

pictures for his picture gallery. This emptied the sack and Santa Claus was in perplexity, for there still remained one pair of stockings to fill; but a bright idea struck him, and he left his sack with the following message pinned to it.

Dear Dan Durand :

*If you get this sack filled with feathers
it will make you a much needed soft seat.
Wishing you and all your school-mates a
Merry Christmas, I remain :*

Your Old Friend,

SANTA CLAUS.

BOOK NOTICE.

THE ISLE OF PALMS, by C. M. Newell.
Boston: DeWolfe, Fiske & Co.

The writing of boys' stories has occupied many clever pens in this century, and the demand for such books is always equal to the supply. At this season of the year especially are works of the nature of the "Isle of Palms" certain of a large sale. This is a well-written tale of adventure, full of exciting incidents. Dr. Newell evidently knows the sea and the life of those who sail upon it; but lest the mere recital of ordinary events should be too tame he has given us an encounter with a mad whale, a blood-curdling description of the appearance and wicked doings of a devil-fish, and the marvellous capture of a real live mermaid. No doubt the book will attain as great popularity as did its predecessor "The Voyage of the Fleet-wing."

MOTHER GOOSE FOR OUR PHILOPHOPHERS.

Says a simple man to collector Cam,
"I find your OWL both wise and funny,
I'd like to get it every month,"
Says Cam "pray show me first your money."

One day the king of Calumet
His council called together,
And said "My friends, I'm going to let
You know of my successor,
I've got a youth in my mind's eye
Who lacks a little knowledge,
So you must send my young friend Si—
Non down to Ottawa College.

No *donjon* fortifies our walls,
Gair s' foes with intent evil,
But better still we've *Jon Don's* prayers
To scare away the devil.

Little Don McD.
Had a pain in his knee
So bad that he couldn't go to study,
But he minded not at all,
For he practised at football,
Though the field was a trifle wet and muddy.

Ding Dong Doots,
Where are my rubber boots?
The rain is coming down
And the people of the town
Are crowding to the match,
So I the bus must catch,
Ding Dong Doots.

Ding Dong Dee,
They've made me referee,
And so I must take care
My rubber boots to wear,
For my understanding must
Be equipped and fit to trust,
Ding Dong Dee.

The rubber boots he found
And he hastened to the ground
Where his friends and admirers were collected,
And now before I close,
I should tell you I suppose,
When such duties *Fall on* him they're not neglected.

He's exceedingly strong in Geology,
And knows far too much *Etymology*,
He writes essays so long,
That I think I'm not wrong.
When I say Don excels in *Tautology*.

That sage old fowl, the College Owl,
Heard this from students three-o
"How oft we'd take a midnight prowl
If we only had a *key-o*."

Hickory, dickory, den-o
There was a young man named Er-Len-o
And he wanted to send to a feminine friend
A classical ode from his pen-o
So he scribbled and scratched all the night-o,
For his muse likes incandescent light-o.
And by morning he thought that he wonders had
wrought,
But the truth is the ode was a fright-o,
"My sweet" it began, "if a rat in
My sensitive heart dwelt this matin
I could not feel worse (tho' I fear I should curse
In pure Ciceronian Latin)
Than I felt when I saw you last week-o
With a fellow who never read Greek-o
And of Virgil and Homer, this is no misnomer,
I'm sure not a word could he speak-o."

A man of phine *phelin'*
Sat near the ceilin'
Reading exchanges one day,
When in comes young Ken
Saying "throw down your pen,
And come out in the field to play."

Mick Aw Lee
He! He! He!
What's that you were doing,
When the light
You held tight—
Ly, 'fore the fountain flowing?