



QUITE APPROPRIATE.

Assistant (in the morning wardrobe)—Let me see, Mrs. Higgs, you're having bands of crape on your dress—will you have two or three?
Mrs. Higgs—Oh, three, I think, my dear. 'E's bin a-very good 'usband.

Monument in London To a Chicago Girl; Late Lady Curzon

Mary Curzon Hostel Erected at King's Cross
—Romantic Career of the Wife of
Ex-Viceroy of India.

They are building a monument in London to a Chicago girl who became a queen.

But this monument is no mere shaft of stone, no splendid but lifeless edifice in marble such as Shah Jahan built to crown his palaces and testify at the same time to his grief for the loss of a beloved consort. It is a monument to serve the living in commemoration of the dead, a thing of flesh and blood as well as brick and stone—a hotel for women, in the name of a woman who never forgot the needs of lesser women even on her way to a throne.

They put the hotel in King's Cross road in London, named it the Mary Curzon Hostel, and in its hall hung a "Star" dedicating it to "a woman tender-hearted and beautiful, who in her short life sought to make the lives of women happier in many lands—Mary Victoria, wife of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, born 1870, died 1906."

More of a fairy tale than a true bit of the fabric of life does it seem—this story of a little Chicago girl who became a queen in fact and almost in name. Who lived in a palace with more than 150 household servants at her command, to say nothing of ladies-in-waiting, grooms, and courtiers, secretaries and aids, and helped to govern more than 300,000,000 of people, and was acclaimed by them as the most beautiful, graceful and popular vicereine that had ever sat on the royal throne, the reign of herself and her husband called the most magnificent period of foreign rule in India had ever had.

Great stories have been told of the wonderful receptions, balls, and feasts given in the day of the old East India Company. In the reign of the Curzons in India these traditions were almost blotted out. Splendid, even barbaric, was the court they held, the fetes they gave.

To celebrate Edward VII's coronation as Emperor of India in 1903, the Government appropriated \$880,000 for a durbar at Delhi and put it at the command of Lord Curzon. The natives, princes and the people of the most gorgeous empire under the sun, and spent a sum estimated as the same the Government gave. The vicereine and vicereine again, from their private purse, spent what was needed to rival the show of the princes and the display of the Government.

Never in the history of the world was a more magnificent pageant staged than this durbar. High above it all, side by side with England's royalty, stood the royal figure of the one-time

the prince through Sir Charles came to them to attend a garden party at Marlborough House. They went, and from that time their position in London society was secure.

Mary Leiter became the feature of the London season of that year. Her social success was accounted phenomenal. Youth, beauty, wealth and brilliance of mind marked her on as one destined to rise to great rank and make a notable marriage.

From the day of her debut the most desirable parties of this country and of foreign capitals where she visited attached themselves to her train. Oriental sheiks, German princes, French counts, English counts, English dukes and plain American businessmen. Was she not an heiress, a beauty and a true woman every inch of her? She was the daughter of a father of untold millions?

Late in her girlhood, as society buds count years, she chose the man she wanted to marry, and he was neither prince, nor duke, but an English commoner, though destined to a title—George Nathaniel Curzon, son of Lord Scarsdale, an English country rector. He was already rising fast in English politics, so fast that rumor had it he would some day be prime minister. They met that first year of Miss Leiter's introduction to London society.

"One of the clearest young Englishmen that ever came to the United States," was the judgment of old Levi Leiter upon his future son-in-law. Curzon's countrymen confirmed the judgment.

Of an old and distinguished family, his career as a boy and man had been watched by many, because of the promise it gave. In his college days he was known as "a quite superior person." In appearances he was as handsome a man as Mary Leiter was a woman.

They were married in New York in April, 1895. The match was a love affair and belonged to the best type of international marriages.

From New York they went almost directly to England. Curzon plunged directly into a hot contest for his seat in Parliament. Mary Leiter took the plunge with him, as an English wife would have done. She accompanied her husband to public meetings and electioneered for him. To his pretty bride as much as to his oratory, the successful issue of the contest was attributed. They lived in London during the first years of their married life and entertained lavishly at Carlton House Terrace, their London home, which afterwards was let to Mr. Choate for the American embassy. The first of her three daughters was born there in 1896. In the summer of 1898 another daughter, Mary Irene, was born. The next year came the appointment to the viceroy.

In this step Mary Leiter reached the highest official position a woman could attain, ranking second only to the British queen and empress, and holding an imperial sovereignty by the peoples of the far-off, gorgeous east, where she went to rule.

Life in India was not all pageantry and glitter. The year of the durbar was also a year of famine in India. By her sympathy and her active aid in famine relief Lady Curzon won the hearts of the people. In gratitude native princes gave her wonderful gifts of jewelry and fine fabrics of Arabian Nights splendor—among them necklaces of sapphires, emeralds and rubies.

More like a fairy tale than a true bit of life's fabric, it seemed, this story of a Chicago girl who became a queen.

And yet, no matter how much purple and gold and glitter of fairyland a story contains, it always seems a little drab, faded, sorry, seen across a grave.

Mary Leiter Curzon died in 1906.

If that were all there was to write it would not be a fairy story at all. The wonderful thing is that there is living work going on in many parts of the world set in motion by the lovely hand of lovely Mary Leiter—institutions that give aid and comfort to her though her mortal existence is over.

Not the least of these is the woman's model hotel just opened for women in her name in London town.

WOMEN WISH TO PREACH

British Congregational Union's
New Departure—Against
Sex Rivalry.

"The most important utterance I have ever heard at a session of the Union," was the description given by the Rev. J. Morgan Gibbon, the president, of a speech by Miss M. M. Allan, Principal of Homerton College, Cambridge, at the first meeting of the assembly of the British Congregational Union.

The meeting was so great a success that similar gatherings are regarded as likely to become a regular feature of the annual assembly.

Mrs. Lees, of Oldham, president over the crowded assembly, which was held in the Clifton Congregational School, Manchester, said, "It is a great pleasure to have women to be admitted to the ministry."

Teachers. Miss Allan said the churches ought not to ignore the tremendous range of attitude towards the Scriptures, and should make some appeal to university women to instruct the younger girls in Bible study. It was from the mother that the fundamentals of Christianity were learned by the younger generation.

Thousands of intelligent mothers were at their wits' end for light and leading on spiritual matters, and too often they were disappointed at the apparent lack of agreement between ancient tenets and modern knowledge.

The Rev. Morgan Gibbon, the president of the Union, said the majority of the aged people in the Churches did not realize that their children lived in a new world of thought.

The Churches were utterly unprepared to deal with these young people. There must be more liberality of thought and more intimate acquaintance with what was happening, or otherwise they would lose their young people.

When he first saw ladies in the pulpit he confessed to a slight tremor and a feeling of what a good thing it was that St. Paul was thoroughly dead. (Laughter.)

"I don't know what was meant when it was said that women wanted more to do. Had they done what lay to their hand to do? What about the woman in the back street? Was in God's name did they not go to her? What were they waiting for? (Cheers.) They wished to preach; let them get elected and preach."

"I deprecate this sex rivalry altogether," proceeded the president. "My trouble is not with the over-interested woman, but with the growing type who does not care at all, it would be an enormous loss to her. In exchange for the old type of deeply religious woman, who did her great work in the home in a quiet way and asked for no distinction, we get a modern woman, rushing, bustling, and holding everybody, throwing her soul upon externals. We want women in our Churches to teach a quiet, more dignified life."

It used to be believed in women's suffrage until women converted me to the more barbarian scheme of things."

Women were wanted, he added, to lead the age from the gross and vulgar sex novel and from the silly play.

Mr. James Dobson, of Whetstone, suggested that the speech of the president was laced with patronage towards women. He doubted whether, if a church of a hundred would accept them, a hundred would accept them who were better able to instruct them on religious and moral matters than their own sex.

Sir Albert Spicer said that last week Mansfield College admitted the first woman to take the full theological course to become a preacher.

"BRAIN FOG" AS A SELLING ARGUMENT.
[Power.] We have been informed of a new charge against the isolated plant by "central."

"Brain fog." No, it has nothing to do with the engineer, but concerns only the plant owner or manager. The reason given for the charge is that the worry, the mental anguish, the "brain fog," which the isolated plant imposes on the manager, is worth so much per year, and should, of course, be charged against it. Just how much this charge amounts to per kilowatt-hour or horsepower developed, or whether it has yet been reduced to a unit basis, we are not informed.

AN OBJECTION.
A hunter more boastful than successful, once joined a bear-hunting expedition. During the hunt, as this man was resting by the side of a rock and talking to another hunter, he remarked:

"If there's anything I do on, it's bear. A slice of bear-steak, nicely done, is just perfect."

"Well," said the companion, looking up, "I'm hanged if there isn't a bear now!"

The man who "doted on bear" looked up, and saw an immense grizzly stand on top of a rock, gave a yell and a leap into the woods and disappeared. His companion soon overtook him, and he said to the fugitive as he came up:

"Why, I thought you liked bear?"

"Well, I do," said the runaway, "but that one ain't done enough!"

of such prodigious size that it seems impossible they should be real. They were, however.

Another work the vicereine engaged in with all her heart was gathering a fund for providing midwives to Indian women. A large sum was collected, and the philanthropy put on a substantial footing.

During her last two years in India, she framed a scheme for establishing an Indian Nursing Association, for providing nurses for Europeans in up-country stations in India. A committee was convened at Simla, many meetings were held at which she presided, and ultimately detailed proposals were worked out for submission to the secretary of state, though the project was intended to be self-supporting. She spent a great deal of time upon the scheme, she left India before it was fully operative, but the work was finally brought to perfection and is carried out in India today.

In 1904 the Curzons went back to England for respite from work and change of climate. They went into residence at Walmer Castle, a damp old coast fortress belonging to Lord Curzon, full of miasma and sewer gas. Here Lady Curzon contracted an illness from which she never thoroughly recovered, though she was well enough to return to India in March of the following year.

Calcutta received her with a demonstration that left no doubt in the minds of anyone that the American empress had won the hearts of India. At the station she was presented with beautiful jewels. Her route through the town was packed with dense, cheering crowds. The cheering was continuous, says one chronicler. "Lady Curzon drove to Government house amid acclamations such as had never been accorded to any woman in India. Hundreds of ladies of Calcutta were awaiting her in the throne room, and presented her with a costly ivory casket and address."

A local paper wrote that her coming was "the occasion of a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm on the part of the population of Calcutta, such as we never remember to have witnessed before."

Other British viceroys and their consorts "the occasion of a practice to go among the native population only amid troops of horsemen and guards. Lord and Lady Curzon went anywhere almost that they chose without companies. "Once he and Lady Curzon were driving alone near Kali Ghat," writes Lovat Fraser, "when thousands of people gathered and begged them to go and see the temple of the grim goddess, Kali, which has since become famous. The cheering was continuous, and was no doubt, even then, the chosen shrine of the opponents of English rule. They went on foot to the temple amid thunderous applause."

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THE WOMAN.

jects at a time when they knew that young people by the hundred were heartily moment they left their parents. (Applause.)

"Only Tinkering."

Miss Fleckworth, Brighton, complained that women's work in the Churches was far too limited; it was "only tinkering."

It was a remarkable thing that the great agitation in favor of the Criminal Law Amendment Act came from outside the Church than inside the Churches. The Churches did not do sufficient for the sweated and slum women. (Applause. The Churches standard of morality. (Cheers.)

Mrs. Herbert Stead said with the duty of the Church toward "the woman in the back street." She complained that religious organizations had driven the poor woman deeper down rather than had helped her up, by teaching her to accept duties and to understand that hypocrisy was a marketable possession.

"We are in the midst of a great industrial unrest," said Mrs. Stead. "What it may lead to, God knows, is the Church speaking out and telling the people the will of God, careless of whether it hurts the rich man? This work lies in the hands of women, and they may save the country from a revolution."

Against Sex Rivalry. The Rev. Morgan Gibbon, the president of the Union, said the majority of the aged people in the Churches did not realize that their children lived in a new



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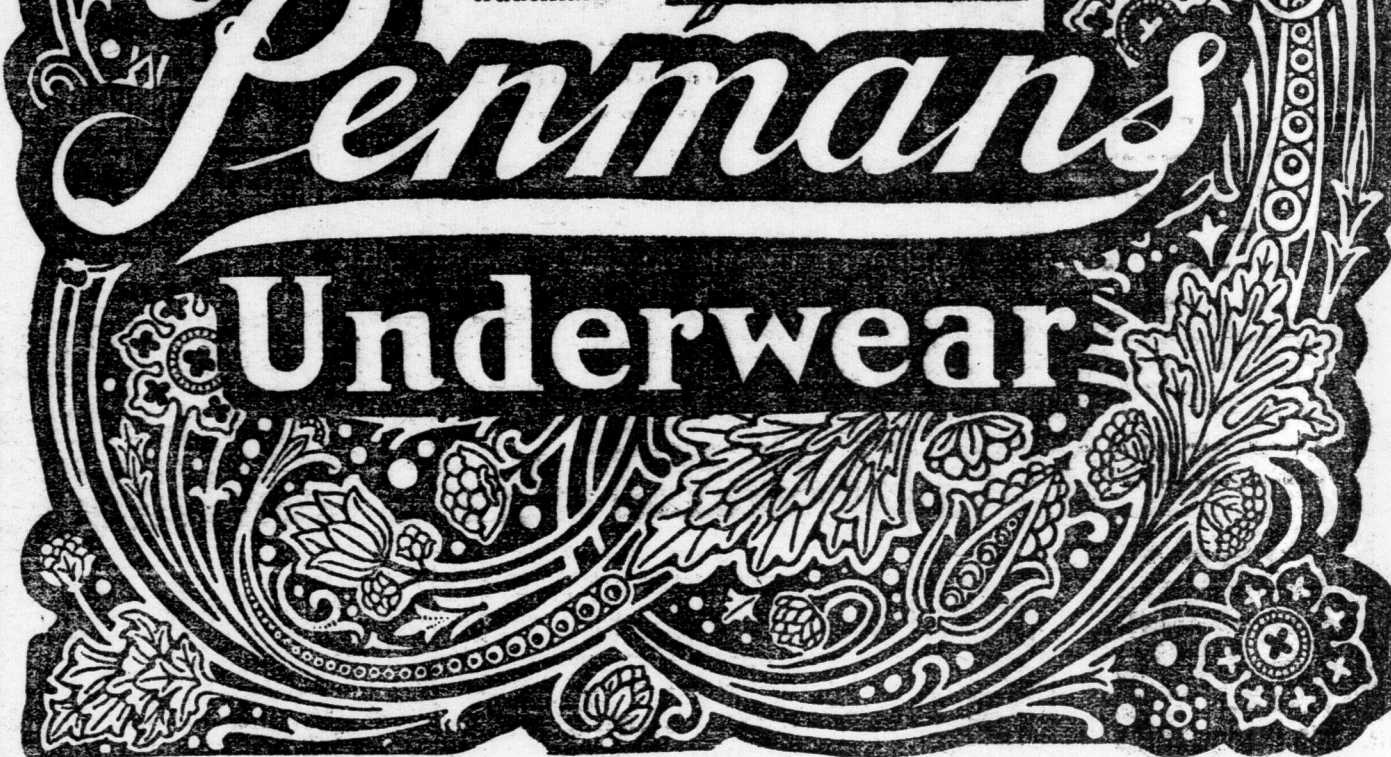
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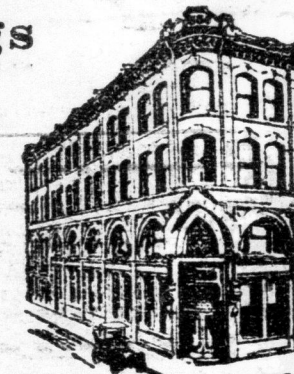
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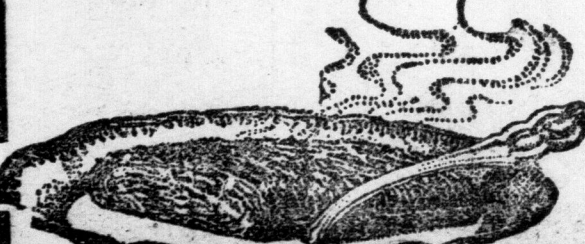
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The wife (to the husband who has been slung over the bank in a motor car accident)—Oh, do come along up, Roddy dear, we're all waiting for you. The motor isn't hurt a bit.