

moral effect on her life, and I would like to prevent it."

None of us had known before just how we were regarded in the eyes of the law.

"Where were you born, Mrs. Jamieson?" someone asked.

"In New York," she replied.

"Oh, then you are an American?"

"Oh, no, I am a Canadian, and do you know I believe I am a better Canadian than many of you who were born here. You had nothing to do with the fact that you are a Canadian. You simply happened to be born here. While I, after I had reached my womanhood, and had come into the possession of all my mental faculties, married a Canadian, came to his Cana-

dian home, and brought up four children—good Canadians all."

"Yes," we replied, "accident of birth is not everything, though something in the instance of your children."

On the 2nd of March, when girls under eighteen come up to be judged, they will find not a man, but a gentle, sweet-faced woman. No one can doubt that it is a wonderful step forwards. Truly it is a far cry from the sixteenth to the twentieth century, and Portia has changed. No longer is it the swashbuckling stage Portia, but a kind, motherly woman, with hair somewhat sprinkled with grey, and the light of understanding and sympathy in her eyes. "Mark you, a Daniel come to judgment."

Woman and Winter in the Capital

By MADGE MACBETH

WHATEVER neglect of winter may prevail in other cities of Canada on the part of sport-loving women, Ottawa wisely sets the example a Canadian capital should set and makes the outdoors most of the frosty months.

Too much has been written about our skaters and their efficiency to require mention here. Visitors to the Capital, particularly those who have only seen "skating" literally gasp with wonder when they attend exhibitions of the Minto Club. This organization was the result of Lady Minto's interest in skating. She introduced, or,

rather, encouraged Continental skating—the performing of large figures as compared with the small circles and curves which were in vogue some years ago. She organized a contest which developed into the Club, membership to which was refused until a test had been passed. Latterly, there was a request that the Rideau Skating Club—which requires no entrance test—and the Minto Club, amalgamate. Lord Minto was consulted and immediately wrote strongly against such a move. It is his opinion that by the continuance of the test the Club will live and achieve greater renown; by making it purely a social organization, it will die, as did the Earl Grey Club. The most interesting feature at present in regard to the Minto Club is the Junior branch. Children up to sixteen years are admitted and properly instructed from the beginning. Some of the figure skating done by these juveniles is remarkable, and the glory of the Club does not give any evidence of waning as long as this arrangement holds.

It has only been a few months, as skating seasons are reckoned, since a brother and sister celebrated not only in Canada, but internationally, were invited to go to Australia—all expenses paid and large promises of welcome added—to give exhibitions in fancy skating. For many reasons they did not go; but Ottawa has always been proud of them and their well-deserved reputation.

It would hardly be possible to find more enthusiastic women curlers than those living in the Capital. The regular programme throughout the busy winter is "a morning at the rink." Even the skaters do not stick more faithfully at their posts than these sports-women, most of whom are more than ordinarily good with their stones.

Snow-shoeing is done in an unspectacular way. A number of women, and hosts of young girls, look forward to the winter as a time for long cross-country runs. The Golf and Country Clubs form the base of many snow-shoe parties, and any Saturday finds the street cars almost as heavily laden with skis and



MRS. R. R. JAMIESON

Judge of the Juvenile Court of Calgary, and the First Canadian Woman to Hold Such Office.

snow-shoes as with passengers. Instead of skating or tobogganing, there are quite a number of young people who tramp through the grounds of Government House at the weekly parties given by their Royal Highnesses. Rockliffe Park, too, is a rendezvous for those interested in any kind of winter sport. It is to us what "the mountain" is to Montreal.

The national sport of Norway grows in popularity, here. The Ottawa Ski Club has upwards of one hundred active members, and twice as many associate ones. Each gentleman has the privilege of including a friend of opposite persuasion, and she is heartily invited to join in the runs. There are many women who ski expertly, but there are two—sisters—of whom we are particularly proud. They are jumpers of no mean ability, making half a hundred feet with ease. The drawback to more adventurous spirits is, undoubtedly, the mode of dress decreed by that autocrat, Dame Fashion. In Norway women discard skirts, and a big handkerchief is thus removed. Alpine climbing necessitates male disguise; skiing not a whit less.

TOBOGGANING is largely a matter of impulse. There are excellent slides at Rockliffe, and one which is frequently used at Government House. There is also one maintained by a set of prominent young people who have banded themselves into a club. The slide is kept in excellent condition and extends from the end of Rideau Street right out over the river. It is known as the Cliffside Slide. The wane of this hilarious sport is largely due to the fashion for light clothing. If shadow lace, and silk hose prevail, there will be less tobogganing. When picturesque blanket costumes return to the world of favour we will see its immediate revival.

Perhaps there is hardly a greater proof of our innate love of winter than the fact that in Ottawa there are a number of walking clubs—small but of an enthusiasm which quite compensates for lack of numbers. In all sorts of weather, except driving rain, these women walk anywhere from five to twelve miles in an evening. Rockliffe, again, is usually the objective, although the Experimental Farm, or the southern part of the city, often provide variation. These walking clubs are not spasmodic affairs; they meet regularly, set a limit and a pace, and accomplish something. The exhilaration consequent upon one of these tramps is indescribable; only those who have the advantage of living in our climate could understand and appreciate it. As murderers, they are unfailing—no conscience has been known to live against them. As beautifiers, they are unequalled—their one drawback being such a whetting of the appetite that extra house allowance has been made in every case. And the cost of living so disastrously high! One has heard owners of automobiles boast some fabulous number of miles run in a given time; the particular Walking

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