

"I'm not invited." At this Myra began to cry, and Holly running from his hiding place said, "Please sir, it was I who woke this little girl when I tried to kiss her, and she has taken all the blame in a most lady-like manner." "And she's not at all selfish," chimed in Mistletoe, because she gives her baby brother by far the biggest share of the bed. Look at him now, sir." "But I really know her the best," broke in Blaze, "she can't often afford to invite me in, but when she does, I notice that she always lets the other children sit around me, while she herself sits out in the cold." "Well, if this is true," said Santa Claus, "you deserve a merry Christmas, Myra." "Hurrah," shouted the three goblins, "hurrah, give her three wishes!" "Yes, she shall have three wishes," answered Santa Claus, "so come now Myra, first wish." "I would like a nice, big fairytale book for Polly." "Yes," said Santa Claus, "now, second wish." "And I would like a big dolly that goes to sleep, for Dottie," answered Myra. "Yes," said Santa Claus, "now for your last wish." "I would like a nice, red cloak for—no, no—a big, painted ball," sobbed Myra, "and, and it's for baby." "Bravo!" said Santa Claus, "Baby shall have his painted ball; here Holly, take this for baby's stocking." Holly darted away, then Santa Claus turned to Myra again, and throwing some of his magic sleeping powder in her eyes, said, "Good night Myra, and a Merry Christmas." Myra did not answer for she was asleep, neither did she hear the whispered "good nights" of the goblins as they departed. The sleeping dust had done its work well.

Early next morning when most little boys and girls were sleeping, Myra was suddenly awakened by loud shouts of "Myra, oh Myra, a happy Christmas, Myra," and rubbing her sleepy eyes Myra saw her two sisters standing beside her bed. "Look," cried Polly, "look what Santa Claus has left me!" and she showed to the wondering eyes of Myra the fairytale book she had wished for. Then in chimed little Dottie with, "And look at my big doll Myra, and it goes to sleep, too!" Then before Myra could answer both Polly and Dottie cried out together, "Look, Myra dear, what's on the end of your bed?—the red cloak you so wished for." And they handed her a beautiful red cloak, and inside she found this note: "From a very old friend who begs you never to forget him again." Poor Myra was so surprised that for a moment she could not answer. Then kissing her sisters she said, "So he did leave me it after all." Of course, Polly and Dottie didn't know what Myra meant by this, but they knew that she was happy, so they shouted, "Hurrah for Santa Claus, and a merry Christmas, a merry Christmas to everybody."

### Down and Out.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

He is old and bony, feeble and worn,  
With a halting gait and a drooping  
head;  
Day by day from the sunlit morn  
Till nightfall his plodding hoof-  
beats tread.

His driver a boy with an urging whip,  
Thoughtless, unconscious, with youth-  
ful zeal,  
Holding the reins with a jerking grip  
That pulls on the grinding bit of steel.

The crowd goes its idle or busy way;  
Who cares for a horse that is lame  
and old?  
There's never an hour in the busy day  
But one is beaten or one is sold.

The proud high-stepper, — ah, mark  
him well!  
Nor fail to note as you pass him by,  
His arching neck and his nostrils' swell,  
His pawing hoof and his flashing eye.

It may be the wreck that you see today  
Was once in a harness like his as  
bright;  
He may have stepped in the selfsame  
way,  
Proudly erect and with footstep light.

Yet someone sold him to be a slave;  
To be lashed, ill-treated, ill-fed;—  
no doubt  
Somebody loved him, sometime, but now  
He's just a horse that is down and out.  
—Our Dumb Animals.

### The Holy Three in Egypt.

BY M. WOELLWARTH.

When in Egypt lived the Three  
We call the Holy Family,  
All their humble dwelling round  
Lay a tiny strip of ground.  
Here Mary walked at eventide,  
With Child Jesus at her side,  
And where her robe's hem touched the  
earth

Sprang flowers white and blue to birth:  
Eastern poppies glowing shone—  
Flower lamps lit by the sun.  
'Tixt the low hills and the sky  
Snowy birds went fluttering by.  
When the last pale rays of light  
Were lost within the veil of night,  
Then those dear and holy Three  
Went to rest all silently—  
Mary close beside her sweet,  
Gentle Joseph at their feet.

Now the things without a soul  
Came gliding out from tree and hole—  
Desert eagle, flying bat,  
Leopard, lion, mouse, and rat;  
Shy wild goat and prancing kid  
Between the lynx and vulture slid;  
All the things that creep and run—  
Lizard, asp, chameleon—  
Round the house till break of day  
A strange and silent guard they lay.  
When morning tossed the gay sun up,  
A golden ball in sapphire cup,  
Oft Mary saw with wondering eyes  
Her little Son awake and rise.  
There He stood in short, white gown,  
Pink and flushed and golden brown.  
She watched Him cross the cottage floor,  
She watched Him slip out through the  
door;

And when the beasts saw Him advance,  
Each made a quaint obeisance.  
She saw His tiny hand thrust through  
The lion's mane, as though He knew  
His power to subjugate  
By love divine all fear and hate.  
The wild ass and the fox He led:  
A white dove fluttered round His head.  
The others softly followed Him  
Until He reached the desert rim;  
For where the desert-line began,  
He clasped His hands and off they ran.  
When from this entrancing game  
Back on dancing feet He came,  
Mary ran her Lord to meet,  
Kissed His robe, His hands, His feet;  
And often, when she sat apart,  
Pondered this thing in her heart.  
—From Ave Maria.

### A Christmas Story..

BY ALICE LYTLER.

"Hark, the herald angels sing," the  
choir voices rang out. "Peace on earth  
good will to men." The old Christmas  
carol died away, the echo sounding  
softly as the silvery haired pastor raised  
his hands and with voice trembling  
with emotion prayed for the struggling  
suffering world. With tears in his  
eyes he prayed for that lasting peace  
when good will would again reign among  
the children of men. With the closing  
"Amen", the congregation sank to  
their knees in silent prayer, and then,  
rising, went quietly from the church.

One tall woman dressed in deepest  
black walked proudly down the aisle,  
bowing coldly to some and passing others  
without even a glance.

Outside the snow fell silently, softly  
covering everything with a soft downy  
mantle. As the woman passed up  
the pathway leading to the large stone  
house she paused and looking around  
drank in the beauty of the scene. Post  
and pillar were soft with a clinging  
garment of white. Gently the branches  
of the old evergreen trees dipped and  
swayed with their snowy burden, send-  
ing little showers of snow with every  
movement. From the windows golden  
lights shone, making a ruddy haze through  
the falling snow. How quiet and peaceful  
it looked.

Mrs. Carlisle sighed heavily as she  
went up the broad steps. To-morrow  
would be Christmas Eve and she would  
spend it alone as she had spent the  
past five. Five years! How long ago  
it seemed since she and her son Derry  
had disagreed and he had gone angrily  
away. She had not written him to come  
back; at the end of two years she heard  
he was married. Through the same  
friend she had received the news of  
his elisting. Even then she had not  
written his wife, not till the deadening

word came that Derry, decorated with  
the Victoria Cross, was missing. Then  
the proud mother broke down, shutting  
herself up in her misery. When she  
could bear it she wrote Derry's wife  
exploring her to come, only to have the  
letter returned. Mrs. Carlisle had gone  
many weeks before, leaving no address.

Eagerly the mother scanned the paper,  
but months went by bringing no word,  
and finally she gave up all thought  
that Derry was alive.

No one knew how her heart ached  
when the men in khaki marched by,  
nor how she longed to take the boys  
by the hand and wish them God speed.  
The words of the carol still rang in her  
ears as she went slowly up the stairs.

Putting aside her wraps she stood long  
at the window. The snow had ceased  
to fall. Softly the city lights quivered  
and gleamed, while on all sides curling  
spirals of smoke showed against the  
deep blue of the sky. A merry jingle  
of bells roused her and she glanced  
down as a cutter flew by laden with  
parcels. To-morrow would be Christmas  
Eve. Why should she spend it alone?  
For a moment she stood frowning thought-  
fully and then raising her eyes she  
looked up smilingly at a splendid silver  
star, a twinkling silvery fairy of the sky.  
Still smiling she went slowly down the  
stairs. To-morrow would be different,  
yes, very different.

Calling her old housekeeper she gave that  
astonished person an order for the best  
Christmas dinner she could prepare.

"Get Sadie to help you Mary, I want  
the table arranged for twelve." She  
smiled at Mary's evident astonishment.  
"Tell John to bring the car round at  
seven to-night, I am going down town."  
"Yes, Mrs Carlisle; will you come to  
dinner now?" Mary was quite pleased  
with the prospect of "company" it  
would indeed be a welcome change from  
the quietness of the big house.

As the big car went rapidly down the  
street Mrs. Carlisle looked about with  
a new feeling in her heart. On every  
side people hurried by with arms laden  
with parcels.

Going from shop to shop she spent  
money lavishly. A large box of crimson  
roses was despatched to the pastor's  
home. A bunch of fragrant violets and  
dewy moss went to the old couple, lately  
from the country, who sat near her pew  
in church. Soft slippers and shawls  
went their way bearing good wishes. To  
the little woman who did her washing, she  
sent an immense goose, gayly decorated  
with sprays of holly and mistletoe. A  
Christmas tree and a load of glistening  
holly and fragrant flowers completed  
her purchase. Strangely content she  
turned towards home, tired but with a  
little smile on her lips.

"If Derry were only here!" the thought  
kept beating on her brain. Stifling a  
sigh she went into the house, her arms  
laden with parcels.

All next day with Mary and Sadie,  
she worked till the place was a perfect  
bower of loveliness. From the kitchen  
came faintly the sound of busy workers.  
All the guests had promised to come,  
cars calling for them.

Promptly twelve girlish figures were  
ushered in; these lonely girls whose  
thoughts were with the home folk so far  
away. So it was a happy party that sat  
around the beautifully arranged table.  
Always an ideal hostess, this time Mrs  
Carlisle surpassed herself.

Afterwards the laughing girls gathered  
about the glittering tree; the tallest one  
had been given the honor of taking off  
and distributing the parcels. With de-  
lighted cries they were opened, disclosing  
a box of bon bons and a quaint silver  
bracelet.

As the girls were talking and admiring  
the peculiar design of the bracelets which  
Mrs. Carlisle had explained as some  
peculiar Eastern charm of "Good Luck,"  
one of them came quietly forward and  
laid a huge bunch of golden-hearted  
roses in Mrs. Carlisle's arms.

Picking up the card she read, "The  
girls to whom you have given such hap-  
piness wish you all the peace and joy of  
the Christmas and New Year."

The last stroke of the big clock died  
away. The girls had gone an hour ago.  
Mrs. Carlisle sat looking into the glowing  
fire which sent rays of light across the  
polished floor. As she looked around her  
eyes rested on the glittering tree, now  
bright, as the light from the fire flashed  
on it, now dark and shadowy. How  
often the happy hearted Derry had  
danced around such another tree. Mrs.

Carlisle buried her face in her hands and  
as quickly raised it and started to her  
feet as the door bell rang sharply through  
the quiet house. As she stood holding  
back the heavy curtain Mary went  
quickly to the door but paused as a  
strange little sound came to them. Again  
the soft knocking as of baby hands  
pounding on the big door. "Open it,  
Mary,"—Mrs. Carlisle was strangely  
excited.

As the heavy door swung back, a tiny  
figure all in red, with golden curls, stepped  
in and stood blinking in the light. Then  
catching sight of the tall woman held up  
its little arms and lippled with baby voice  
"Merry Tismas Gama."

In a moment Mrs. Carlisle had the  
little one in her arms. Mary looked on  
in bewilderment but stepped back with a  
startled cry as a girlish figure and a tall  
one in khaki came softly forward.

"Derry, my son, my son!" again and  
again she repeated the words as she held  
him in her arms.

Late in the night they sat and talked,  
Derry telling over again the story of his  
miraculous escape from the enemy, how  
he had been wounded and had lain uncon-  
scious for days and was now home,  
honorably discharged.

Little Billy had been carried upstairs  
and tucked in his father's little crib.  
Mrs. Carlisle would allow no hands but  
hers carry the sleepy baby and cover him  
softly.

The telephone had been called into  
use. She had been fortunate in getting  
the big store before it closed and, late as  
it was, a load of parcels was delivered.

Derry and Jean had arranged the tree  
for its second donation, and had laughed  
happily as the beaming grandmother  
handed a motley array of childish toys  
to be tied on.

As Mrs. Carlisle knelt by her bed  
breathing out words of thankfulness, the  
chimes from a distant church pealed out  
a Christmas carol. In her heart echoed  
the sweet refrain, "Peace on earth, good  
will to men."

### The Windrow

Not only Belgian but also Polish people  
are being deported to Germany to work.  
For months the *Kurier Lodski* has been  
protesting against the deportation.

Most of the great writers of Britain  
have seen the war at first hand. H. G.  
Wells is now getting a glimpse of it in the  
Trentino (Italy); John Masefield saw its  
horrors on the Gallipoli Peninsula; Hugh  
Walpole has been continuously with the  
Russian Red Cross on the eastern battle  
line; Conan Doyle has been on "three  
fronts."

British nurses, going to Serbia, have cut  
off their hair, for greater convenience and  
time-saving. The two field hospitals and  
transport, now with the Serbians, are  
staffed exclusively by women who do  
everything, even to the grave-digging.

All bird lovers will rejoice to know that a  
treaty has been entered into between the  
United States and Great Britain to pro-  
tect migratory birds in this country and  
Canada. By three great highways the  
birds and the waterfowl pass back and  
forth between the two countries. One is  
along our Eastern Atlantic coast, another  
is by way of the land included in the  
Mississippi valley, the other is the Pacific  
slope west of the Rocky Mountains.

There is also a northern, or breeding zone,  
and a southern, or wintering zone. While  
in passage, and while in the north or in the  
south, our migratory insectivorous birds  
will have the protection of both govern-  
ments, the game birds also will be pro-  
tected under laws and regulations agreed  
upon.

The last two or three years have been  
wonderful years for the birds in the way of  
the legal protection obtained for them. On  
the one hand economy, claiming that  
toward a billion dollars a year is lost to the  
farmers because of insect pests, which the  
birds, if not destroyed, might largely have  
cared for, and on the other hand the  
sportsman, seeking protection for game  
birds that he may still have his hunting  
season, have joined with the real lovers of  
birds to bring this about. Wise men have  
long insisted that from the point of view of  
economy alone, the protection of our  
birds would ultimately arouse, as it has,  
the interest of the nations.

—Our Dumb Animals.

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