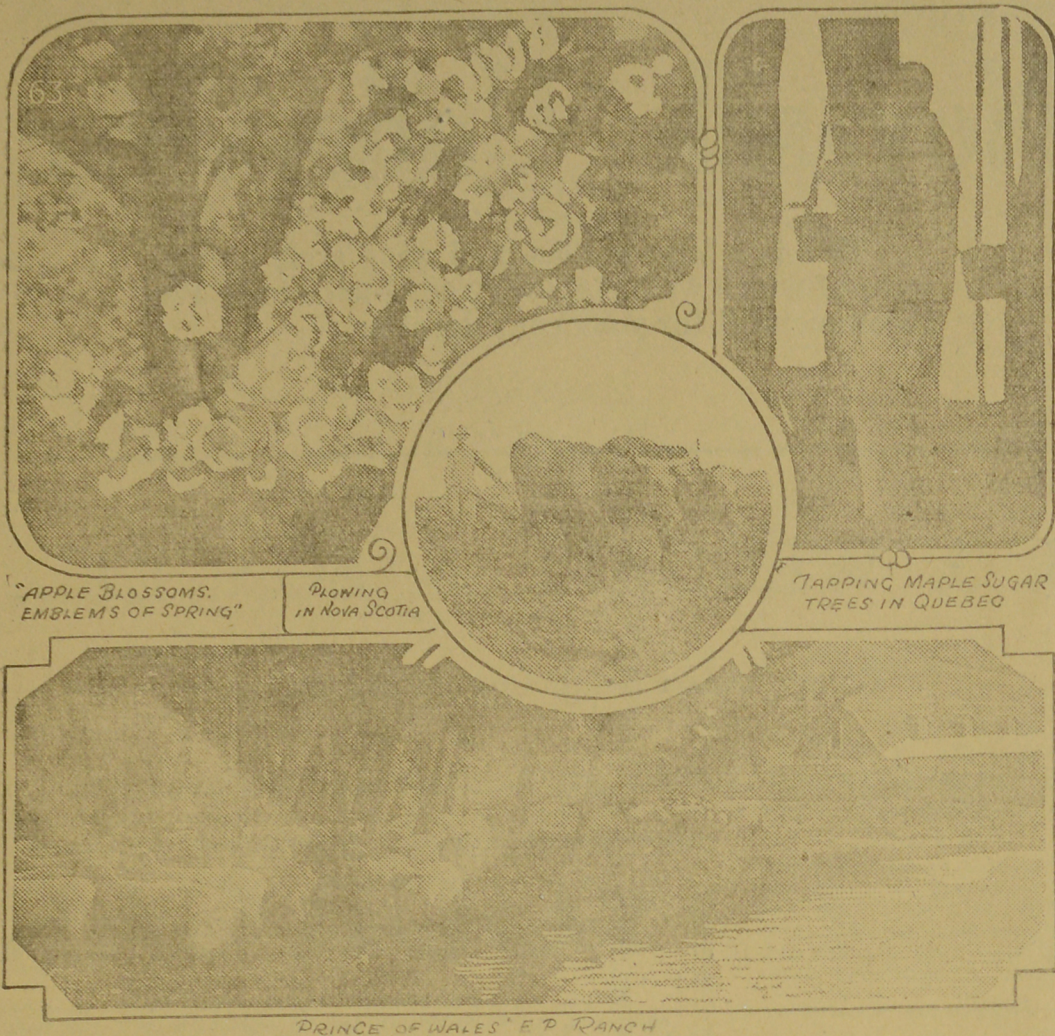


## The Beauty of Spring in the Land of the Maple Leaf



Spring is a resurrection of nature, and human nature also awakens to new hopes. A story of a benign season is given when the rising of the sap signalizes the budding of the tree, when the rivers sing a song of freedom and the birds add their songs to the voices of little children in streets or country lanes. Though Spring and beauty can be found anywhere, it is in the country that it is ideal. Here one can watch the tilling of the soil, the plowing and planting that the earth may yield for the needs of man. Nova Scotia is delightful, for there the bustle and stress of our modern era does not exist. It is a part of that ancient country of Acadia, and it is one of the most beautiful provinces in the Dominion of Canada. There is no part of Nova Scotia more per-

meated with poetic legend and historic lore than the Annapolis Valley, Windsor, Grand Pre and Gasperau. They were centres of events in the early history of the North American continent, for French explorers visited this section as far back as 1604. Quebec Province in spring is equally lovely, and especially the rural districts near the fortified Old World city of Quebec. Old Norman farm houses sprawl along country streets for miles. Wayside shrines are many in this devout province. Glimpses are had through quaint courtyards or narrow galleries of women at their spinning wheels. Here, as in sections of Nova Scotia, time is apparently not fought for as elsewhere. Quebec is lovely in May, es-

pecially during the Canadian Folk Song and Handicraft Festival, to be held this year from May 24-28. At the Chateau Frontenac one is transported into past decades, seeing the work of the habitants as they ply their shuttles of distaffs. The musical programmes are those of the early French Canadians, habitant melodies, brought over originally by the French of early days. It is refreshing in this age to have a little of the peace of the old world, and Quebec is impregnated with an atmosphere of romance and pastoral beauty. Spring days quicken the wanderlust, and with the first notes of the meadow lark and robin the country attracts, and "Only the call of the long, white road to the far horizons wall" lures and beckons to the unknown places, beautiful in Spring.

EUROPE IS NOW BLOSSOMING  
WITH PRINCESSES; 11 FIGURE  
IN THE PLANS OF MATCHMAKERS

Europe is blossoming again with the beauty of royal young womanhood. Time has done its part to repair, in a measure at least, the damage of the war, which played havoc with royalty in general. Time may not bring back that flock of royal families from which the German and Austrian empires once largely supplied the sovereign marriage market of Europe, but it has brought on the daughters of still reigning families, making young women of those who were mere children at the close of the World War.

At no time since the war have there been so many beautiful and marriageable princesses in Europe as now. Omitting the "ex-débutant" princesses of defunct monarchies and all the numerous other princesses of countries where the title is often far removed from royalty, a goodly company still remains, ranging in age from just turned 20 to almost 17, and scattered from the Balkans to Spain, from Scandinavia to Italy, only two speaking the same mother tongue.

## Some Will Rule

There are eight princesses royal whose parents are, have been, or will be sovereigns on still stable thrones:

Hilda, sister of the King of Bulgaria, who was 29 years old in January.

Maria Jose, of Belgium, 20 years old last August.

Giovanna, of Italy, 19 years old last November.

Heana, of Roumania, 18 years old.

Juliana of Holland, 18 years old in the spring.

Beatrice, of Spain, 18 in the summer.

Ingrid, daughter of the Crown Prince of Sweden, not quite 17.

Another princess royal, without a country at present, is Irene, the 23-year-old sister of former King George II, of Greece. Two Scandinavian princesses might be added who though not princessly royal, are the next thing to royalty, being the daughters of the brother of the reigning kings: Martha, of Sweden, 26 years old this March, whose sister, Princess Astrid, the bride of the Duke of Brabant, will some day become Queen of the Belgians; and Princess Feodora, half-way between 16 and 17 years old, eldest of the three daughters of Prince Hehald, brother of Christian X of Denmark.

## The Queens of Tomorrow

These are the young women to whom the world now looks for the queens to tomorrow. For the most part they have been kept in the background in the hands of tutors or away at school, shielded carefully from the pitiless glare of publicity and withheld from the curious eye. Some day, however, some of them, will no doubt step from the sheltered home palace to the dais of brilliant throne rooms, to bow their now girlish heads beneath the weight of royal crowns. For the eventuality that will put them in line for such succession the world watches and waits and speculates. Meantime the princesses go their own unostentatious way with varying degrees of unconcern for the future.

In general they are little like the princesses of story books. They are rather a wholesome, energetic, red-blooded lot. It is more typical of the present age to picture a princess in knickers turning a handspring than lolling in ermine or leaning, looking for a knight, from a golden tower.

To be a princess is generally to be in every sense alive. Giovanna of Italy, for instance, may often be encountered galloping over the Roman Campagna in high spirits following the hounds with a merry crowd of riders. She is one of the liveliest of princesses. Princess Marie-Jose of Belgium is athletic, too, but she tempers her enthusiasm for the outdoors with a more sedate devotion to music. She is a talented violinist, and but a short while ago passed with "great distinction" the examinations "of the upper class, first degree," of the Belgium School of Music, says an article in the New York Times Magazine.

## Like Mother

Maria-Jose has much of the gracious charm and easy dignity of her mother. In her parent's absence in India not long ago it was the Princess Royal who presided at official receptions and did so with credit to them and to

herself. In the period of the war she was at school in Florence, where she learned to speak Italian perfectly, and afterwards at the Ursuline convent, Brentwood, England, where she acquired a command of English.

Perhaps the happiest of the little princesses is the Infanta Beatrice of Spain, whose tomboy pranks have endeared her to the hearts of her people. She is a distinct English type, resembling much more her English mother than her Spanish father, and having been brought up as an English girl, is an enthusiast over outdoor games and sports.

The saddest of the princesses is Eudoxie of Bulgaria, a girl of plain tastes, keenly sensitive to the troubles of her country. This, she told a recent interviewer to whom she confided that being a princess grew "a little heavy sometimes." Eudoxie's sweet, wistful face, framed in light brown hair, is seldom lit by a smile. Her chief interests are said to be charity and natural history. The latter hobby she shares with her brother, King Boris III, who is only a few years her senior.

## The Balkan Treaty

A glimpse of the little known Eudoxie in her native Bulgarian costume, her everyday dress in the palace at Sofia, may call to mind another more frequently pictured costumer, Princess Heana, in the head kerchief and gay skirt of Roumania. But Heana, the "jolly little kid" of the Prince of Wales' memory, is altogether a different sort of girl. Slender, graceful, fresh-looking, this "Beauty of the Balkans" is full of vivacity and love of sports. But she is not without her serious side. The story is told that once in the war when she had received a handsome sum of money to purchase what trinkets she might desire, she thought first of the soldiers in the hospitals, and the fact that money would provide meat for one of these hospitals for a month. When she went there to make her gift for that purpose she was received with general acclamation of the wards. But the Princess did not fail to notice a silent figure sitting unmoved in a corner. She went over to him, stretched out her hand and asked why he did not welcome her.

"I do not like princesses was his reply."

"But I come not as a princess—as a friend," she answered. And the wounded soldier, forgetting his bitterness, took her hand and kissed it, saying earnestly: "I didn't know princesses were like that."

Princess Heana has done many things that princesses do not ordinarily do, such as touring America with her mother, frolicking here with the young people, and even lunching with a West Point cadet. The "Mother-in-Law of the Balkans," however, made it plain that Heana was not seeking her fortune in America. Undoubtedly she is intended for continuation in the royal or semi-royal role.

A more everyday democratic Princess is Irene of Greece, at present without a country, but not without charm, and blessed with the beauty of classic Grecian features.

## Juliana Sure of a Throne

With her mother, Queen Sophie, she lives in a rather modest villa in Florence, where she may be seen in public dance halls with the young bloods of the city or eating waffles at a popular tea room, and having a thoroughly good time.

The most serious-minded of all the princesses, perhaps, and one of the most energetic, is Juliana, of Holland. Juliana is dynastically important, being the only child of the Queen and the hope of the House of Orange, which has given three kings, one queen, and seven stadholders to Holland and one king, William III, of England. Whatever the future holds for here, it holds a throne, that is, unless her mother outlives her, or her people change their present mind.

Juliana herself, does not take her future entirely for granted, if she has been quoted correctly. When recently she took up the study of law at the University of Leyden and her friends asked the reason for her earnest application to her studies, she is said to have replied: "When my time comes to be queen, it is possible

SAYS THAT MEN  
ARE BETTER  
THAN WOMEN

New York, May 10.—A. B. See, Brooklyn elevator manufacturer, who gained wide attention in 1924 by declaring that all women's colleges should be burned, has brought forth his long-heralded book "School," the fruit of five years' labor.

"There should be an end to all this talk about the goodness of women," writes Mr. See. "It does no good, and it is not true. Men are better than women. Men are more truthful than women. Men are not deceitful like women. Men are more honest than women. Men are not quarrelsome like women."

"And as to the college professors; 'There is no class so universally and so justly spoken of in terms of derision as the college professors, for their intellectual vagaries have lost them the respect of right thinking people.'"

The subdivision of Mr. See's work is entitled "Women." It starts out in the thesis that "nothing could be better for this country than to have the husbands rule the wives again."

"Our country," we are told in this portion of the work, "stands greatly in need of restoration of the home. When the father gave up the control of the home in our country, the homes wept, and home life cannot return until the fathers take control again. The men should recognize the fact that the reasoning capacity of the women is but slightly above that of the children. Women are naturally cruel and careen about the real welfare of their children so long as they appear smarter than some other woman's," Mr. See writes.

The volume recommends that the vote be taken away from women without delay.

A new modesty in women's dress is advocated. The father, we are told, should say to the mother on this subject:

"You may place the tidies on the backs of the chairs straight across diagonally, or leave them off altogether—but you cannot have my 14, 15 or 16 year-old girl going about the streets with her legs bare from the ankles to the hips simply because somebody says it is the thing to do."

"Why don't you take flying lessons?"

"Well—er—could a fellow take 'em by correspondence?"

that my countrymen will not want a queen. In that case, I should like to be a lawyer."

FIRE ALARM  
LOCATION IN  
THE CITY

- 6 Argyle and York Sts.
- 7 Victoria Public Hospital.
- 8 Children's Home.
- 12 Westmorland and Aberdeen Sts.
- 13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
- 14 Brunswick and Smythe Sts.
- 15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 York and Queen Sts.
- 23 York and George Sts.
- 24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
- 25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
- 27 King and York Sts.
- 28 Saunders and York Sts.
- 31 Queen and Regent Sts.
- 32 Needham and Regent Sts.
- 34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
- 36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
- 37 George and Regent Sts.
- 38 King and Regent Sts.
- 43 Aberdeen and St. John Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore Street and Waterloo Row.
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