



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

OUR STYLISH GLITTER.

THERE is nothing like a New York paragraph or London phrase for revealing the Canadian character. The latest gleam of searchlight comment comes from the bright British weekly known as *The Bystander*, which is a thing of liveliness and a joy forever. The next Governor-General is a matter of serious speculation among the mighty, and Ottawa is already wondering what will be the characteristics of the next *châtelaine* of Rideau Hall, whether she will be young or old, frivolous or serious, given to dances or the Victorian Order of Nurses.

There will be several vacant viceroalties during the next twelve months. Lord Pentland is named to succeed Earl Grey in Canada, Lord Crewe is to replace Lord Minto in India, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone to become first Governor-General of

United South Africa. Lady Pentland was known in Canada as Lady Marjorie Gordon, a slender, dark-eyed girl, the only daughter of Lord Aberdeen. The British weekly makes the following remarkable comment on the probable appointment of Lord Pentland: "Lady Pentland, like her

mother, Lady Aberdeen, much prefers affairs of the mind to the dress and dinners and diamonds expected of a vicereine, especially in Canada, where they do so love a stylish glitter."

Now, really! Here we have been scolding ourselves for years for our sobriety, our dreary staidness and our lack of that *joie de vivre* in which the French and the Irish delight. In fact, we have been called puritanical and solemn for so many long years that we have become deeply convinced of our own decorum. Now, our complacent satisfaction with our principles, our decent resignation to a state of sobriety are disturbed profoundly by this bit of fugitive criticism which holds us up to the gaze of all Europe as a people who love stylish glitter. It is enough to make our sturdy pioneer grandfathers turn in their graves and to bring tears to the eyes of the oil portraits in the Toronto City Hall. We repudiate the charge with scorn, point to the simplicity of our happy homes, to the unadorned condition of our highways and to the severe aspect of our Canadian Senate as plain proofs that style and glitter are not for us, but that we are sworn to devotion to the Serious Life.

J. G.

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FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S SOCIETIES.

IN conversation with Miss M. A. Fitzgibbon, so well known throughout the Dominion in connection with her labours for the Women's Historical Society, one learns that a systematic effort is shortly to be made to purchase a site for the Victoria Memorial Hall. The building will of course be situated in Toronto, but donations and suggestions should come from all Canada. In this way true patriotism and true loyalty will be maintained and observed. There need be absolutely no risk or difficulty in the affair if so conducted. Women's clubs are to be found all over Canada, embracing music, art, history, education, and social and economic reform. If every member of every club would but make a small donation towards the erection of a suitable and elegant building, subject to the wishes and ideas of the original founders and promoters of the scheme, a veritable palace of art would shortly arise in one of Toronto's favourite suburbs or tree-shaded streets midway between the Bay and Davenport Road. Sites are several and enthusiasm no doubt runs high among the members of the Historical Society, but to bring off a really big and creditable thing they must appeal to a large constituency and enlist varied sympathies. A good many excellent people in Canada might and prob-

ably do feel little interest in Historical Societies from the fact that they are themselves deficient in ancestry and that they are not identified with whatever of pomp and circumstance, of any kind, attended the birth and infant struggles of a colony. How would it answer to follow the custom of the D. A. R. (Daughters of the American Revolution) and endeavour to interest *everyone*, of whatever class of society, who may possess an ancestor, however humble, but who can be proved to have existed at a certain important date and to have exerted an influence, also however humble, upon the events of that time. In this way, one would think, tremendous currents might be set in motion and caste lines obliterated. Take, for an example, the cab-drivers of any city you choose to mention. Many legends abound in Ottawa about cab-drivers. The men who drove important persons at important times; Sir John A. Macdonald's drivers; Sir George

Cartier's drivers. Then the small tradesmen who supplied the great ones of the community—hasn't everybody heard of the Chelsea grocer (or butcher) who used to send green peas to Lewis and George Eliot? The faithful servant, the non-uniformed nurse, the un-

derpaid physician, the stilted lawyer, the local clergyman or druggist or barber or carpenter—all these individuals may have left descendants who would be proud, if able, to contribute their mite towards the great whole.

The three ladies who are most prominent in this movement at present are Lady Edgar, Mrs. Forsyth Grant and Miss Fitzgibbon. In every way this distinguished triumvirate is worthy the respect and admiration of the community. The Women's Historical Society incurred a great loss last year when the able and magnetic personality of Mrs. Christina Dick Paterson, lamented wife of J. A. Paterson, K.C., and mother of that brilliant young actor, Douglas A. Paterson, now playing in New York with Belasco, was removed by a sad and tragic accident from a large sphere of action. Mrs. Paterson was indeed a woman of affairs.

Bloor Street East has been visited by these ladies with reference to a proposed site of the Victoria Memorial Building, although an optional site, near the Grange, is also under consideration. All that is needed further in this scheme seems to be, as above suggested, the unification of all Women's Clubs and the widening of general interest by including all connected, however remotely or humbly, in the history of Canada.

SERANUS.

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PATTI AND THE OLD EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY.

WHEN Mme. Patti—who celebrated her jubilee the other day—was about nineteen, she went to sing for the first time in Homburg, accompanied by her father. Now, the gallant old Emperor William was there, says a writer in *M. A. P.*, and when the young diva was presented to him, he asked her to join him at seven o'clock the next morning on the promenade whilst he drank the waters. Patti made a little *moue*, and the next morning she did not join the illustrious water-drinker. The Emperor, amazed, sent his equerry to know if she was indisposed. "I am very well indeed," said Patti. "And you may tell his Majesty that not for him or any other king in this world does Patti get up before seven o'clock in the morning to see him drinking water." The old King—for he was King then—like his Majesty of Cole, was a jolly old soul, and laughed heartily when he heard the message.

A year or two before the Emperor William died, Patti visited Berlin and sang there for three nights at the Royal Opera House. At her last appearance, the old Emperor tottered to his box to hear her, and

sent her an invitation to visit him after the opera was over.

"Oh! I ran then," said Patti, "and I could hardly help crying when the kind old man held out his hand to me, saying, 'It is good of the queen of song to visit the King of Germany to-day. Does she remember how she snubbed him once at Homburg?'"

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PERSIAN LOVE SONG.

BY SERANUS.

Rose of the Throne, incline

Thy soft pink ear,

O hear,

At evening cool and clear—

Rose of the Throne—be mine!

Bud of the Rose, make sign!

Fear not that day

Betray.

Open a little way—

Bud of the Rose—be mine!

Leaves of the Bud, divine

Love unconfessed,

Suppressed,

Long pent within the breast—

Leaves of the Bud—be mine!

Heart of the Leaves, like wine,

Thy redness fills

And thrills.

One draught although it kills—

Heart of the Leaves—be mine!

Heart of the Leaves of the Bud of the Rose of the Throne,

If thou comest not I will climb. I will have thee, Love, for my own.

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THE PERSONALITY OF A PRINCESS.

INTERESTING paragraphs have been appearing lately concerning the personality of the Kaiser's attractive daughter, the Princess Victoria Louise, who has been receiving the good wishes of her friends on the celebration of her seventeenth birthday. An English paper describes her as a charming type of German girlhood at its best, a capital linguist, and accomplished amateur actress and a splendid horsewoman. The question of her marriage, which interesting contingency cannot be



Princess Victoria Louise

The German Emperor's only daughter, who has been photographed for the first time with her hair up.

far off, is already being openly discussed, the favourite suitor for her Imperial hand being, at the present time, the Archduke Karl, Austrian Heir-Presumptive. The portrait of her shown above is the first to have been taken since the Princess discarded the "Gretchen Plait" for the chignon. Nor are we given to understand that this process of skirt lengthening will be altogether delightful to the little lady herself, who in spite of dancing, deportment and voice-production lessons, has always been somewhat of a "tomboy," and can climb a tree or take a fence with considerable more ease and dash than any of her brothers. However, now that she is out and eligible, she will no doubt throw herself into the social activities of the court, where she is already very popular, with all the enthusiasm of her young nature. She is exceedingly fond of children, and among those belonging to her father's tenants she is affectionately known as "Little Princess."