



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

IN Canada, it is comparatively rare to find a family prominent in both political and literary circles, while in Great Britain such a combination of talents is not unusual. The late Sir James Edgar, Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, was a statesman who added to political ability a fine taste in literature and considerable poetic talent. Lady Edgar is also remarkable for the combination of executive and literary ability, being the President of the National Council of Women and the author of several valuable historical works. Dr. Pelham Edgar's critical gifts have been recognised by English editors as well as by many of this continent. During the past fortnight, Mrs. W. W. Edgar of Ottawa has added another honour to the name by winning the gold bracelet offered by Miss Margaret Anglin to the amateur actress of most distinction in His Excellency's Trophy Competition. To Mrs. Edgar's remarkably

They are a real affliction, this communicative couple, whose object in frequenting the hall or the high-class theatre is a mystery to those who play the part of involuntary eavesdroppers and who desire the extermination of the disturbers.

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"THERE is one remarkable thing about the modern woman," said a man of observing nature, "she doesn't cry so much as her great-grandmother did. Why, those Dickens heroines were everlastingly in tears. I don't think I've ever seen my wife cry."

"You must be an awfully good husband," said a charming little widow with a gentle sigh.

The observant man is right. The modern woman is not given to frequent weeps and easy sobs. She is too busy and too conscious of their unbecomingness to resort to teary lashes. In spite of what the *Literary Digest* reports, it is very doubtful that tears are anything but harmful and disfiguring. The woman who cries on the slightest provocation has no means of mourning when a real tragedy comes, and, after a while, her associates become quite indifferent to her apparent woe. Niobe is no longer the fashion. An English writer declares that the modern woman's tearlessness is due to the healthy, outdoor life she leads. Let us all have fresh air if it is going to drive away the lachrymose germ. Tears never did any good to the weeper and usually distress those who are obliged to play the part of comforter. I remember a Sunday School book read long ago which had the very dampest heroine who ever sobbed. Her name was *Fleda* and she shed tears on every page of a dreary novel called *Queechy*. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has written a good deal of slush but she wrote truth and poetry in the lines:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,  
Weep, and you weep alone."

\* \* \*

OF course, it is quite possible for a man or a woman to write delightful yarns, paint unforgettable pictures or play the violin divinely and yet be a cad or a perfect cat. The friendship that one feels for a congenial author is so subtle a satisfaction that, in the majority of cases, it is just as well not to seek the paper friend's personal acquaintance. It is one of the rarest pleasures in life to come across a writer whose face, voice and personality seem to go with the best that he or she has done. The eternal fitness of things then presents itself as a charming reality and one is reconciled to meet more celebrities.

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WOMEN are evidently advancing in their claims to consideration. A St. Louis woman, who was called an old cat by a reckless man, took the case to court and triumphantly received five hundred dollars damages. Good old St. Louis! It was true to its French founders and traditional gallantry. But this is a dangerous precedent. It is easy for a woman to be utterly exasperating, if she devotes undivided attention to the matter, and, since epithets have attained a marketable value, it may become fashionable to provoke an irascible gentleman into using one thousand dollars' worth of names in five minutes.

CANADIENNE.



Mrs. W. W. Edgar, of Ottawa

fine acting as *Toinette* in *A Light from St. Agnes* was largely due to the success of the Ottawa Thespian Club which won the Dramatic Trophy, last year the property of a Winnipeg club. Mrs. Edgar, formerly Miss Florence Hayes, is Irish by birth and Hibernian extraction accounts for dramatic dower and other gifts of the fairies.

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WHEN one reads or hears of those German theatres, where talking disturbers of the peace are promptly ejected, there arises a desire that Canadian managers would adopt European methods. This matter has been written about, many a time and oft, but if selfish and ignorant people could only realise how they advertise their undesirable qualities by whispering during the play or giggling while an orchestra is in the finest movement of a symphony they might take a thought and mend their manners. But it takes more than a hint to most of these offenders before they show the slightest consideration for those around them. The high hat is practically abolished from the theatre; but the loud whisper or the hoarse undertone is still to be heard at concerts and plays. Usually the young man chooses the most plaintive bars of *Traumerie* or the pathetic moment in the last act to ejaculate "That's fine, ain't it?" while the maiden with huge pompadour and rhine-stone-studded comb responds, "If that isn't Mamie Jones over there, with a new man!"

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