

## Twins.

BY CAROLINE E. CONDIT.

## Polly.

There's such a lot that Santa Claus  
Must tend to when he begins,  
I feel a little anxious, 'cause  
He might forget we're twins.

S'posen' he'd peek in at our bed  
'Bout 'leven or half-past ten,  
And say, "There's Dolly Brooks' head,  
And—Dolly Brooks again!"

And then he'd pull our stockings down,  
And shake his head, and say,  
With such a dreadful stingy frown,  
"She can't fool me that way!"

## Dolly.

Poor Polly wouldn't have a thing,  
How *terr'd* 'd be that would be!  
For every single toy he'd bring  
He'd 'spose would b'long to me.

Polly! let's take our picture-books  
Before we go to bed,  
Marked "Polly Brooks" and "Dolly Brooks,"  
And hang them overhead.

Then, when old Santa comes our way,  
He'll smile the biggest grin,  
And tiptoe 'round the bed, and say,  
"What have we here? Ah, twins!"

## Santa Claus.

Did you hear Santa Claus last night?  
I think it's very queer,  
We lock our doors as tight as tight,  
And yet, just once a year,

Somebody finds his way inside,  
It's always Christmas Eve,  
And I'd just like to show you now  
The things that someone leaves.

It's only when you're good, you know,  
That Santa Claus'll come,  
And then he'll bring just what you want—  
I had a sword and drum.

And little Jack, he had a ball  
And singing top that'll spin.  
I meant to keep awake last night  
Till Santa Claus got in.

We don't have chimneys at our house,  
At least, inside, I mean,  
Not fire-places, and such things,  
And so it would have been

Just like some folks to give it up  
And let our presents go,  
Because he couldn't find a place  
To come right in—but no;

Folks might do that, but Santa Claus  
He loves us children more,  
And so he finds a way—I b'lieve  
It's through the cellar door.

## Night.

"Dangling in the fire-place,  
What a dismal row!  
Long, and lean, and empty  
Down from top to toe;  
Yet the children gaily  
Off to dreamland go."

## Morning.

"Plump and overflowing,  
What a jolly row!  
Wishing 'Merry Christmas!  
Down from top to toe.  
Not a vacant corner, where  
Another gift might go.  
Ah, the faith of children,  
How it shames our own!  
Will our Heavenly Father  
Give for bread a stone?  
Or His tender mercies  
With grudging hand be sown,  
If in childlike confidence  
We trust His love alone?"

## Getting Ready for Santa Claus.

BY CORA WHITTLESEY GREGORY.

It's hard to be a little boy  
And always to be good;  
To never track in mud or snow,  
And never spill your food.

And not to take the biggest piece  
When cake is passed at tea,  
And when mamma asks: "Who broke that?"  
To say right out: "'Twas me."

And not to call her "Baby!"  
When your little sister cries:  
But then, a boy can really do  
Most anything he tries.

And 'specially now when Santa Claus  
Is watching every day  
To see if when it's Christmas Eve  
He'll care to come your way.

Nurse says: "You can't fool Santa Claus!"  
And what nurse says is so,  
And if you're naughty, he won't come,  
And he'll be sure to know.

## For the New Year.

I see not a step before me;  
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;  
And so each step in my onward path  
He makes new scenes arise,  
And every joy he sends me  
Comes as a strange and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me  
As I tread on another year;  
The path is safe in God's keeping,  
The future his mercy shall clear,  
And what looks dark in the distance  
May brighten as I draw near.

It may be the coming future  
Has less bitter than I think;  
The Lord may sweeten the water  
Before I stoop to drink.  
Or if "Marah must be Marah,"  
He will stand upon the brink.

So I go on not knowing;  
I would not, if I might.  
I had rather walk in the dark with God  
Than walk alone in the light.  
I had rather walk with Him by faith  
Than walk alone by sight.

## UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

## Puzzles.

All matter for this department should be sent direct to ADA ARMAND, Pakenham, Ontario.

## 1-CHARADE.

Hail to the merry Xmas time  
Coming with its cheer,  
All is TOTAL except to bid  
Farewell to the good old year.

Ninety-six must pass away  
As other years have flown,  
And memory brings fond regrets  
For pleasures that are gone.

When the good ship ADVOCATE  
Sailed in ninety-two,  
A merrier band of puzzlers  
Ne'er comprised a crew.

Lots of merry rhyme and verse  
Made our corner gay.  
"Daisy Anagrams," too, came  
From our cousin ADA. A.

Alas! how many changes  
Have taken place since then.  
All those clever veterans  
Have laid aside their pens.

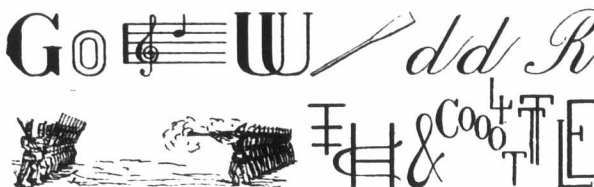
'Tis at the Yule-tide season  
One longs for voices dear;  
Methinks that crew of ninety-two  
Might send a line to cheer

Their captain's kind, forgiving heart—  
He'll take you to his breast.  
So make this Christmas a COMPLETE one  
And FINAL of happiness.

Then gladly we'll welcome ninety-seven.  
May PRIMA and hope dawn with it newly  
And Xmas bright and happy be  
Is the prayer of your most truly,

LILY DAY.

## 2-REBUS.



LILY DAY.

## 3-ANAGRAM.

In the Fall "in ovens" 'round  
Total often may be found;  
So, if you would like to eat  
That which is juicy and sweet,—

Leave the village, leave the field,  
Where the culture makes the yield;  
Hasten to the Northern lands,  
Frequented by Indian bands.

Where the cool, refreshing breeze  
Rustles the leaves "on vines" and trees,  
There, maybe, you will obtain  
What is starting was your aim.

C. ROBINSON.

## 4-CURTAINMENT.

Oh! Annie P. Hampton,  
Where do you stay?  
Has our friend, Mr. Edwards,  
Scared you away?

See, now, what rewards  
Miss Clara will get;  
For being so diligent,  
And not taking the "pet."

Look! Lily Day has come back,  
A visit to pay.  
She is not like you,  
For she FIRST stay away.

She has come back to us  
To make up for the past,  
And to get Uncle Tom's prize,  
Which, of course, must be LAST.

J. S. CRERAR.

## 5-CHARADE.

Merry elves around us play,  
Winter is not far away;  
Nipping is the air and keen—  
Jack Frost is quite plainly seen.

Bridged with crystal are the streams,  
Waking us from autumn dreams;  
Let us try our steely flight  
On the clear expanse to-night.

Snowflakes in the cloudy sky,  
Fluttering from their pillows high,  
But repeat the children's strain:  
"Oh! December's LAST again."

TOTAL month of fun untold!  
We delight to feel the cold,  
For thy sharp and bitter sting  
Makes our hearts more blithely sing.

And thy breath upon our cheek  
Lends a flush that artists seek;  
Makes our blood in rapture go  
Racing through from head to toe.

But we joy the most in thee,  
Thinking of our Christmas glee,  
And the holidays it brings,  
And the loads of Christmas things.

Cousins take this cheer of mine!  
May December bless you PRIME!  
And the seasons greetings, too,  
Merry Christmas, friends, to you.

CHAS. S. EDWARDS.

## 6-ENIGMA.

My FIRST and my SECOND of teeth have some,  
Tho' of legs you'll find my FIRST has none;  
Yet TOTAL is known to the farmer's son  
And disliked by nearly every one.

What is it?

CLARA ROBINSON.

## 7-CROSS LETTER ENIGMA.

My FIRST is lumber, but not in wood;  
My SECOND is in family, but not in brood;  
My THIRD is in promise, but not in bond;  
My FOURTH is in ocean, and also in pond;  
My FIFTH is in sea-cow, but not in shark;  
My SIXTH is in palace, but not in park;  
My SEVENTH is in shamrock, but not in heather;  
My WHOLE is a country where there's very hot weather.

J. S. CRERAR.

## Answers to November 16th Puzzles.

1-Parental-paternal. 2-Merry-go-round. 3-Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die. 4-Crock, rock, cork, roe, or, o. 5-Raven.

## SOLVERS TO NOVEMBER 16TH PUZZLES.

Clara Robinson, J. S. Crerar; also, J. S. Crerar and Ada M. Jackson for Nov. 2nd.

## Courtesy.

Oftentimes we fail to realize the influence of a kind word, a bright smile, or an attentive action. An old white-haired gentleman recently said that he would always remember with what pleasure he once received a smile and a few courteous words from a young lady on one of the crowded ferry-boats. He had asked for directions as to how he should go on reaching the other side, expecting the brief, somewhat cold answer which strangers so often receive. But the young girl's frank smile and the ready way in which she gave him minute directions made him feel, as he afterwards said, as though he had met a friend.

It is hardly likely that we shall be ready with kind words and considerate acts when the opportunities come as suddenly as they must come in railroad cars or on street crossings, unless we are habitually thoughtful of the feelings of those around us. People may safely judge us by our conduct on these unexpected occasions.

A few days since a middle-aged lady was coming out of a store in one of our large cities. The rain was pouring in torrents and the wind was blowing a gale, so that she found some difficulty in attempting to open the storm-door and at the same time raise her umbrella. Suddenly the door was pushed open by a strong arm, the umbrella raised and placed in her hand, and, with a polite lifting of his hat, a young man passed on before her.

If young people would stop to think how many traits of character may be shown by a single word or action, the kind deeds and gentle words would become more frequent in our busy everyday life.

## Charades.

With the coming of the long winter evenings, our young people always desire something new, and we give some novel charades that will help to enliven an entertainment or social evening.

The following is the title of a popular and well-known poem to be given in one act. One represents a shoemaker and is supplied with hammer and tacks. Each one taking part in the charade comes to him, while he makes a pretense of driving a tack into the heel of their shoe, which can be done without their removal. What is it? All will probably guess some time before anyone thinks of "Lucille" (loose heel).

The name of the author of the poem may be represented by one of the company lying on the sofa and apparently dying, but the friends, instead of manifesting grief, are shrieking with laughter, and doing all sorts of jolly things, which plainly illustrates "Meredith" (merry death).

One of Longfellow's poems, "The Rainy Day," is easily given by a number of persons walking about the room carrying umbrellas and otherwise protecting themselves from the rain.

The slang phrase, "A chilly day" or "A cold day," is also easily rendered by the company's donning all the wraps obtainable, and then shivering around in a seemingly half-frozen condition.

"High tide" and "Low tide" are illustrated by tying a handkerchief around a very tall man's neck, and another one around his ankle; or if none of the company are tall enough, the handkerchief may be tied to some objects in the room; for instance, to the gas jet or chandelier, and to the rung of a chair.

Illinois is another funny charade. One of the players assumes a severe illness, and during his sufferings the other persons taking part enter the room, laughing and talking in loud tones, beating on tin pans, pounding the floor, and doing all in their power to make a noise which gives the three syllables "Ill" and "a noise."

"Cantelope" is another word that makes a good charade, and offers excellent opportunity for some amusing conversation. A couple enter the room, giving every indication of being an eloping pair. But just as they are ready to carry out their plans the girl's father appears upon the scene, seizes his daughter, and takes her away with him, which puts a stop to further developments, as they very evidently "can't elope."

"An Ancient Philosopher" is another that will create any amount of fun when known, but there are few who will guess, although it is very plain when once it is known. A number of young girls standing in a row represent "Cicero" (Sissy-row).

As a companion to the above may be given "Hero," a number of boys in a row (he-row).—Clara Sensibaugh Everts.

## An Unwelcome Caller.

Jack Frost came to the window-pane,  
And softly tapped with his icicle cane.  
"Excuse me," I said, "the doors are tight,  
And I'd rather you wouldn't come in to-night."  
So he scratched his name all over the glass,  
And the baby sneezed as she heard him pass.

—Youth's Companion.