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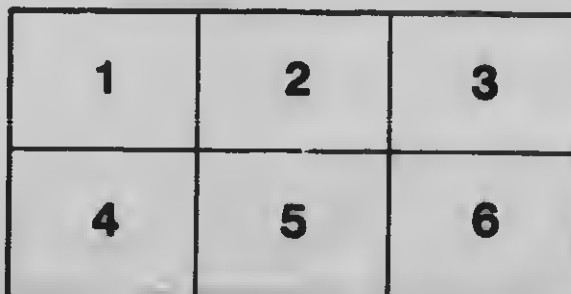
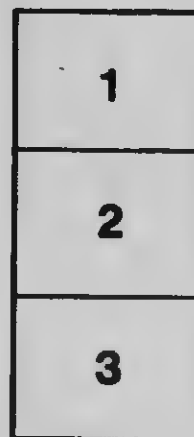
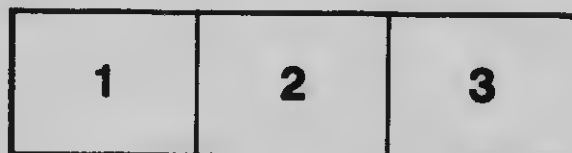
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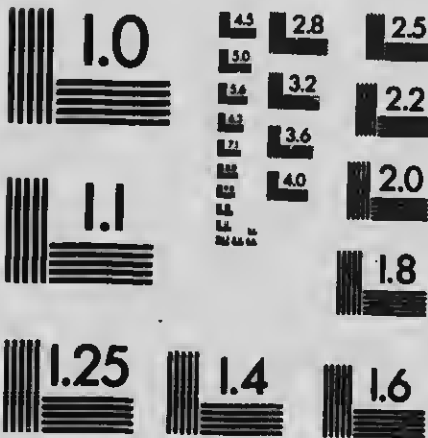
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**THE WOOING OF
MISS CANADA**

(A Play)

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THE WOOING OF MISS CANADA

(A Play)

By
EDITH LELEAN GROVES



McCLELLAND, GOODCHILD & STEWART
PUBLISHERS . . . TORONTO

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1917

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THE WOOING OF MISS CANADA

Characters in the Play

Fairy Godmother.
The Seven Good Fairies.
Jack Canuck.
John Bull.
Four or five Spanish Dancers.
Several Japanese Girls.
Four or more French Girls.
Four or more Italian Girls.
Uncle Sam.
German Student.
Miss Canada.

Costumes

Fairy Godmother and the Seven Good Fairies.—Dresses short and full, made of some gauzy material. Godmother wears a high pointed hat covered with silver paper. Each Fairy wears a star fastened on a narrow band of elastic, on her forehead. They carry wands.

Jack Canuck.—Dark blue or khaki shirt, open at the neck, rough rider hat. When he comes in at the end of the play he wears a khaki suit.

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John Bull.—Knee breeches, slippers with buckles, Union Jack for a vest, long tailed coat, soft round hat. He should be well padded in front.

Spanish Dancers.—Full white blouse, black peasant bodice laced up in front, short, full skirt of red, wide yellow sash tied on the left side with ends flowing.

Japanese Girls.—Kimonos with large butterfly bows tied high in the back. Large paper Chrysanthemums on each side of the head just behind the ears.

French Girls.—Ordinary white frocks with blue and white aprons. High cornered caps with fluttering strings.

Italian Girls.—Red skirt with a green band. White blouse with full sleeves, black bodice laced up in front, brightly-colored handkerchief on head.

Uncle Sam.—Have him as nearly like his pictures as possible. Striped trousers, long-tailed coat, high striped hat.

German Student.—College cap and gown.

Miss Canada.—White dress, trimmed with Maple Leaves. A head-dress of Maple Leaves.

Have the Prologue and the Epilogue recited by some one who takes no part in the play, preferably a grown-up person.

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Prologue

From July the first, Eighteen-Sixty-Seven, Confederation Day, the day upon which Sir John A. Macdonald and George Brown shook hands over the Union of the four Provinces, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, dates our Canadian national life.

At that time none thought of Canada as a nation. The people in the East were very far removed from the inhabitants of Ontario, and as for the Canadian West as we now know it—well, it did not exist.

Mail was carried from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, a distance of eighteen hundred miles, by dog train in the wintertime and by canoe in the summer season.

Prior to Confederation, Canada, by natural barriers, that seemed almost insurmountable, was divided into four great sections. On the east were the Maritime Provinces, separated by a wide gap from the second section, Ontario and Quebec; and the third section, the great Prairie Provinces, separated from the western section by a great natural barrier, the huge mountain ranges of the Rockies and the Selkirks.

It was Confederation that made possible the uniting of these geographical areas into one great whole,

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THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

(Enter Fairy Godmother.)

Fairy Godmother.—They are late. The Seven Good Fairies are late, where can they be? I told them all to meet me here, as they met me so long ago at that wonderful Birthday Party, when we all met to celebrate the Birth of a Nation. What can have happened to them! They must have lost their way.

(Enter First and Second Fairies.)

First Fairy.—We certainly did lose our way, and it's no wonder. Why everything is changed, we couldn't find any landmarks.

Second Fairy.—We are just exhausted!

Godmother.—Have you come far?

First Fairy.—Far—I should think we had. From the other side of the Rocky Mountains.

Second Fairy.—We have travelled many weary miles since the call to service sounded.

Godmother.—You have come quickly. How did you manage it?

First Fairy.—It seemed perfectly hopeless to us. We never dreamed of being able to get here so soon. But the strangest thing happened. While we were wondering what to do, in order to obey the call, our eye caught sight of the queerest animal running at

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top speed over iron rails in the very direction in which we were coming.

Godmother.—An animal! What was it like?

Second Fairy.—We simply cannot describe it.

First Fairy.—It had a cloud of black smoke pouring out of the top of its head, so dense that at times we almost lost sight of it. And the noise that it made was deafening. Sometimes it disappeared entirely as it bored its way through the mountains, and then all of a sudden it appeared again on the other side.

Second Fairy.—It was wonderful to watch it as it crossed tremendous rivers, over bridges, that seemed to be there just on purpose to accommodate it.

First Fairy.—And it was so long! It seemed unending.

Second Fairy.—We hit on a wonderful plan, would you like to hear it?

Godmother.—I would, indeed.

Second Fairy.—Well we just rode on the very end of it, and here we are!

Godmother.—Adventurous Fairies! Why some one might have seen yr 1.

First Fairy.—There was only one man who could possibly have seen us. He had brass buttons on

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his coat, and on every button were the letters "C.P.R.;" they called him a Conductor, and whoever heard of a C.P.R. Conductor seeing a Fairy? Now if there had been any children near we should really have been in danger, for the only ones who ever see the Fairies nowadays are the children.

(Enter Third and Fourth Fairies.)

Third Fairy.—Are we late? We came just as quickly as we could.

Godmother.—And were you, too, a long way off?

Fourth Fairy.—We have come from the head of Lake Superior, and we came on the biggest ship you ever saw; it was immense, and it was so filled with grain that there was hardly room for us, but we managed it, and here we are!

Godmother.—Did anybody see you?

Third Fairy.—There was nobody to see us but the sailors, and sailors never see the Fairies.

Godmother.—I wouldn't be quite so sure about that. I wish the others would come.

(Enter Fifth and Sixth Fairies.)

Fifth Fairy.—We have had a wonderful ride. If it had not been for that we could not have been here nearly so soon.

Godmother.—What kind of ride? Tell us about it.

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Sixth Fairy.—We rode in a horseless carriage.

Godmother.—A horseless carriage! Please explain. How could that be?

Fifth Fairy.—That we cannot tell, but the carriage ran over the road moved by some unseen power.

Godmother.—'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange! Did you ever hear of these remarkable things when we were here before?

Fairies.—Never! Such things were unheard of.

Seventh Fairy (rushing on to the stage in a breathless manner).—Here I am. Am I too late? I had a most wonderful adventure.

Fairies.—Adventure? How interesting? Tell us about it.

Godmother.—Yes, do. We would like to hear.

Seventh Fairy.—Well, I was leisurely coming through the clouds on my way to this gathering, when suddenly there appeared the most wonderful bird that was ever seen by Fairy eyes. And the noise it made!—I can hear the buzzing and the whirring, yet, it nearly deafened me.

Godmother.—What was it like?

Seventh Fairy.—It was huge, immense.

Godmother.—As large as an eagle?

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Seventh Fairy.—'Twas larger than a *hundred* eagles. It had two tremendous wings, and the oddest body. At the front was a figure that looked like a human being. I assure you I was badly frightened.

Godmother.—And not much wonder.

Seventh Fairy.—I could not tell where I was: every thing is so changed. Magnificent cities now stand where formerly were wilderness and bush. It is a wonder to me that I ever found my way at all. But I trusted to luck and rode on the wings of the bird, they called an aeroplane.

Godmother.—Yes, everything has changed since that birthday party, that we all attended so long ago. I was the child's Fairy Godmother, and 'tis the duty of a Fairy Godmother to bring rich offerings to her infant Godchild. But I—I had little to bring, and so I called on all you Good Fairies to come and bring your choicest gifts to the infant Canada. And you all came.

First Fairy.—And I brought Wealth.

Second Fairy.—And I brought Health.

Third Fairy.—And I brought Power to grow.

Fourth Fairy.—And Beauty rare

That was the share

I brought so long ago.

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Fifth Fairy.—Power to discern,

Sixth Fairy.—Desire to learn,

Seventh Fairy.—And wisdom rich and rare;

These gifts so choice,

Made all rejoice.

We Fairies did our share.

Godmother.—Indeed you did, I was very grateful to you. And how hard we tried to keep from the Bad Fairy the knowledge of that wondrous Birthday Party! But she was there, she came at the last minute. Enemies sought her out and told her, and so she evaded us and gained an entrance. And such a gift as she left that precious baby!

First Fairy.—What was it?

Godmother.—Did you not hear? 'Twas a love for things that are not worth while—a love for power, for position, for show.

Seventh Fairy.—My gift of Wisdom ought to counteract that gift brought by the Bad Fairy.

Godmother.—'Twas a gift wisely chosen. Let us hope 'twill always counteract the bad.

(At this point introduce a Fairy Drill or Dance, in which the Godmother and the Seven Good Fairies take part. If the Fairies carry wands, a Wand Drill will fit in nicely. When the Drill or Dance is finished they group themselves prettily on the platform, some standing and some sitting. Be careful to have the placing of the children all arranged beforehand, so much depends upon a pretty grouping.)

(Enter Jack Canuck.)

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Fairies.—Who comes here?

First Fairy.—What strong and stalwart youth is this?

Godmother.—'Tis Jack Canuck! What business can he have with us?

Jack Canuck.—Good Morrow, Fairy Godmother.

Godmother.—Good Morrow, Jack Canuck. You are sad I fear.

Jack Canuck.—Indeed, I am; very, very sad.

Godmother.—Teli us your sorrow. Perhaps we may be able to help you, and if we can, most gladly will we do so.

Jack Canuck.—If you cannot help me—well, I fear the case is a hopeless one. I am in love with your Godchild, Miss Canada.

Fairies (delightedly).—In love, how interesting! And does she love you in return?

Jack Canuck.—That I cannot say, but I fear not.

Godmother.—Have you spoken to her of your love?

Jack Canuck.—More times than I can count. Sometimes I think she loves me in return, and then she treats me with such coldness that I fear my suit is hopeless.

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Godmother.—Does she give any reason for this treatment of you?

Jack Canuck.—She says I'm not of noble birth. I am much too ordinary for her. She thinks a crown would be most becoming to her golden tresses. She hopes that by and by a grander suitor will come along, one who will place her by his side upon a throne. She has visions of grandeur in the magnificent courts of Europe—and 'tis for that, she casts aside a heart that loves her for herself alone.

Godmother.—'Tis the work of the Bad Fairy! I feared for the baby, when I knew this unwelcome visitor had been present at her birthday party, but we—we will do all we can to help you in your wooing, Jack Canuck.

Jack Canuck.—

I know well a maiden fair,
She is sweet beyond compare,
And I love her well.
Yes, with love my heart doth burn,
Does she love me in return?
That I cannot tell.

She is haughty, coy or gay,
When I plead she turns away,
Then my heart doth sink.

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When I go she calls me back,
Cries, "Oh, do not leave me, Jack!"
What's a man to think?

Sometimes she gaily taunts me,
And laughingly she flaunts me,
Then she brightly smiles.
When she smiles my spirits rise,
When she frowns, then hope it dies,
Oh, she's full of wiles!

Godmother.—Just like the rest of her sex, Jack Canuck. Have you anything else to offer this God-child of mine, besides this love that you so ardently profess? What arguments have you to advance for your union with Canada?

Jack Canuck.—The greatest of all arguments is this, I love her well! Then, too, 'twould be a suitable match, we have so much in common—the same interests, the same ideals.

Godmother.—And what are these ideals?

Jack Canuck.—Her development as a nation, her future growth, her progress in the realms of commerce, of education, of literature, of art. I am strong, I am vigorous, I would safeguard her interests, I would protect her from all who would do her harm, I would keep away from her all who were undesirable.

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Godmother.—Have you spoken to her father, John Bull?

Jack Canuck.—Not yet. I thought to win her first.

Godmother.—'Tis the modern way of doing things. 'Twas altogether different in my young days. Then the older people planned the marriage and the young people did as their parents wished.

(Enter John Bull, blustering.)

John Bull.—What's all this? What's all this?

Godmother.—We are talking of my dear Godchild, your daughter, Canada; we are discussing her future. She is beautiful and attractive and many suitors will doubtless appear and ask for her hand.

John Bull.—Suitors! Nonsense! She is but a child among the nations.

Godmother.—Old enough, John Bull, for many to be casting eyes at her and her vast possessions. Happy indeed will the foreign nation be that can annex Canada.

John Bull.—Happy—I should think so, for she is richly dowered. Beauty and grace and vast possessions in lands and resources has this daughter of mine. She has wonderful acres of farming lands and untold wealth in mine and lake and forest, but I tell you this:

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no fortune hunter need ever ask me for my daughter's hand in marriage.

Godmother.—John Bull, I fear you are behind the times. Nowadays, suitors do not first consult the fathers. Here is a case in point. Jack Canuck would wed your daughter and he has not asked your consent to his wooing.

John Bull.—Jack Canuck—Who is he?

Jack Canuck.—Nobody very imporant, John Bull, just a plain ordinary youth of humble birth, madly in love with the most charming, beautiful maiden that ever worried the heart out of a poor suitor.

John Bull.—Has she given you any encouragement?

Jack Canuck.—Sometimes I think she has, and then again I cannot tell. She has told me I am too plain, too ordinary, too commonplace. She yearns for grandeur and greatness and power, a golden crown and a throne and a King in kingly raiment whose honours she would share. And yet withal I feel she loves me.

Seventh Fairy.—'Tis the work of the Bad Fairy who forced her way in at the birthday party of Confederation. She it was who put these ideas into her head.

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Godmother.—And these ideas once planted are hard to destroy. They are like noxious weeds that grow and grow, and if not destroyed will soon smother the good grain. Let yours be the task, Good Fairies, to prove to Miss Canada, that happiness does not consist in outward show, but in real true love that comes from the heart. We will go and find her, and tell her this.

John Bull.—I, too, shall have something to say to this daughter of mine.

(John Bull takes the hand of the Fairy Godmother and leads her off the platform. The Good Fairies follow.)

Jack Canuck.—I have good friends I hope they will do something to further my suit.

(Enter Miss Canada with several letters in her hand. She is just reading one.)

Canada.—Now that's what I call a real lover. That is the kind of letter that any girl ought to be proud to receive. I am sure I could love him in return. Ah, Jack Canuck, you here again? What brings you this time?

Jack Canuck.—'Tis the same old story, my love for you.

Canada.—Really you are a most persistent lover. If persistency could win me, then you would have won me long ago.

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Jack Canuck.—I fear I have been too persistent. But I have no time and little inclination to longer dally. If you do not love me, say so, and I will leave you, never to return.

Canada.—Oh, but you mustn't do that; what should I do without you! I need you for so many things. Who would look after my interests as well as you do? Who would guard my shores, who would fight my battles and who would keep away from Canada all who would do her harm? Who, but Jack Canuck!

Jack Canuck.—That's all very well, from your standpoint, but what about mine?

Canada.—Why Jack, I want to make a brilliant match. I want to marry some one of old, old family. Some one who will make up to Canada what she herself lacks in that respect. Then I want riches and position and standing among the other nations of the world. Oh, yes, Jack Canuck, I know that I am ambitious, but it is no wonder, for many opportunities for greatness are coming my way. Listen to this. (Reads the letter.)

From Spain to Canada.—GREETINGS.—

Long have we admired you from afar, Oh, Canada! and long have we loved you. Your beauty, your vast acres, your wonderful resources have led us to the conclusion that a union with you would be

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to our great advantage. Spain—one of the oldest countries of Europe is willing to overlook the fact that you have no particular family to boast of, no long line of ancestry, and to ask you to take into your serious consideration a union with Spain at your earliest convenience. We await your pleasure and are sending ambassadors bearing gifts.

(Enter Spanish Dancers. If possible have four or five. They dance up to Miss Canada and present her with jewels and laces, strings of beads thrown around her neck and a lace scarf thrown over her head, mantilla fashion. While they are decorating her, Jack Canuck scratches his head, and looks most embarrassed.)

Jack Canuck.—Well, I see this is no place for me.

(Exit Jack Canuck.)

(At this point introduce a Spanish Dance given by the Spanish Girls. They should carry tambourines or castanets. At the close of the dance, while the rest group themselves prettily at the feet of Miss Canada, one girl may step forward and sing a solo, something about Spain would be most appropriate, the other girls join in the chorus.)

Spanish Girl.—

From sunny Spain we come to woo Miss Canada,
A maiden fair, a maiden fair!

For she has wealth in lands, in herds, in mines, and
then

Such beauty rare, such beauty rare!

Canada.—Why did not your Master come in person to woo me? Wooing should never be done by proxy.

Spanish Girl.—He is much too busy. The cares

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of state press heavily upon our Master's brow. He cannot leave to come so far away. But he told us to say to you, O Canada, that it was Spain that made possible the growth of your country, in fact, the very *being* of this land, for had it not been for Christopher Columbus, tell me this, would you ever have been discovered?

Canada.—That I cannot say, but I think so. We are willing to accord to the ancient navigator all the credit that belongs to him, but I really do not think I shall allow Christopher Columbus to influence me in the slightest degree in the choosing of a husband. Then, too, the advantage seems to be all on the side of Spain, if we are to take into consideration only the commercial aspect of the case, and so I beg leave to decline with thanks. (Takes off her jewels and her lace and hands them to one of the maidens.)

Spanish Girl.—But what about family and social position? Think what it would mean to you to be allied with one of the oldest countries of Europe!

Canada.—It takes more than that to make a happy union. With Spain, Canada can have little in common. Go home and say to your Master that Canada is much too busy to leave home at present, she finds there are so many matters of state that claim *her* attention, immigration, transportation, and then, too,

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her own dear soldier boys at the front, all need her personal attention. No, Canada can never be allied with Spain.

(Exit Spanish Girls.)

Canada.—The idea! Too busy to come himself and woo me! I'll show him. Ah, who comes here?

(Enter a number of Japanese Maidens. Here is a good opportunity for a Fan Drill or any Japanese Drill or Dance, given of course in costume. All through the Drill have the girls take little short mincing steps, faces all smiles.)

Canada.—Oh, you dear little Japanese girls! Aren't you sweet! What are you doing in Canada, so far away from the land of the Cherry-blossom and the Chrysanthemum?

Japanese Girl.—Our Master bade us come and tell you of our wonderful country, an Island in the far Pacific. He told us to sing to you of its charms, to picture for you the beauties of Japan.

Canada.—Well, go on, I'm listening.

Japanese Girl.—

We know a land where the sun ever shines,
And the sky is a sapphire blue;
Where the cherry-blossom petals flutter from the
trees

To bathe themselves in the dew.

Where the moon hangs aloft like a toy balloon,
And the breeze has the scent of flowers,

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And the almond-eyed maidens with little mincing
steps

Wile away the long sunny hours.

Canada.—It must indeed be a beautiful land with its little toy houses and its funny customs. They say its people are very patriotic, that their love of country is their religion. Is that so?

Japanese Maiden.—In Japan, patriotism is the highest emotion of the heart. Come, ally yourself with Japan, you need then fear no foe no matter how powerful. Her men will fight for you, and will shed the last drop of blood in your defence. Our country is small, we need room to expand, we want your broad acres, and your immense forests. What answer, O Canada, shall we take back to our Master, who sent us to you, Japan?

Canada.—Very creditable, indeed! Patriotism is a fine quality. But we have that in Canada. Even now in Fiance or Flanders our own Canadian boys are dying for Canada. And about our broad acres and our immense forests—well, I think Canadians can use them very nicely. Go home and say to your Master, Japan, that Canada can never form any such alliance. The two countries are too far apart, their viewpoints are different. Canada and Japan? I do not like the sound of it. It would never do.

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Japanese Maiden.—But think of our age. Why, Japan is one of the oldest countries in the world. If it is ancient lineage and old family you want, where will you find them to such an extent as in old Japan? I ask you that, O Honourable Canada!

Canada.—There are other things in life besides old family and ancient lineage, I am beginning to tire of the very sound of them.

Japanese Girl.—Alas, then, with our mission a failure we return to our Master to say to him that Canada will not ally herself with Japan.

(Exit Japanese Maidens.)

(The piano strikes up the Marseillaise and four or more little French Girls carrying the tri-color march on or dance on to the stage. They may be singing or humming the air. A Folk Dance would fit in here quite nicely.)

Canada.—Ah, French I see! You are our brave allies, and Canada loves you well.

French Girl.—We know that, else we had not come. You are such brave people, you Canadians; see what your dear boys are doing in our stricken country. What should France have done without your aid?

Canada.—And have you, too, come as ambassadors? from your Master, France, to woo Miss Canada? She has many suitors.

French Girl.—Nay, not to woo you have we come, but to tell you something of our history. The Seven

THE WOOING OF MISS CANADA

Good Fairies with your best interests at heart, O Canada, tell us that you wish for a crown, a throne, wealth, position, grandeur and magnificence such as many an European court has to offer. But thrones and crowns count for little. It was the grandeur and magnificence of the French court that helped to wreck our fair land at the time in our history when the populace ruled, and the French Revolution stirred the whole world. Marie Antoinette was a Queen, but that fact failed to save her from the guillotine.

Canada.—Poor Marie Antoinette! and she was so beautiful. I have read of her in our History.

French Girl.—We have delivered our message and we must away. Do not think because we bring you no message of love, no plan for a union of France and Canada, that such would not be acceptable to our nation. But we know how little France has to offer you. Poor, stricken, impoverished France! Her plight is, indeed, pitiable. She is dependent upon her brave Allies for her very existence. But wait! Phoenix-like, from the ashes of the conflagration that is now burning up that dear land, is going to arise a grander country, a more magnificent France.

(Exit French Girls.)

(Enter four or five Italian Girls. Introduce a Folk Dance here if possible.)

THE WOOING OF MISS CANADA

Italian Girl.—

From Italy, fair Italy,
The land that we call home,
The land of song and gay romance,
From sunshine land we've come.

We've heard of thee, O Canada,
Your fame spreads far and wide;
Shall Italy and Canada
In marriage be allied?

Then what you lack in ancestry
Will Italy supply;
For throne and crown and stately court,
You need no longer sigh.

Canada.—Do you know I am not half so anxious for a throne and a crown and the grandeur that goes with them as I once was? I am beginning to think that there are things in life much more important. Go back to your fair country, back to the sunny land of Italy and say, "Canada is proud to know that Italy is fighting with the Allies in the great world struggle for Right and Justice, but that she has changed her mind about allying herself with a strange country and for the present she prefers to remain—just a Daughter of John Bull."

(Exit Italian Girls.)

(The piano strikes up the Star Spangled Banner or some other distinctively American air, then enter Uncle Sam carrying the Stars and Stripes.)

THE WOOING OF MISS CANADA

Uncl: Sam.—

You have heard of thrones and princes,
And crowns and titles grand,
And ancestry and royal blood;
And many a suitor's hand

Has been outstretched to Canada,
From far across the sea;
But pay no heed! for on their side
Would all advantage be.

For what have *they* to offer you
For what *you'd* have to bring?
An empty title and a throne,
To share with prince or king.

Now there's a neighbor at your door,
Who offers you his hand,
The U.S.A. and Canada,
Together they would stand.

A powerful Union they would make,
And should a foe attack,
We'd like to see Old Glory joined
With England's Union Jack.

Canada.—You are a good neighbor, Uncle Sam,
we are glad you live next door to us. Canada feels
very kindly towards the United States, particularly
at this time when our boys are fighting side by side

THE WOOING OF MISS CANADA

in France, but I think we are better friends just as good neighbors than if a closer union existed. May your Star Spangled Banner always wave side by side with the Union Jack and may you and I ever remain close neighbors and the best of friends.

(Exit Uncle Sam.)

(Enter Student in Cap and Gown with huge book under his arm.)

Student.—Such a time as I had getting to Canada! I did not dare say that I was a German, or I never should have reached here at all.

Canada.—And what have you come for? I don't want to seem inhospitable, but to be perfectly frank with you, Germans are not wanted here. We have too much to forget.

Student.—Not wanted? What nonsense! Why, we are the most wonderful people in the civilized world—look at our efficiency, our inventions in the realms of art and science, and then our kultur,—Not wanted, indeed!

Canada.—Efficiency—How we hate the word! Kultur—we know too well what it stands for. Civilization—Germany does not know the meaning of it. What are you doing in Canada, why are you here?

Student.—On behalf of my Master, Germany, I have come to tell you of the advantages that will be

THE WOOING OF MISS CANADA

yours once you ally yourself with Germany. To say to you that you cannot do better than form such a union, for once that union takes place and Canada comes under German rule, everything will be taken in hand by efficient leaders—every inch of ground will be made to produce, there will be no waste anywhere, and Canada will see a prosperity hers, such as she has never dreamed of.

Canada.—And will there be a throne and a crown and plenty of grandeur?

Student.—Indeed, there will be. In Germany the rulers rule by divine right and you will share in the grandeur and greatness of an empire that will dazzle you.

Canada.—How lovely! and if need be will Germany fight for Canada?

Student.—The Germans are the greatest fighters in the world. Look at the army, where will you find such another?

Canada.—And if I refuse, What?

Student.—You must not dream of refusing. If you do my instructions are to seize you and carry you forcibly away to my Master, Germany.

Canada.—Those are your instructions?

Student.—Most emphatically, they are.

THE WOOING OF MISS CANADA

Canada.—And just as emphatically do I refuse.

(He seizes Canada by the arm, Canada utters a cry and Jack Canuck dressed in khaki rushes on. He is followed by John Bull, the Fairy Godmother and the Seven Good Fairies.)

John Bull.—We are just in time, Jack Canuck, another moment and we should have been too late.

Canada.—I am so frightened. He would not listen to my refusal, but was going to carry me away in spite of myself.

Jack Canuck.—Touch Canada at your peril! Lay a hand on her if you dare? Fight for her, would you? She has men much nearer home, brave and stalwart, ready at a moment's notice to don the khaki and march away to defend her shores, should foreign foe attack. And Jack Canuck, tipifying the youth of Canada, ready to shed the last drop of blood in her defence, bids Germany's Ambassador, Begone!

Student.—But how shall I get home? will you give me safe conduct?

Jack Canuck.—You should have thought of that before you came.

John Bull.—Let him take his chances, Jack Canuck.
(Exit Germany.)

Fairy Godmother.—Many suitors have presented themselves, O Canada! Have you made up your mind? What is your decision?

THE WOOING OF MISS CANADA

Fairies.—Yes, we are anxious to hear it.

Canada.—I think I must have had a change of heart. No longer do I care for empty titles, for crowns, for thrones, for a long line of ancestry, for courtly grandeur, these do not seem as necessary to my happiness as they once did. I want a suitor who will love Canada for herself alone, who will safeguard her interests, who will fight her battles whether at home or on the fields of France or Flanders,—such a suitor and none other will Canada consider.

John Bull.—And where will you find such a suitor?

Fairy Godmother.—Yes, indeed, where will you find him?

Canada.—I know where there is a suitor such as I describe who loves Canada well.

John Bull, Fairy Godmother and Fairies (in chorus).—And his name—?

Canada.—Is Jack Canuck.

(John Bull joins the hands of Jack Canuck and Canada, the Fairy Godmother and the Seven Good Fairies group themselves on either side and all sing "O Canada" or "The Maple Leaf Forever")

THE WOOING OF MISS CANADA

Epilogue

It is fifty years and more since the thirty-three Fathers of Confederation brought about the Union of the Provinces. There were four then; there are nine now.

During these fifty years what changes have taken place! Barriers that once existed have been swept away, by bridges, by tunnels, by canals, by railroads, by steamships. Population has grown to such an extent that instead of a handful of people there are now eight millions. Land that once was looked upon as useless is now so fertile and productive that Canada has become one of the greatest wheat-producing countries of the world. This land of ours is capable of filling the hungry mouth of every man, woman and child in the British Empire.

As a manufacturing country it has great possibilities. Its water power is almost unlimited.

Its resources are marvellous. Almost all minerals and metals, that are used, are found in Canada. Silver and gold are here in immense quantities, while the most valuable nickel deposits in the world are found in Ontario.

Its chain of Great Lakes form such a highway that boats can run from the head of Lake Superior down to the sea, thus helping to solve the problem of transportation.

THE WOOING OF MISS CANADA

"The Twentieth Century is Canada's," and as loyal Canadians we have faith in the future of our land. We must be ever on the alert to guard well her interests, to watch the immigration and see that undesirables do not enter and to ever remember our watchword, "Canada for Canadians."



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