

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

Sprightly Old Ladies

DID you ever notice how many sprightly old ladies manage to turn the century mark in Ireland? The papers have just informed us of the death of a Mrs. Elizabeth McWilliams, at Colehill, in Ireland, at about one-hundred-and-fourteen years of age. County Antrim boasts many cheerful and girlish centenarians who keep a lively interest in domestic and social life and who are even said to indulge in a dance on festive occasions.

What is the secret of longevity? Reports are occasionally given of interviews with those who have passed eighty years, with the object of discovering how they have managed to avoid the attention of the Reaper. The late Goldwin Smith attributed his serene old age to "moderation in all things." Lord Strathcona, that hearty High Commissioner for the Dominion in the Old Country, has informed the inquiring young writer for the morning paper that a simple and slim diet is one of the secrets of long life. Two meals a day, and "no fixings," are the rules for this sturdy Scottish-Canadian, who has lived to see our Big West grow up.

Now we are told that these wonderful old ladies in Ireland owe their fresh complexions and their good spirits to the daily consumption of sour milk and "potatoes boiled with their jackets on." The centenarians of Bulgaria are also pointed out as instances of the benefits of a sour milk diet. This longevity appears to support the contention of the famous scientist, Metchnikoff, who declares that sour milk contains a germ which is the deadly enemy of the old-age microbe. Of course, Metchnikoff says it more scientifically, in ever so many syllables, but he means simply that the drinking of sour milk will keep you young and rosy for many moons.

Is it Worth While?

DOES anyone, I wonder, ever deliberately plan to live long and temperately? Is it not largely a matter of condition or environment? There are two very important considerations for most of us—human relationships and intellectual or occupational interests. To many women, the ties of love and kinship mean more than work, and lonely, indeed, is the woman who lingers after her "ain folk" have gone. There are some strenuous souls who can enjoy the day's work or the sunrise and the music of the "late lark twittering in the skies," with little thought for personal cares or sorrows. Such a nature enjoys life to the very last moment, finds a delight in all simple pleasure and goes away, a happy child, to some eternal play-ground.

However, most of us regard extreme old age as a time of bleak loneliness, and shrink from the prospect. What would be the use of living on sour milk, in order to delay those malicious old-age germs in their work (I forget how to spell their real name), if one's friends were to have vanished from the scene, leaving one to a lonesome ninetieth birthday among those who care nothing at all for the reminiscences of "Toronto, as it was in the days of Geary and Hocken, before the viaduct was built." Would we not repent the days of abstinence and sour milk and wish that we had lived recklessly on lobster salad and pineapple frappe and disappeared from the scene before boredom had any chance to set in? It may be that solitary old age has a charm of its own and that there is a comforting sense of superiority in having out-lived so many friends which balances anything of loss or loneliness. The oldest inhabitant has certain indisputable privileges, including all comparisons of manners or meteorology, and is always able to conclude a discussion with a decisive reference to the dignity and decorum of the time before the telegraph.

Canadian Bards and Irish Reviewers

DR. J. D. LOGAN has aroused wide discussion by his articles on modern Canadian poetry in the *Canadian Magazine*. They have been both scholarly and discriminating and have had a stimulating effect on Canadian reviewers. Dr. Logan is not one of those who lift supercilious eyebrows at the mention of Canadian literature; nor is he of the unthinking band who consider it patriotic to praise everything produced in the Dominion, whether it be cheese or sonnets. He has the courage to protest against the over-praise bestowed upon the verse of Mr. Robert Service—which he describes as "the vaudeville school of Canadian poetry." The vogue of the Service songs and ballads is easily

"UNCONQUERED—THOUGH IN CHAINS"



The as Much as Pilloried, so Much Applauded, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, Who Was Sentenced in England Recently to Three Years' Imprisonment With Hard Labour. The Slight Woman, Who is Head and Heart of the Women's Revolution, Declared That She Would Come Out Again at the Earliest Possible Moment—Dead or Alive. She Came Out Alive. Destruction of Property Was Her Crime.

understood in this age of materialistic development in a new country. Such a protest as that of Dr. Logan in behalf of true poetry and "the things which are more excellent" is apt and suggestive.

There is a stupid confounding, in these days, of strength with sordidness, of vulgarity with virility. For a passionate and profound condemnation of much that passes for literature in the productions of late years, we might turn to Tennyson's "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," in which the aged laureate censures those who "paint the mortal shame of nature with the living hues of Art." There are certain essayists and critics who seem to consider that "real life" means all that is debasing and vicious, forgetting that the noble and the true characterize human nature more vividly than do the darker phases of our activities.

In the meantime, Canada is not without singers of a higher note. It is comforting to reflect that three of these happier bards are to be found among Canadian women. Virna Sheard, Isabel MacKay and Marjorie Pickthall have written much that will not lightly die. To the poet we must look for the ideal, for the vision which sees and reveals the divine in "the primrose by the river's brim." The youngest of these poets, Miss Pickthall, has not yet been represented by a published volume of collected verse. Hence, we welcome the announcement that

the *University Magazine* (Montreal) will publish the first book of her poems in the coming summer under the title, "Drift of Opinions."

Hardly a Heroine

THERE used to be albums of an interrogatory nature in which you were asked to register your preferences in life and literature. One of these questions was, of course: "Who is your favourite heroine?" It was rather amusing to see what a variety of heroines would be gathered between the blue-and-gold covers of one little album. Do we keep our heroines as we travel along the every-day paths, or do we change our minds and hearts regarding the charms of these fair ladies of fiction? In our teens, we all loved Jo of "Little Women" and were disgusted when she did not marry Laurie; but have we not forgotten Jo for later loves?

In "The Judgment House," Sir Gilbert Parker's latest novel, we are given a heroine who is decidedly unlovely, save in features, and who is so utterly selfish and unfaithful that one is rather sceptical of her ultimate rising to higher things. "Jasmine" is no fragrant blossom of womanhood, although she may be fairly typical of the ultra-smart set of London to which she belongs. The other woman, Al'mab, is not much better—an animal, with the voice of a prima donna. One turns from such specimens of femininity to the memory of another of Sir Gilbert's heroines of very different race—Guida Landresse, the exquisite girl who lived on that lonely island of the English Channel and who was so proud and loyal through days of stress, yet so capable of womanly resentment when her trust was betrayed. Guida was worth a wilderness of Jasmynes.

ERIN.

That Taste For Ancestry

"AUTOCRACY must yield to democracy!" Canadian lips keep saying—feminine lips, in particular—from platforms. And, subsequently (say over the teacups) the lips as glibly manipulate talk to include Sir Ancestor as though to exhume him were not a contradiction.

Thackeray's Mrs. Hobson Newcome was English; but she was type. And the "Heraldry" on her drawing-room table, with casualness aforethought, was the certain result of a British—including Canadian—characteristic.

There has been much criticism latterly, notably in the dailies, discriminating against the Canadian men who clutch at titles and implicating their wives as the operating Bunties, which latter may be. The days, however, are not the days of the limitless crinoline and attempts to hide men behind feminine forms are abortive—ridiculously. The evidence is, that the family is one, in respect of ambition to ply the spurs of knighthood—though She, as occasionally happens, be the one.

The critics strike one funnily (not being humorous critics). Pots calling kettles black are always amusing, more or less. To quote an instance: My friend who railed (de-railed, if you like), and gave the motoring autocrat precedence, more than occasionally, at crossings, has lately acquired an auto himself—a recognized hall-mark—and, ensconced, appears to thoroughly relish my skipping, likewise yours. And so it goes. "Equality" is a rostrum word; "Precedence" engages drawing-rooms, more largely.

Why should Canadians, anyway, depreciate "the doughty"? Spurs have a use and the knight who applies them "gets on," naturally; his wife occupying the saddle behind (to put it figuratively) on the same steed, "gets on" also—naturally. A magnate, spurred, will strive to conform, in the elegance of his conduct, to his title. Unspurred, he has what but rotundity to conform to, poor old soul! Honours beget manners; rotundity, on the other hand, begets pomposity. So, obviously, the bestowing of styles is a factor, not to be sniffed at, in race-improvement.

M. J. T.