

almost hidden from sight in a large bundle of dry goods that was away beneath their notice a few short months ago, and which they would have been ashamed to wear then. The weather is a good thing after all. If it wasn't for the weather some people would never change their minds—or their habiliment.



Although winter may be inclined to treat us coldly at times, there are lots of ways in which we can manage to keep the interest glowing, even when our warmest friends desert us, and others try to freeze us out. We can have the warm excitement of trying to maintain our equilibrium on an icy sidewalk, when we know that the chances are ninety-nine out of a hundred that we'll fall. This is great excitement, and warms up our deepest emotions. Then again, when you are growling about the cold, and how there is no fire in the place, think of the thousands across the line suffering from the effects of the coal strike, who are twice as cold as you are. This will warm you. Then think of how much worse it would be if you were down on the ice near the head of the wharf trying to rope in the gentle smelt as you used to do, with a yard of twisted thread, a bent pin and two feet as cold as stone, and your hands numb, and two smelts beside you—with their gills bitten off—after two hours fishing with the mercury hovering around zero. If this don't make you realize how much colder you could be, think of Cap. Bernier, who cannot find enough cold around here to suit him, but must go hunting around the North Pole after more. Also think of the man who sends us the "Probs." Whew ! !

