



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

THE WOMAN'S PAGE.

THE modern newspaper which is distinctively of the times. No one can read the Canadian dailies of twenty years ago, carefully preserved in our Legislative Library, and compare them with the morning or evening paper of 1908 without noticing how much greater prominence is given to women's work by the journal of the Twentieth Century. Twenty years ago, a girl who took a university degree was considered an advanced and curious specimen of her sex. To-day the girl B.A. excites neither wonder nor curiosity. The woman's page has come to be a recognised department of the modern daily inasmuch as woman's work has many ramifications and modern woman reads the newspapers almost as regularly as her brother does.

There has been much masculine ridicule of the woman's page, as if it were a "dotty department," as one irreverent newspaperman termed it. But if one will consider how the columns devoted to women are filled, in most Canadian papers, he will come to the conclusion that they are edited by capable women who credit their sisters with the possession of brains. *Kit of the Mail and Empire* is probably the best-known editor of a Canadian "woman's kingdom," and that vivacious lady is certainly not to be accused of writing drivel about frills. The *Toronto Globe* has recently devoted a daily page to women at work and play and shows no tendency to allow it to become a silly section. If you come across a woman's page which is given to slush and cheap sentiment you may safely conclude that a mere man is writing it and thinks, poor soul, that he is pleasing women by scribbling such prattle as would not deceive a ten-year-old girl.

It is doubtless the *Ladies' Home Journal* which has given man the opportunity to remark upon the sickening stuff which women write; but the journal in question is edited by a man. There is one feature of such publications that ought to die out—the letters (genuine or otherwise) from foolish women who ask about how they should treat their "gentlemen friends" and who relate their domestic woes to the editor person. Some of these letters may be carefully "manufactured" but in many cases they are actually the composition of women or girls who seem to have no idea of their own exceeding folly. It is difficult to believe that any distressed woman with a grain of decent common-sense in her nature would scribble her sorrows to a newspaper or magazine editor; yet the waste-paper basket in many a sanctum bears witness to the "Daisy" or "Weary Wife" who has

written to the papers about it. The girl who writes to an editor to know whether she should ask the young man to call, the woman who takes pen in hand to inform a perspiring journalist that she fears she is losing her husband's valued regard are both in that class which the late Thomas Carlyle dismissed as "mostly fools."

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WOMEN AND MANNERS.

THE English weekly, *M. A. P.*, which recently published a discussion on the manners of men, is once more agitated on the subject of politeness and this time asks a group of prominent men to give their opinions as to the manners of modern women. That distinguished journalist, Sir Hubert E. H. Jerningham, is brief and severe in his remarks.

"Your letter reaches me on my return from America, and I have the less hesitation in complying with your wish, as my answer to the query whether modern women's manners are better or worse than they used to be is very brief, simple and categorical.

"They had some—they have none at all now."

Sir David Salomons likewise remarks: "But why has that polish in life gone off? Surely railways, omnibuses, extra postal facilities, telephones, telegrams, and other so-called modern improvements and necessities, render life so hurried, as if the babe was born to speed its way to the grave as the chief end in view, that time is no longer existent for the teaching of good manners, still less for the practice of them."

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THE GRADUATES.

SEVERAL decades ago, the poet Tennyson called girl graduates "sweet" and the adjective has been sugarly applied ever since. In our mothers' day the graduate meant a fluffy young thing in white muslin who read an essay on "Ideals" or "Golden Memories" and received lace-papered bouquets of roses from admiring, if uncomprehending young men. But there are other graduates in these days, serious young women who read no essays but who receive the B.A. parchment without blushes and nervous fluttering. Wherever these girl graduates may be, whether in the university, the "Hall" where only women are to be found as students, or the Conservatory devoted to music and dramatic art, the world smiles upon them in genuine congratulation although the wise old globe knows that some of these earnest young persons are going to experiment with its revolutions and try to set it spinning the other way.

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At the silken sign of the Poppy,
At a shop which is never old,
Where a twilight silence lingers,
It is there that dreams are sold.

There's the scent of Love's lost roses,
The soft echo of childhood's laugh,
There's the ring of empty glasses,
For the white lips never quaff.

To the silken sign of the Poppy
We may come when the day-light
dies,
When the curfew music quivers,
'Neath the gray of evening skies.

Just beyond the gates of sunset,
Where the grim toll of death we
pay,
We shall find the shop of dream-
wares,
Where the poppies hang alway.

So we long for dusk of the twilight
When, with wealth of no earthly
gold,
We shall come where sleep-flowers
cluster
To the shop where dreams are sold.

E. J. G.

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