

A CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL.

We have a beautiful Rink, and recently the thought occurred why not have a Children's Carnival. Although the almanac was not by any means reassuring regarding the weather, calling for rain and sleet on the day selected, still we decided to risk it, and the invitations were sent out. What a flutter of excitement went through a certain circle, and mysterious hints of great surprises, in the way of grotesque dress, were whispered about. It was difficult to wait for the day of the event, but when at last it came, as is generally the case, the almanac was not a true prophet. The day was beautifully cold and clear, and when night arrived, a sheet of hard and smooth ice awaited the merry masqueraders. At eight o'clock, the dressing rooms were scenes of animation and excitement. In one corner, dusky Topsy was struggling to get into the classical jute bag suit, in another a Colonel was red in the face trying to adjust his sword so that it would not stick between his legs. Clatter, clatter, went the tongues of all the rooms, while outside the fond mamas and papas ranged in melancholy rows, and with anxious looks, waiting to see if their particular darlings were not the prettiest on the ice, and of course they were. Suddenly the Band struck up the High School Cadets March, and in a moment the ice was thronged with a host of merry skaters. The Rink was tastefully decorated, and brilliantly lighted, and the Band played splendidly. Here was a Clown gliding along with a rosy cheeked Flower Girl, there an Ethiopian Minstrel, with a delightful Daughter of the Moon. More than seventy were on the ice, all beautifully dressed, and among them some little tots, who could hardly be expected to walk, much less to skate, but yet skate they did

in such a manner that one might easily suppose it was the custom in Canada to teach children to skate as soon as to creep. One dear little Page skated with as much skill as many of his seniors, and went here and there, and everywhere, with the utmost grace and certainty. A dignified and beautifully costumed Turk attracted much attention, but seemed true to the different members of his Harem, who evidently are not skaters, and pursued a lonely course. Three Old Maids of Lee, who were too bashful to hand in their names, contributed to the comic element, but were not to be compared to the Colored Ballet Girl, whose identity was long concealed. The Peas' Soap Sandwich Man stuck to his work bravely, and must have been a popular card after the Carnival, with the many juveniles who were gentlemen and ladies of color. Altogether the Carnival was a delightful one, and everything contributed towards its success—for after all "old children" cannot enjoy such a thing one quarter as well as the true child. It was impossible to get the names of all the characters, but a partial list is as follows:—Little Boy Blue, Bradshaw Crombie; Sailor, Robin Crombie; Red Riding Hood, Willy Crombie; Soldier, Geo. McWaters; Policeman, W. Potter; Peas Soap, Cosmo Cartwright; Prussian Soldier, Leonard Jones; Page, Willy Goodwin; Milkmaid, Kathleen Richardson; Lutchman, Glen Dupuy; Soldier, Tom Hendry; Highland Lassie, Mona Knight; Magician, Nelly Watson; Harlequin of 1830, Elsie Graham; Granny, Ethel Hendry; Mother Hubbard, Estie Fenwick; Flower Girl, Emily Lowe; Bo Peep, Jennie Dickson; Vivandier, E. Drury; Child of Regiment, Alice Callahan; Snow Queen, Daisy Betts; Highlander, Lorraine Dalton; Sunflower, Geraldine Doran; Turk, Harry Walkem; Sailor, W. Dick-