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THE DREAM OF THE MONTHS

A New Year Pageant

By Elspeth Moray

McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Publishers, Toronto

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By
ELSPETH MORAY



McCLELLAND, GOODCHILD & STEWART
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THE DREAM OF THE MONTHS

A New Year Pageant

By Elspeth Moray

This little Pageant is suitable for Sunday or Day School, as it brings in a great many children with not too much training. If the platform is large enough, the characters may all stay on in allotted places, although to be exact each should retire before the other comes forward. Many other characters may be introduced or many dropped out without particularly changing the character of the Pageant. At the close the curtain could drop for a few seconds to allow the Christmas Tree and December characters to retire, and rise disclosing only the two children, who could then awaken from the dream. This is a more correct ending, but the Pageant of all the Months together on the platform of course also has its advantages. The dresses are simple, a great many of cheesecloth. The Rainbow shades are best accomplished by simple dyes and white cotton stockings are dipped at the same time, also a yard and a half of same stuff for scarves. The stockings are all drawn on over slippers in almost all the characters. A green carpet is best for the floor and a dark green background. The Usher is used to make plain the different Months, as it adds immensely to the interest. A number of dresses may be made of tissue paper, *i.e.*, Poppy and Cornflower, Holly and Mistletoe, also October's.

THE DREAM OF THE MONTHS

Characters

Sandman.—All in brown with a bag of "sand"—brown peaked hat and pants ending in peaked toes.

Betty and Billy.—In ordinary play costume.

Usher.—Any fine dress. If possible, buckled shoes, three-cornered hat, velvet jacket and white powdered wig.

January.—A little lady in white sweater costume.

Jack Frost.—A little boy all in white, with touches of silver and sparkles—peaked hat, white stockings pulled over his shoes.

Snow.—A little girl all in white, with a white bag in which are pieces of cotton.

February.—Artist's costume—large palette and brushes. Also a light easel which he brings in and sets up on extreme left. He is a big boy.

Valentines.—In Dutch costume—each boy has a large patch on the thigh with large stitches showing, of bright colours. Blue overalls are worn and blue hats of the orthodox kind. The little girls have white guimpes and blue dresses, also sunbonnets of white. These children should all be small. The boys carry little bouquets which they present in posing, the girls red hearts quite large so as to be easily seen.

THE DREAM OF THE MONTHS

Postman.—In blue, with Postman's cap. A small boy.

March.—Not too small a boy in tam-o'-shanter and long scarf of green. His kite is large and gaudy.

March Hare.—A very small boy or girl. In white down to the toes and finger tips, resembling little paws. Also the little hood has two long white ears.

Paddy and Wife.—A small boy and girl in regular Irish costume. Paddy high black hat, long-tailed coat, green tie, white pants and a stick. Wife in white guimpe, green skirt, black velvet bodice and white sunbonnet.

April Fool.—Full clown costume.

April.—In silver and gray—a silver band in the hair. Below the tarlatan on the underskirt strips of silver paper may be shown, which resembles rain. She is quite big.

Rainbow Fairies.—They are in the seven prismatic colours—Red, Yellow, Orange, Blue, Green, Violet, Indigo. Their stockings of the same shade are drawn over their slippers. They each have a scarf of cheesecloth of same shade, and a band on the hair of same colour.

Easter Angel.—White cheesecloth with wings attached to the wrists. She carries a white flower—

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large. She should be not too small. Her hair must float around the shoulders. When she enters as the Christmas Angel she has a silver wand and a silver star on her hair.

May.—Dressed as a Queen, with golden crown and sceptre. She should be rather tall, with a long train. As her attendants are all in white, a contrasting colour should be used on the Queen—*i.e.*, blue and white, or pink and white. If more children are desired, two little page boys could precede. She has a chair at the extreme right.

May Girls.—All in white, with little mob caps. Little baskets, with paper roses, should be ready for the June Bride's entrance.

June.—Dressed as a bride, carrying large bouquet. A tall girl.

Bridegroom.—Fine dress. A tall boy.

July.—Dressed in the Union Jack. She has a large Flag with her and a basket with firecrackers. A big girl.

Scouts.—In ordinary Scout costume.

August.—In green, studded with paper roses. She has a garland on her head. A big girl.

Poppy.—In vivid red—the tarlatan skirt scalloped

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at the feet like the flower and a little green bodice and cap. A very small girl.

Cornflower.—In brilliant blue—the skirt scalloped sharply and green bodice and cap. A very small girl.

September.—In golden yellow, with an armful of sheaves and a basket of fruit.

A few school children.

October.—Dressed like a witch in orange and black, high black hat and broomstick. The ordinary Hallowe'en tissue paper with black cats makes a good costume. A tall girl.

Goblins.—Tiny boys—two in scarlet, two in black, dressed like Brownies, with peaked hoods and pants ending in peaked toes. They have two pumpkins, a dishpan and a few apples.

November.—In gray, with gold girdle and gold stripe around the foot. Rather a big girl.

Holly.—In green, with vivid red spots upon it and a wreath of holly. A very little girl.

Mistletoe.—In white and green. Ordinary white dress with tiny overdress of green and wreath of same colours. A very small girl.

December.—The orthodox Santa Claus costume. He has a sack and a whip.

THE DREAM OF THE MONTHS

The Dream of the Months

(A green carpet. A few evergreens at back and sides. At left, a rustic seat. At right, a doorway almost concealed in the trees; if possible on this a light door may be shut and opened.)

(Enter two children. Both bewildered and lost—hand in hand. Betty has a few flowers in her hand.)

Billy.—Keep close to me, Betty, and we will find the path again.

Betty.—But I am so tired. I want to sleep.

Billy.—We have no beds, or nighties, or nothing.

Betty (sinking down on "grass").—This is nice. Sit down, Billy (patting ground), and let's tell stories.

Billy (sitting down and hugging his knees).—You do, first.

Betty.—Once upon a time—(yawns loudly).

(The "Sandman" slips in. He has a sack from which he pretends to scoop sand.)

Betty (her head nodding).—Where was I? Oh! yes. Once upon a time (another yawn).

Billy (sleepily).—Go on, Betty (yawns). (They gradually sink down, the Sandman bending over and pretending to sprinkle sand).

(A lullaby is played on the piano. The Sandman tip-toes around. He pulls forward a little the rustic seat, which till now, should not be seen. The children suddenly waken. They gaze amazed at the Sandman.)

Betty.—Why, it's the Sandman!

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Sandman.—Of course.

Billy.—The Sandman!

Sandman.—Certainly, Sir. (Bowing). I have a nice surprise for you! When I saw you straying along I said to myself, "There's an adventure! Betty and Billy in the Enchanted Wood."

Children (looking around).—Enchanted!

Sandman.—Here's a dear little seat, sit down. Do you see that magic door?

Billy.—Why, yes. I never saw it before.

Sandman.—The Months live there. They are a jolly crew. I think we can see them at their frolics. What do you say?

Children.—The Months!

(The Sandman hobbles across the stage and knocks at the door. He then backs slowly away. In walks the Usher very gravely to the centre, bows in courtly fashion to the children with hand on his heart.)

Usher.—I am the Usher of the Months, January, Jack Frost and Snow.

(Usher retires to close beside the door. In runs January, etc. January immediately approaches the children.)

January.—Happy New Year.

(In the meantime, Snow is softly and slowly going from one branch of a tree to the other and laying pieces of cotton which she takes in tiny pieces from her bag. Jack Frost has been racing around making several little runs at the children pretending to touch their ears, noses and feet.)

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Children.—Happy New Year! (They shake hands.)

Children (shrinking).—Oh, how cold!

Jack Frost.—Ha! Ha! Ha!

January.—This is Jack Frost, Betty, and yonder is Snow. Isn't she pretty? She hums to herself a little song, listen and you will hear.

(Lullaby is played. Snow sings. As she sings she brings two small white covers from her bag and lays them on the ground.)

To the tune of "All the Flowers have gone to Sleep."

All the flowers have gone to rest,
Each one in his little nest.
With my blanket warm and white
I will tuck them in to-night.

Jack Frost (boastfully).—I can sing too.

Music plays. To tune of "Little Jack Frost is a Jolly Little Fellow." (Which could be sung instead) or this can be recited:

When the boys and girls come out to play
I clap my hands when I hear them say,
"Come to the hills and have some fun.
For see what little Jack Frost has done!"

I pepper their eyes and nip their toes
And paint their cheeks like a big red rose.

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I mean no harm though I make them cry,
For a roguish, funny little boy am I.

(As he finished they retire to extreme left front where, beside the rustic seat, are three little chairs for them.)

(Enter Usher as before.)

Usher.—February and his Valentines.

(February enters, behind him three little girls and three boys walking in pairs. They are all dressed in Dutch costume. The girls carry large red hearts. February has an easel, palette and paint brush. He ostentatiously fixes easel at left.)

Sandman.—Here is our friend February. My dear fellow, who are these little people? (The little Dutch Folk walk around.)

February.—These are my models. Do you know how busy I am? I have to paint fifteen billion valentines between now and the fourteenth.

Sandman.—How busy you must be?

February.—Busy! Well, I should think so. Now, children, come. Do you think I can wait here all day?

(The little folk immediately fall into three groups of couples, each different, and copied from any valentine. For example, one little girl holds her red heart high up and looks roguishly down at the boy who kneels and lifts his hands beseechingly. Betty and Billy clap their hands.)

(February paints furiously and with absurd gesticulations, then pretends to fold up the pictures and put them in two envelopes. As he calls the Postman, the little Valentines rise and walk round again in couples.)

February.—Postman!

(Enter little Postman all in blue.)

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Here I am, ladies and gentlemen!
All as happy as can be—
Bring your pretty valentines,
And leave the rest to me.

(A few bars of music are played here as the little Valentines walk round in couples.)

(He takes the envelopes, gives one to Betty and Billy with a bow and walks off. February retires to left back, and the Valentines, after walking round a few times, group around him.)

Usher.—March. (Bowing as usual.)

Sandman.—Aha! I know this fellow. Mr. March is coming. Hold your hats, children!

(In runs March, blowing out his cheeks and trying to fly a kite. He runs round a few times. Billy runs to examine the kite.)

Billy (to March).—What a noisy fellow you are?

March.—Noisy? Of course I am. What do you take me for? I house-clean the world with my big broom, and sweep up all the old leaves that hide in corners. See, how I bend the trees and whip the big waves of the sea with my long whip till they gallop!

Billy.—I would love to do that, too. May I?

March (boastingly).—Wait till you are grown up, kid.

(Retires toward February, pulling his kite after him. Toward the last of this scene the little March Hare comes slowly across the stage on all fours with little leaps. He comes up to Betty and stands upright.)

Betty.—Are you an Easter Bunny?

THE DREAM OF THE MONTHS

Hare.—Certainly not! Do I look as though you could eat me?

Betty.—Some Easter Bunnies are not to eat. Are you the White Rabbit from Wonderland?

Hare.—Now you're nearer it. I'm the March Hare.

Betty (clapping her hands).—I feel exactly like Alice in Wonderland. What a soft coat you have! Come and sit down beside me. (They sit on the rustic seat.)

(The music plays "Come Back to Erin." If wanted, the first verse may be sung. Enter Paddy (17th March) and his wife, who walk around to the music, then stand before the children. Paddy makes a low bow.)

Betty and Billy (bowing).—Who are you?

Paddy.—Is it that you've forgotten the big day it is in the month o' March?

Betty and Billy.—What big day is that?

Paddy.—Sure, the biggest day in all the year—St. Patrick's Day!

(Paddy bows again and walks around three times to the same air as before. Then he groups with March.)

(Enter April Fool as grotesquely as possible. He stumbles as he enters and his tall hat nearly falls off. He dances around awkwardly coming up finally to the two children, who stand laughing at him.)

Billy.—Who are you?

THE DREAM OF THE MONTHS

April Fool.—Guess.

Betty.—A clown?

April Fool.—Guess again.

Billy.—Don't you belong to a circus? I'm sure you do!

April Fool.—Why, I'm a regular circus myself. I make more people laugh than all the silly Months put together.

Betty and Billy (laughing).—You look too funny for anything!

April Fool.—That's what I'm here for. Have some candy? (He produces a box. The children take it eagerly with thanks, but after some fumbling they cry—)

Betty and Billy.—There's only paper here!

April Fool.—April Fool! April Fool! (He runs off laughing uproariously.)

Betty and Billy.—April Fool! Why we never thought of that!

Usher (as before).—April comes!

(A waltz is played. Enter April dancing with her seven Rainbow Fairies, all with scarves held behind the head. They stop in order like this:

RED	YELLOW	BLUE	INDIGO
APRIL	ORANGE	GREEN	VIOLET

They then bow to the children, who bow in return.)

THE DREAM OF THE MONTHS

April.—How do you do, children. I am April, and these are my Rainbow Fairies, the little daughters of the Sun and Rain. But how comes it that snow is on those trees? Take it away, my Fairies, that the baby leaves be not frightened.

(The Fairies swarm about for a few minutes and then stand in order.)

April (sings to the tune of "Hark! hark! the Meadow Lark").—

Hark! Hark! from cold and dark
The Rainbow maids come dancing.
Silver sweet,
Their fairy feet
Through the forests' dark retreat,
Here they come advancing!
Wake! Wake! for Spring's sweet sake
The flowers that lie a-sleeping.
Violets blue
The woodlands through
All awaiting, dears, for you.
Yes, they lie a-sleeping.
Again! Again! the Sun and Rain
Their magic spells are spinning.
In rainbow shades
The little maids
Sparkle through the forest glades.
See, the webs are spinning!

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(This song is accompanied by suitable gestures by all. It is followed by a simple little scarf drill which could be varied indefinitely. For example, No. 1, Right foot forward, holding scarf high on both hands. Back in place dropping scarf downward. No. 2, Stand sideways and weave scarves in and out of one another's lines, etc., all to music. If wanted, a complete description of the drill can be sent. As it is finished, music ceases.)

April (turning her head towards the door).—But look! Who comes here?

The Rainbow Fairies, the Easter Angel!

(The Fairies kneel so as to make a little aisle, four with their backs to the audience. Those kneeling the same way lift arms and touch scarves. Music plays any well-known Easter Hymn. Enter Easter Angel with wings extended, softly moving through the aisle, round the back several times, finally standing with wings extended until the Hymn is ended. They all then disperse.)

Usher.—May, the Queen.

(Piano plays bright music. Enter May Queen with eight girl attendants. They all curtsy as they pass the children the first time and continue walking around, holding the Queen's train until the May pole is brought in by the Sandman. He holds the pole. The Queen sits down on a chair at extreme right and her attendants dance the May pole dance. As they finish they walk around in couples until the pole is removed. A bell begins to ring. The May Girls each receive a basket of paper roses as they pass the door, and the music of "Here Comes the Bride" is played.)

Usher.—June, the Bride.

(As the Bride enters, the May Girls sing, scattering their paper roses meanwhile. The bell ceases. Enter June leaning on the arm of her husband-to-be. They walk slowly around, preceded by the May Girls. As the music ceases they group around the Queen and June retires near April.)

Usher.—July!

Sandman.—Now for the holidays, July and August!

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Betty and Billy (jumping up).—Goody! Goody!
(They clap their hands.)

Hare.—How funny you are. What's holidays?

Betty.—Don't you know? Why, no school, picnics, bathing, camping. Fun, fun, fun!

Billy.—And swimming and fishing—(looking around). Say! where's my fishing rod?

(Piano—"O Canada.")

(Enter July, clad in the Flag, holding Canada's Flag with a flagstaff in her hand, in the other a basket of firecrackers. She is escorted by six Scouts, who stand three on each side of her. All sing, "O Canada.")

Betty and Billy (running to July).—Have you any firecrackers?

July.—I have the nice little ones. But, remember, no firecrackers in the forest. How terrible to burn our beautiful trees!

Betty and Billy.—Daddy sends them off for us. Oh! thank you.

July (to the Scouts).—You may go now, boys. Have a good time.

Betty and Billy (moving back on left).—Where are they going?

July.—They will live in tents all summer, and come back brown and strong.

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(Music of "O Canada" again as the Scouts march once around, salute the Flag as they pass July, who holds it aloft, and out of the door.)

Usher.—August.

(Enter August holding Poppy and Cornflower by the hand. She comes forward to July, who still stands in the centre.)

August.—How do you do, children. This is Poppy and Cornflower.

Poppy.—I am Poppy! See me sway.
Don't you think I'm very gay?
Everybody loves to greet
My red dress among the wheat.

Cornflower.—I try to keep the roadsides sweet
All through August's burning heat.
In among the dusty grass
You can see me as I pass.

August.—Yes, we bring the happy holiday season.
Lessons are forgotten, and boys and girls play all day
long in the golden sunshine.

(They retire. A bell begins to ring quickly.)

Usher.—September.

Betty and Billy (coming forward).—Is it really
September already?

(Some school children enter and pass across the stage.)

School Boy.—You bet it is. Look at my books.

(Enter September with sheaves and a basket of fruit. Betty, Billy and the children group around September.)

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September.—Yes, I bring school days. But you are glad to be back, are you not? And then, remember, the Harvest I have, and see the fruit I bring you.

(She holds out her basket of apples, and the children help themselves. As they eat little Jack Frost slips from his chair and creeps up mischievously.)

September (suddenly detecting him). Jack Frost! Get gone, you rascal! What! would you spoil my Harvest?

(She holds her sheaves high up and Jack Frost slinks back into his place. The children also fall back, and the "Song of the Reapers" is sung, or any bright Reaper Song.)

REAPER SONG

(To the Tune of "Brightly Gleams our Banner")

Gaily go the Reapers
To the fields away
In the early dawning
Of the Rainless Day.
Thro' the haze of heaven
Shines the ruddy sun.
God in Heaven, may He shine
Till our work is done!

CHORUS:—

Gaily go the Reapers
To the fields away
In the early dawning
Of the Rainless Day.

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The mighty wagons rumble
O'er the stubble ground,
The great machines are whirring
Their busy wheels around.

The golden grain is leaping
And falling like the spray.
God in Heaven, give us
Another Rainless Day!

CHORUS:—

Gaily go the Reapers
To the fields away
In the early dawning
Of the Rainless Day.

(As the song is finished, September retires toward August. Betty and Billy towards the left as usual, and the school children out. A loud knocking is heard. The Sandman puts his finger on his lips and looks at the children.)

Sandman.—That's October! I know her tricks.

Usher (as usual).—October, the Witch.

(More knocking.)

Sandman.—I'm coming, ma'am, I'm coming.

(He hobbles to the door and opens it. In runs October, sitting, or half sitting on a broom pretending to ride it, and gallops around several times. She then strikes the ground three times with her broom. In runs two little Goblins all in black with pumpkins lighted, which they set conspicuously in front. Again October strikes and two little Goblins in scarlet come in, one with a dishpan in which some water is, the other with a bag of apples, which he ostentatiously shakes into the pan.)

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Betty and Billy (clapping hands and running forward).—Hallowe'en! Hallowe'en! (They fall on their knees and try to get an apple, while October hobbles around, directing them.)

October.—How many did you get? That's right. I wish I could take you for a ride on my broomstick to-night, but five black cats are waiting for me at the corners and I must hurry. How do you like my Goblins?

(She strikes again and Goblins enter as before, this time to remove the things. They all then run in again and catching hold of the children's hands they all dance around October, who hobbles in the middle and makes them laugh. They then retire. Music strikes up a Thanksgiving Hymn—any bright well-known one. Enter November quietly till she stands in the centre. The Months move a little forward alone—January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October and November—and kneel in a semi-circle. Then the Hymn is sung by all. November moves back and the Months retire to their places.)

(A very bright little air is played on the piano—any lively kindergarten Christmas tune with sleigh-bells faintly heard in the distance. Then all the children must burst out into the song with vim. Towards the last the sleigh-bells grow louder and the cracking of a whip is heard, then as the music ceases a loud "Whoa!" Enter Holly and Mistletoe dancing.)

| *Holly*.—

I am the Christmas Holly,
And like the Christmas tree,
It wouldn't seem like Christmas
If you didn't have me.

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Mistletoe.—

I am little Mistletoe,
With my berries white as snow.
I've a secret—it is this (finger lifted),
I am taken with a kiss.

(“Whoa!” again and loud sleigh-bells, as though shaken by animals. Enter December. Jack Frost and Snow run to meet him.)

Santa.—Hallo! there, Jack (to Jack Frost, who is dancing around him.) Well, Snow (patting her head).

Betty and Billy (who have stood looking on).—
Santa Claus!

Santa (terribly scared).—Good gracious! two children. (Tries to hide under a tree.)

Children (rushing to him and pulling him up).—
Please! please, don't go, we'll be ever so good. We won't tell any one we've seen you.

Santa.—Honest Injin?

Children.—Honest Injin!

Santa.—All right (puts down his sack). Jack and Snow, the tree is outside. Bring it in.

Children.—We'll help.

(They run to the door and bring in a small tree in a cart. Let it be nailed to a base, ready.)

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Santa.—Where are the rascals, Holly and Mistletoe?

(Holly and Mistletoe come tripping up. They all four begin to decorate the tree with a few ornaments, Snow using cotton from her bag. As they do this Santa comes to the front, recites with Billy and Betty on each side of him.)

Now Children dear, listen and hear to a story I
shall tell

About a dear old gentleman, you know him very
well,

He lives away, so far away, in the land of ice and
snow,

Among the growling Polar bears and the greasy
Esquimaux.

But once a year, for so I hear, he packs a giant
grip,

And says good-bye to everyone and starts upon a
trip.

But when he comes, and how he comes, I need not
tell, because

I'm sure you know his name, my dears,—

Children (shouting).—We do! It's Santa Claus!

He takes his toque from off the hook and pulls it
down his nose,

And claps his top-boots on upon his little hose.

He grasps the reins and cracks his whip and leaps
upon his sleigh,

And high into the sparkling air he flies away, away!

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The whirling snow, above, below, so softly shuts
him out,

And wraps him round in silver white from all the
folks about.

So if you say you've seen him, dears, they won't
believe it true,

For Santa Claus is never seen—

Children (shouting).—He is! because he's you!

Santa.—

Ah! Well-a-day, what can I say, you've found me
out I see,

And when I come to visit you how careful I
must be.

It is noisy business a-scrambling on the roofs,
The reindeers shaking out their bells and clawing
with their hoofs,

And I myself a-tumbling down, a sorry sight I
ween.

For not a man in sixty will keep his chimney clean.
But if it's so, it's sweet to know, and I believe it
true

That all the children love me—

Children (shouting).—They do! Indeed, they do!

(As he finishes, the children finish decorating and draw back
a little. Santa sees the Rabbit on the seat and goes forward.)

Santa.—Here's a fine bunny for one of my children.

(He pulls him over by the ear, the Hare squealing. He sets
him on the floor beside the tree.)

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Santa.—And a Clown—splendid! (Pulls over April Fool.)

Santa.—And dolls. Dolls are scarce this year. Here my pretty ones (to the Rainbow Fairies. They slip forward and group on the floor near the tree).

Santa.—Ah! There you are now!

(Looking round and stamping to the Dutch children.)

Who are you, my dears?

Dutch Children.—Please, sir, we are Valentines.

Santa.—Won't you please be Christmas Cards. Holly and Mistletoe will help you.

Poppy and Cornflower.—And so we will.

(They group behind, standing. Holly and Mistletoe in between each two, the Flowers as the ends.)

Santa (pleased and clapping his hands).—Aha! I'll have the best tree yet.

(Piano plays lively air, then softens down.)

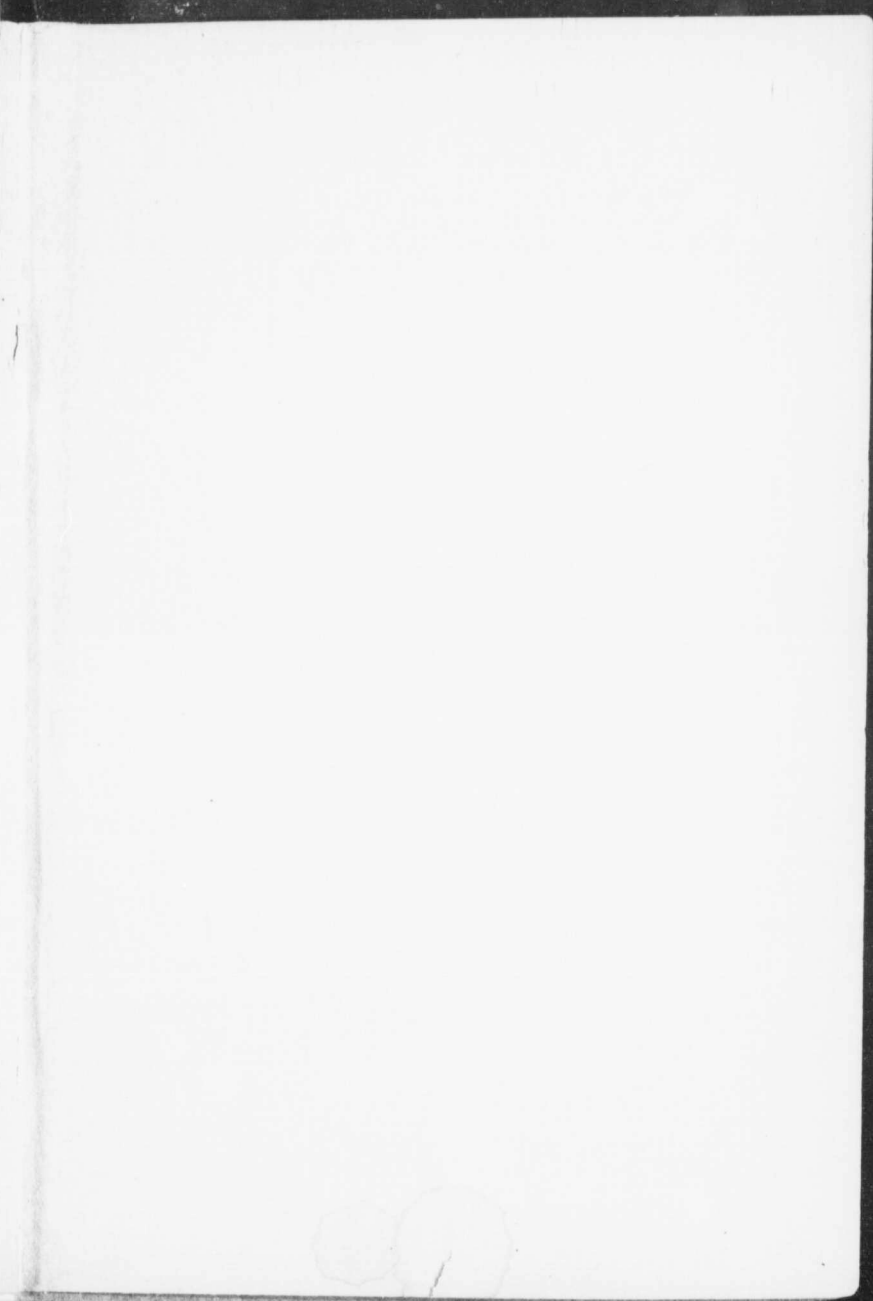
(The Easter Angel again approaches. Let her have this time a glittering star on her brow. She comes to the front with wings extended.)

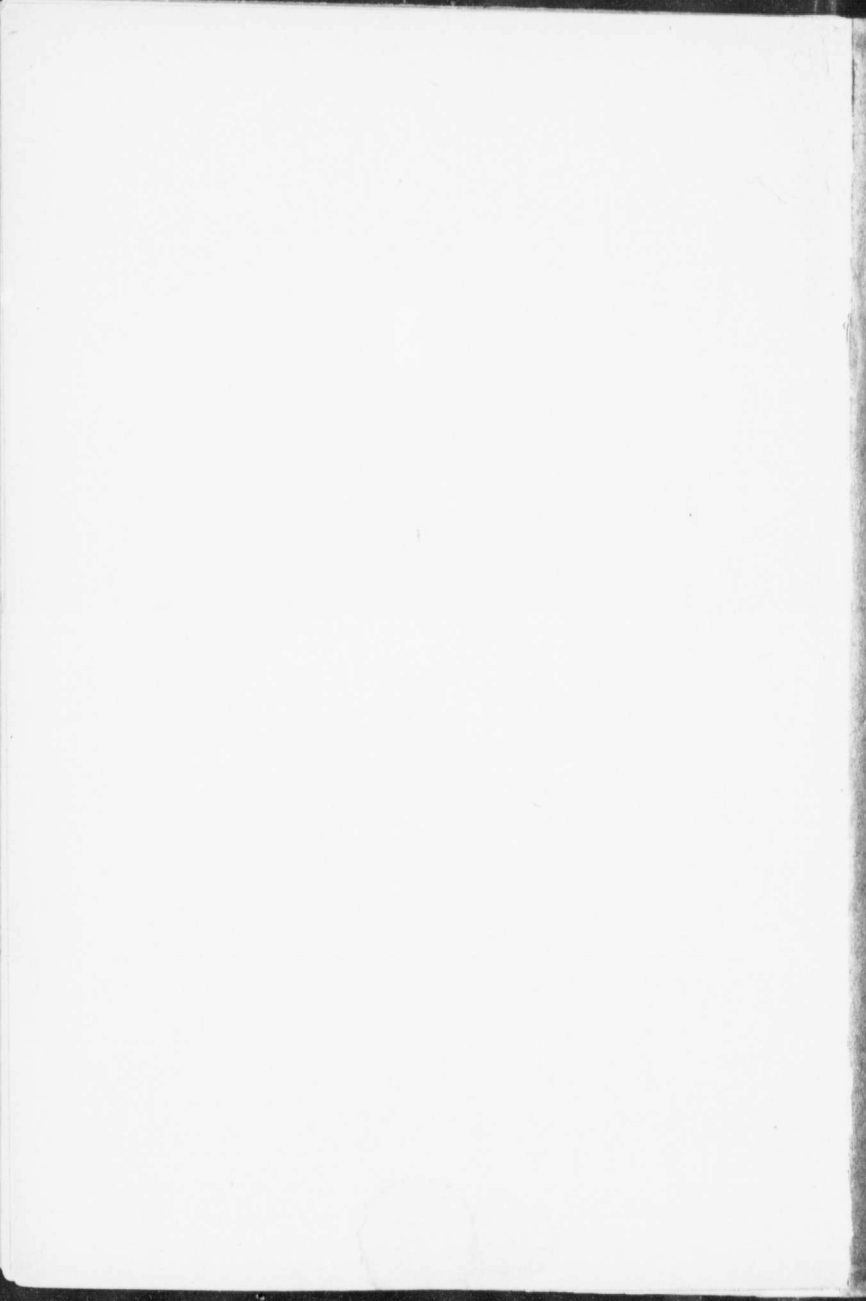
Angel.—Happy, happy Christmas time! Do not let us forget that it is the Birthday of Jesus our Lord, and December crowns the whole year with the most wonderful day of all.

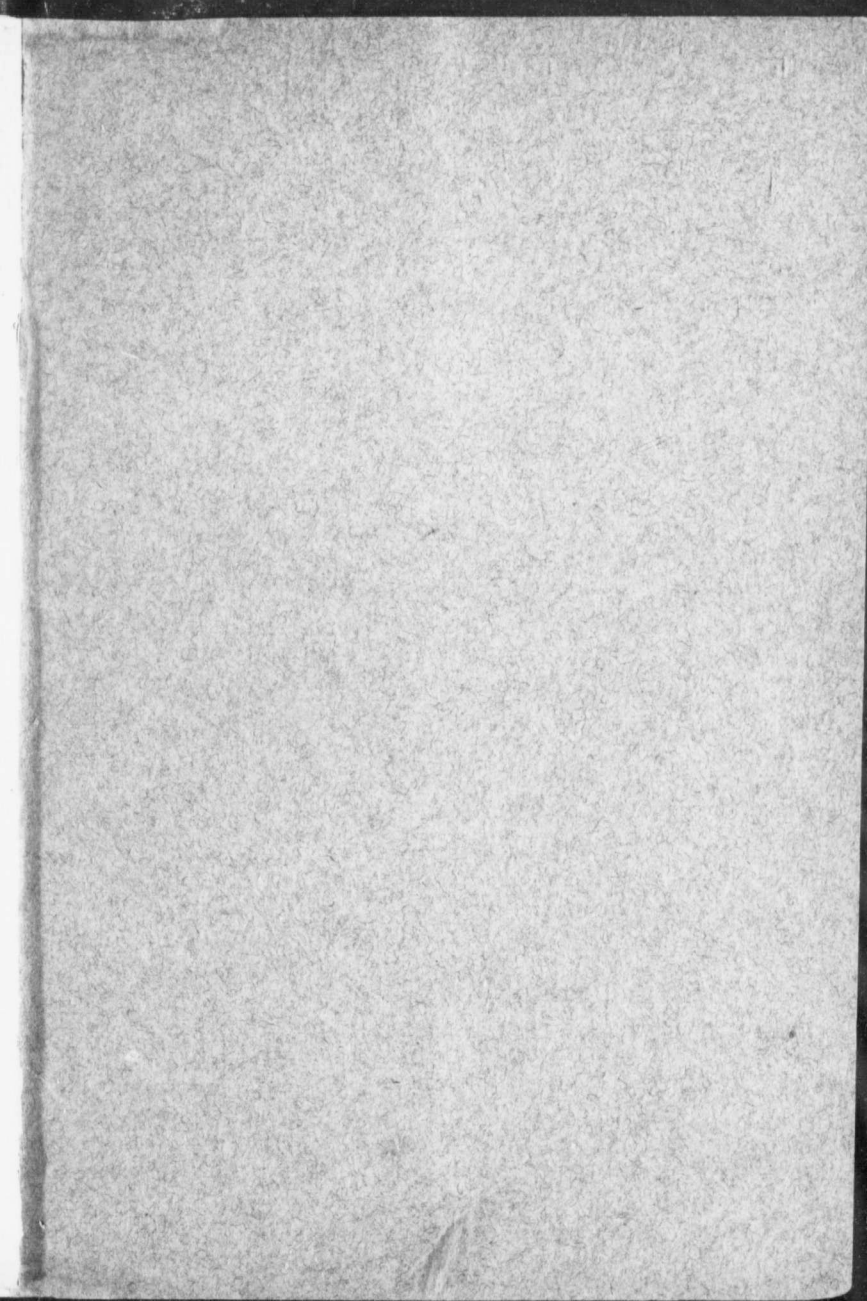
(A pretty Christmas Hymn is sung by all before the Curtain falls.)

(Curtain.)

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