

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP HEAP

Christmas Gift Giving.

THE season is right upon us. We can feel it in the air, we can see it in all the shops and periodicals. There is not one of us who has not been touched by the magic brush of gift giving, and—let us whisper it softly—there is scarcely one of us who has not allowed the little sprite of compulsory gift-giving to whisper in our ears.

Women are credited with being the most precipitous givers. They are said to rush into it, with all their heart and soul, and never stop to consider whether they are violating the sacred principles for which the season stands. You can see them wandering around the shops, carrying tiny pads and pencils, and deftly stroking off the names, as they are outfitted with a suitable gift.

The spirit of competition seems to have stolen into our modern habit of Christmas giving. The cry no longer is, "I would really like to give Mrs. So and So a present this year, but don't know how to do it, without making her feel sorry she had not given me any." This is what one hears to-day, when discussing the habit with one's teacup acquaintances. "Dear me, I suppose I'll have to get something for Mrs. Spendum. I am quite sure she intends to give me something. She hinted as much at the Hightone's bridge, the other night. I'll look at the bargains to see if they won't have some little cheap thing on sale, just for a remembrance, you know."

"Just for a remembrance." What a misconception of that sweet old phrase! In the olden days, a remembrance was one of the most cherished of all gifts. Is it possible that as civilization advances, the most beautiful of thoughts are to be turned into mercenary satisfaction of having paid a social debt? Insincerity among women is probably due to the fact that everyone longs to be a "good fellow," but seems almost at a loss how to obtain that title. But we are all beginning to realize that a successful Christmastide does not depend so much on the amount of money expended on the gift as of careful thought.

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The Society Germ.

ROYALTY are in our midst. We know it from the society columns of the newspapers, we feel it from the conversation that is wafted toward us in the cars, on the streets, in the theatre lobbies. Several cities have been visited by our Royal Governor-General and his handsome consort, since they first came amongst us. And there is scarcely a kiddie on any of the streets of the cities visited, who cannot tell what the noble couple look like. Which is just as it should be, for does not Canada's Governor-General administer the affairs of all classes, rich and poor alike, and should not the kiddies in the streets be taught the greatness of those in power? And everyone was out to see. Toronto declared a half-holiday the day the Duke and Duchess arrived—which was very proper and very patriotic, just as it should have been. And then there was a civic reception. That is where we caught sight of the society germ. It lurked in every possible corner of Toronto's fine city hall, it crowded the corridors and wound along toward the Council Chamber. And arriving at that Most Holy Edifice, it proceeded to gnaw and gnaw at its victim's will-strings till they snapped suddenly, and first thing we knew, each afflicted one marched in solemn swing up toward the Royal pair, who sat bowing graciously to each aspirant for social honours. Truly, it was civic. From the dusky hued representative of the South, to the poor, old woman who boasted only one costume and that a shirtwaist and skirt, the civic spirit of Toronto was well repre-

sented. And to each and all, our Governor-General and his Duchess emphasized the old, old adage of "Noblesse Oblige." Not once did they allow an expression of boredom to overshadow their countenances.

And so it goes. The reception was utterly inclusive. All the social aspirants realized that fact, and acted upon it. How they crowded the corridors to be the next to bow to the Royal pair! There is something about this society germ, more potent than all the swords of all the nations, more alluring than the most fascinating novel which, in vain, would keep one by the fireside, more distracting than a whole colony of servant problems. The Duke and Duchess have gone back to Rideau Hall, leaving in their train some thousands of satisfied souls, with unsatisfied longings for many more civic receptions.

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On Suffrage.

THE latest news tells us that England has, at last been disposed to look favourably on the suffrage question. The women who have been working for this, their greatest triumph, deserve all the credit possible. They have been thinking women, who realize that there is a great crisis overhanging the civilized nations, and know that they are the ones to prevent that crisis from swooping down and enveloping the feminine elements of civilization.

Mrs. Pankhurst is with us, once more. People who expected to see some howling virago were doomed to bitter disappointment, for they beheld, a dignified, womanly woman, who has a keen insight into the great issues of the country, who has made a study of things as they really are, and who knows, to the letter, whereof she speaks. We say, perhaps, that here in Canada, we do not need enfranchisement for women, that conditions are satisfactory enough. Possibly, yes, as far as we can see. But when we consider the thousands of young girls who go to the cities utterly unprotected, when we think of the hundreds of places which hold out inviting arms to them, and open hospitable doors, when we come to realize that there are hundreds of such places right before our own eyes, if we would only look and see them, it is then that we are obliged to reverence the movement which Mrs. Pankhurst and her colleagues are endeavouring to bring to a successful outcome.

The unthinking shrink from the mention of such things as these women are trying to bring under the public search-light. They say they are indecent and should not be discussed. And that is the greatest possible argument in the suffrage leaders' favour. It is their intention to bring about such a state of affairs as will eventually make any discussion impossible, simply because there will be no such subject. Young girls will be protected by law, there will be a higher tone in political life, and the attributes which make a good woman the greatest creation of the Almighty will be brought into force.

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Christmas in the Shops.

NOW indeed is the time when one can help the tired shop girls. The shops are stifling, particularly in the afternoons, the shop girls are in a constant turmoil. Customers are busy people, truly, but there are often little moments which can be snatched in between hours of business, little moments which mean so much to the girls whose duty it is to stand from eight till five or six and appear pleasant to all. Let us all re-echo the slogan, "Shop early and make the shop girls happy."

M. B.



Toronto Brides are always fair to look upon. This is a photograph of Mrs. Cecil Crampton, an October bride. S3TT, 11E8.