

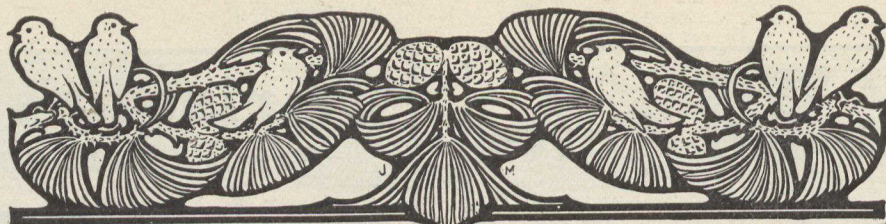


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FOR THE CHILDREN

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE children were glad enough to go to bed early that night. "Do you think, Mummy dear, I'll get the skates?" Bud asked anxiously, breaking in on Dorothy's prayers.

"If you're a good boy, I think you might, but not if you interrupt your sister again; this is the third time you have done it, you know, Bud," said mother, and for nearly nineteen seconds Bud lay still. What did that kid want to hunt up all the relations she had ever known for, and say "Dod bless dem" so awful slow after each name, when he was dying to talk about to-morrow and the tree and skates and things? Why couldn't she be satisfied with the family? He didn't even mind Rover and the kittens so much, but when it came to a whole stack of cousins and aunts and people that she hadn't ever seen—well, that was the worst of being a girl and liking to say your prayers, and not—and not—

Gee whiz! what a jolly lot of bright little lights, and what heaps and heaps

'Merry Christmas, little cousin,' from Jane; and here's another from Aunt Mary; and this fat one, which looks to me suspiciously like something Miss Dorothy has been wanting for a long time, is from Cousin Reg. He sends 'love and a merry Christmas to the little cousin he has never seen.'

"And not one for me," thought Bud. "I don't even believe I'm going to get the skates."

"And these," Santa Claus continued, pointing to a branch Bud hadn't before noticed and which was laden with the jolliest lot of presents that ever a boy had seen in his life, "as well as this pair of silver-plated hockey skates, were to be given to Master Bud Newcombe. They are presents from cousins and uncles and aunts that this boy has never seen, but who love him none the less. I am very sorry that he is not here to receive them, but to tell the truth, he fell asleep to-night without saying his prayers, and of course we have no children at this Christmas tree who forget to say their prayers on Christmas Eve. However, perhaps he may wake up and remem-



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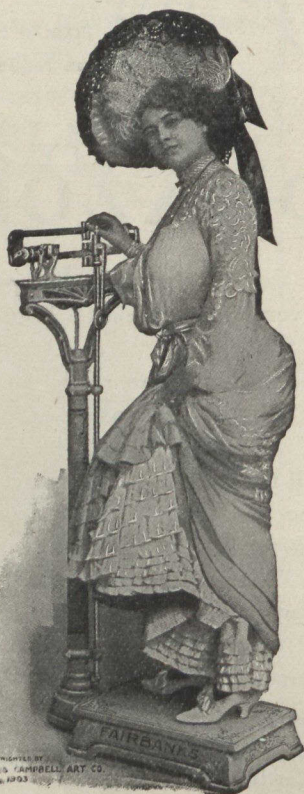


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Doctor "Now, my boy, show me your tongue. That's not enough. Put it right out."
 Small Boy: "I ca't—'cos it's fastened at the back."—Punch.

of twinkly, winkly, shiny stuff all strung 'round. Why, of course, it was the Christmas tree and there was dear old Santa Claus smiling and skipping here and there putting a magic light to everything he touched. And there was Micky White hugging a parcel that looked mighty like a pair of hockeys. How the mischief did he get in! and Billy Banks and Larry Mills and Dorothy and all the rest of them. Well, wherever they came from he must be late, for everyone seemed to have his arms filled with bundles. He wasn't afraid of Santa Claus, he'd just go right up and ask him about those skates. Was it?—yes, surely it was them he could see twinkling way up on the highest branch. And all those other poor little packages? Most of them seemed to be for Dorothy and Micky and Billy. It just kept Santa busy handing them down and saying a jolly word with each in turn.

"Here, Billy-boy," he was crying, "here's a present from your Aunt Lou 'way out in Manitoba. She asked me to bring it along with the rest of my things for you. And what's this? Master Larry Mills, from his Uncle John. There you are, son. And here we have, Miss Dorothy Newcombe.

ber, so we will keep them for him in case he comes."

"Mummy," called a small voice from the next room, and when mother came and leaned over his bed and said "What is it, Bud?" "Mummy," he answered, "I forgot to say my prayers to-night." And this time nobody was missed.

M. H. C.

DISCONTENT.

A SULKY little grain of sand Lived by a stone upon the land; But all day long she'd sigh "Dear me! I wish that I were in the sea!"

A little wavelet heard her sigh, And dashed up on the land so high, And caught the little grain of sand, Right in his little, cold, wet hand!

And then she couldn't say "Dear me!" Before he pushed her in the sea; And then that foolish grain of sand Just wished that she were back on land.

And so you see, my little lad, You sometimes want things very bad; But when you get them you may be Just like the sand that went to sea.

—Victoria Colonist.



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