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readiness it was done to a turn. We were piled with many questions by the men as to how we got our game, to which we returned no answer, Bob and Joe saying that it would take too long to tell the whole story before supper and they would enjoy it better after; while I, for obvious reasons, kept strictly silent on the subject. All the information that was given was that I had killed the bear and one of the deer. The men looked on me as something of a hero; but I knew what a fall was coming and, therefore, said nothing.

Didn't we have a grand supper? Besides the venison Paul had cooked some fine bear steaks. And with the plum pudding and mince pies I may say that that Christmas dinner was one of the most enjoyable I ever have partaken of, before or since. Old Maurice was more than satisfied. He allowed that a Christmas dinner of that style weren't a bad institution after all; even if he had to work all day and couldn't fill up at night, for that camp, as all well regulated camps are, was run on strictly temperance principles.

After finishing supper all gathered in the bunk house to hear the exploits of the day. Pipes were filled, and the men, some getting into the bunks and others sitting on the benches, settled themselves to listen. Then Bob and Joe related, with but little exaggeration, the story of the day. Very little interruption took place until they told of the shooting of the deer. Then I had to stand a good deal of good-natured chaff. But when Joe, in his broken English, so graphically described the killing of the bear, and how I ran away from a dead one—shots of laughter arose that could have been heard half across the lake; and in which I could not but join. Even the Push could hardly keep on his seat; while Charlie, the Chinaman, cocked, twisted himself up into so many knots that it was some days before he got fully straightened out. And for many a day after, without the least provocation he would grab himself around the middle and fall over in convulsions. On being asked to explain he would answer, when he caught his breath: "Oh, dat G—he kill 'em bear."

GEO. A. KILBIS.

TORONTO, 1894.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Upstairs, from the quiet nursery. Where the lamp burned soft and low I could hear the gentle voices. Come drifting down below. And I knew bright eyes were trying A belated watch to keep. And Santa Claus pass by them. And they be fast asleep.

I heard the voice of Mabel— "Perhaps he won't come, because Lucy Gray says there's no such person. As good old Santa Claus. And if there isn't—truly. Why, then, he won't come, you know, And our stockings will all be empty From the top clear down to the toe."

Then up rose Will, indignant. At such a suggestion as this. Such a sudden dimpling of faces. And visions of Christmas blisses Of a rocking-horse, saddled and bridled, Of stockings stuffed full to the top, Of pictures and games without number. And a wonderful trumpet to blow.

All the while his round shoulders And with eyes aglow with excitement (As I took in the doorway a peep. Said, "She don't know anything about it! I'm tired and going to sleep. I wish you would just stop talking. For our stockings are hung below. And I know they'll be full in the morning. "Come my father told me so."

And I thought, O trustful childhood, How you shame our riper years! And so could learn faith's lesson. That we learn so slowly with tears. And I thanked the little teacher, And silently said I might know. That the way God leads us is always right. For "our Father tells us so."

POKER RULES DIDN'T WORK.

A Game in which Three of a Kind Took Only one Pair—Smarter than he Looked.

On Upper Broadway there is a shoe store, in the windows of which are some sample shoes. On the top of one pair is a large card on which three new \$1 bills are displayed. Below the bills is printed: "Three of a kind take a pair."

Yesterday a tough looking Westerner, after gazing for a long time on the bills displayed into the store and was met by a smiling clerk.

"Say, mister, is this a straight game yer givin us?"

"You refer to—"

"I'm referin' to them shoes in the

winder. You sell them 'ordin to the rules of poker, do you?"

"Oh, yes, yer sir. Quite so sir; ha, ha!" Rather clever thing, isn't it? Ha, ha!"

"D—clever. Show me a pair of number nines, that style."

The gentleman produced several pairs of nines, and the western man tried them all. He selected two pairs, and said he would take them both.

"Now, see here," he said, "I want no shenanigan. You're sellin' 'ordin to Hoyle, eh?"

"Yes sir, we guarantee that. Couldn't take advantage of an old hand like you. You evidently know the game."

"I do, sonny, and I want nothin' but what's 'ordin to rules. I want a straight game with no lodges, savvy?"

"Yesir, certainly, sir."

"Well, then, wrap up them two pair of shoes, and there's your \$3."

"But every one pair goes for \$3. Look at the card. Three of a kind, you know, take a pair."

"I know they do; but we're playin' by the rules, an' 'ordin to all the rules of poker I ever see, three of a kind, also just naturally and eternally, sweep two pairs."

The clerk ceased to smile for a moment but suddenly recovered himself.

"Yesir, but three of a kind wouldn't sweep two pair when both pair are nines, would they?"

"Well, I'll be—Gosh take it if you ain't right! I thought I was workin' a smart game on you; but I'm a jay. I should have taken a pair of eights and a pair of nines an' then I would have had you, darn you."

Well, so long. You city fellows are smarter than you look, an' kin always squim out of a deal somehow."

New York World.

A CHRISTMAS FANCY.

Night on the Nile; night quiet and deep; Naught in city or field to be heard. Save the drowsy plish of the river's sweep By temple and quay, or the cry of some lone boat.

That dreams in its sleep.

Night in the cloudless and watchful sky. Where the myriad eyes of Heaven look down. On cot and palace, on country and town, Keeping an endless watch on high.

Or the current of life, and evenness Trembling and shivering, as, one by one, Its waves roll up to the eternal shore. Break, and are gone.

Night in the depths of the rock-hewn tomb. Where priest and Pharos are lying in state, Starting with meaningless eyes through the gloom.

That kneads there forever, and soiling to wait. Wrap 'up in their listening to the tread Of life who paces the corridors. And opens and shuts the noisette doors.

The silver folds of the canopy Of Abbas Nefretari, the last Of those silent rock-haunters fluted and stirred.

In the heavy air as though (there had) passed. The wings of an unseen bird.

And lo, of a sudden an awful cry. How through the length and breadth of the lands.

As when the tribes of the earth lament. A cry that filled the whole firmament. And coming back to the earth again. Went waiting over the fertile plain.

And lost itself in the desert sands. He had left the forests of the forest. He had left the chamber where. He had pressed.

Her silver robe to her lifeless breast. And when the living were lying at rest. He had smitten the first-born of man as dead.

In palace, cottage and shed. There is still the long shrouding lay. With cold eyes meeting the moon's cold ray.

The first-born of Egypt—dead. Back, on Death, to thy rock-hewn cave. By the Nile's broad wave, And A3 untouch'd through the centuries pass. That lies outspread at the anniversary. Crisis shade of despair and tears!

Back to thy haunts, for lo! in thy stead. A gentler presence walks over the dead. And fills God's Acre now with the dead. But with swaddling clothes for the new-born.

For unto us a child is born! To every sorrow throughout the land. From Arctic snows to torrid sands; Wherever the foot of man hath trod. Wise or ignorant, high or low. Wrapped in luxury, steeped in woe. Oh, happy, happy, happy man! This day a child, the child is born. To sinful earth from sinless Heaven.

The day, a child, the child is given. Sing, Oh barren, that didst not bear. Break forth into singing and cry aloud. That thou hast neither travail nor pain. He hath put down the mighty, and raised the proud.

But unto each lowly heart and mind. He hath given a child—The child.

"Theology isn't religion any more than a fashion plate is a suit of clothes remarked the Manyunk philosopher."

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