

year. It does not matter how many more pages have to be used or fresh names written in the big book; but I do not like to see a red line half way down a page "Gone to Peterborough," leaving an unfinished record.

Looking through the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS, it seems to me that Dick Whittington's "word to the girls" has a great many points which I would like to press home to the girls; but, maybe, coming, as it does, from the enemies' camp, it will have more effect left to itself. I would only say, "read, mark, learn," thoroughly take to heart and ACT ON IT (print those last three words in big type, please, Mr. Printer). And I can hear all my girls saying, "Just like her—the same old song!"

No very stirring events have happened, except just the party. Indeed, and as if that same party had not been in everyone's mind since—well, September, at any rate. By the way, girls, put those pretty blouses by very carefully and take care of them, for the sparrows are chattering again, and I hear twitters about two weddings to come our way very soon, and we shall want our finery for them!

The family was so large it was decided this year to divide our forces and have big girls one day and the little ones the next. Accordingly invitations were sent to all our big girls for the 26th December, which were accepted by a hundred; and although painfully reminded of my own insignificance, no woman in Toronto had more cause to feel proud than myself as I looked around upon—no, among my family! There was Annie Prior, a whole head taller than most in the room, with her bright face, pleasant manners and good report, and taller still was Ruth Graham. Then came Rose Gyde, Gertrude and Beatrice Storr, Isabella Sewell, Lydia Elsom, Mabel Williamson, all of good size and character. Oh, but it would be impossible to speak of all and besides some of the smaller ones have even better records than their big sisters. I wished we could have taken a snap-shot once or twice. It was such a bright pleasing picture. The mustache was quite a feature in the evening

entertainment. Some sang, some recited, and they all did it so willingly and readily that, even if the performances were not just equal to those of professionals, they were fully appreciated and accepted in the spirit in which they were given.

For the children's party the programme was varied a little, and we had two tables across the dining-room; and it was a very pretty scene, with the flowers and fruit on the table and all the bright faces around. After a big feed of bread and butter, cake, fruit and candies, the tables were all cleared away and games at blind-man's-buff, musical chairs, etc., were the order of the day. Then came ice cream and more cake, and last, but not least, the bran-tub. Everyone received some little gift—a hair ribbon, handkerchief, soap doll or bottle of perfume, just to make the fun of having to dive for it; and everything seemed to be very thoroughly enjoyed. The greatest picnic was the next day; but the editor will be telling me my paper is too long, so we will leave that over "for want of space."

We cannot close, however, without a few words to express our appreciation of the kindness of those friends who were so unfiring in their kind helpfulness. To our constant friend, Miss Kennedy, who is always so ready to share our interests and lighten our labour; and Miss Mabel Godfrey, who was so kind and unselfish in helping with the programme (in fact, she undertook its whole arrangement), and her music added considerably to the brightness of the occasion; Miss Webb, who kindly acted as commissariat officer, with two or three helpers under her care, so that none of us had a chance to go hungry or thirsty, and the ice cream was liberally dispensed; and Miss Rowlatt, who, though a comparative stranger to most, added greatly to the success on both occasions by her kind helpfulness in each and every department—we wish to tender our most hearty thanks, and wish them all the best wishes possible for the New Year.