

were in New Brunswick. A band of singing gypsies provided the entertainment when a visit was paid to the Courtenay Bay works, at St. John, and the nomads evoked the unstinted royal interest.

It is all very delightful being dandled in Fortune's lap, until her knees stiffen suddenly out and slid you. So that Madame Albani of Drummond's tender verse—that "Chambly girl" who came to be, by virtue of her voice, court singer to a most appreciative Kaiser—was lately reported to be living in abject want. It is not so bad as that. She is comfortably housed in London. But she is giving music lessons to mediocre pupils and her husband states would not be averse to "a fund."

The advisory board to British Columbian women's institutes includes the following list of women members: Mrs. W. V. Davies, Chilliwack; Mrs. R. L. Lipsett, Summerland; Mrs. J. F. Kilby, Nelson, and Mrs. A. T. Watt, William Head. The last named woman is secretary. The two men members are the minister of agriculture and the deputy minister. The body, while not exactly representative, has proved its exceeding usefulness in connecting the institutes' work and in acquainting the department with their needs.

The Hon. Mrs. Joyce's party of British women, brought out under the auspices of the British Women's Emigration Association, recently arrived in Winnipeg. The party left Avonmouth one hundred and thirty strong. The women were trained workers. And such were the opportunities the eastern cities extended that only seventy-three continued west. The company was in charge of the able Miss Black.

While the name of Percy Haswell, actress, has long had a pleasant savour for her summer productions on, otherwise, barren boards, it is destined now to fare forth as a veritable perfume, thanks to an enterprising scents firm in Toronto. In accordance with an arrangement made with General Manager

Corson, of the Sovereign Perfumes, Limited, Miss Haswell held a reception in their exquisitely fitted up quarters in the Manufacturers' Building at the Exhibition. Miss Haswell dispensed many hundreds of autographed photographs of herself and her new role was voted to be most becoming.

On Sleeping Out in Muskoka

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

HOUSED in a proper tent, on (if you own one) an Ostermoor mattress—that's not at all the true Arcadian manner, but under the world's wide canopy of sky, on a rock as springy with moss, is the big joy-way of sleeping out in Muskoka.

Must be chosen the right sort of island, first of all, a long, narrow one which the winds can filter through; otherwise, the "skeeters" will get you. That sort of island has another charm, too, for its trees usually stick up as teeth do in a comb and, well, there's a special music the wind makes.

That's it all, mostly, what the wind does! Ears are so much keener when nothing comes between those members and the Wonder-Harp of Nature. Trees grow into sentient things, vibrant and tender, and waves advance vocally, each farthest winning near to touch the siren shore with gestures rapt. And then that elfish starting of shy, wild, night things amid a thousand twigs and vines and mosses! Even the mosquito's mandarin "tsing, tsing," is here scarcely felt to be discordant. Eye-music chants, too, a symphony for the vision, a "soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs" that would fill to the brim the heart of the veriest Wordsworth. The rock, too, helps the harmony, in the arm of a twist-trunk oak and so does the dance of the stars through the numberless leaves. A moment's glimpse of a fire-fly, the steady climb of the moon, reddish a bit, for the air is impinged with smoke. The linked reaches of mild water, a scatter of light and shade, and ever, about and beyond, the looming islands.

Nature seems to be strangely awake and strangely communicative; and the novice, unacquainted with the recesses of Night's vault, feels that by morning

she must share most secrets. Not so, not so, and wonderment ends in drowse—like that of a child washed, kissed and tucked by its mother. That would be the experience, too, were the sleeper's years twice-told. For never is Nature so overbrooding, so mother-like, as at night; and nowhere is night more wondrous than in Muskoka.

And the wide, high splendour of the dawn to crown it all—dawn in the north is exalted necromancy! The world grows a shimmer, a palpitation, of light and the painted lake is a painted lure to dipping. You wake with your locks lank and damp with perfumed dews, and your face—! A pool reveals it. But it isn't much of a price—that price on your face which you paid to a few black flies.

Madam Once-Upon-a-Time

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD

I LOVE the magic things she tells—
Dear Madam Once-Upon-A-Time;
Her voice is like the sound of bells
That through enchanted forests chime;

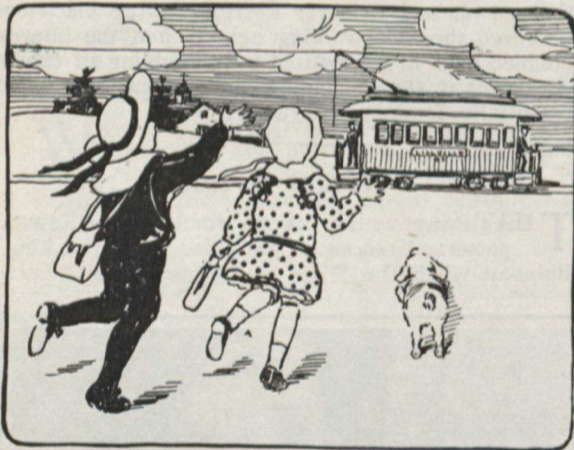
Or like the music of the wheel,
The great brown wheel that hums and croons
When Betty in the firelight spins
On dusky winter afternoons.

She comes when you are tucked in bed,
And in the hall the light burns low,
When shadows gather, dark and tall—
It's funny how they seem to grow!

She leans her head beside your own,
(Their distance *then* the shadows keep),
And while the clock ticks on and on
She whispers you away to sleep.

Who is she? Well, perhaps, you know,
She's just a lady in my rhyme—
Or else she's Mother; anyway
She's Madam Once-Upon-A-Time!

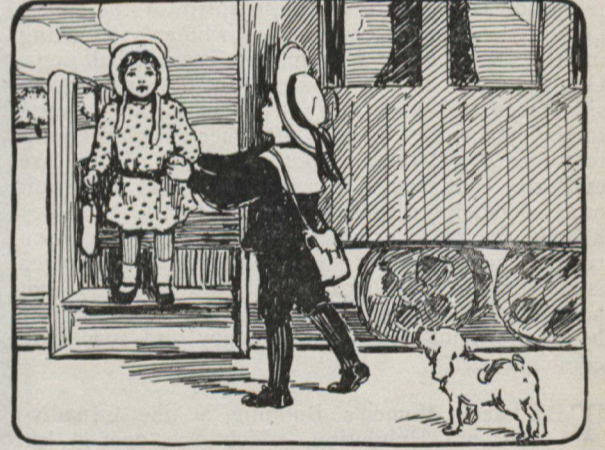
Why Willie and Lillie Were Late - By Estelle M. Kerr.



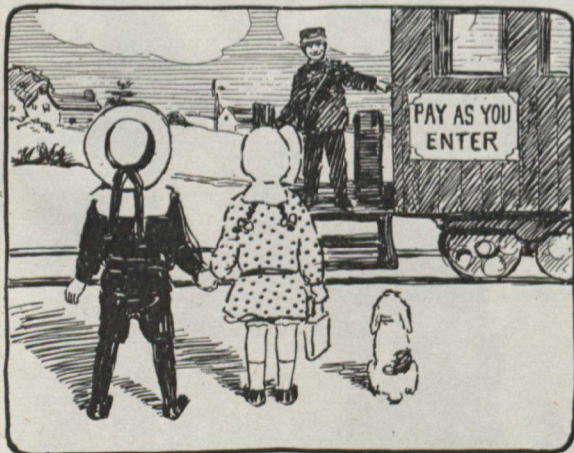
When Will and Lill set off for school
They started rather late,
And so they hailed a trolley car
That passed their garden gate.



They both sat down, quite pleased to think
That they would soon be there,
When the conductor came around
And asked them for their fare.



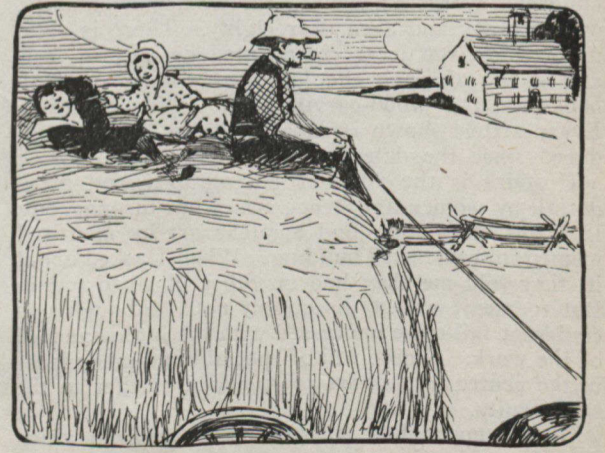
Then Willie in his pockets
Found some marbles and some chalk,
And Lillie found some chocolate creams,—
But yet, they had to walk!



Said Willie, "That same trolley car
Has helped us on our way,
Let's take the next!" But that was marked,
"You enter when you pay!"



Just then a hay-cart came along,
The driver called, "Jump up,
Climb, Willie, climb up, Lillie, too,
And don't forget your pup!"



"Those cars are bad for people's nerves,
There's nothing like a horse!"—
But owing to his gentle pace
They got there, late, of course.