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SFACTION

AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

"ARGOSIES OF THE AIR"

Tuesday, December 24, 1907

Every one knows by sight the dark, heavy clouds, which meteorologists have applied the name "nim-is," to signify that they are clouds par emphasis, nimbus is a wonderful thing. Charged with, perps, millions of tons of moisture, it is borne by the nds athwart the sky, and as its contents, when osited upon the earth in the form of rain or ow, are the source of our springs and rivers, and of incalculable value to mankind, they have been mpared to great ships freight with a priceless cargo, done writer has called them "the argosies of the Science has not yet ascertained by what marous architecture these great water-carriers are nstructed. When we have built an airship that stay aloft and carry a burden, we think much been achieved, but these vast ships of the skies e up loads from the Equatorial oceans and deliver on the slopes of northern mountains with the me facility as a bird seeks in winter a home in a ner clime. And how it is done, how this wonrful process, which seems to set at defiance all the of gravity, is carried on with a constancy that almost invariable, is an absolute mystery. So, too, it a mystery how the clouds discharge their tremenloads. When we consider the vast weight of a m-cloud, the gentle way in which its contents, as rule, are deposited is a veritable marvel. A cubic not of water, that is, 1,728 cubic inches, weighs 1,000 That means that an inch of rain over a uare mile would weigh over 1,000,000 pounds. But rain-cloud or nimbus frequently extends over hunds and sometimes over thousands of square miles, and even after it has deposited an inch of rain in e locality moves away to another and there lays

lown more of its burden, so that it may really hold spended in the air a weight of millions of tons. this were to descend in a mass it would carry vastation with it. Sometimes it does so over small eas, and we then speak of it as a "cloud-burst." this we have an illustration of how frequently pular notions are in advance of science, for the atter has not suggested how a cloud can "burst." A ursting implies an envelope that can be broken, and hose who have seen a cloud-burst will bear out the tatement that it acts as though something had given The ordinary reference books cast very little ight upon this interesting subject, and what works meteorology that we have at hand are equally ilent; but Bullen, in his "Heritage of the Seas," a little book to which we have often referred, tells us comething about nimbus clouds, and also about vaterspouts, which, though unscientific, is so iffteresting and suggestive, that we propose to quote reely from it. After all, meteorologists are necessarily under a handicap in dealing with these phenomena. Few of them can have ever seen a waterpout or a cloud-burst. Few of them have ever witnessed the fury of a tropical rain. They have to take heir facts second-hand and be on their guard to avoid being misled by unintentional exaggeration. Only those, "who go down to the sea in ships and to business in great waters,' and of these only those whose vessels are propelled by the wind alone, and ence are often carried out of what may be called the beaten tracks of the ocean, have an opportunity to observe the wonders of the deep. Mr. Bullen was ne of the latter, and while he evidently knows more of the scientific side of meteorology than he

cares to admit, he treats his subject in a popular way. Speaking of the nimbus cloud, he says. "It is not the least of ocean mysteries, the way in which its bitter waters are suddenly, in a few minutes, converted into sweet drinkable fluid and elevated to the sky by thousands of tons. There it is received and retained by immense reservoirs of mobile shape. of entirely intangible material, and conveyed by the agency of the winds to those regions where it is eeded. Pause a moment and think of the utter marvelousness of this miracle." He tells us that there nothing very wonderful in the light vapor of the cumulus clouds, but asks us to try to comprehend, we can, how these great aerial lakes, wherein there re sometimes frogs and fishes, are kept suspended in the air, carried for perhaps thousands of miles, and gently dropped where the water is required for the ise of man, beast and vegetable life. We quote in full his description of a waterspout, which is that of a man familiar with the appearance of these wonderful things:

"Let me briefly recapitulate the process in the

most superficial manner, which is all any one can do, since the inner workings are hidden from our eyes in the arcana of Nature All the conditions being favorable, one of them being obviously a great amount of solar heat-since the development of a vaterspout never takes place in cold weather or at night—a collection of clouds approach the sea. There little wind, for it is obvious that a swiftly-driven loud would be quite unfit for the leisurely sucking up of a great mass of water, and the dark masses of ecially prepared vapor lower over the surface of the comparatively smooth sea. It would appear, too, if the sea was specially prepared in some strange fashion for what is about to take place, for whenor wherever the long pendant or tube of cloud approaches the sea surface, the latter becomes vioagitated in a circular direction, looking indeed, as if it were striving to reach upwards to the sky. Quite a mound of water appears, to the summit of which the pendant of cloud, which has apparently excited this sympathy, presently reaches nd joins itself, when immediately the process begins. There is now a flexible column reaching from sea to oud, so flexible indeed that it may be seen swaying about; so tenuous that through its walls the water may be observed rushing upwards with a spiral ement as plainly as if the observer were watchthe operations of a gigantic pump whose reing-pipe was of glass. Only in this case there is spasmodic pulsation of the water such as a pump opels, there is a steady upward movement in going on, the lading of the cloud above is clearly dent. It spreads, grows baggier, blacker, and more hreatening in appearance, until at last its limit of rage capacity being reached, there is an autotic cessation of the great machinery. The tube then continuity ceases-I cannot use the harsh word break' in this connection—and with that cessation the juncture between sea and cloud, there is a osing up of the pipe, almost a hermetic sealing as vere, and the disconnected tube shrivels away, intil at last it is even as a mere excrescence upon ottom of the sagging cloud above. Presently that is smoothed out, and, like some richlyighted argosy, the cloud sails majestically away

its beneficent errand. Accidents happen, of course; what situation is from them? Sometimes a sudden shock of ning or thunder will break the tube in the e of its work, and cause a terrific return of the ed water to the sea with a roar like that of Niagara. This is occasionally brought about by man agency, and proves conclusively the amazing ity of the cloud which can yet sustain so vast a ight of water. The master of a vessel, nervous for safety of his ship, in close proximity with the will cause a gun to be fired, not necesat the spout, but in any direction, and in the ssion of the atmosphere the radiating air-waves rike against the water-laden cloud column, break it, and all the mass of water, both raised and in

process of raising, returns to the sea with a tremendous crash. The idea may be a very fanciful one, but I have often wondered whether it might not be possible to trace the ruin and misery of the inhabitants of some inland town or village enduring a water-famine to the nervous act of some petty skipper fearful for the safety of his ship, who, by some such act as I have described, has destroyed the celestial water-bearers whose mission it was to supply that faraway community with the indispensable gift of water. The idea does not seem so far-fetched

Surely this is very wonderful, even if we allow something for the poetic imagination of the writer. Then think of what becomes of this vast floating reservoir. It may be borne along for thousands of miles without a drop of its contents being lost. Perhaps by some of the inexplicable processes of the mid-air, the water is dissolved in the atmosphere, to appear later on at a high altitude as a fleecy mass, which we know is composed of fine ice particles. Perhaps in its course it meets a mountain range over which it cannot lift all of its burden, and some of it falls in rain, and higher up some of it in the form of snow. Later the water finds its way to the sea again, after first acting as the life-blood to a great land. So Nature performs her daily miracles. We are so accustomed to them that we scarcely ever think of them, but they far surpass the greatest achievements of men. Indeed, in comparison with them, our greatest works and processes seem little different from the bungling efforts of children.

MARGARET OF NAVARRE

Margaruite d'Augonleme, otherwise known as Marguerite de Valois, but most commonly spoken of in English as Margaret of Navarre, was daughter of Charles d'Orleans, and sister of Francis I., King of France. She was born in 1492. At the age of seventeen she married the Duke d'Alencon, who was killed in the Battle of Pavia. Later she married Henry d'Albret, King of Navarre, by whom she had a daughter, who was mother of Henry IV. of France. Her second husband died in 1549, and after his death she administered the affairs of Navarre. She died in 1549. She encouraged literature, and was herself quite a prolific writer. Her chief work was the Heptameron, which seems to be a series of historical or semi-historical tales, framed in a dialogue after the general style of the Decameron, and somewhat like the plan of literary construction adopted by Moore in "Lalla Rookh." The tales of the Heptameron are sometimes coarse, but there is a good moral in most of them. They are told without much embellishment, being, in fact, what they are intended to be, stories that might be related in the course of a conversation. Many of them have to do with incidents arising out of the Crusades. Europe at the beginning of the Sixteenth Century was yet living under the influence of this great movement. which, for nearly two hundred and fifty years, had occupied the attention of all the princes of Christendom, and had been the greatest factor in the regeneration of Europeans from the intellectual night of the Middle Ages. For centuries Europe was enshrouded in a darkness, of which we can form only a very inadequate idea. Learning, such as it was was confined almost wholly to the ecclesiastics, and they devoted their time and talents chiefly to the development of abstruse speculations on religious subjects. With the inauguration of the Crusades began a literary movement, and nearly synchronous therewith Dante appeared, and later came the era, when the stories of El Cid and many romances made their appearance. The period of the Rennaissance was followed by that of the Reformation, and the latter was indeed its legitimate successor. garet in a sense represented both. Her literary tastes were mediaeval; her human sympathies were influenced by the spirit of religious toleration. One of her biographers says of her, referring to the time of her marriage: "Free and gay in speech, eager and joyous in spirit, she amused herself with the brilliant life and with her would-be lovers, and at other times occupied herself with her books-books often on divinity, studies that were molding her character." Erasmus, in a letter to her, written later, said: "Long have I admired the many excellent gifts that God has endowed you with. He has given you prudence, chastity, modesty, piety, invincible strength of mind, and a marvelous contempt for temporal things." The letter from which this extract is taken was written in Latin, but Margares was familiar with that language, and such

plished Grecian scholar that she read the writings of Plato in the original. Her life was a sad one, full almost to overflowing with domestic troubles. She was truly in love with her first husband, and his death was a great blow to her. She was inspired by a devotion to her brother, the King, that was akin to worship. This feeling she extended in a great degree to his wife and children. The Queen's early death greatly affected her, and a few months after one of the little princesses, a lovely eight-year-old girl, whom she nursed through weeks of weary illness, died in her arms. She tells in one of her writings how this death affected her belief in immortality, and how she sat by the bedside of one of her waiting-women, whom she greatly loved, striving to catch some in dication that a soul was leaving the body. On the heels of these blows come the defeat and imprisonment of her brother, the King. Two months later her husband, the Duke d'Alencon, was slain. Her marriage with the King of Navarre is described as one passionate affection" on her part, and there is no doubt that he loved her well enough at first, although they afterwards became estranged, but not until after a daughter had been born to her. The court of Navarre was far from brilliant, for the King had little more than his title; yet Margaret surrounded herself with scholars, poets and the most brilliant men and women of her time. It was said of her that "when in pain herself she could comfort others; when weak, she could protect; when poor, she could enrich." She died in 1549, her heart having been broken by the death of her brother, two years before. She was loved in her lifetime by all who knew her, and is honored by all, who have studied her life story and her writings. Even the Heptameron, coarse in places though it is, is far in advance of the spirit of her times. Following is an extract from one of her poems, which illustrates the depth of her religious feeling:

Grief has given me such a wound By an unbearable sorrow. That almost my body dies From the pain it feels in secret. My spirit is in torment, But it leans On Him, who gives the pain;

Who, causing the pain, comforts it. The Heptameron professes to be the account of the sojourn of five ladies and gentlemen at an abbey, where they were detained by heavy rains, which prevented them from proceeding on their journey. One of them, the Lady Oisille, suggests that they should pass their time in pious meditation and in hearing the story of the life of Christ. The others clamored for tales of romance, and in the end a compromise was reached, the morning being devoted serious subjects, and the afternoon to lighter amusements. The Heptameron relates what was told

during the afternoon, with some running comments, nearly all of which are exceptionally clever, many of them inspired by a lofty spirituality, and some tinged with delicate satire. The following is a portion of one of the critiques upon the story of a

woman and her unfaithful husband; "I think that one who loves perfectly, with a love in harmony with the commands of God, knows neither shame nor dishonor, save when the perfection of her love fails or is diminished, for the glory of true love knows not shame." And again: "It is true that a heart, pure towards God and man, loves more strongly ne that is vicious, and it fears not to have its very thoughts known."

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

In the early days of Christianity, the festival of the nativity of the Saviour was usually held in April or May. We are told quite decidedly in the beautiful Bible story that the shepherds were in the fields watching their flocks by night; but as December is one of the months of the rainy season in Judea, the shepherds would hardly be out of doors then. It is very easy to see how the date came to be fixed upon the 25th of December. Long before the Christian Era. the nations of Northern Europe, among them the Huns, of whom it is said that they were a race of glorious giants, fair-haired and blue-eyed, far stronger in physique and greater in stature than the Gauls or the Romans, celebrated as their most important festival the winter Solstice. Men of the est were these long-ago Northern people. Cities had no place in their world, life was too free a thing, too grand and great a thing to be limited and harassed by the bonds and conventions of civilization, They loved Nature and worshipped her as have the primitive people of all countries; and the most wonderful and the most important time of the year to them was the period of the Winter Solstice, the twelve darkest nights of the whole year, when the orces of Nature begin to take upon themselves renewed life and activity. During this period it was supposed that the gods and spirits descended upon the earth, while Woden himself, the supreme of all the gods, or in his absence, the chief goddess, Holler led the great procession of spirits through the air. This festival was called the Yule Feast. It is very probable that as the Winter Solstice had been so long the occasion of the heathen festivity, it was decided that the celebration of the Saviour's birth should take place at that date, thus also to a great extent reconciling the two festivities. Some of the old heathen beliefs and usages connected with the feast have survived until the present day.

But after all it makes very little difference what lay or days we may set apart as a time for joy and the practice of unselfishness in memory of the birth of Him, Who, though a "Man of Sorrows," was destined to bring peace, enlightenment and gladness to the millions, who have heard and understood the message God sent Him to bring unto the world. All miracles apart, He lived His life, a life of incomparable courage, steadfastness and purity; He delivered His message and He has gone; but as the procession of years passes on into eternity, the Truth that He lived and died to hove becomes more and more the ruling power of the whole civilized world.

There has not been within the knowledge of man-

kind a religious or a philosophical sect that has met

with more persecution than Christianity. This was

no doubt due, in a great measure, to the Christians' intolerance of every other existing religion; but in spite of all possible justification, the fact remains the same, that from the earliest of the sacrifices, that of Jesus Himself, the victims to the cause of the Nazarene have exceeded in number the adherents of any other faith, who have died in defence of their principles. And yet in spite of this, in spite of the countless martyrdoms entailed by its advancement, so that a history of Christianity might well be written blood, the Message of Christ comes down to us today, joy-giving, triumphant, eternal: "God is Love." And because this was His message, this living, breathing, glorious Truth, that makes life a paradise upon earth, for those who can see the Love of God in all His handiwork—because this was His message, in every land under the sun, in three days shall be celebrated the birth of Him who first showed us the way to happiness. There have been others, many, many others-prophets, priests and teachers, noble men who have lived and died for the cause they breached. And their causes have been noble—worth living and dying for, and the world has advanced under the influence of their wisdom, as it must advance under the teaching of any man, if his principles be sound and his life consistent, whether he be the instructor of a handful of little children or the counsellor of a king and an empire. Indeed, it might well be claimed that the wise men who went before Him, among them Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, and of the Romans, Seneca and Cicero, paved the way for Christ, that His thoughts were to a great extent their thoughts. For so it must be in the progression of the world, we instinctively borrow what has gone before. But to Jesus, and to Him alone, must belong the glory of advancing that great Truth, which sorrow, suffering, torture and death cannot change; that Truth which makes life a duty and a joy and robs death of its terrors; that Truth which makes the world a glorious, glad creation, full of an eternal youth; that Truth which speaks in every voice of nature and is written upon every sundrenched hill and flower-decked field that is blazoned upon the noonday sea and the glowing starlit sky, that thrills us in the voices of our little chilwhen they nestle to us at night-time, the

greatest Truth that was ever taught-"God is Love" It is quite true that Christ's message, which is the real spirit of our Christmas, is not clear to every one. Man has made the cities, and just as it is impossible for the life-giving sunlight to enter those places which have been made well-nigh sunproof and airproof, just so is it difficult for any life-beautifying truth to enter the hearts of those whose inds have been steeped in depravity and vice, as they surround their bodies with all that is impure and unclean. But if, as is the case in spite of the hundreds of years of persecution, Christ's message is more potently true today than ever before, it may be claimed for the individual, who has once understood the meaning of His teaching that notwithstanding the sorrows and troubles that may come to him. in spite of the sunlessness of his life, moral and physical, that knowledge once gained can never be forgotten, but will remain a light unto him until

Then, this, is what we celebrate at Christmas time: That God is Love; and the Spirit that inspired Him who brought us the message surely inspires each of us with some of that pure altruism that characterized the life of the Saviour, when from our little or from our bounty we give for the love of giving, whether in material things or in loving-kindness, sympathy and good cheer. And if we like to think that we are still keeping the old Yule feast as well in rejoicing over the re-awakening of the forces of Nature, who shall say but the thought lends an added mystery and charm? The very fact that a custom is an old one attaches the more delightful interest to its observation. The rebirth of Nature means the glories of the springtime, the loveliness of the summer, the bountiful richness of the autumn

harvests. These things are God's gifts to us. During the long nights of the Solstice, when the mysterious starry universe seems closer than at any other time, cannot we the more fittingly worship Him, knowing of the mighty potencies beginning to work about us? Looking above to the infinite heavens. which proclaim His honor and glory, shall not our hearts receive an echo of that wondrous "music of the spheres," the perfect harmony of the perfect workings of Nature? And upon that one eve, which we keep as especially holy, even the most incredulous and unorthodox of us must remember, with reverent thanksgiving, Jesus of Nazareth—He who made us understand the foundation, the reason of every thing, He who brought God's massage to a suffering

"God is Love." When we realize just what this means, just what Christ's life stands for, perhaps we can believe with the men of old, that "Morning stars together proclaimed the Saviour's

THE STORY TELLER

The annual statistics of population in France, published this month in the Journal Officiel, show that the decrease in the birth rate is steadily maintained. The number of births in 1906 was 806.747: in the period 1896-1905 it averaged 839,843; in the period immediately after the German war it averaged 960,-000. The absolute increase of population in 1906 (excess of births over deaths) was 26,651; in the period 1896-1905 it averaged 56,500. In Germany in 1905 the absolute increase was 782,839; in Austria-Hungary it was close on half a million, and in the United King-

Dr. Bertillon, head of the Paris statistical department, makes some very gloomy remarks on the new figures. "If the birth rate does not pick up," he cries, "our country is lost." He denies that other nations show the same tendency to proportionate shrinkage. Other civilized nations, he asserts, have never increased in higher proportion than at present. "Germany's present rate of increase is fourteen a thousand; thirty years ago it was only twelve a thousand; the other civilized countries show similar figures." He ascribes the shrinkage entirely to the low birth rate, the death rate comparing favorably with that found elsewhere. "We are short of four hundred thousand births a year to put us on a level with the proportionate increase of other At present we have three births to a family; what we need is four." This view is borne out by the fact that while the birth rate in 1906 fell thirty-four thousand below that of the preceding period, the mar-riage rate rose by more than ten thousand. The di-vorce factor appears to be comparatively unimpor-tant, the number of divorces in 1903 being only 2,500 in excess of the average of the preceding decade

In these circumstances the existence of an influ-crital "national league for the increase of the French population" is evidently justified. The main object of the league is summed up in its programme as being "to impress on our countrymen's minds that a family of more than three children is extremely ree and has a right to public recognition and

A year ago the Australian government appointed a special commission to investigate the manufacture, sale, constituents, etc., of certain proprietary medicines. The first volume of the report contains some fartling statements; so startling, indeed, that the commonwealth authorities thought it wise to stop its circulation. One of the recommendations of the mission is that in the interest of humanity babies should be entitled to as much protection as is now extended to chattel animals, such as pigs, lambs, and calves. Of a 'soothing syrup'-which, he says, has a wide distribution in Great Britain—he declares that eight or ten drops will kill a child, and that deaths caused by it are generally described as accidental. Again he writes: "Mercurous chloride is the active ingredient in the teething powders sold by the thousand gross annually throughout Australia. Analyses have revealed that some packets contain double doses and others none at all! The stuff is made up of starch and calomel. The mixing is care "made up of starch and calomel. The mixing is careless, being under no legal supervision. When mercurial poisoning follows, as it sometimes must, the
mother will never know. Other "soothing powders"
contain morphine, also in extremely irregular doses.
It is mischievous only, and contains no remedial
property. Certainly our graveyards are paved with
the bodies of poisoned children."—New York Evening
Poet

0-A gay young rat went poaching on the preserves of a sullen, vindictive clam early one morning behind the raw bar of the Hotel Kernan, and came to sudden grief. He is now held in a viselike grip by the clam, which is determined to die rather than release its hold on the invader of its household. A clam is usually known as a quiet, inoffensive animal of the bivalve species, and seldom figures in our life excepting at the end of a fork. But this particular bivalve has constituted itself the latest novelty in the

rat trap line.
When "Charlie" White, the colored bar man in the Kernan cafe, went to the oyster box this morning at o'clock to arrange his work his eyes almost popped from his head when he found a medium-sized rat struggling to draw its right front paw out of a round hole in the partition almost large enough to accom-modate its body. "Charlie" was puzled for an instant, but soon observed that the cause of the rat's distrewas a large clam on the other side of the hole that held its foot fast. The clam could not follow the rat, so the rat was pulled through after the clam, placed in a canary cage and set on exhibition at the bar.-

It is a growing opinion among medical specialists that the dangers associated with the use of alcohol even as a medical remedy overbalance its undoubted temporary advantages. There are certain types of nervous systems in which alcohol creates a craving for its continuous use, with results, physical and moral, that are simply disastrous. We know that alcoholism creates a predisposition to disease by the lowering of the temperature of the body below the normal, is the cause of probably thirty per cent. of insanity, is responsible, in whole or in part, for about sixty per cent, of the more serious homicidal offences, and is one of the primary causative factors in the alarming increase of suicide. In proof of this last assertion it is a striking factor that the only country in Europe with a declining suicide rate is Norway, owing to the operation of the Gothenburg system, there is also a declining rate of consumption of alcohol to the person .- Boston Transcript ____

A small boy, returning from school one day, inquired of his father what people meant when they spoke of the "law of compensation." The father, in the course of his explanation, cited the fact that if one of the senses is lost some one of the others re ceives a corresponding development; as, for example ceives a corresponding development; as, for example, if a man's sight became impaired his sense of touch or of hearing would become more acute, and so on.

"Oh, now I see why it is," interrupted the little fellow, "that when one leg is shorter than it ought to be the other is always longer."—Harper's Weekly. 0----

First Farmer.—"And wot do 'ee give yur pigs?" ond Farmer.—"Oh, I gives 'em plenty o'

straw."

First Farmer.—"Ah, but 'ow do 'ee goo on when it's a bad year for straw?"

Second Farmer.—"Well, when it's a bad year for straw, and there ain't much straw about, well, there

First Farmer .- "Ay, that's right enough." Second, Farmer.—"But when it's a good year for straw, and there's plenty o' straw about, well, there First Farmer .- "Ay, that's right enough, that is."

CURRENT VERSE

December

By M. E. B.

Some fellows go blowing for Springtime, and some with hurran for the Fall;
Some think that there's nothing like marbles, and some that there's nothing like ball;

But if you want regular rackets with more fun than ever was guessed, With coasting and skating and sliding, and every-thing just at its best—
The jolly old month of December is worth any two

For then there is ice on the river, and then there is snow on the hill, And the days are so short and so shining, and the nights are so white and so still; And then at the end there is Christmas, of which I have no cause for complaint, When your stockings get filled by your mother or some other sort of a saint; Now, if there is anything better, I'd just like to know -Wide Awake.

____ The Christmas Baby

"Tha'rt welcome, little bonny bird, But shouldn't ha' come just when tha' did: Teimes are bad,"
—English Ballad.

Hoot! ye little rascal! ye come it on me this way, Crowdin' yerself amongst us this blusterin' winter's Knowin' that we already have three of ye, an' seven, An' tryin' to make yerself out a Christmas present o' Heaven?

Ten of ye have we now, Sir, for this world to abuse; An' Bobbie he have no waistcoat, an' Nellie she have no shoes, Sammie he have no shirt, Sir (I tell it to his shame). An' the one that was just before ye we ain't had time

An' all o' the banks be smashin', an' on us poor tolk An' Boss he whittles the wages when work's to be had An' Tom he have cut his foot off, an lies in a woeful

An' all of us wonders at mornin' as what we shall eat An' but for your father an' Sandy a findin' somewhat An' but for the preacher's woman, who often helps us An' but for your poor dear mother a-doin' twice her

part, Ye'd 'a seen us all, in heaven afore ye was ready to An' now ye have come, ye rascal! so healthy an' fat an' sound, A-weighin', I'll wager a dollar, the full of a dozen With yer mother's eyes a flashin', yer father's flesh

No, no! don't cry, my baby! hush up, my pretty one6 Don't get any chaff in yer eye, boy—I only was just Ye'll like us when you know us, although we'er cur'us folks; But we don't get much victual, an' half our livin' is

An' a good big mouth an' stomach all ready to be

Why, boy, did ye take me in earnest? come, sit upon my knee; I'll tell ye a secret, youngster, I'll name ye after me. Ye shall have all ver brothers an' sisters with ve to shall have yer carriage, an' ride out every

Why, hoy, do you think ye'll suffer? I'm gettin' a trifle old. But it'll be many years yet before I lose my hold; An' if I should fall on the road, boy, still, them's yer brothers, there. An' not a rogue of 'em ever would see ye harmed a

Say! when ye come from heaven, my little namesake dear, Did ye see, 'mongst the little girls there, a face like this one here? That was yer little sister—she died a year ago. us cried like babies when they laid her un-

Hang it! if all the rich men I ever see or knew Came here with all their traps, boy, an' offered 'en for you, I'd show 'em to the door, Sir, so quick they'd think it Before I'd sell to another my Christmas gift from -Will Carleton-Farm Legends.

0---Christmas Candles

(An exercise for six children, each of whom carries colored, lighted candle.) We're six little candles so shining and A shimmering rainbow are we,

We twinkle away like six beautiful stars At the top of the fair Christmas tree. Red. My color is red, like the dainty red rose That grew by the old garden gate, Or like the flush in the far western sky, That comes when the evening is late.

Orange. Oh! like the bright orange from Florida's My color is vivid and bold.

There's never a flower with me can com-

Yellow. My color is yellow-the hue of the sun. With glory that never grows old, I gleam from the daffodil's satiny buds

Unless it's the gay marigold.

Green. Like the blades of the grass and the fronds That grow in the woodland so fair. wear a bright garment of velvety green, A color a princess might wear.

Blue. And I, like forget-me-nots dainty and fair, The color of baby's bright eyes, Am blue as the larkspur that dances and And rivals the deep summer skies.

And I am the color of violets shy
That hide at the foot of the trees,
Whose fragrance is sweeter than llly or rose,

And floats on each wandering breeze.

Yes, six little candles so shining and bright, A gay little rainbow are we, And here we will shine like six beautiful To brighten the fair Christmas tree.