



## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE



Afternoon Tea.

ing change from the frequent cry: "Really, I don't know what we're coming to! It's simply impossible to keep a servant." Just where the trouble lies it would be hard to say. But one of the pleasantest pictures I have seen in many a day was respectful and respected "Honor."

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THE silly season regarding Christmas usually sets in about the twenty-first of November, when wisecracks, both male and female, begin to talk of how children should not be taught to believe in Santa Claus. Of all modern freaks and fads, this is surely the dreariest. Santa Claus is one of the adorable memories of childhood and the educators who would fain remove him are Bluebeards to be avoided. They are the Gradgrinds whose vices Dickens portrayed in "Hard Times." Even Canada is not free from these tiresome, unimaginative creatures. One of them recently broke out in Essex, Ontario, and warned teachers against referring to Santa Claus in the course of the day's work. Poor little Essexites! The road to learning is hard enough without being deprived of Santa Claus beguilements at Christmas time. By all means let the kiddies believe in good old Santa Claus and his rosy cheeks. I suppose the Essex educator will drive away the festive reindeer and leave us only the dull and useful donkey instead. And what about the flight down the chimney and the midnight scampering about with presents? Really, it is hard for a grown-up not to believe in Santa Claus when the shop-windows begin to fill with rocking-horses, dolls, gorgeous tin horns and glittering tinsel balls. It is time to read about Marley and Scrooge, about Tiny Tim and all the other blessed Dickens people whose ghosts come back in the white month of December. By the way, if any lonesome creature wishes a Christmas Eve book of delicious flavour, let him absorb Jerome K. Jerome's "Told After Supper," and make friends with the "spooks" in that chronicle of strange visitants. Long live Santa and his northern steeds!

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CANADA has recently enjoyed visits from two actresses to whom the over-used adjective, "charming," may be justly applied. Miss Ethel Barrymore, in "Her Sister," played the part of unselfish devotion which naturally falls to her lot. The critics find in Miss Barrymore's personality a handicap to her creative work. There are certain men who retain an eternal boyhood, who are always looking for new sticks to whittle, new kites to fly, new worlds to conquer. There are a few women who keep to the last the freshness and buoyancy of girlhood's spirit—although it is sadly true that most women make haste to grow old. Ethel Barrymore is one whom the gods love. She will die young even if her years should lengthen out to fourscore. Then we have seen Eleanor Robson again—not so enchanting as when she was "Merely Mary Ann," but a winsome and thrilling "Salomy Jane" as she dared and defied the law to save "the Man." What a voice to echo through days of dreariness has this dainty Eleanor, who was born in Lancashire, brought up in a New York convent, and is now an actress with fame attending her in two continents! "She's a charming comedienne" was a man's comment. "She's a mighty sweet girl," was a Southern girl's rejoinder.

CANADIENNE.

### YOUTH AND AGE.

By Ethelwyn Wetherald.

Bent over some heroic book,  
In nights gone by, his boyish head  
So filled with eager dreams he took  
Them with him to his bed.  
The splendid strife, the rush of life,  
The trump of fame, inspiring, strong,  
His heart so stirred he scarcely heard  
His mother's slumber song.

But now the glowing book of life  
Is falling from his nerveless hand;  
Gone are the splendours of the strife  
The conquering hopes—a daring band;  
No plaudits pierce those aged ears,  
No trump of fame, though loud and strong,  
He only hears across the years  
His mother's slumber song.

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