



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

WHEN THE CALENDAR CHANGES.

THERE is a strange reluctance, at first, to write the figures which denote the new year. For three-hundred-and-sixty-six days of twenty-four hours each, we have been writing "1908," and a new figure in the final place is hardly welcome for the first fortnight. Then we become accustomed to the change of notation, and the preceding twelve months slip into their place with the "hungry generations" that have gone.

We know that science would tell us that there is no new year, that the division between the midnight moments is all arbitrary, a mere device to mark the queer old Earth's various gyrations. But to most of us, the ringing bells mean more than the change of calendar and the "flying cloud and frosty light" look down on many a wide-awake watcher as the old year passes.

We can all bring back memories of New Year parties, Old Year gatherings, which had a touch of solemnity beneath the greetings. A certain advent of another year stands out more vividly than any other I can recall. It was in Baltimore, as the new century came in with January, 1900, and His Holiness, the Pope, had ordered high mass in all the churches of his faith. It was a wonderful service in the stately cathedral in Maryland's picturesque city—one to stir the imagination of any worshipper, even though he came from the exceedingly Orange city of Toronto. The music that soared and echoed and whispered from the dim arches, the melodious voice of Father Lucius O'Brien as he delivered an eloquent homily to the thousands of the reverent congregation who sat from midnight till the approach of eastern light, listening to anthem



Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, L.L.D., addressing the Oxford Union Society.

and oration, are not to be forgotten. But more memorable than any other feature of an impressive scene was the face of the Cardinal, rising above brilliant robes and gleaming jewels, pale, benign, and powerful. One felt that the secrets of a State might lie behind that broad forehead, be sealed by the man with grave yet kindly lips. It was a face of wonderful magnetism, which held our gaze through those first hours of the Twentieth Century. There are many able men guiding the political and financial destiny of the American Republic, but there is no more striking and subtle personality in the United States than Cardinal James Gibbons.

* * *

AN INNOVATION AT OXFORD.

OLD OXFORD is associated with all that is picturesque and conservative in English university life. It has been described more than once as "the

home of lost causes," and has been the shelter many a time for distressed royalty. So far back as the days of Alfred, King of the West Saxons, the story of Oxford may be traced. In Norman times, Oxford was a refuge for Queen Maud, the daughter of Henry I., who fought a losing fight for the crown against her cousin Stephen, Yorkists, and later on, the Stuarts, fled to Oxford when London proved inhospitable.

In 1825, the Oxford Union was inaugurated, and for eighty-three years has proved a great debating ground for young British speakers. Some of the most prominent statesmen of the Nineteenth Century were trained for future service in this notable Union of England's ancient university. Last month this body was addressed by a woman for the first time in its history. The question for debate was "That in the opinion of this House, the time has come when the Government should be urged to remove the electoral disabilities of Women." Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett was the first speaker, and proved an eloquent and logical supporter of the motion. According to the *Illustrated London News*, from which we publish an illustration, she was received with courtesy and enthusiasm, but the side to which she gave her adherence lost by thirty-one votes. The debating-hall was so crowded that permission was given to members to sit on the floor and in the gangways.

It must be borne in mind that many English women who are earnestly in favour of woman suffrage have no sympathy with the violent and repulsive methods of that noisy group known as "suffragettes." That hysterical freak, Mrs. Pankhurst, and her two strenuous daughters (one of whom recently wept copiously in the Police Court) are not by any means commended by the large body of English women who are in favour of "removing electoral disabilities." A Canadian girl who visited England last summer was somewhat surprised at receiving an invitation to a woman suffrage reception, and expressed a fear of encountering the belligerent sisters.

"My dear child," said a charming member of the organisation, "we wouldn't dream of having anything to do with those people." The tone was kindly but informing, and the Canadian girl was left to reflect on how hard it is to know just which association is making the "cause" ridiculous.

The Canadian advocates of woman suffrage are of the logical order, and have kept to dignified methods of procedure. Whether one sympathises with their aims or not, it must be admitted that, so far, their manner and methods have afforded a strong argument in behalf of their representations.

* * *

A MUCH-DISCUSSED MATCH.

THERE is some consolation to the woman who dwells in obscurity, in the uncomfortable prominence given to the millionaire maiden's betrothal or bickerings. Miss Katherine Elkins, of West Virginia, is the pretty daughter of a United States Senator, and her love affairs have lately kept the press of her native land busy and abusive. The Duke of the Abruzzi, a member of the Italian royal family and an explorer of note, came to this continent with an Italian battleship at the time of the Jamestown Exposition, and the United States souvenir thieves promptly fell upon the ship, dismantling it of buttons, pictures, brushes, combs, mirrors, and any stray articles which appealed to their fancy. The Duke held his tongue about this wholesale robbery, although he was properly indignant over the spoilation of the vessel. However, a United States officer, who became acquainted with the facts, created a slight sensation by an attack on "America's thievish souvenir hunters." That doughty mariner, Admiral Robley D. Evans, declared that American souvenir fiends would steal anything but a glass of water. However, it seemed that the Duke of the Abruzzi, during a visit to Washington, met with still more serious misadventure, in the course of which a fair souvenir snatcher deprived him (temporarily) of his heart. This nobleman had discovered things in Africa, such as mountain peaks and rivers, but America proved disastrous to his amorous and nautical possessions.

It was announced that the fair daughter of Vir-

ginia was to become the bride of the Italian aristocrat, and the press of the democratic Republic, with decided fervour, gave the rumour as much attention as if it were a base-ball tournament or a continental war. Some of these benevolent papers grumbled because another rich and lovely daughter of the States was about to ally herself with an "effete aristocracy." Others were plainly pleased with the announcement, and indulged in remarks about America's "duchessa," with ornate descriptions of the bride's gowns and speculations as to the dowry. The Duke could hardly be accused of fortune-hunting, as he has a tidy fortune of his own, amounting to eight millions of dollars. Then the trouble began, with the Church and the Dowager Queen, who has excellent taste in the matter of pearls and lace and a decided objection to foreign relatives-in-law. The papers were delighted with all these cross-purposes, and proceeded to publish true and particular accounts of the Italian royal family councils. Now it seems that Queen Margherita has prevailed, the Duke has departed for Central Africa or the farthest North, and Senator Elkins has become non-committal. The extreme democrats, who had taken such an



The Duke of the Abruzzi and Miss Katherine Elkins of West Virginia, whose engagement has recently been indefinitely postponed.

overwhelming interest in what was none of their business are now in a rather awkward position, as they should rejoice over the fact that a United States girl has been saved from a distressing alliance with a "decadent" race. But they hardly know whether the episode is an escape or a mortification, and for the moment are hesitating over a choice of epithets for the royal explorer of the Ruwenzori Mountains.

* * *

THE ACCEPTABLE GIFT.

"**S**OMETHING PERSONAL," was the rather vague yet suggestive advice to a Christmas shopper. The gift which reminds one of the sender, or indicates a recognition of one's own little preferences, in flower or flavour, brings a message which is most grateful of all. The cheerful giver is a worthy citizen, no doubt, but the tactful giver is blessed among women. The last word is used advisedly, for the tactful giver is usually feminine. Man instinctively shrinks from the personal touch in a present, unless, indeed, he is deeply interested in the recipient, and then the gift is unmistakably to the elect lady. But, as a rule, he means well but cannot be bothered thinking about "what she would really like." Woman, however, loves small mysteries and intimate touches, and will go to all the trouble of finding out whether "Alice Walters likes blue or mauve" before tying up the paper knife or booklet.

* * *

THE WOMEN'S VOTE IN WINNIPEG.

THE Winnipeg papers are saying that the thousands of women who voted in the Mayoralty election of that city were strong supporters of that successful gentleman, Mr. W. Sanford Evans. The *Edmonton Saturday News* remarks, in connection with this circumstance, that Mr. Evans is one of Winnipeg's handsomest citizens. Of course, the alleged humorists will indulge in facetious comments at the expense of feminine judgment, but in this case the features of the candidate and the good taste of the women voters merely formed a coincidence. The Hamilton and Toronto friends of Mr. and Mrs. Evans rejoice in the success which has attended these gifted and ambitious ex-Ontarians, who are so devoted to their Manitoba home. It seems but a few years since we heard Mr. Evans' discourse on George Eliot's "The Spanish Gypsy," and Miss Irene Gurney play Beethoven sonatas. Marriage has not interfered with the latter's musical and literary aims, and, no doubt, the sympathy and companionship of his talented wife have contributed not a little to the social and municipal triumphs of the Mayor for whom Winnipeg women voted.