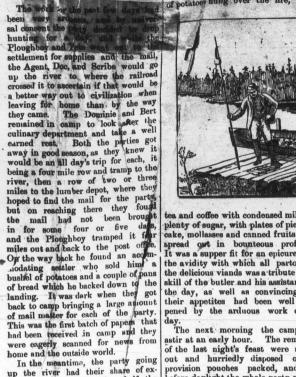
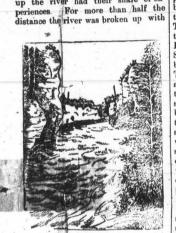
On reaching camp the party found that the Dominic and Bert had not been idle. Some eight or ten par-tridge hung fom a peg at the camp door when the party left in the morn-ing ; these hed been nicely cleaned and made into a delizions stew or pot pie. The frying pans were filled to over-flowing win savory trout, a large pot of solator hung over the fire, while North.



tea and coffee with condensed milk and tea and coffee with condensed milk and plenty of sugar, with plates of pie, fried cake, mollasses and canned fruits were spread out in bounteous profusion. It was a supper fit for an epicure, and the avidity with which all partook of the delicious viands was a tribute to the skill of the butter and his assistant for the delicious of wall as convinging that the day, as well as convincing that their appointes had been well shar-pened by the arduous work of the

day. The next morning the camp was The next morning the camp was astir at an early hour. The remnants of the last night's feast were spread out and hurriedly disposed of and provision pouches packed, and long before daylight the whole party was on their way to their different stations. The Agent and Dominie started by trail for the lake watch, Doc and Best went to the ravids while the In the meantime, the party going up the river had their share of ex-



time line

six rods away he saw a fine yearling swimming directly towards the bot. The dogs saw the game at the same moment and the buging that went up from this game is the analysis of the same moment and the buging that went up from this game is the same moment and the buging that went up from this game is the same moment and the buging that went up from this game is the same moment and the buging that went up from this game is the same moment and the buging that went up from this game is the same is game is the same and is game is the same is game is the same and is game is the same moment and the buging that went up from this game is the same is game is the same and is game is the same is game is the same and is game is the same is game is the same and is game is the same is game is the game is the same and same is the same and is game is the same is the same and is game is the same is the same and is the same is the same and is game is the same is the same and the same is the boat on down the river to a high bluff from where he could see a long distance in the direction the bear was

A WONDROUS CHANGE.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG LADY IN SMITH'S FALLS.

Health Was Badly Shatter fered from a Bad-Cough and Con-stant Pain in the Side-Pale and Al-most Bloodless-Her Health Again Restored

From the Smith's Falls Ree

From the Smith's Falls Record. "I know that if I had not begun taking Dr. William's. Pink Pills I would not have lived much longer." These words were uttered by Miss. Mossop, daughter of Mr. Johnston Mossop, of this town, and a young lady extremely popular among her friends and acquaintances. Miss Mossop had been ailing for several years, and her recovery to health is a matter of great rejoicing among her friends. To a re-porter she gave the story as follows: "I scarcely know how my illness began. The first symptom was a feeling of tired-ness upon the slightest exertion. The color left my face and I became as pale as a corpse. Then I was attacked with a pain in my left side and cough-ies were tried, but as they did not do any good a doctor was called, and I

any good a doctor was called, and I was under his care for about a year.

A.S

Could not Go up Stairs Without Resting. But the treatment did not do me any But the treatment did not do me any good and I was steadily growing weak-er and weaker. I was unable to go up stairs without having to sit down and rest when I got there, and the part in my side became more and more intense. I kept wasting away and lost all in-terest in life and at last was so low that Bert went to the rapids, while the Scribe, Ploughboy and Pete took the boat with the dogs down the river. They reached the ox bow or portage and Pete branched off to put part of the dogs out in that direction for a start towards the rapids. The Plough for a terest in life and at last was so low that recovery was not expected. At this juncture my mother saw an article in a newspaper relating the cure of a young lady whose case was almost identical with my own, and whose cure was due to Dr. William's Pink Pills and this prompted a trial of that med-icine By the time a couple of boxes were used there was a feeing of im-provement and I continued using the Pink Pills until I h dt taken nine box-es all the time gaining rapidly, and boy with three dogs went on to where the other boat lay to continue down stream a mile or so farther. The boat was shoved off and the Ploughboy. was shoved off and the Ploughboy seated in the stern was getting the dogs in their places, while the Soribe with one foot in the boat and the other on land was reaching for his gun preparatory to shoving off. The Ploughboy chanced to cast his eyes up the stream and not more than five, or Pink Pills until I h ut taken nine box-es, all the time gaining rapidly, and now I feel that I have recovered my old time health. I can now walk a long distance without being tired and I am no longer troubled with the terrible pain in my side. My appetite has returned and I can now eat almost as much as any member of the family, and I know that had I not begun tak-ing Pink Pills I would not have lived six rods away he saw a fine yearling swimming directly towards the boat. ing Pink Pills I would not have lived

much longer. Mrs. Mossop says she cannot express the gratitude she feels towards this grand medicine which has restored her loved daughter's health, and will al-

loved daughter's health, and will al-ways speak of it in terms of praise. Dr. William's Pink Pills are especi-ally valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and era-dicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young a burden. Dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

HEART DISEASE OF 20 YEARS STAND-ING RELIEVED IN A DAY. Mr. Aaron Nichols, who has Lived One Farm for 70 Years, Tolls Wi Ho Encows of Dr. Agnew's Cure the Ecort.

"This is to certify that I have bought two bottles of Dr. Agnow's

A BACHELOR'S CHR

PHE ATHE

party, and, no de A loaded Christmas tree; And girls and boys and toys—and noise What do they want with me ? And yet-her friendly little note Declarse—thrice underlined— I must not fail. Well, well, I won't ! She's always sweet and kind.

Now, let me see. I had not thought Upon my wardrobe's state ; I must look up my evening vest— By Jove 1 it's rather late By Jove it's rather late To rummage for a satin tie And fish out gloves to match. Great Scott 1 my best shirt's at the Great Scott | my best shirt's And this one needs a patch

I'll thread a needle—if I can— I'll thread a nëedle-if i can-(I am the man who brags Of single blessedness)) and see If I can't mend these rågs. This thread's too coarse ; or else, perhaps My needle is too slim. The light is poor or it may be My sight is getting dim.

My sight is getting dim." Why were men's fingers only made To drag and thump and jerk ? I'm thinking how her little hand Would get around this work ! And how she'd smile and bite her thread, And look so wise and calm, And—there! I've stabbed my finger through ! Oh, what an ass I am !

The clock ticks on. I must make haste The clock tecks on. I must make make, Since she desires—alas For those lost opportunities Our thoughtless youth let pass ! But, as she's single still, who knows, Some joys we may retrieve. Perhaps she'll mend up life for me Before next Christmas eve. —Madeline S. Bridges, in Judge.

ARTHUR'S CHRIST-

Arthur seated himself upon the flo

the part of the street, First ChimBly dowN on Freich street, First ChimBly dowN 2 Flights. "ARTHUR HILL." He stretched out his little numb fingers with a sigh of relief; for printing was hard work for Arthur's chubby fist. Then he glanced furtively over his shoulder, to make sure his mother was not looking— but no; stitch, stitch, stitch her needle went through the heavy coat, and she did not once look up. So he folded the preci-ous letter in a painstaking manner, and sealed it in the envelope addressed: "MR. SANTY CLAWS," and stuffing it into his little pocket—re-gardless of opposition on the part of letter or pocket—went softly out of the room; ib th his guiet movements ended on the landing just outside, and he tore down the stairs and through the streets to the post-office.

stairs and through the streets to the post-office. Perhaps the thought that there were but two days before Christmas, and the consequent fear that the gentle reminder might not reach Santa Claus in time, gave the deer-like flectness to his sturdy little

the deer-like mechaniss to his statisy inclu-feet. Arthur's letter lay among the others for a half hour or so, and then a clerk began assorting them for the mails. "Here's a good one?" and he laughed heartily as he held up the crumpled en-velope. "Mr. Santa Claus !" and he laughed

verope. "Mr. Santa Claus!" and he laughed again, in company with two or three clerks who had gathered around him. Just then the door opened and the post-master came in. The clerk held un the letter ("Sir. Sava Claus-address not given! Are you ac-quainted with the gentleman's residence?" Mr. Morris took the envelope and laugh-ed, also, as he glanced at it, and was about to throw it down when a sudden vision of four little maids, with an unquestioning faith in Santa Claus, rose before him. "Perhaps I can find the gentleman," he said, with a twinkle in his kind blue eyes; and putting the envelope into his pocket he walked away. It was Christmas eve. There had been a heavy snowstorm the day before, and it had claused. off very cold. The people

the fir of the usually grim talked of this glad the volt," and the kinese the while the teams -so near and his. "I am tired, but that is no rea-son for my spaking crossly to you; and mother will mend the stocking before she the bitte from the mother which sings that fitly expre ed the

filly expressed the Enolgies On Loss and ful heart. "I can see a star!" Arthur oried, an sure enough the frost had melted a litth and a size was peeping in ; oh, more than one i two, three—yes, several shining down on the poor little home, as they had shone long years before, on lonely Juda, and telling again the old yet ever new story of the Christ-child's birth, and of love and peace on earth.—Annie J. Hol-land in Household Monthly. goes to bed." Arthur put his arms around her neck. "You'll have a happy Christmas," he said, looking up into her face with beaming eyes; and her tears started afresh as she looked at his hopeful face and thought of

SOME CHRISTMAS COOKING.

I want a The kitt

"I want a b I want a b I want a b I want a c (ONE

spoon, touch the ball of th and if it pulls out into a tin

films of sugar appear, i third degree called the degree A little furthe

eyes; and her tears started afteeb as he looked at his hopeful face and thought of the gloomy prospect. "I wish I could make a fire and warm you before you go to bed," she said, rub-bing his blue cheeks with her could fingers, "I and give you something to eat." "I an't much hungity." he answered, with a brave smile. "If I finish this coaf in time I shall get something to eat, and I will wake you up and give you some," and klasing him she turned back to her work and began that weary sticth, stitch. Arthur hung up his stocking, and, going back to his mother, pulled the shawl away a little and kissed her on the neck-s form of carees which did not interfere with the bedroom door and shut himself in. How cold it was if ar the door had been shut all day, that what heat there was might be keep in the kitchen. He would like to have opened it, for a ray of light from his mother's dim lam, buitt would make her colder: so he kloked off his shoes, not part-ing with very much else, for it was too cold to was fast as lespe, dream-ing, perhaps, of Christmas feastings and santa Claus. Arthur had not been dreaming long whem a low knock startled Mrs. Hill. What could its mean ? Aud she trembled in little as she walked to the door and opened it. A khad faced man with merry blue eyes BOME CHERISTIAN COUNTRY. Definition of the best layer raising which put in a large bowl with one pound of a quarter of the best layer raising which put in a large bowl with one pound of a quarter of the best layer raising which put of kidney were, shopped not too her two ounces each of candide lemon four the set in a large bowl with one bread provide the set of the best layer raising which gith eggs, the yolks and whites best four, half a pound of brown sugar, the provide set of the set of the set of the set provide set of the set of the set of the set provide set of the set of the set of the set provide set of the set pudding of the set four a set set of the set of the set of the set of the set of set of the set of the set of the set of the set of set of the set of the set of the set of the set pudding of the set of the set the short. The best pudding the set in set of the set of the pudding the set of the set of the set of the pudding the set of the set the short. The best pudding the set is the set of the set of the pudding the set is the set of the set of the pudding the set is the set of the set of the pudding the set is the set of the set of the pudding the set is the set of the set of the pudding the set is the set of the set of the pudding the set is the set of the set of the pudding the set is the set of the set of the pudding to set is the set of the set of the pudding to set is the set of the set of the pudding to set is the set of the set of the set of boiling the set is the set of the set of the set of boiling the set is the set of the set of the set of the set of boiling the set of boiling the set of the set Christmas Plum Puddings what could as she walked to the door and opened it.
 A kind-faced man with merry blue eyes was standing there; he had very fat pockets, and a sled in one hand and a parcel in the other; and Mrs. Hill trembled more than ever, but from quite another semotion than fear.
 Mr. Morris explained his errand; and as he stepped into the room there was a sound of other footsteps in the little entry, but he shut the door and unloaded his pockets and laid his parcels down.
 My children sent these things to Arthur the solution of the shut the solut another solutions and and for the solution of the solution of the solution of the solution of the door and unloaded his pockets and hald his parcels down. Candy pells are arrived to forms of anternal ments proble at the window and and the second second second "pull," attil 5 in a low of "pull," attil 5 in a low of of making dainty avects, fancy bon-bons is Prench cording is case or other given below. Broan Delow. Broand Ora Boll a bound of augur w water and a salespoonful tar, to fire large thread, desress of sugar bolling, has bolled a few minutes moon couch the bull of My children sent these things to Ar-thur," he said, laughing, as bags of candy, nuts and raisins came out in company with "jumping jacks" and jacture boot, a "Hope Arthur work be offended," and he drew a little doll from the depths of one pocket. "My children are all girls, and the youngest one looked so disappointed when I suggested that a doll was not just the thing for a boy that I concluded to bring it along." and if it pulls out into a tin is the first degree or small ti next stage the thread pulls o clings more. Instead of bein shopery as at first; this is the After still further boiling, d mer punctured with holes, 1 quick turn with the wrist, a films of sugar appear, it has

it along." Mrs. Hill had hardly spoken ; her eye

A Good Soft Saue A Good Soft Saues. Cream together a teacupful of ed sugar and half a cupful of the add a well-beaten egg and the grated peel of a lemon. Had double saucepan some boilt has been thickened with ful of corn-starch; when the add to this, your other stir slowly until the saug ing very eareful not too Add a little grated nuth **Roast Turkey-Oy** Select a young hen to mas dinner, as the me tender and juicy than the Singe, draw and clean, the of the carcass with col-times. Dry the turkey the soft towel, and stuff, being

times. Dry the turke, soft towel, and stuff, pack too closely, wi Mince a dozen large of them two cupful and a table

crop has in the skin turkey, sewing the escape of t of bacon in y turkey upon rubbed the brea and roast in a twelve to fiftee the extent and size of your b upon the age and frequently. Garn serve on a heate



Boil a cup of st Test as before; longer. A differ This favo

Mrs. Hill had hardly spoken ; her eyes required a good deal of attention, and her lips had an overnastering tendency to tremble; Mr. Morris, to relieve her, looked as little as possible in her direction. But finally there was an end to apples and oranges, toys, strings of popcorn and candy, and the rest of his ercand agust be accomplishd ; so, clearing his throat, and looding hard at the ceiling, he said : "My wife thought the nicest thing for the mother would be a ton of coal and a barrel of flour." Poor Mrs. Hill-poor Mr. Morris i for it was almost as trying for one as the other ; Poor Mrs. Hill—poor Mr. Morris ! for it was almost as trying for one as the other : he walked to the window and examined the frost-work; it was so thick and fine that he glanced at he stove next, and then at the empty woodbox and scuttle. The table, with its dim light, raws of spools and scissors, with the unfinished coat in the chair, told the story plainly. Mrs. Hill looked up at last, and tried to thank him; and Mr. Morris suid how happy they had all beau in answering Archur's letter; and dre looked so happy as he said it that no one could have doubted him. Then he opened the door and a man set a large basket inside and went away direct.

Then he opened the door and a man set a large basket inside and went away direct-by." I shall see you again, Mrs. Hill, and I hope you and Arthar will both have a very merry Christmas. Good afgit," and he had gone before Mrs. Hill could speak. He went directly to a coal dealer and ar-dored a bag of ecal and a basket of wood sent at once, and did not leave the place until he had seen them on their wity. Mrs. Hill was still sitting in the chair where Mr. Morris had left her when the heavy step of the men with the coal and wood, and their foud knock at the door, roused her from her reverle. The first thing she did after they had gone was to make a rousing fire. How it crackled and snapped 1 and she bent over the stove and rubbed her stiff fingers in the genial warmth. Then she took Arthur's stocking, with the yawning tee, and quickly mended the big too and put the toys in. The candy bags and strings of popcorn she hung around it, and piled the apples and oranges in a plate on the shelf above, and stood the shining new sled be-neath, with the skates, mittens and woolen scart hanging over it.

Nove, and scool the similar new size be-neath, with the skatches, mittens and wollen scart banging over it. What a fine show it made ! and how she longed to catch Arthur out of bed to see it! but she wanted the room to get warmer first; and then there was the basket to be

It is and then there was the basket to be unpacked. She folded away the coat—not finished, but that dld not matter now—and smiled brightly as she picked up her spools and scissors and hought of the day of rest be-fore her.

MAS LETTER. Arthur seated himself upon the noor, in a corner of the room farthest from his mother; he wriakled his eyebrows, puck-ered his mouth and cramping his little fingers around a stuffiby lead pencil began to write; and this is what he wrote: to write; and this is what he wrote: "DEARASTRYCLAWS...Pless dont for Get to Fill my stockin. An Id like A Sied an a par of skaTes. An pless giv MOThEr the vEry nicEst thing you goT. We Live on French street, First ChimBly dowN 3 FLighTs. "Appendix Hitt."

supposed to have taken. On going up on the mountain he could see the own nearly a quarter of a mile. It was taken in tow to the landing and on the mountain he could see the inen going directly pposite to the way it was supposed the animal had gone, and they, seeing that the trail led away to a range of mountains some three or four miles farther on, abandoned the pursuit and started ack for the boat. This took them a dl mourter to reach when they all embarked and swiftly glided down stream, in many places going at race-horse speed and requiring greaters in keeping the boat from the regular hunt taken up, just as the sun rose over the top of the eastern hills.

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f the river, d

(To be continued next week.)

CLERGYMEN AND LAYMEN UNITE

In Their Praises of Dr, Agnew's Catarr Taking the Bishop of Toronto, Right

going as race-noise speed and requiring great care in keeping the boat from running on the many boulders, some partially covered and others just under water. Our artist's pend gives a very fair illustration of the minning of the Rev. A. Sweatmen, D.D., D.C.L. three of the leading men of the Faculty of McMaster Hall, and men like the Rev. W.H. Withrow, D D., and others as representing the Methodist Church, rapids in the accompanying cut.

all of whom have spoken in high praise of the merits of Dr. Agnew's Catarr-hal Powder, and unite with these the warm endorsement of this medi-cine by the well known Toronto Jouralist, Mr. W.L. Smith, as representing the Laymen, and it must be granted that clergymen and laymen are of one mind touching this truly meritorious medicine. The truth is that everyone

who uses the medicine has a good word to say for it.

One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder diffuses this powder over the surface of th nasal passages. Painless and delight ful to use, it relieves in ten minutes, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsilitis and deafness. 60c. Sample bottle and blower sent on recipt of 10c in stamps or silver. S.G. Detchon. 44 Church st., Tcronto. Sold by J. P. Lamh

ce in politics.

OTH.

When electors have learned to re the eye could reach their professions on "the supre

Cure for the He art for my wife, who has been troubled for the past twenty years with heart disese. The first few doses gave her relief, and she has had more benefit from it than from all the The remedy doctoring she ever did. acts like magic on the diseased heart. I am pleased to give this certificate. Sold by J.P. Lamb.

AARON NICHOLS

Peterboro

W. C. T. U. Notes.

Don't treat lightly the moral qualiications of candidates for municipal honors and responsibilities. "The wisdom that cometh from

bove is first pure;" declares the Apostle. So it should be a first requisite in can-didates for public honors that they have good moral character. If the prohibitionists would always

register their convictions when they vote, would the politician so slavishly serve a trade that votes only for its usiness interests.

More Kind Words from Hamilton Re-garding the Great Remedy Which Cures Rheumatism in One to Three Days

Mrs. Phillips, sr., corner Hunter and Grath street, Hamilton: "Several months ago I was afflicted with rheu-matism, which completely crippled me. South American Rheumatic Cure being recommended to me I procured a bottle and obtained perfect relief from the first few doses. It is with out doubt the quickest relief for rheumatism I have ever seen, and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers, from this disease. Sold by J.P. Lamb.

The Prizes Awarded

The final awards in the literary combetition offered by Dr. Williams' Medi-ine Co. of Brockville, Ont., have just gh to vote their principles el the respect of politi-vitness the decline of een announced. The decision as to the order of merit of the five stories seected was left to the vote of the readers, and that great interest was taken ers, and that great interest was taken in the matter was shown by the fact that 16,728 votes were recorded. "A Night on Crookback," by Dua, (Mrs. R.S. Smellie, Toronto) received 4655 tre Not Only votes, the largest number east and was awarded first prize. "The Lady of Beauce" by Othmas, (Thos. Swift, Ottawa,) comes sesond with 4403 votes. he loins

kidney they The Fall of York, "by Allen Douglas Brodie, (T. Herbert Chestnut, Toronto) is the third with 3004 votes. Grand Grand States and Stat

, (C.B. es 18

and putting the envelope into his pocket he walked away, It was Christmas eve. There had been a heavy snowstorm the day before, and it had cleared off very cold. The people were mufified in furs to their cycs—li they had the furs—and hurried along over the crisp snow, which sang sharp little songs under their fect. The rude wind wrestled with them at the street corners, making the gentlemen catch wildly at their hats, and fluttering ribbons and veils in the faces of the ladles. Jack Frost played coarse practical jokes upon everybody and everything within his reach, so chat the market boys felt couliged to run wich the turkeys and turnips, blow-ing the while upon their aching fingers or rubbing their smarting enra. The newsheys, with nufflers and caps palled closely down, held-their papers under their arms and their hands in their póckets, and thrashed one foot against the other, while they called in cold volces to the passer-by: "Apper, sir, paper ?" The heavens were studded with gleam-ing stars which blinked merrily down on the hurrying throug, and through un-curtained windows over go impaces of gay Christmas trees with happy children dano-ing around them, and smilling fathers and mothers looking on. Tholy wreatbs hung in profusion and festoons of evergreen and mistletee adorn-ed the walls; and over these happy scenes played the flickering light of the "yule" log" glow. The church bells rang merrily, and the organ's deep note peeled forth upon the might winds; lights streamed from the windows and through the doors as they swung to and fro, while softly on the lis-renting en stole the sound of voices sing-ing, of "Pence on earth, good will toward men,"

men," But the peace and warmth and glow had not reached French street, first chimney, two flights down. There was a little fire—just enough to give it the name—but it seemed an empty fitle

title. The curtain was not drawn—what need

title. The curtain was not drawn—what need of that ? since the frost had worked so thick a screen that not even a loving star-could peep in with a happy Christmas greeting. Mrs. Hill, with an old shawl over her shouldens, sat close to the table, with a dim kerosene lamp beside her. She was blue with the cold, and her fingers were so stiff that the needle went laboriously through the heavy seam. Her tired eyes filled with least now and sgain, but she dashed them away—every minute was precious; for if the coat was not finish ed to-night and taken back there was a sorry outlook for co-moreaw. And the the thought of the empty larder and coal-hod nerved her to franticefrorts af faster work-ing ; and when the clock outside told the hour of eight it sent a colder hrill through

ing: and when the cock outside told the hour of eight it sent a colder thill through her frame.
Arthur, in spite of the cold, had pulled of one of his stockings, and was looking the light of the cold.
"Look it' he said, holding it up before his mother, with a comical expression on his little mottled face.
"O, Arthur, how you do wear your stockings out! I mended them all up last Startday night."
"But it comed right through again !" and Arthur glanced from the yawning stocking toe to his mother's tired face, then back again to the stocking.
"Do you s'pose the presents will come through !"
"No, I am afraid they won't," she said, half bitterly.
"But I don't want 'em to !" and he looked up with a perplexe expression at his mother, who was afraid his presents wouldn't come through.
He examined the hole again, taking its dimensions by thrusting three apart. Yes, there was no doubt a good sized toy could squeeze through it and through the del.
"Can you mend it, mother ?"
"O, Arthur, don't ask me to do any-thing if" she anaxwered, fretfully, and

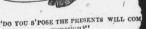
with 2500.

"Can you mend it, mother ?" "O, Arthur, don't ask me to do any-thing !" she answered, fretfully, and Arthur moved away a little : for never in his life before had he heard his mother

is life before non-peak like that. But the next instant she reached out her

fore her. There was everything in that basket—at least so thought Mrs. Hill. Two ples; a loaf of cake; another of bread; little hear-shaped cakes, sugared in pink and white; a plum pudding; butter; tea; cof-





THROUGH

fee; sugar; cranberries; a bag of sw

fee: sugar; crauberries; a bag of swee potatoes; a squash; a turnip; two glassi of jelly, and a turkey. The little tab was loaded; it had never groaned beneat such a weight before. Mrs. Hill hung the holly wreath, whic had lain on the top of the basket, in the window; then opened the bedroom door. "Arbur," she said softly, bending over him; but Arthur did not move. She kiss ed him on the lips; he puckered up his mouth, opened it and closed it again, with a deep breath, and was as fast asleep as ever.

a deep breath, and was as has not ever. "Arthur, do you want to hear about Santa Claus ?" The sleepy eyes opened and he rubbed them with his little fists. "W-h-a-t ?" "I thought you would like to hear audu-Santa Claus ; your presents have come." Arthur was wide awake-as which boy would not have been-and sprang out of bed.

"Didn't he come quick ?" and he stood

bed. "Didn't he come quick " and he stood in the bedroom door, his eyes still blink-ing, looking from the chimney to the table, and from the table back to the chimney, and then up to his mother's face. She drew him to the stove, and settling down took him on her lap. "I didn't 'speet so much !" he exclaimed, finding his tongue at last; "but ain't it jolly-jolly !" and clapping his hands to-gether he threw his arms so tightly around his mother's neck that he nearly stopped her breath and gave her a sounding kiss. "The stockin's full-an' you mended the hole " and he got down on the floor and peered under it. "It's all saved.ph tight!" Then he pulled down the sled and skates, tried on the mittens, wound the scart around his neck, scraped acquaintance with the candy, and took # pite out of the shining apple. Words ! words were weak for the ex-pression of his satisfaction ; so he danced up and down the room, and clapped his hands, and laughed and whistled, and finally turned a sconcresquit in the in-toning apple.

finally turned a somersquit in the in-tensity of his joy. Then he and his mother, had their. Christmas supper in the warm room, with

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a wild man o Mamma-You would like to see a wild man? Well, wait a few minutes until your papa comes in and sees those bills for Christmas presents.--Demorest.

tobogga The M Jones—Did yd this Christmas Brown (who βrovide for)—N Yale Record.



At Christmas Than wish a mirth. —Lo

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