

The Mirror and the Web

By THE LADY OF SHALOTT

Schoolma'ams and Millionaires.

"I WOULD rather see a party of Canadian teachers visit the Old Land than all the millionaires put together." Fancy the papers quoting that as a very remarkable statement! I would rather myself. Canadian teachers are slimmer. They have to be slimmer, fatness being impossible on their salaries. The assertion was made by Sir Gilbert Parker, in a letter to Mr. Fred J. Ney, of Winnipeg, honorary organizer of the Canadian teachers' annual trip to Europe. The fourth event is at present being arranged for.

The annual tours are an evidence of the Hands

PRODIGY AND PROTEGE



Miss Leila Preston, Professor Michael Hambourg's Little Pupil, of Whom it is Predicted That She Will Some Day Excel in Piano Similarly as Miss Kathleen Parlow Has Excelled in Violin. The Nine-year-old Wonder Came to Toronto from Alliston.

Across the Sea movement, and their object is to raise the prestige of teachers and the Canadian teaching profession. This year's trip, as the former have been, is to be under the auspices of the Dominion Government and the education departments of Manitoba, British Columbia, Nova Scotia, Que-

bec, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. The S. S. "Gram-pian," of the Allan Line, has been chartered, which will sail from Montreal, July 3rd.

A most alluring itinerary has been scheduled. The same includes visits to points of interest in France as well as in the United Kingdom. It will give six weeks of complete programme and yet will cost individually something under three hundred dollars.

The movement is, in essence, an imperialists' crusade which aims at welding Canada to the Old Land through the schools.

A Possible Why.

IT has been averred by no less a person than Mrs. Flora MacDonald Denison, President of the Canadian Suffrage Association, that the Canadian delegation quite escaped indignities when the crowd molested the pageant of suffragettes in Washington. Toronto, Ottawa and London were cities represented. The Toronto group boarding the Washington train was observed to be carrying club-bags. The rabble, no doubt, respected the possible contents—clubs!

Nor Boots Nor Bifurcations.

RECENTLY Dr. Anna Shaw, in one of her black-smith speeches, announced that women are ready to fill men's shoes! Some women may be—Dr. Anna Shaw, for one, and Xanthippe, who coveted Socrates' sandals, for another. Poor Socrates! Small wonder that he preferred the hem—to the wed-lock!

But most women are wanting neither men's boots nor their bifurcations; they are vastly content with their own little cinderellas and pretty skirts—draped ones being the joy and despair of the moment. Women are women still, it appears, at the vernal displays of dry goods, and, likewise, at those feminine orgies, the millinery openings. Men really should see the flocks of "the dears" that congregate these days in the big stores' show-rooms! They would see there has been but little unsexing; that trousers are still their own; indeed, that perhaps it were wise to concede the franchise!

By the way, a recent advice announced that a foremost maker of Paris modes has just received decoration at the hands of the government of France. Gilt for the lily, surely; likewise, undue paint for the fleur-de-lis. Far be it from the writer, though, to end this little story with: "Knighthood was in the pod!" A clause from Leacock.

That Its Character.

AN enjoyable assemblage of a polyglot description was the reception recently given by the Toronto Women's Press Club, in honour of some of the members of the Montreal Grand Opera Company.

The French tongue was in requisition. Fancy having to have the jests translated! And French wit was bandied about so battledor-shuttlecock-wise that many despaired. But there was some rather good repartee in nice, plain, home-spun, civilized, mother English. An instance was this:

IN LOVE, THOUGH ROYAL



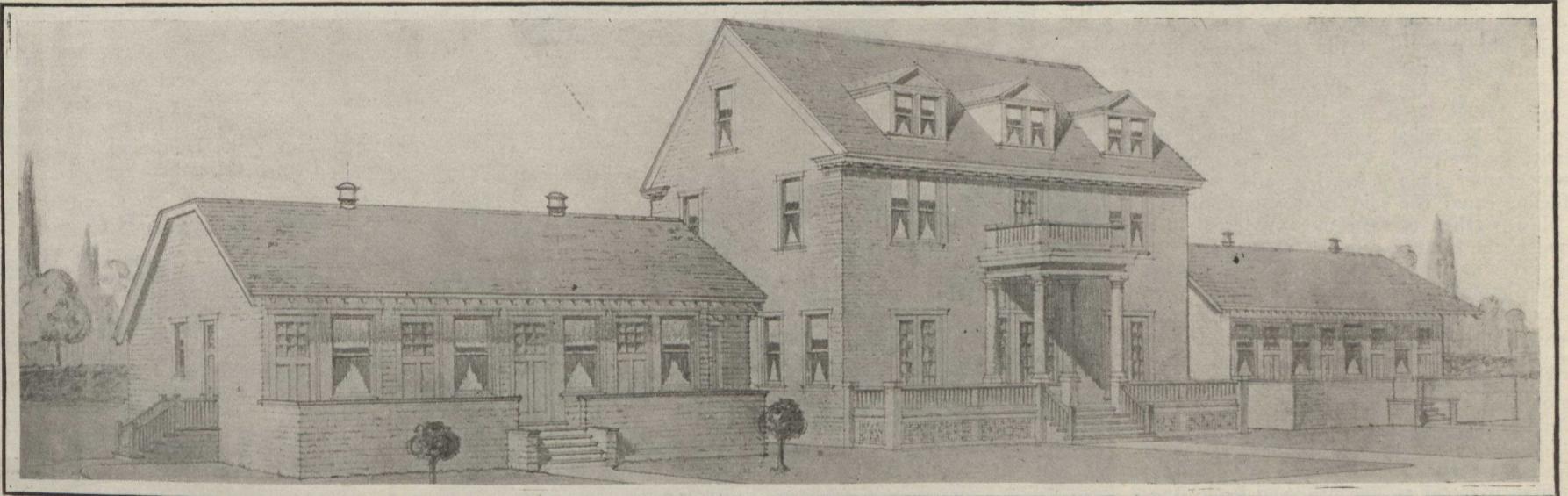
Unabashed in the Camera's Eye Are the Hand-holding, Newly-affianced Couple of Germany, the Kaiser's Only Daughter, the Princess Victoria Louise, and the Prince Ernest August of Cumberland. There Appears to be no Royal Road in Courting.

"What a press there is here! My dear, are you not completely smothered?" "Oh, no, indeed!"—the reply came instantly—"I expected it. You see, it is the Press Club."

Feathers and Flint.

"MY spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow."

The simple lines of Hood were recalled recently on the writer's reading "Flint and Feather," the deftly-finished volume of poems by Miss E. Pauline Johnson, who died last week in Vancouver. The winged lightness of some of the verse and the real contribution which much of it is to the hoard of treasured Canadian literature make the final conditions in which the poetess found herself resemble flint and irony, indeed. She was ill and impoverished; and a tale lamentably small is that which has been reported of the sales of her book.



Design of the Essex County Tuberculosis Hospital Which the Border Chapter, Daughters of the Empire, Windsor, Are About to Erect at Union, on Lake Erie, Forty Miles from Windsor. It is Hoped the Building Will be Finished in July, and the Committee is Eusy Now Over Furnishings. The Success of the Undertaking is Due, in the Main, to Mrs. H. R. Casgrain, Regent.