

written to Santa the week before and in his stocking found his letter returned with a note appended in a running hand by Santa himself. The letter read:—"Dear Santa (if there be a Santa Claus), I have a problem, in fact there are two problems just here. Are you a mere subjective creation of man's mind or have you what in Kantian philosophy is termed objective validity; and if this latter, how do you, a corporeal essence, overcome the law of gravitation, as you are credited with doing."—Jimmy A-th-y.

P. S.—"Please bring me some new categories."

The appended note ran:—"Dear Jimmie: I haven't any new categories. I am leaving you some I gave to a little boy named Aristotle some few years ago. They have worn well but may need overhauling a little. In answer to your second question I can only say that my heart is so light that gravitation hasn't any power over me. You'll understand it when you grow up and have children of your own. Your first question floors me as I only took a pass course in philosophy, but I venture to subscribe myself, yours objectively, S.C."

Then came a handsome boy rather tall for his age, who went over to a pair of brown hose in the top of which were worked the letters T. C. From one he drew out some 4-inch collars, a hand mirror and other toilet articles, while from the other there tumbled out a bulletin board, invitations to 17 "At Homes," and several photographs of pretty little girls. Seldom has the editor seen a happier boy than Tommy.

But here comes an infant Falstaff. Already he has undergone great expansion, and his well fed body and broad beaming face mark him as a future bishop who will always do his duty—at refectory time. And now a mystery is explained: that wide-spreading bifurcated garment with red, yellow and blue ribbons tied round the bottoms, is his pantaloons, and on the band is pinned a card marked, "Dear Santa Claus, please give me mine in bulko.—S.A.W." And Santa Claus had evidently complied. In one leg was a monster plum pudding, and in the other a bushel of peanuts, while in the broader part above the bifurcation was a barrel of apples, a bag of pop-corn, raisins and candies, besides numerous books and toys. There was still some space at the top and Santa in despair had scrawled on the bottom of the little boy's note these words:—"Dear St-w-t, I have nothing left but the reindeers and my fur coat. Please take a reef in those before another Christmas, or else get a dry goods case.—S."

After this came a little chrysanthemum-headed boy, capering like a goat, while his long black locks flew about in disarray. He had borrowed a pair of gigantic stockings, with red, yellow and blue rings,

from a little curly-headed friend of his who was much addicted to dressing himself up in grotesque apparel and chasing an inflated pig-skin up and down the kindergarten lawn. Little Duncan found some pretty pink hair ribbons, a pair of curling tongs, and a kind of music box called a gramophone.

While this little lad was grinding out the strains "arrah go on, ye're only foolin'!" a solid, thick-set boy came over to a pair of short(t) hose and tumbled out a kodak and a book of jokes. He took a snap-shot of the bifurcated garment above referred to and laughed gaily thereat, but when he opened the joke book he suddenly grew uproarious and laughed so long and so loudly that the editor awoke with a start, and found himself alone once more in the dingy old sanctum, but he still consoles himself with the wonderful vision that came to him that night.

BOOKS!

Text Books, College Supplies, and
Miscellaneous and Standard Works
at very lowest prices. Orders for
Books by mail promptly and care-
fully attended to

R. UGLOW & CO.

Successors to John Henderson & Co.

86 PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON, ONT

LINED KID GLOVES For::: Students

— AT 50c. A PAIR —

Furs and Hats proportionly low.

Queen's Colors with every Hat.

GEORGE MILLS & CO.

NOTED FOR LOW PRICES.

170 WELLINGTON STREET.