



Mrs. L. A. Hamilton,
who takes a seat in Toronto as the first woman member of a City Council in Canada

upon us, cried the Lady of Shalott"); that at heart she was a tomboy and preferred the companionship of her brothers to that of other children, in spite of being too frail to take an active part in their sports; that she read *Bal-lantyne* and *Stevenson* rather than girls' books; when I tell you that she was and is, a dreamer, loving the stories hidden from so many of us in the wild things that grow, and that much sorrow has only sweetened an already beautiful nature—have I given you any sort of picture of Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald?

No, of course not. She herself admits that the "high-lights" in her life are more from thought and emotion than from any outward adventure,

and the transcribing of a sensitive, poetic mind, is, gentle reader, a delicate undertaking, to put it moderately.

From Mrs. Ganong, Bliss Carmen's sister, however, we are given some interesting glimpses of Mrs. MacDonald's childhood and early youth. At a tender age there began a friendship between these two "which was to grow so strong with years, that nothing could ever break it".

"My first recollection of Elizabeth," Mrs. Ganong would tell you, "pictures her being carried into our house by her father, the newly-appointed rector of Fredericton; a very limp, pale, train-sick little girl, wrapped in a plaid shawl and hugging Blondina in one arm and "Little Women" in the