



## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

### Women and the Free Grant Lands.

**I**N the Women's Department of the Winnipeg Telegram, Grace I. Hopewell raises a point which is well worth consideration. She desires to know why Canadian women are not given equal opportunities with foreign women in connection with free grants of land in the West. This is a brand new point. It should be taken up and

### THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAT IN THE WORLD



This is said to be the most beautiful cat in the world. It is called "Love in a Mist," and its wonderful marks attract great attention whenever the cat is exhibited. The light marks are silver colouring.

Photo by Halftones, Limited.

discussed by every women's association from Halifax to Victoria.

The free grant lands belonging to the Dominion Government are being given to foreigners at a terrific rate. Indeed, the Government's magnificent generosity is of doubtful merit. During the past year there were several cases where men, not necessarily Canadians, waited around land offices when certain districts were being opened up and thereby secured a farm worth three or four thousand dollars free of charge. Not all the farms given away are worth a thousand dollars or upwards, but a great many of them are. It seems strange that the Government should prefer to give these away rather than to sell them. It is stranger that they should prefer to give them to foreigners than to native Canadians. It is still stranger that they will give a section to a foreign woman and not to a Canadian woman.

The following extracts give some idea of what this western writer thinks of the situation:

"Our Dominion Government will give one hundred and sixty acres of land in western Canada, free, to any foreign woman, whether she be a Doukhobor, Russian, Italian, Galician, German, Swede or Norwegian, if she is provided with babies and a release from her husband by divorce or death, while our school teachers, who have served long years, who have had a hand in the education of our future statesmen; our nurses, who have saved the lives of many children each year, these and many other intelligent, industrious women, many of whom have spent long years in caring for aged or invalid parents or other relatives, or who have some one depending upon them for support and for this reason have not married; these women must stand aside and see the foreigner receive a free homestead."

"Why should these lands be given away to outsiders and withheld from our Canadian women when they are willing to comply with the rules and perform the homestead duties?"

"Besides the spinsters in our country there are many widows who have been deprived of their children by death and who are thrown entirely upon their own resources for a livelihood."

"We think the Government need not fear a deluge of women in the West if they extend the homestead privilege to women, for there are those among us who have been brought up in the country and who would be quite capable of managing a

farm. Try us for three years and see if we do not 'make good.'

"Our agricultural colleges are open to women, yet the women who have graduated in these colleges are not allowed to make homestead entry, while foreigners who scarcely know a spring lamb from a jack rabbit are welcome to one hundred and sixty acres of the best land they can find in western Canada."

\* \* \*

### Sarah Bernhardt's Dolls.

**T**HE actresses of the French capital and other grown-ups who are not actresses have several collections of dolls which are peculiarly interesting.

Mme. Marthe Regnier has a whole roomful, Mlle. Marcelle Yrven has galleries of dolls, and M. Leo Claretie, the son of M. Jules Claretie, of the Francais, has a house full.

In *M. A. P.* we are told that the other day there was talk at Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's house of these collections, and somebody wondered why Mme. Sarah had never thought of starting one. She laughed, and led the way into a room, where three hundred beautiful dolls in costumes of all kinds received her visitors. At the end of the room was a curtain. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt drew it aside and showed a collection of exquisite little figures carved by herself, painted by her friend Louise Abbema, and representing the actress in all the parts she has ever played, from Iphigenie, in which she made her debut at the Francais in 1862, to Joan of Arc, in which she is appearing now. This collection is probably the most valuable little collection of dolls in the world.

\* \* \*

### An Irish Lady Aero-Planner.

**T**HE Irish lady who startled Scotland Yard by applying for a license to drive a motor-cab in London, Miss Shelah O'Neill, is preparing to make an aeroplane flight across the Irish Channel. She created a new record a few days ago in being the only woman stall-holder at the Stanley Show.

Her project is certainly sensational. "If the weather is good," she said, "I shall probably make the attempt to pay a 'flying' visit to my home in Ireland about Christmas time. The machine I shall use is now being built. It is partly my own invention, and is a biplane, with several improvements

on existing types. Built of spruce, which is quite flexible, the aeroplane will weigh only two hundred pounds, and will carry ten gallons of petrol. In three weeks' time I shall begin trial flights at Shell-beach."

Miss O'Neill understands all about the mechanism of motor-cars, and for a long time past she has been keenly studying aviation.

\* \* \*

### The Golden Shore.

BY SERANUS.

**F**AR away, far away  
Lies the golden shore of Youth,  
Where I never more shall stray,  
Well I know—too well, in sooth.

Brooklet slipping swift to sea  
Made a sailor's lass of me,  
Bounding light from stone to stone,  
Eyes uplifted, curls outblown.

Just a feather on the strand  
Plucked and set within my hair  
Made of me a princess grand,  
Riding on my palfrey fair.

Just a blossom in the green  
Was a roseate fairy queen;  
Dandelions in the grass  
Soldiers were with shields of brass.

Little hill beyond the field  
Was a mountain tall and bare;  
To its top I gaily reeled,  
Drinking in the spacious air.

In the drowsy afternoon  
Of a warm and sunny June,  
When my elders sat to darn,  
I would race around the barn.

In the barn were splendid things,  
Grim and gracious, all alive,  
Some with fur and some with wings,  
And outside a honey hive.

Quite enough for loveliness  
Was a little, cotton dress,  
Made of white and scarlet check,  
With a ruffle at the neck.

Cold and heat and wind and rain—  
Each was welcome in its turn;  
Frost upon the windowpane,  
Sun that made my face to burn.

Never meal without a grace  
Said with earnest, childish face;  
Never sleep without a prayer  
To the angels bright and fair.

Far away, far away,  
Lies the wondrous golden shore,  
Where at work or where in play  
I shall wander nevermore.

### A RUSSIAN PRINCESS ACTS IN LONDON



The Princess Banatinsky has been appearing at His Majesty's Theatre, in London, England—presenting plays in the Russian Language. She has met with great appreciation, the critics placing her in the same class as Sarah Bernhardt. Our photo shows her in Cleopatra.

Photo by Halftones, Limited.