fashion, and when Gabriel blows the last trump he will probably clash with many a chime of wedding-bells.

The comments of New York's occasionally yellow press on subjects, about which it is as ignorant as it is presumptuous, are highly amusing to those who are somewhat informed. That wearisome "World" has enlarged in this fashion upon the Canadian girl as nurse:

"The several training schools attached to the city institutions on Blackwell's and Randall's Islands are recruiting from Canada, where strong, nerveless, unemotional girls come from the farms and after a course in the schools, go to the city institutions that have sick, and work like men for what to them is a fine compensation, but which a New York-trained girl turns up her nose at."

The New York scribe, as usual, does not know what he is talking about and writes accordingly. The Canadian girl from the farm is usually healthy but she is neither nerveless nor unemotional. She is likely to be self-possessed and courteous and the New York cub reporter is so accustomed to the hysterical and overwrought Yankee woman, whose shrill voice is raised in slangy exclamations on the slightest provocation, that he mistakes the Canadian girl's reserve for lack of feeling. The reporter seems to consider that women of a somewhat unrefined order are most successful as nurses; whereas the most delicate qualities of sympathy, reticence and tact are necessary to distinction in this calling. The Canadian girl from the farm or from any other home need not shrink from comparison with the United Stateser, although the former does not

court that publicity in which the latter seems to rejoice.

A popular vote taken by an English newspaper some time ago places it upon record that Lady Pole-Carew is the most beautiful woman in England. The five other English women who followed Lady Pole-Carew, in the order of their popularity, are Lady Helen Vincent, Princess Henry of Pless, the Duchess of Sutherland, Miss Julia Neilson and Miss Evelyn Millard. The two last-named are actresses. Lady Pole-Carew is the wife of the famous General and is Irish by birth.

The "Echo," which is always cheerful in its resounding force, comes from London, Ontario, and is capably edited by a woman. The "Western Fair" number is especially good and shows the industrial and social aspects of the thriving centre of Middlesex. Toronto people are in danger of forgetting that there is an Exhibition in Canada other than their own important affair which has recently taken on national proportions. Personally, I have a liking for the Western Fair in London, because it was there I first experienced the childish joy of possessing a purple balloon, the glory of which, alas, endured for only a brief half-hour but left a memory of gorgeousness such as no modern show can rival.

The Western Fair is a much grander show than it was in the days of the purple balloon but the best of it belongs to the Small Person, who always finds the "Exhibition" a realisation of the Arabian Nights.

CANADIENNE.

A Country Road

By JEAN BLEWETT

Not this road, friend; 'tis whim of mine
To turn my back on beech and pine
And running brooks that sing and shine,
The while your prospects you define.
And press your suit with ease.

I went this road another day,
A glowing, pulsing, perfect day.
The growing grasses laughed with me;
The young leaves quivered in their glee;
The ox-eyed daisies peeped to see
So glad a thing as I.

As I, a-tremble with sweet fear,
Because of one who, lingered near,
Because he whispered in my ear
The very words I longed to hear;
Because—because he was so dear—
Not this road, friend, I pray.

Of this one spot my thoughts doth make
A garden rare for old sake's sake;
And should your foot crush fern or brake,
Or ox-eyed daisy, wide awake,
This worldly heart of mine would ache—
Not this road, friend, I pray.

—Canadian Magazine.



A Jewish Girl of Morocco.