



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

THE COCKNEY'S 'UMMINGBIRD.

THE departmental store is a stony-hearted institution in that it does not allow a man to smoke by way of wiling away the quarter-hours, half-hours, and even longer periods of misery which are his portion once his good wife has led him in triumph through the door. He keeps as close tag on her as he can, but most of the time he leans dejectedly against a counter. It is a lesson in patience, a lesson in waiting:

"Who may not strive may yet fulfil
The harder task of standing still."

We watched a delightful little shopping episode of late. Enter at an hour when the crowd was greatest a man and woman. He had evidently been smoking, for he still held his pipe in his hand. His expression was sour. He was a slender, spick-and-span chap with shabby coat, boots well shined, and an accent, as we discovered when he addressed his wife.

The latter had the accent, too, but not the slenderness nor neatness. She weighed two hundred if she weighed a pound. Her hair looked as though it might tumble about her ears, and, to speak with accuracy, she was careless in her dress.

But wasn't she eager, though! and couldn't she get herself out of sight with ease and despatch! Our sympathies began to go out to the poor little man, trying vainly to keep her in sight. At the ribbon counter he lost her, again at the hosiery, and yet again at the notion counter.

It was three times and out.

No man, let alone an Englishman, enjoys the tame but tantalising chase a wife can lead him when the lure of buying things holds her. This one gave it up. He braced himself wearily against a stairway and stood, a stranger in a strange land, scowling on the throng—his beloved pipe still in his hand.

By and by she bustled back, light of foot as most large women are—light of heart, too, loaded with parcels, rich in excuses.

"Such a one for running 'ere an' there an' heverywhere!" exclaimed the exasperated man.

"Yes," with a simper, "I 'ave a quick w'y with me. I'm a regular 'ummingbird for darting about."

"Yes," still wrathful, "bloomin' 'ealthy 'ummingbird you be!"

Right there our opinion of the 'ummingbird went up. She might not know how to roll her hair into a Psyche knot, but she did know how to smooth the creases out of her husband's temper. "Don't you go for to be cross," she cooed, "we'll start right aw'y 'ome, an' 'ave a cup of tea, so we will." She "darted" for the Yonge Street door, looking back over her shoulder to add with a laugh: "'Ave your pipe ready to light, 'Arry. No man is 'imself till such time has 'e 'as 'ad 'is smoke out. It's ag'in 'uman nature as 'ow 'e should be."

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THE VOICE BEAUTIFUL.

UNTIL a woman has learned to enunciate clearly she has no business reading papers or giving addresses; she is only wasting the time and spoiling the temper of her audience. It is strange but true that half the women who come before a long-suffering public can speak out, but will not. Nervousness renders some unintelligible; others are possessed of a spirit of false modesty, and are afraid to speak out lest they be thought more at home on a platform than they should be.

Even so great a woman as Mrs. Humphry Ward proved a trial to half the people who flocked to hear her lecture during her visit. The very knowledge that the discourse was so good a literary treat, which no one should miss, made the fact that in certain parts of the house hearing was an impossibility all the harder to bear. A well-known editor after vainly trying for some time to follow her, arose and left the hall. "I'm done with women lecturers," he said with conviction. "I know what

Mrs. Ward is saying is fine, super fine, but I'd rather not listen at all than be able only to catch a sentence once in awhile."

And the poor little woman who paid out her hard-earned money gladly for a ticket, and took her seat in the back part of the hall, also slipped away before the lecture was over. "I know it's beautiful," she said with tears of self-pity in her eyes, "but I can't hear it."

The day when woman has something to say in public questions has come, and, judging by appearances, has come to stay. Let her meet it by getting ready to say what she has to say plainly and sensibly. If she would open her mouth wider, talk out instead of down into her pretty throat, separate her words so that they could be understood, people would be glad to listen. Why not? I'm sure she looks better on a platform, or off one, than man does.

But so often her paper or her address is a dismal failure, not because she has nothing good to give, but because she does not know how to give it.



The Baroness Hedwig Francillo-Kauffmann,
Well known in German social and scientific circles. Her beauty is of an exceptional southern type.

THE SMUGGLING HABIT.

WOMAN has two faults—mark our moderation—she will smuggle and she will talk. Up in the Maple City not long ago forty of the nice ladies made a trip to Detroit. As was natural they bought things. The silk counter proved their line of least resistance. Such bargains!

They were proud of their purchases and of their cleverness in eluding the customs officer, and as was natural, they did a little talking.

They looked at the silks, then went to bed at peace with all the world. But the long arm of the law reached out and touched them. Like the little girl in the play!

They slept and dreamed that life meant beauty. They woke and found that life meant duty.

Quite a few dollars of duty.

Moral:—Only a dumb woman should smuggle.

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VANCOUVER'S MID-SUMMER CARNIVAL.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most brilliant social event in the history of Vancouver, and indeed of the far west of the Dominion, was the Kirmess in aid of sweet charity, held last week in the Horse Show Building, Vancouver. The society people young and old entered into the spirit of the carnival with greatest enthusiasm and the result was an entertainment dazzlingly spectacular as a whole,

perfect in every detail with a perfection unique in amateur productions.

The carnival was officially opened by Premier McBride, who also crowned the queen.

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THE "FAKIR" AND TORONTO'S SOCIETY WOMEN.

THERE is only one name for the person who is interesting at the expense of truth.

With that well-known naturalist, Dr. Long, practically dubbing the lion-hunting ex-president "fakir," and our own Arthur Stringer applying the same unsavoury appellation to such eminent men as Kipling, Gilbert Parker, Jack London and others of that ilk because forsooth the flavouring they put in their stories is not the pure Canadian article, but a make-believe extract of their own, we may be pardoned for calling attention to another personage who certainly deserves to bear the same title. This is the speaker who every little while, from the pulpit or platform, cries out against the wilfulness and wildness of our society women.

Sometimes it is a pessimistic soul who really believes that a woman wicked enough to wear a low-necked gown, or jewels, or plumes on her hat is on the high-road to destruction. He has our sympathy. One of the surest signs that a man has pernicious anaemia of the soul is his firm belief that all who are not travelling his way are going straight to the devil.

But almost always the man or woman—for we have fakirs male and female—who cries out against the follies and foibles of "society" does it to gain notoriety. The world and his wife will listen to this kind of gossip.

One who knows nothing about society, who would not recognise its leaders or its members if he met them face to face, stands up and talks about their drinking habits, their gambling at bridge, their sinful extravagance in dress, tells how they neglect their husbands and their houses, weeps over their "goings on," and such as delight to hear naughty things of their fellow creatures, lean forward and strain their ears lest they should miss a word. Then they go out and repeat the stuff and by-and-by a full-sized scandal is blown about by that noxious wind made by tattlers' breath.

When a public speaker makes charges of drunkenness or light living against our women his hearers should call for facts. On his failure to produce these they should hail him as "fakir."

We have nothing to fear from such as know our society women as a body. No city on the continent can boast a fairer, sweeter, better type than the Queen City can show. They have faults a-plenty. We find occasional outbursts of snobbishness, love of display, undue valuation of money and all that money brings. It takes generations of culture and of growth in sentiment to eliminate this sort of thing, and, after all, our society is comparatively new.

What we do not find is the much-talked-of dissipation, the bad habits ascribed to them by those who talk to create a sensation.

They have not lost sight of their high ideals, will not lose sight of them, for with all good and desirable things they are growing better and brighter as the days go by—fakirs to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Grace E. Denison in a clever article in *Canada West* for June, alludes to the fact that the Ladies' Club of Toronto is rigid in its rule of not tolerating wine or cards, and goes on to pay this tribute to the Toronto product:

"Life is rarely a hurrah and hooplah to the Toronto woman—rather a conversation, serious or gay, with sparkles of wit and touches of feeling, a thing which in the last summing up will not lack dignity and worth. She does not thrive on excitement, nor is her native air intoxicating; she is just the wholesome, clean-minded, level-headed daughter of Canada whose sweet nature and tender heart broods over our city of homes."

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A CANADIAN GIRL.

The careless grace of youth is in her step,
The innocence of youth is on her brow,
The wild rose bloom of youth is on her cheek—
Her softness is the softness of a flower.
The glow, the warmth, the vivid life of dawn,
All these are hers; her lightest laughter stirs
Within our heart a host of memories,
And makes a present hour of some far-off
Some dear and half-forgotten yesterday.