

# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## The Editorial Table

### A Flash of Scarlet.

AT the modern educational convention, one is painfully impressed by the shortcomings of our ancestors in the matter of instruction and training. Most of us can remember being soundly "whacked" by our parents, and being all the better for the punishment. Yet the ultra-modern reader of papers at conventions and mothers' clubs speaks with horror of corporal punishment, as if it were a crime which a helpless though incorrigible infant would never overlook. As for war, that was an unspeakable barbarity, and our soldier forefathers are referred to in terms of strong reprobation by the very persons who enjoy the freedom bought by a hard-fighting ancestry.

In Boston, there are educational authorities who declare that small boys should not be given tin soldiers to play with, lest they should form a desire for bloodshed and become twentieth century Napoleons. Yet the small boy continues to hanker after the toy trumpet and the Christmas drum, and will not be denied the joys of building a fort. He finally becomes a Scout and finds in that order a natural and not-too-militant outlet for his buoyant young spirits.

While we may pray devoutly for "peace in our time," there is something within us which answers to the march of troops and the sound of the bugle. Across the many years which separate us from the days of strife comes the ancestral thrill of military pride, in spite of all that modern philosophers can tell us of the brutality of warfare. Up the street from the boat come the marching men, and the busy citizens pause for a moment to watch the scarlet coats go by. "The Twelfth from Niagara" is the answer to the inevitable inquiry from the small boy who "wants to know." And the next week one watches the young cadets swing down Bay Street from the Toronto City Hall, on their way to the Niagara boat—and if one has Irish blood tingling in the veins, there is nothing to do but long to be a cadet or the band-master or the boy who carries the colours.

### An Old-World Garden.

IS it so very far from battles to blossoms? Hardly—when we reflect that one of England's most sanguinary civil conflicts was called the Wars of the Roses. From France, there comes the news that the famous rose garden at the Chateau de Malmaison, where the Empress Josephine lived, has been re-opened. The garden will be free to the public and several varieties of roses will be seen in full bloom, just as they are supposed to have been in the days when the beautiful Creole Empress reigned among the flowers which she loved so passionately.

Josephine, a daughter of the Tropics, had an especial fondness for roses, and had the most gorgeous rose-garden in France. The flowers were catalogued by Mirbel in the year twelve of the Revolution, but the catalogue, which contained the names of more than two hundred varieties, has been lost. However, the curator of the museum, assisted by a French scientist and a wealthy American, has reconstituted those which could be identified in the records as the varieties which the Empress had cultivated. During the last two years, roses have been brought from all corners of France to recreate the historic garden, while the modern French citizen and the curious tourist may wander through the alleys where once walked a most brilliant and unhappy woman.

### A Daughter of the Manse.

CANADIANS have taken unusual interest in the Democratic nomination at Baltimore, and its result is evidently popular in the Dominion. Governor Wilson's rival, Mr. Champ Clark, was frequently in the Canadian papers of a year ago, as the United States politician who had boldly declared himself in favour of the annexation of Canada. Consequently Mr. Clark was regarded in this country as an over-appreciative gentleman, whose admiration for the Land of the Maple should be kept within bounds.

The wife of Governor Wilson is a lady who will most graciously dispense the hospitalities of the White House, should her husband be elected to the highest office in the Republic. Mrs. Wilson is essentially a "Daughter of the Manse." Her maiden name was Ellen Louise Axson, and both grandfathers were members of the Presbyterian ministry in the Southern States, while her father, Rev. Edward Axson, was also a pastor of the "kirk." Mrs. Wilson was born in "The Manse," Savannah, Georgia, and was married from the same house in 1885. Her husband's rapid rise in the university world and in political circles has not altered in the least the charming geniality and readiness to please in his Southern wife, and the three daughters of the household, both in scholarship and social gifts, have inherited their parents' characteristics. They are all, as might be expected, college graduates, and are now working hard, the eldest, Margaret Woodrow, at voice culture in New York, the second, Jessie Woodrow, in Philadelphia, doing settlement work, while the youngest, Eleanor Randolph, is studying at the Academy of Art in Philadelphia. Mrs. Wilson, herself, has done creditable work as a landscape artist, and is a member of the "Artists' Guild" of Philadelphia. The Wilson household seems to be one of real comradeship between parents and children, with that true democracy of spirit, combined with refinement of manner which characterizes the finest civilization. It will be an interesting election next autumn, and—here's hoping that Governor Wilson will win!



Mrs. Albert E. Gooderham, the Tactful and Able President for Canada of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire.

### Our Lady of the Sunshine.

THE summer girl has come into her own, during the last week, and is departing in glad expectation of "the time of her life" to Muskoka, the Saguenay, Georgian Bay and "up the Lakes." There is nothing more striking about the Canadian girl in the summertime than her ability to help herself, in the matter of rowing, paddling and having a jolly time generally. We have all manner of pathetic descriptions from newspaper humourists of the summer resort swarming with disconsolate girls and almost destitute of presentable young men. Of course, there is more fun to be had when the summer youth is present, with his tanned face and joyous performances on the banjo, to say nothing of his infinite capacity for bestowing his fleeting vacation affections on a score of dainty maidens. But Canadian girls are quite capable of forming an exclusively feminine camp and enjoying themselves immensely. Far from her desires, are the tiresome exactions of the fashionable hotel, with its afternoon bridge and variety of evening gowns. An outing costume, a flapping hat, and a seat in the bow of a canoe—and the summer girl is ready to enjoy "the song my paddle sings"—a song as delightfully variable as dreams in eyes and lights and shades scattered over the river. And they, surely, are full enough of changes.

CANADIENNE.