

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Two Canadian Artistes Abroad.

LONDONERS have been testifying to the attractiveness of an unusual combination of Canadian talent. Miss Edith Smaill, who belongs to Montreal, and who made a reputation beyond Canada in her interpretation of Drummond's poetry, appeared in a recital at Steinway Hall. She read "Johnnie Courteau" and other selections from the works of Dr. Drummond. After hearing Miss Smaill, *The Morning Post* says English people will understand that Canadians have not overestimated the delightful qualities of Drummond's poetry. The living voice was needed to reveal to them the actual intention of the writer. Miss Smaill was assisted by Miss Edith Miller, another Canadian artist, who is much thought of in her own country. She sang with much acceptance a number of French-Canadian chansons, "A la Claire Fontaine," and "Ah qui me passera le bois." Miss Smaill introduced her audience as well to the work of Mr. Robert Service of Canada. "The Cremation of Sam McGee" is mentioned by *The Post* as having made a vivid impression on those who heard it.



Miss Edith Smaill

A talented Canadian Elocutionist.

Books By Women. "Seranus."

THE old saying, that a woman can accomplish "most anything" as our American friends say when she puts her hand to it—in this case her mind

—is surely exemplified when we read such a book as "Margarita's Soul," a very eloquent, warm, fascinating piece of work emanating from Josephine Dodge Daskam Bacon, otherwise "Ingraham Lobell." This book was published under the latter nom de plume some time ago when the critics attributed it to Mr. Locke. It has indeed, much in common with the "Morals of Marcus," especially as regards the personality of the heroine; Italian name, unconventionality and the rest of it. But it is one thing to imitate boldly and another to worship so wisely at chosen shrines that the original stimulating impulse remains undiscovered, or at least, inconspicuous. However, trace of Locke, Da Maurier on occasional pages of Ingraham Lobell's book do not constitute a stumbling block to the average reader who does not trouble to dissect his daily novel. "Margarita's Soul" is free from the objectionable features found in so many present-day volumes, yet it is wonderfully intimate, even passionate in subject and colouring. Does anybody nowadays ever read sensible novels? A successful writer of these is Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick of London, Eng., who is the author of a dozen bright, simple, well-expressed tales. A few years ago appeared a most amusing and witty book called "Belinda and Some Others," by Ethel Maude. Unfortunately the author's name has not been encountered a second time. The brilliant Mrs. Atherton, whose dashing forays into the precincts of aristocratic society have made for her an enviable place on the shelves of libraries does not, nevertheless, occupy quite the same niche in the affections as Bessie Hoover, whose wholly admirable work in delineating the common people, leaves no room for criticism. The heavier pen of Lucas Malet (Mrs. St. Leger Harrison), may never lose its charm for those who lend an ear to the legend that this powerful writer has joined the Church of Rome. As novelist—n'importe! But as the daughter of Chas. Kingsley, such a change of heart means very much. Among Canadian women we frequently notice the names of Miss Dougall, Mrs. Cotes and others who do not necessarily or from choice, write very much about Canada. Is there any possibility of a clever novel being produced in the near future with Toronto, Montreal, or Winnipeg as the locale? Something out of the ordinary, dealing not with cowboys and miners and gamblers, but with the educated and responsible citizens of our cultured centres. Conditions at Ottawa might inspire a new "Democracy" or "Through One Administration." Analytical novels or bright coloured romances might be woven around our complexity of population and our matchless northern scenery. No doubt these will come, the difficulty will be to convince publishers that people will care to read about Ottawa, Vancouver, Quebec, Guelph or Halifax when they have read so long about Simla, Port Said, Capetown, Rio Janeiro or Baltimore. It will need courage to create these new localities, courage and patience, but above all, faith. Therefore, get to work, dear ladies of the pen (for chiefly ladies are addressed in this column) and remember to make the work very good, because on the face of it, the recognised *mise en scene* of fiction in Ceylon or Peru or New England or Colorado or the Northwest of your own country is ever so much more attractive than the quiet towns and growing cities of Ontario and New Brunswick.

Changes At Buckingham Palace.

AN account is given in a recent issue of *M. A. P.* of some of the changes that are taking place at Buckingham Palace before Their Majesties take up their residence there in the early spring. The writer tells us that King George and Queen Mary will have the same rooms for their personal apartments as had King Edward and Queen Alexandra, which consist of ten rooms for the Sovereign and nine for his Consort. They will, however, both give up two rooms, and the four rooms will be converted into the nursery, which will thus immediately adjoin Queen Mary's personal apartments. The Princess Mary, with her governess, will occupy the rooms used by the Princess Victoria, which consist of five apartments.

Queen Mary went very carefully into these arrangements before the Court moved to Balmoral. It was originally intended to have the nursery in the rooms at the eastern end of the Palace, which had been used as such in the reign of Queen Victoria; but had this been done, it would have neces-



Queen Mary

The King and Queen recently inspected the Quarters of the 19th Hussars at Aldershot, where this picture of Her Majesty was taken.

sitated a complete alteration in the selection of the personal suites for Their Majesties, which are situated at the western end, for Queen Mary insisted that the nursery should adjoin her private apartments.

There are several alterations to be made in the State apartments. One is the abolition of the Green Drawing Room, which will probably be converted into a morning-room for the equeuries in attendance. This apartment is upholstered and furnished entirely in green, but fine though the furniture is, the general effect is inartistic, and it has always been regarded as the least beautiful room in the Palace.

An additional waiting-room for callers on members of the household on business will be provided at the equeuries' entrance, for whom at present there is only one room, too small altogether for its purpose.

Who's To Blame?

WELL, well! Of all the impudence! says the San Francisco *Argonaut*. Just because the hobble skirt has not made a hit, but has evoked instead the merriment of the world and provided the comic artist with the opportunity of his life, the perfidious Parisians are charging the invention of that monstrosity to the account of America! M. Bonnain, one of the despots of fashion in the gay city, has the effrontery to declare that the hobble never really existed, and that in any case it is "an exotic fashion which came from the other side of the Atlantic, and one which the Parisians have always combated." The word has evidently been passed round that this view shall be aired on all occasions, for another firm emits this audacious opinion: "The Americans, who have tried to acclimatise this fashion in Paris, have themselves abandoned it. They will no longer hear of it. Besides, it has now become common property. An attempt is being made to make it 'catch on' in the provinces. That alone will suffice to make the Parisians reject it with horror." We shall next hear that the Empire gown was a Yankee invention.



A Canadian Girl Weds Abroad

Mr. James M. Glover, the well-known Musical Conductor of Drury Lane Pantomimes, was married at Westminster Cathedral, on Saturday, to Miss Kathleen Collins, of Montreal. By the express wish of the bridegroom there was no music of any kind. Our photo shows the bride and bridegroom leaving the Cathedral.