

and destroyed. Silently upon the white rabbit's track a hawk was coming in full pursuit. Upon reaching the fresher trail of the cotton-tail he paused a moment, and then, as the fresh rabbit scent came to him on the crisp air, he turned aside to the adjacent tree. Soon a series of baby-like cries told of the dastardly work being done, and out upon the snow rolled the victim, squealing and feebly trying to dash away from his red-eyed assailant. Suddenly there came a rush of whirling wings and the glare of fierce eyes. A moment more and the hooked beak and claws had done their work, and captive and captor were stilled alike forever, as the great snowy owl, the terror of the small wild things of the north, settled himself to a hearty meal.

But our little friend proceeded on his way, unaware of the swift death he had so narrowly escaped. Reaching his destination, he found a frozen cabbage at the end of the root cellar, which he hungrily attacked. In the midst of his feast he heard a soft footfall behind him, and leaping to one side missed, by a matter of inches, the sly attack of the farmer's dog, that considered himself the night guardian against all marauders. A wild rabbit would have had slight difficulty in evading this fellow, which, after all, was a clumsy beast, but the white rabbit was unversed in all the devices of those who face death in many forms daily, nor had he the speed of his wild brethren. After a lung-tearing effort, he succeeded in reaching a brush-heap some distance away; but so hard pressed was he, that, as he was disappearing, a quick snap from his pursuer tore away a strip of fluffy fur, leaving a long, ugly gash upon his flank.

For some hours the dog made the darkness hideous to his trembling prisoner by his repeated yelping as he dug and tore at the brush in an unavailing effort to secure him. Finally he grew weary of so unprofitable a sport and betook himself to his warm kennel, where, perhaps, he continued hunting white rabbits in his dreams.

Meanwhile, the wounded rabbit lay beneath the trampled branches, shaking with pain, fear and hunger. As daylight dawned, he crept farther into his refuge, but had hardly composed himself before a sound of human voices and footfalls again brought him keenly alive to his situation. Nearer and nearer they approached until, with a crashing of branches, his retreat was trampled upon. Stiff and sore, he jumped out and away. Bang! Bang! rang a number of guns, and zip! zip! tore the shot around him. Luckily, it was only a number of such sportsmen as usually congregate in the country at Christmastide, unused to shooting, and who have more to fear from each other's guns than has the game they hunt.

Running painfully away from the sound of guns and voices, he now sought a last hiding-place in the bottom of a hollow elm. As he lay panting and sick at heart, a wave of homesickness rolled over him for his warm pen and the caressing arms of his little mistress, whom he was fated never to see again.

His hurried entrance into the elm had been witnessed, and fate was approaching him in a new form. A native in blue jeans and corduroy coat, and a kindly-faced gentleman dressed in a gray shooting jacket, in whose capacious pockets more than one limp rabbit lay stiffening, came silently to the tree. It looked black enough now for our friend, to be sure, for the farmer carried in a bag under his coat a beady-eyed ferret which he played in the opening and remained kneeling against the trunk, while his friend, a never-failing shot, stood at a convenient distance away with his gun ready.

The rabbit, pain-racked and weary, was equal to but one last effort. As the ferret came upon him, he leaped over its head, and, dashing to an opening, jumped right into the arms of the farmer, where, shivering with fear, he cuddled down as he used to do in the arms of his little mistress.

"I say, Jack, this isn't a cotton-tail," said this worthy, holding him up by the ears, "it's a tame rabbit that has escaped from someone."

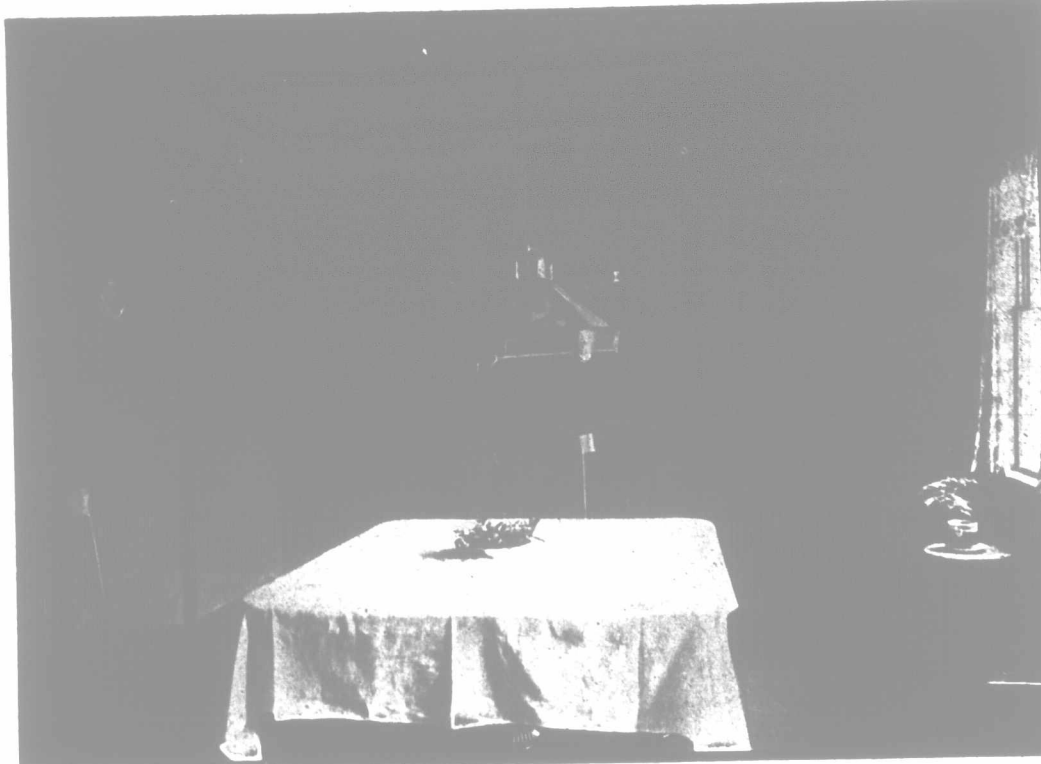
"So it is," said his friend, drawing nearer. "He's wounded, too. Poor fellow, he's scared to death. Let's keep him alive. To-morrow's Christmas, and I'd like to have him."

The next day broke beautiful and cold.

Outside, the people on the streets of a certain great city hurried on their way with tingling cheeks and cold toes. But within all was warmth and happiness, for it was Christmas Day. The cares of the office and factory were put aside, and everyone turned to his neighbor with a kind smile and a warm handshake, as the Christmas spirit leveled distinctions and made all equal—for a day.

In the corner of one particular parlor, covered by a large sheet, in its chaste glory, stood a heavily-loaded Christmas-tree. What excitement prevailed among the youngsters of that home! Not that they didn't know what was on it—mostly. No! no! Why, bless my heart! from the time shortly before daylight, when little Bob had awakened the rest by cracking English walnuts, which Santa had left on his iron bedstead, they all had hovered around and beneath that tree. Lying at full length, and gazing upward beneath the sheet, they had seen with delight the good things displayed thereon.

But one thing did puzzle them. A square box fastened to a stout limb would at times wiggle and twist as though it contained some live thing. Bob thought it must be a hen. Willie just knew it was the pup he had written old St. Nick. for; but Bess, with that superior wisdom that a lady attains after eight years of experience in this troublesome world, declared it must be the little sister she had prayed for.



A Dignified Dining-room.
(By courtesy of Suburban Life.)

At last the time came to unload the tree. First of all, Daddy took down the square box and read on the cover, "To the Kiddies; from Uncle Jack." Cautiously he opened it, and there, crouched upon some soft batting was—what do you suppose?—why, our old friend, the white rabbit, very much frightened and very sore, but in kind hands now, and let us trust he never again wanders into unknown perils among his furry kinsmen, the denizens of the underbrush.

Note.—Only one, Kenneth Tuttle, guessed correctly what the little animals in the man's arms, shown in Beaver Circle a few weeks ago, were. They were young foxes.

The White Bird.

Take me away to Nowhere Town,
White bird that sings!
I will be light as thistledown
Between your feathery wings.

Over the fields of iris flowers,
Beyond the sea,
On to my land of drowsy hours
Fly swift and free!

Take me away to Nowhere Town,
White bird that sings!
I will be light as thistledown
Between your feathery wings

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month, in this department, for answers to questions to appear.]

Your Vote and Influence.

(A paper read by Mrs. Buchanan at the Women's Institute Convention, Owen Sound.)

Nearly three years ago, I had the honor of reading a paper at our first County Convention. At that time I chose as my subject, "Woman's Place in the World," and I endeavored to show that woman was made as an helpmeet and as an equal to man, but how all down through the ages she had been kept in subjection, as an inferior, as a plaything, as a slave, and as a beast of burden even, but how in those latter and more enlightened days in which we are living, she was taking her place alongside of man as God intended her to do; and I advised the members of the Women's Institutes to still march on along the line of progress. To read, to think, to study, and to pray that we may still go on from strength to strength along the road that leads to perfection.

howling, fighting sort, who want to make themselves conspicuous. I do wonder that they adopt the methods they do, yet I understand that they do it on the principle that Governments only yield to pressure, but it would be far better to go about it calmly, and quietly, and sanely, and I venture to predict that Votes for Women will come just as surely as Christmas comes once a year, or that spring follows winter and summer follows spring. Because no man or woman lives unto himself or herself. Their interests are too closely related. What affects one affects both, therefore the condition of the whole ought to be the concern of each separate part, and, as Tennyson has said:

"The woman's cause is man's. They rise or sink together, dwarfed or God-like, bond or free,
Not like to like, but like in difference,
Yet in the long years liker they must grow.
The man be more of woman, she of man,
The gain in sweetness and in moral height,
The mental breadth, nor fall in childhood's care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind,
Till at the last she sets herself to man,
Like perfect music unto lovely words."

It is all very well for some people to find fault with modern conditions, and declare that Woman's place is in the home. It is, to a great extent, but not always. Woman's place is to do her duty wherever she finds herself. What about the "three-women-to-one-man" cry of Great Britain? What about the women in our large cities who are forced to go out and earn a living? A business woman has said that very few women go into business from choice, but from necessity. Not all of them have got homes of their own in the true sense of the word; very likely they would be glad if they had, but since they have not, we must provide as best we may for modern industrial problems. There are thousands and thousands of women and children working in factories in the Old Land under Acts that are very unfair to them.

Then, there are the farmers' wives, and all the other estimable women of this country. Most of them have to work hard to help to pay the taxes. Why should they not have a say in the way such money should be spent? Most of them have abundantly proved their ability to acquire sound knowledge, to reason clearly, and judge accurately, while many a man on the voters' list is not too bright mentally, but just because he is set up with a pair of pants on, and is called a man, he thinks he knows it all.

Perhaps the most of you have heard of the English lady who complained that her coachman had a vote while she had not. One day she was asking him if he was going to vote, but instead of patting it in plain words, she said, "John, do you intend to exercise the franchise?" "What may that be, ma'am?" said John. "Is that the new 'oss?" Then there was the Scotchman who was hurrying to the poll. A friend spied him on the way, and called out: "Noo Sandy, see and vote against the Peers." "Awa' wi' yer blethers," said Sandy. "Whatever wad the steamboats dae without the Piers?" There are lots of other cases, ad infinitum.

Those who are opposed to Woman's Suffrage contend that possessing the franchise would interfere with woman's domestic duties. Does it interfere with man's business? Very seldom, unless he puts in his time "yarning" in the village store or in the blacksmith shop, about things he knows very little about. Such men generally like their wives to stay at home, to see after things, and maybe even do the chores. They are too lazy to drive her to church on Sunday, or to a prayer-meeting, and an Institute meet-