

HAPPY DAYS

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THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Germany is the land of the Christmas tree. Nowhere else does it grow so vigorously, or bring forth such copious fruit. But it has been transplanted into nearly all lands, and throughout Canada, at this snowy winter season, in many happy homes this wonderful tree will bring forth its wonderful fruit. In our picture we note several specially German features—the house father, as they call him, pulling away at his big porcelain pipe like an overgrown baby at a sucking-bottle; the bust of Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, on the wall; the youngster with the spiked helmet and drum, exhibiting even in babyhood the warlike German spirit; the odd-shaped waggons and toys, and above all, the tree, with its tapers, and trinkets, and love gifts for every one, and the Angel of the Annunciation at the top. Is it not a pretty family group? Thank God for Christmas, which brings us joyful tidings of peace on earth, and good-will to men, and especially its love-gifts to children everywhere.



A GERMAN CHRISTMAS TREE.

FOXIE'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

Foxie was a very bright little collie who could do many things that not every dog can do. He lived in a village where there was no mail delivery, and was always sent to the post-office for the letters, which he carried home in his mouth, never dropping a single one.

He could take an order to the grocer's and carry home the basket of groceries quite as well as the grocer's boy, and

much more quickly, for he never stopped on the way to play marbles or to sit down on a doorstep to rest, as he had seen the grocer's boy do.

He had been well trained, and was never allowed to run out on the street alone, to play with bad dogs, who were surly or ill-mannered or dishonest, but like all dogs, and most children too, Foxie loved the street, and when Harry, his

go to bed." Then he would jump up on a chair, put his forepaws on the back of it, rest his head on his paws, close his eyes, and remain quite still for a whole minute, then jump down and bark for some one to open the door, that he might go to bed.

It was Christmas Eve in Foxie's home. The turkey was dressed and the plum pudding made; the Christmas tree was glittering with ornaments and loaded with

gifts. Foxie had made many trips to the grocery that day; his mistress had patted his head and called him "good little dog," and now with a clear conscience he was enjoying his well-earned rest before the grate fire in the back parlour. He was too excited to sleep soundly, for sometimes he thought he heard queer sounds up the chimney, and again strange noises outside which he did not understand, so he only dozed with one eye open, as dogs often do, and wondered whether those queer, crackling noises were made only by the wind.

Suddenly his open eye beheld a dazzling glare reflected upon the wall. He opened his other eye and raised his head. A flood of light was

streaming in the back parlour window. He jumped up in wild alarm, and placing his paws on the window-sill he looked out. His little body trembled all over with fear at what he saw, for the back part of the neighbouring house was in a furious blaze, the air was filled with smoke and sparks, and already cinders were falling into the yard and on the roof of his own home.