



cheerfully he salutes while a bomb is exploding just behind him! Perhaps the public does not recognize the shell, for it looks distressingly like a flask, and the color of his circular nose seems to confirm this libel. He stands very firmly on his tiny slab of wood, and though my littlest nephew shoots at him by the hour, Tommy absolutely refuses to topple. Not so the Kaiser, for once he unexpectedly tumbled off the mantel-piece, which resulted in a broken arm. I did not deplore the accident very much for the catastrophe seemed ominous. I even burnt the broken

arm in the grate, and gloated over the blaze like a witch in a fairy-tale.

The second best seller is the "Hoots Mon" or Highlander—a person filled with over-weening conceit, but the pride of his country in the regiment he represents has become so great that we love his arrogance. There is something about this little figure that makes every one want to laugh, but the smile may be followed by a tear if they recall the brave company of Highlanders as they marched in the first great military funeral in Canada of a gallant officer killed at "the front." There was a tear too in the