


Mr. Lapin's Awakening.

OZILY and warmly wrapped in costly furs and velvet Mrs. and Miss... or rather... Miss and Mrs. Lapin burst gaily into the office of their respective husband and father... or rather, father and husband.

That robust specimen of humanity has donned smoking cap and beaded slippers and comfortably settled himself in his easy chair and is apparently oblivious of all things save the cheery grate fire into which he gazes like one spellbound.

The rather shrill voice of his better-half abruptly breaks upon his reverie as she sarcastically remarks :

"So you intend to stick to your easy chair like an oyster to its shell instead of accompanying us to midnight mass?"

"Oh ! never mind me," lightly answers the not over gallant husband whose domestic relations — at times — feel the little rift in the lute.

"You naughty, lazy Papa !... How funny you look !" laughingly exclaims his daughter. Then growing serious she asks : How can you let Mamma and me go to Midnight Mass alone?"

"Sweetheart"... and his voice softened perceptibly as he addressed her, "I told you before, it is not my fault. I have some important work which I must finish tonight."

"You're only fooling, Papa."

"On my word as a respectable member of the City Council."

"Well, then, good-bye you dear old Pater," she whispers, bending to give him a loving hug as her mother calls : "Hurry up, Alice, or I'll have to go without you also."

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As the respectable City Councillor listened to the sound of their retreating footsteps he smiled knowingly...

At last !... They were gone !... Yes, but — his wife especially — feeling hurt and sorry because he would not