

# AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN



Crown Princess Marie of Roumania.  
Here seen as "The Genius of the Temple."  
Princess Marie is one of the most beautiful  
Princesses in Europe.

## Anglo-Canadian Marriage.

ANGLO-CANADIAN marriages, engagements and social functions of all kinds naturally have been exceptionally numerous this season, and September sees not the least interesting of the series in the wedding of the Hon. Dudley Pigott Carleton, to the Hon. Kathleen de Blaquiére.

The mother of the bridegroom, who became Baroness Dorchester in her own right in 1899, was a daughter of the third Baron, and is a descendant of that Guy Carleton who was Governor of Canada in 1766-1770. Her first husband was Captain Francis Paynton Pigott, of the 16th Lancers, who died in 1883, and their son, the bridegroom, will in the natural course of events become Lord Dorchester. He is in his thirty-fifth year and saw service with the 9th Lancers in South Africa. The Coat of Arms of the family shows two beavers as supporters. The bride, too, has ties with Canada through her mother, who was Lucienne, elder daughter of the late Mr. George Desbarats, of Montreal, and married the sixth Baron de Blaquiére. Both families have seats in the West Country, the Carleton's being in Gloucester, and that of the bride's family in Somerset.

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## An Expensive Hat.

A WONDERFUL hat has been made for the Princess Miahescu of Bukharest, a beautiful Roumanian woman, well-known at Monte Carlo, where she is the cynosure of all eyes every year because of her clothes. Of course, she has money "to burn," and not long ago she had a sudden whim to possess the most expensive hat in the world. With millionaires, to wish is to have in most things, so her desire being made known to the London milliner it very soon crystallized.

The hat is, of course, of huge proportions, and becomingly waved across the face. It is made of the very finest black Tagal straw, and lined with metallic lace. A band of metal ribbon lies on the brim, and the whole of the rest of the hat is covered with white ospreys, the very finest procurable. They completely hide the crown, and an extra bunch of them stands up behind. It is the

ospreys, of course, which make the price.

It is to be hoped that no thought of the hundreds of mother birds slain while rearing their little broods in order to satisfy her whim, will invade the princess's mind while she is wearing this thousand dollar hat.

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## The Time for Love.

WHEN the moon was the size of a cartwheel,

And as sootherin' soft as cream;  
When I was a Billy-Go-Fisher blade  
And the down was a sea of dream.

When the voice of a gerrl was music,  
And your own like a linnets' wing,  
Was flutterin' full of the moonlight  
And the mad glad fire of spring—

Och, yon was the time for lovin',  
Those moitherin' bantherin' years  
When I was a Billy-Go-Fisher blade  
And the world was young, me dears!

—Irish Poems, by Arthur Stringer.

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## Romance of a Russian Princess.

NICHOLAS II. continues to have a troubled time with his amorous relatives. It seems that not one Romanoff grand duke or duchess can marry in an ordinary commonplace way. After uncle Grand Duke Paul, who married divorced Mrs. Pistohlkors, and brother Grand Duke Michael, who married divorced Madame Mamontoff, and cousin Grand Duke Cyril, who married divorced Grand Duchess of Hesse, the time has come for a female relative to trip. This is twenty-one-year-old Tatiana, eldest daughter of Grand Duke Constantine, Imperial poet. She is a slim, not too-good-looking lady, with her papa's longish nose; and she has fallen badly in love with youthful Prince Constantine Bagration-Muchranksy, lieutenant in the smart regiment of Cavalier Guards.

Bagration-Muchranksy is a black-eyed, impassioned youth of twenty-six; and he is miles below the Romanoffs in birth. So they think. He thinks otherwise, for he has the title of prince; and descends from the former sovereigns of Georgia, the Ba-

gratides. He has an income of \$50,000 a year, which, according to Russian standards, is enough to pay for cigarettes, but not for Romanoffs. But the Bagratides were great warriors, and princely mountain thieves at a time when the Romanoffs were undistinguished Russian "boyars" or squires; and when their last scion, Constantine, fell in love with Princess Tatiana he naturally did not hesitate to tell her so.

Of course there was trouble. The case indeed was simplified by the fact that Tatiana Constantinovna, as she is called, is not a grand duchess. The late Alexander III. decreed that the great grand-children of Czars should henceforth be only princes and princesses of Russia, whereas the children and grand-children are grand dukes and grand duchesses. The case is further simplified by the fact that Grand Duke Constantine is a poet. He has written nice little love-songs himself; and he agreed to the match with the remark that he could not go back on his verses. Nicholas II. also melted. After three near relatives, who married other men's wives, a black-eyed undivorced Caucasian prince was not contemptible.

The trouble is being made by Tatiana's mother, Grand Duchess Elizabeth Makrievna. Being niece of the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, a state distinctly larger than Manhattan Island, with a population which would overcrowd several skyscrapers, this elderly lady is exceedingly proud. She has lived seven and twenty years in Russia, but cannot speak ten words of Russian; and her mind is full of mouldy High Dutch ideas about "evenbirthiness." She dislikes the match. She imagines, too, that Caucasian Princes are all bandits and assassins. But as Princess Tatiana is desperately in love, a savor of bandit and midnight assassin only emphasizes Bagration's exotic charm.

This romance would have led to two broken hearts had it not been for the Czar. Grand Duchess Elizabeth Makrievna appealed to him in the hope that he would make Bagration a colonel in Central Asia, where he would die wisely of smallpox. Nicholas, however, took his cousin Tatiana's side. But he softened the blow



Princess Tatiana of Russia.  
Cousin of the Czar, who has fallen madly in  
love with a Georgian Prince. This  
romance has caused trouble.

by declaring the pair must wait until next Christmas. If their love endures this distasteful test, they can marry, he says, and God be with them. At this decision Grand Duchess Elizabeth fumed. But Nicholas II. is a firm man—when he has to do with women—and he stood his ground. Thereupon Grand Duchess Elizabeth induced her husband to fly with her and Tatiana to their Crimean estate, about two thousand miles from Bagration's quarters. They fled. Bagration fled after them. But the Czar telegraphed to him at Moscow that this was breaking the rules, and ordered him to leave the Constantines alone until Christmas.

If Princess Tatiana and Prince Bagration-Muchranksy do not change their minds this autumn, the match probably will come off. It is of enormous importance, for there are several Romanoff princesses with long noses and moderate fortunes who would gladly wed with black-eyed Georgians, Tartars, Mingrelians, or even Tchetchenses. And here they will have a precedent, which will restore the happy conditions which obtained when Russia was an "Asiatic" state. Before Peter the Great set about Europeanizing his Empire, Russia's Czars and princes as often as not married into native nobles' families. That custom died out two hundred years ago; and only once has been revived. That was by Grand Duchess Marie, a daughter of Nicholas I., who, after the death of her first husband, married the native Count Stroganoff.

The story is being spread that Bagration and Tatiana are tired of waiting; and, therefore, recently planned an elopement. That is a dangerous step; as if Nicholas II. liked he could declare the marriage absolutely null. Every Romanoff alliance needs the approval of the sovereign, in the shape of an ukaz addressed to the ruling senate. This approval has never been given to either Paul or Michael, and it was not given to Grand Duke Cyril until after his first child was born. In Russia, there is no such thing as a morganatic marriage, which is the usual European compromise between a marriage which is absolutely legal and a marriage which is against the royal family statutes and is therefore null.



A wonderful thousand dollar osprey hat made in London for a beautiful  
Roumanian Princess.