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THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

VOL. IV.,

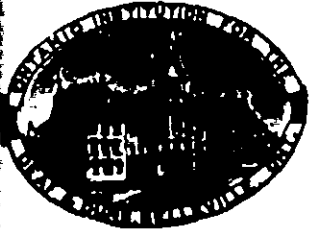
BELLEVILLE, CHRISTMAS, 1895.

NO. 12.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,

CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

THE HON J. M. GIBSON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:

DR T. J. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent
MATHISON, M. A.	Bursar.
BAKIN, M. D.	Physician.
IRAHILL, WALKER.	Matron.

Teachers:

COLMAN, M. A.	MR. J. O. TERRILL.
(Head Teacher)	MISS M. TEMPLETON.
MR. C. BALLE, B.A.	MISS M. M. OGDON.
MCKILLOP.	MISS MARY HULL.
CAMPBELL.	MISS FLORENCE MATHEW.
F. BERWANT.	MRS. SYLVIA L. BALLE.
	MISS ADA JAMES.
	MISS GEORGINA LIND.

MRS. GIBSON, Teacher of Articulation.

MRS. MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

MRS. J. F. WILKS, Teacher of Drawing.

MR. N. MERVILLE.	JOHN T. HURKS,
Printer and Typewriter.	Instructor of Printing

MR. DICKSON.	J. MIDDLEMASS,
Receiver of Accounts,	Engineer
Supervisor	

MR. O. KEITH.	JOHN DOWRIE,
Director of Boys, etc.	Master Carpenter

MR. M. DEMPSEY,	D. CUNNINGHAM,
Director, Supervisor	Master Baker
of Girls, etc.	

MR. W. NUNN,	THOMAS WILLS,
Master Shoemaker.	Gardener.

MICHAEL O'MEARA, Farmer.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province who are on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly two months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to do so, will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance. All other expenses will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for tuition, will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the Sewing Machine, and such ornamental and fancy work as may be suitable.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal aid offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and ends the third Wednesday in June of each year. For information as to the terms of admission of pupils, etc., will be given upon application to the letter or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,

Superintendent

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DISTRIBUTED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED. Mail matter to go out is put in boxes in office door will be sent to the post office at noon and 2.45 p.m. in each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive any matter at post office for delivery, for any fee, unless the same is in the locked bag.



Father's Christmas Presents.

THAT WERE USEFUL TO THE FAMILY, AND HE SAW LITTLE OF THEM.

We were talking about Christmas presents, the girls and mother and I, when father came in. Then we changed the subject just a little bit, because it was father's presents we were discussing. Father sat down by the stove and rubbed his hands—he had just been out to the barn—and a queer expression slowly settled upon his features.

"Say, mother, Ned and the girls," he said, "I don't want you to get me any presents. 'Tain't no use, you know."

"Why, father," said Lena in an aggrieved voice, "we always get you useful presents, don't we? I don't myself believe in things that are not useful."

Father's eyes twinkled. "Yes," he said, "but I think that they are sometimes a little too useful, you know."

Nell shrugged her shoulders impatiently, but mother said: "Let father have his joke. What is it this time, father?"

The old gentleman having warmed his hands, settled himself back comfortably in his big chair, and his eyes twinkled more than ever.

"Well, let's see," he went on in a ruminating manner. "Do you remember the dozen hemstitched handkerchiefs that you gave me last Christmas, Leny? I guess I used one of them just once. Some way or other," with a genial, impartial glance at the company, "Leny and Nell have been using of them, and I've been using of Leny and Nell's old torn ones. He, he! I don't know just how 'twas, but it's a fact. Then Ned do you remember the compass you got me for a birthday present last June? It was a nice little compass, and I guess a feller about your size thought so, too, for he's been using of it ever since. Then, let's see, there was the silk handkerchief that mother gave me at birthday, and I put it away choice-like, and the first thing I know Leny was wearing it inside her jacket. Yes, my presents are all useful, a loote but too useful, mebbe. See the point, don't you?"

Father's next presents had his name written on each of them, and now of us over again thoughtlessly used the dear old man's things.

Not What It Used to Be.

Two small boys were standing in a door-way with their hands in their pockets as the reporter waited for a cat and overheard them talking as follows:—

"Say, Jimmy, I got trun down pretty hard—nothink but a little red box of bum candy and a piteer book as ain't fit fur no little sator to cut dolls out er. Dat's all I got fur six weeks' a-hustlin' tru me brekfus every Sunday mornin' and walkin' six blocks to dat Sunday skule at Forty-seventh street and den hurryin' tru me dinner to get to t'other one up by Sixtieth. Tings ain't wot dey wuz. I used ter get?—"

"Is dat all yer got?" broke in the other, with a chuckle. "I went to t'ree and ivry one uv 'em gimme a big box o' good gundrops and sich things and a book. Dat's t'ree books and t'ree boxes, and only been to one o' them skules four weeks, and dat skule dun the best—gimme a book all about fightin' wid red covers."

"Jis' my luck. Where did you get om?" "Over to dat place nex' Brady's ou' Leventh avenoo in de mornin' and clear down ter Thirty-fif' street in de afternoon, and I had ter hunt, I kin tell yer, fur one as was open evenin's, but a feller in skule tole o' one where they does think slich up in de Seventies, and I trade it fur four weeks, and deys de ones gimme de book about fightin'."

"Let's you and me work pard's nex' year, eh? We kin work t'ree or four each and divvy."

"I guess if de ting's worked right dere's a good deal in it. I"—

But here came the car along.



Christmas.

Breaking on the twilight stillness—
Listen to the Christmas chiming—
They have brought the same glad tidings—
More than eighteen hundred times—
Peace on earth.

Let the bells ring out the joy of the nations
Jesus, the babe of the manger, is King
He is the highest who once was the lowest,
Let all the children be joyful and sing—
Peace and good will, strife shall be still,
The babe of the manger is King.

Ring, ye bells! 'tis sweet to listen
Ring, ye friends outside the door
Echoes of that wondrous music
That was heard in days of yore
Dress the house with holly
Let the bright red berries shine
While we celebrate the birth-night
Of our gracious Lord divine.

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep—
"God is not dead! nor doth he sleep!"
The Wrong shall fall, the Right prevail!
With peace on earth, good will to men!

Longfellow



A Merry Christmas---to Rich and Poor.

A Merry Christmas, one and all
Rich and poor, large and small,
To north, to south, to east, to west
In every land where Christ is great
A Merry, Merry Christmas!

Christmas is the world's holiday. Other holidays are local, and are mostly memorials in the history of the country where they are observed, but Christmas is more ancient and honorable, it belongs to no one nationality, but its fame and observance are as extended as Christ-anity, the birthday of which it celebrates. All through the ages, since angelic song-sters announced to the wondering shepherds, watching their flock by night on the plains of Judea, the advent of a Saviour, this festival, the birthday of a world redeemed, has been commemorated with mirth and song. The day has been considered in the double light of a

holy commemoration and a cheerful festival.

It appears to us of the northern temperate zone that Christmas comes at an ideal season of the year. How much of custom there is in this fancy, we cannot tell; but how superlatively fitting it is that Christmas is ushered in with the jingle of sleighbells and the merry ring of the skates. Winter has only just come, and the holidays give us space to bid him welcome. The day might have fallen later when the hoary old fellow has worn out his welcome and we are beginning to think eagerly of the milder air and crinkled buds of spring, but the Yule tide is not so badly timed. The tree lighted up by the household fires, the roasting of nuts the round games, the trying of home oracles, would be tame if placed at the wrong season; but they come at the very nick of time. Our fellow colonists in Australia must eat their Christmas pudding with their frock greens, and they are to be profoundly pitied. They lose all the radiant literature of Europe, full of Christmas frolics by fireside, over snow fields and on the glittering bosom of sealed streams, they lose all the memories of the past Christmas that live again under the merriment of the new, they are indeed to be pitied.

Kris Kringle in Germany.

Throughout the German fatherland prevails the belief in the Krist Kindloin, or Christ Child, who rewards with gifts the faithful children who love their parents and believe in God. On Christmas eve each household assembles at dinner, and when the candles are lit the father of the family watches the shadows on the wall, for if any one should have his or her shadow obscured by that of another object, that is to be unlucky. If the children sit down in odd numbers, that is also unlucky, and it will not do to fill up the number with strangers or near relatives. Dinner being over, the children retire into a dark room and guess at the presents they are to receive. Soon the parents open the door and say, "The Christ child has visited you," upon which the children come forth to gaze upon their gift-decked Christmas tree. —New York World.



SLY SANTA CLAUS.

BY MRS. S. C. STONE.

All the house was asleep,
 And the fire burning low,
 When from far up the chimney,
 Came down a "Ho! ho!"
 And a little round man,
 With a terrible scratching,
 Dropped into the room
 With a wink that was catching.
 Yes, down he came, bumping,
 And thumping, and jumping,
 And picked himself up without sign of a bruise!

"Ho! ho!" he kept on,
 As if bursting with cheer,
 "Good children, gay children,
 Glad children, see here,
 I have brought you fine dolls,
 And gay trumpets, and rings,
 Noah's arks, and bright skates,
 And a host of good things!
 I have brought a whole sackful,
 A packful, a hackful
 Come hither, come hither, come hither and choose.

Ho! ho! What is this,
 Why, they are all asleep
 But their stockings are up,
 And my presents will keep!
 So, in with the candies,
 The books, and the toys,
 All the goodies I have
 For the good girls and boys.
 I'll ram them, and jam them,
 And slam them, and cram them,
 All the stockings will hold while the tired creatures
 snooze.

Ho! ho! How they'll laugh
 When they open their eyes!
 Ha! ha! How I wish
 I could see their surprise!
 But I'll give one a kiss
 And I then must be off!
 He! he! Little puss,
 Does my breath make you cough?
 Don't worry; I'll skurry,
 Be off in a hurry;
 So you all may sleep on while I finish my cruise."

Kept ducking and ducking;
 And his little, fat fingers
 Kept tucking and tucking,
 Until every stocking
 Bulged out on the wall,
 As if it were bursting,
 And ready to fall.
 And then, all at once,
 With a whisk and a whistle,
 And twisting himself
 Like a tough bit of gristle,
 He bounced up again,
 Like the down of a thistle,
 And nothing was left but the prints of his shoes.



Christmastide.

...all man with silvery hair... black eyes and a rosy, red face... the little maid... the little man... the little child...

The Christ-Child.

A long long time ago, on the night of Christmas, a little child wandered down up and down the streets of a large city... The payments were snowy and icy... The child had on neither shoes nor stockings... The little child ran up the broad steps and tapped softly at the door...

the three children close to her, and told them of the little Christ Child that was born so long ago on Christmas morning... But when the sweet voice had finished the story, behold the light in the room had grown brighter... "Childron," said the mother softly, "I believe we have had the real Christ Child with us to night..."

Christmas Holly.

No one can tell when holly was first used for Christmas decorating, though it was certainly at or soon after the Christian era... Indeed it may have been long before, for some of the traditions concerning it have an appearance of antiquity about them that cannot be ignored... Thus it is said that holly is or was a sacred tree to destroy which was to insure disaster...

Economizing for Christmas

There is a touch of humor in the petty economies practiced by many men for several weeks before Christmas... The man who has been accustomed to costly lunches and who invariably bestows a substantial tip upon the waiter, about this time of the year is likely to affect a liking for a luncheon consisting of a sandwich and a piece of pie... He does not smoke quite so many cigars as formerly and convinces himself that a less expensive weed is quite as satisfactory as his favorite brand...

What Christ Taught.

Before Christ came men did not know God. They did not understand his fatherhood and affection... They had all along supposed that whoever would enjoy God's favor must purchase it in some way, and so before the coming of Christ men crouched and trembled before God as though he were an almighty tyrant and they worshipped before him with sacrifices of slavish fear...

A Christmas Stocking.

Dear Santa Claus, I wrote little Will in letters truly shocking... I've been a good boy... I want a drum to make pa sick... I want a powder gun to shoot light at my sister Annie... I want a pony I can race...

The Era of the Incarnation.

The day we celebrate as the birthday of Jesus commemorates the greatest event in the history of time... It was upon this day, if we allow that the world has fixed upon the correct date, the Word was made flesh and began to dwell among us... It was upon this day that He who was in the form of God, and who thought it not robbery to be equal with God took upon Himself the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men...

Hit of Pathos at Christmastide.

There is a little girl of six who has proved herself one of the ministering children not in name only... A few weeks before the baby of the family died... The children as well as the mother had looked forward to hanging up the baby's stocking at Christmas with a great deal of pleasure... "Mamma, isn't there any Christmas in heaven?" "Yes, darling," answered the weeping mother, "it is always Christmas there..."

Christmas Observance.

Properly or improperly, the observance of Christmas is well nigh universal in Christendom, even among those that ignore the anniversaries of our Lord's death and resurrection and of the descent of the Holy Spirit... There is another curious fact, the celebration of Christmas has been oftener perverted than that of any other festival... To be good and disagreeable is high treason against the royalty of virtue... It is not as much what a man thinks as what he does that makes his place in the world.

Christmas Jingles.

The problem that is causing Old Santa's worried look is how to show up in good shape with a flattened pocket-book... Though boughs by bitter winds are tossed The cold never chills our glee It always takes a little frost To sprout a Christmas tree... Winter o'er the smiling land His cold bleak way has wended, And Christmas time is almost here— The football season's ended...

Christmas Observances.

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" was an old English greeting shouted from window to street and from street back to window again, but the Christmas tree, so dear to childish hearts, is undoubtedly of German origin, while the Christmas stocking comes from Belgium or France... The original significance of the Christmas tree is apt to be overlooked in these later days... The mistletoe bough has also a bit of history back of its pretty sentiment... St. Nicholas—the patron saint of the Yuletide—is the Santa Claus of Holland, the Samiklaus of Switzerland and the Sonner Klaus of Heligoland... In many parts of Switzerland, Germany and the Netherlands, he distributes his presents on St. Nicholas eve—the 6th of December—instead of Christmas eve... In some places in Bolivia, they use the manger as the receptacle for the presents which the Christ-Child brings, and they picture him as coming in a golden chariot drawn, by milk-white horses... In Alsace the Christ-Child is represented—strange to say—by a young maiden dressed in white, with hair of lamb's wool hanging about her shoulders, her face whitened by flour and a crown of gilt paper set around with burning tapers... The idea of feasting as a feature of the Christmas season prevails to such an extent, that in Norway offerings of little cakes are made through holes picked in the ice, to the Spirit of the Waters; and in staid old Devonshire, on Christmas Eve, the farmers wash all the apple trees in the orchards, wishing the trees all health and happiness... "Peace on earth, good will toward men," is prettily illustrated in the Scandinavian custom of shining the shoes of the entire household, great and small, and setting them close together in a row, so that during the year the family may live together in peace and harmony... In Poland, it is believed that on Christmas night the heavens are opened and the scene of Jacob's ladder is reenacted; that the angels go and come at will on the golden spout between heaven and earth, visiting their loved ones and comforting the poor and lonely.



THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Year, six or eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

OUR MISSION.

First.—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second.—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf-mute subscribers.

Third.—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils, now in the institution, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postage stamps, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted—if we know it.

ADVERTISING

A very limited amount of advertising, subject to approval, will be inserted at 25 cents a line for each insertion.

Address all communications and subscriptions to

THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO



WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1896.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

TO OUR READERS.

We wish all our readers
"A Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year."

Christmas Time.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will towards men.

So sings the poet and so should sing each heart at this happy Christmas time, when joy and love and peace permeate the very atmosphere. Herein lies the significance and the utility of this festival. Some people deprecate these celebrations as being childish and absurd. Absurd they are not, but childish they may be, and it would be well for all of us if we would more frequently indulge in such childishness. For after all the child is the central figure in human life; Christmas is celebrated in honor of the Christ-Child; and to be tender, kind, hospitable and gently affectionate to the child, to enter into its joys and to recall again our own childish feelings on this same festival would be to warm the whole household of society into a spirit of mutual helpfulness, and to breathe kindness into our whole life. There is a special fitness, an essential appropriateness and a practical utility in our Christmas celebration. We come nearer to each other, we see the show of kindness in our gifts to each other, and even if the act is not prompted by the feeling of love and good will, the feeling will be produced by the act. It is a law of chemistry that matter cannot be destroyed. It may change its form but not its existence. It is a law of physics that energy also is never wasted, though its form and direction may be altered. And

we know that every unit of force that we expend or that is put forth by the mighty forces of nature is all conserved. None is lost, it is all stored up and accumulated for future use. And the same law applies, but with intensive force, in the spiritual realm. Not one kindly act, not one loving thought is ever lost, but adds to the sum total of the good that is in the universe. Hence the love that is in the world is a little larger after each Christmas Day. "Good will to men" is the key note of the song that was the lullaby of His manger cradle and the melodious harmony of his life. Good will to men has rung out from steeples and towers every Christmas Day since; and though men have been slow to learn the lesson, yet on every Christmas Day some bitterness has been allayed, some enmity lessened, some harsh judgments reversed, and so, gradually but surely, good will to men has become or is becoming the great animating principle of human intercourse.

Let us all enter fully into the spirit of this festival. Let this new governing force become the motive of our life, and as the coming of Christ was the noblest instance of self-sacrificing love the world has ever known, let us give evidence of our appreciation thereof by making some sacrifice for others, for thus only can we enter into the real spirit and realize the truest joy of this happy Christmas time.

Oh, sing a-down the ages rolled,
Oh, song that never can be told
Oh, Christ-Child, born the world to bless,
And show the way to happiness.
May we, like shepherds, to Thy feet
Bring love, the gift of all most meet
And worship there, while singing still
Of "Peace on earth, to men good-will."

FOR THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Quarter of a Century Ago.

(By Wm. Kay Old Springs, one of the old boys.)

As the Ontario Institution was twenty-five years old on the 20th of last October, I thought it might be of some interest to your readers to know how the first Christmas was celebrated there. I was only eleven years old then, but if I remember right, I will describe it. Before I start with the subject, I would like to write a few lines about my own observations after I had been admitted, which occurred toward the close of November. I was so agreeably surprised to see nearly all the familiar faces of my old Hamilton classmates—twenty pupils then, five of which were new ones, besides one from the old Clitham school, namely Mr. McKillop, now teacher at the Institution. There were four teachers, two from the old Hamilton school and two from the States, whose names will appear later. For the time being the boys' sitting-room was used for school purposes, furnished with three tables, chairs, benches and a slate case. One table nearest the door at the left side was occupied by the late Mr. Greene's class, one at the north-east corner, by Mr. Coleman's and lastly in the middle toward the east side, by the late Mr. McGann's and Mrs. Terrill's. Before and after school hours, the pupils simply left the tables and ranged themselves in line for prayer. On Sunday afternoons the services were held in the same room, the seats having been arranged for the general occupants.

The main building stood solitary, with the lodge at the front gate, and the old brick stable in the back yard yonder. The rooms between the main hall and the girls' side hall were occupied by Dr. Palmer and his family. The lawn was barren, with only one gravel road running direct from the gate to the spot where the fountain now is, and which was larger than it is, and the late Mr. Greene turned it into a good skating-rink when the first winter set in.

Now about Christmas. In fact I always will remember as long as my

memory lasts that it fell on Sunday, and so it was quite a dull day for us, but we were really promised a grand treat on Thursday evening, the 20th. When everything was in readiness, the invited guests arrived and first partook of the grand supper, along with the officers and teachers in the dining-room, which was the size of the chapel then, only one range of tables being laid lengthwise, covered with nice things of the confectionary style. The pupils next sat down numbering about 40, not more than 50 any way, and after Dr. Palmer briefly addressed them, the guests stood around in groups talking or looking smilingly at the progress of the slaughter. Then the whole party proceeded to the boys' sitting room, where they beheld a pretty scene to the surprise and delight of the little ones who had been so mystified as to what was going on there, for the room was prettily decorated with overgreens and illuminated with numberless candles, a large pine tree standing near the door at the left side, whose top might have touched the ceiling, was heavily laden with fruits, bags of candies, and presents out of Santa Claus' never-failing generosity. The distribution became general and soon the happy faces of the children covered with wreaths of smiles were observed around. The party passed the evening whatever way they could to amuse themselves, until a late hour, when they finally broke up. And now I really wish you and all a Merry Christmas.

The Fairy's New Year's Gift.

Two little boys were at play one day when a fairy suddenly appeared to them and said: "I have sent you a New Year present."

She handed to each child a package, and, at the same instant was gone.

Carl and Philip opened the packages and found the same thing in each—a beautiful book with white pages as pure, white and beautiful as the snow when it first falls.

After a long time the fairy came again to the boys. "I have brought you each a new book," she said, "and will take back the others to Father Time, who sent them to you."

"May I not keep mine a little longer?" said Philip; "I have hardly thought about it lately. I'd like to paint something on this last page that lies open."

"No," said the fairy, "I must take it just as it is."

"I wish I could look through mine just once!" said Carl. "I have only seen one page at a time; for when a leaf turns over it sticks fast, and I never can open the book at more than one place."

"You shall look over your book," said the fairy, "and Philip his." And she lit for each of them a little silver lamp, by the light of which they saw the pages as she turned them.

The boys looked in wonder. Could it be that this was the same fair book she had given them a year ago? Where were the pure bright pages, as pure, white, and beautiful as the snow when it first falls? Here is a page with ugly black blotches and scratches upon it; while the very next page has a lovely little picture. Some pages were decorated with gold and silver and gorgeous colors, others with beautiful flowers, and others still with a rainbow of softest, most delicate brightness. Yet on the most beautiful pages were those ugly blotches and scratches.

"Who did this?" they asked. "Every page was white and fair as we opened it, yet now there is not a single clean page in the whole book!"

"Shall I explain some of the pictures to you?" said the fairy, smiling at the two boys. "See, Philip, the spray of roses blossomed on this page when you let the baby have your playthings; and this pretty bird that looks so cunning and as if it were singing with all its might, would never have been on this page if you had not tried to be kind and pleasant the other day instead of quarreling."

"But what makes this blot?" asked Philip.

"That," said the fairy sadly, "that came when you told an untruth the other day; and this when you did not mind mamma. All these blotches and scratches that look so ugly both on your book and on Carl's, were made when you were naughty in any way and did not obey your mamma or papa or your teacher. Each pretty thing on your book came on the page when you were

Hang up the Baby's Stocking

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure that you don't forget
The dear little dimpled darling,
He never saw Christmas yet
But I have told him all about it,
And he opened his big black
And I am sure he understands
He looked so funny and wise.

Dear dear, what a tiny stocking,
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold
But then, for the baby's Christmas
It never will do at all
Why, Santa Claus won't be asked
For any thing half so small.

I know what we'll do for the baby,
I have thought of the very best;
We will borrow a stocking of gram,
The longest that ever was made,
And you will hang it by mine door,
Right here in the corner,
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking,
That hangs in the corner here
You never have seen him, Santa
For he only comes this year
But he is just the bluest of babies,
And now, before you go,
Just cram his stocking with goods,
From the top clear down to the toe."

good, and each blot when you were naughty."

"Oh! if we could only have the books again," said Carl and Philip.

"That cannot be," said the fairy.

"See! they are marked '1895' and they must now go back into Father Time's bookcase; but I have brought you each a new one. Perhaps you can make these more beautiful than the others."

No saying, she vanished, and the boys were left alone; but each held in his hand a new book, open at the first page. And on the back of this book was "1896." It was the book of the New Year.—EMILIE POTTS.

The Children's Christmas.

The home without children loses its charm at Christmas time, for Christmas is really the children's day. But often the children are crowded back for invited guests, and it is made a great holiday, that ends with a tired, cross, mother and disappointed little ones. It is worthy any amount of work and self-sacrifice on the mother's part, to make the day a glad, joyous one for the children; they never forget their own Christmas days and a bright memory will be to them a valued possession after years. Let the home at this time be full of music, flowers, Christmas green and an abundance of cheerfulness. Let the children do their part in the preparations to be made. They are never so happy as when preparing their own little surprises, and helping to decorate the home with Christmas greens and the red berries that are so plentiful in the country. If one has limited means great care should be exercised in the buying of the children's presents. It often happens that a child desires something that the parents cannot afford; and they will deny themselves the needed article of clothing in order to gratify this wish. This is wrong. It should be explained to the child that what it asks for is beyond the family purse; it will understand and cheerfully choose something in reach.

Set apart an hour or so in the afternoon for the children to spend in doing some kind act for a sick child or doing something for the pleasure of one less fortunate than themselves. Let them learn by practice the blessedness of giving. Nothing contributes more to the happiness of children than a Christmas tree. The tree should be made bright with tinsel, tuffs of cotton sprinkled with crystal powder, and strings of cranberries and pop-corn. Nothing heavy should be put on the tree but arranged around the base. The floor under the tree should be covered with white cotton flannel, laid in folds to represent snow and the tree should be well lighted. A good way to finish the evening is with innocent games, and you will find that the little hearts are glad and happy, you will feel paid for your time, trouble and small expense. Word and Works.

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And Willie's Prayer.

DOMESTIC EXCITATION.

And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer. "Don't we dot up and prayed just as well as we could."

And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer. "Don't we dot up and prayed just as well as we could."

CHRISTMAS IN PALACES.

Now the Glad Season comes to the Boys and Girls of Royalty--When the Princess Dances with the Butler and Santa Claus drives in at the second story window.

Contrary to general belief, the children of royalty are not brought up amid luxurious surroundings. In all the courts of Europe the English method of early training prevails, which in addition to much bodily exercise and certain decided notions of dress, imposes abstinence from many good things at table.

The sons and daughters of the Prince of Wales had to be content with fruit and a bowl of milk, or milk, bread and marmalade for their breakfast, until they were twelve years old, and the Kaiser's youngsters sit up in bed when their father and mother go to a party, waiting for their return, in the hope of finding some sweetmeats in their pockets, so food are they of the forbidden fruit which their parents allow them only on rare occasions. True, court etiquette prescribes that persons of the blood royal should never be without a little pocket money in order that they may be able to respond to requests of the poor at a moment's notice, and thereby enhance the popularity of the crown, but there is a string attached to these allowances. The young princes and princesses must keep track of all expenses, and have their governor or governess' permission before they spend a cent.

When royalty was still looked upon as a divine institution, things were quite different with the young scions of kingly houses. The dauphin of France, for instance, was attended on all public and private occasions by a youngster of his own age, who was punished for whatever act of naughtiness his royal highness might commit. If the crown prince ate too much pie, this coddle boy had to fast; if the future king slapped his teacher's face, his unhappy comrade got a thrashing.

In our days progressive democracy and good sense have done away with substitutes for royal offenders; the young men and women of Europe who are destined to grace a throne or march at the head of a million armed men, are taught when in knickerbockers and short frocks the wholesome lessons of obedience, frugality, and moderation in all things, and as a consequence possess the charm, the unaffected simplicity, and the jolly dispositions of plain boys and girls, lovable for their own sakes.

Small gifts are appreciated in an imperial nursery as much as in that of the cottage or town house, and Santa Claus is as heartily welcomed in the one as in the other.

Think of Queen Victoria sending her fifty-six descendants such things as silk dresses, military uniforms, Irish linen, school books, furs, warm wraps, and harness for Christmas presents! These things, the reader will say to himself, are requisite to make every day life enjoyable; princess and princesses surely cannot stand in need of articles of that sort.

But they do, thanking "Grandma" and "Aunt Vicky" heartily for her consideration. For the royal children of England and Germany and Russia are brought up with the strictest economy in the matter of dress--no matter how lavish their parents might be--and the queen's gifts often than not fill a long felt want in the youngster's cupboards and trunks.

Her majesty's grandchildren and great grandchildren living in England, always celebrate Christmas at Sandringham, the Prince of Wales' magnificent country seat, where there is a sort of family reunion. This year the little son of the Duke of York and Princess May, baby Edward Albert, who reaches on December 23rd the ripe age of eighteen months, will be the center of attraction and attention, for is he not the future king of England and emperor of India, and son of the most popular woman in all Great Britain? True, according to the Almanac de Gotha, he stands third

in succession, but Englishmen have long given up hope of seeing the Prince of Wales on the throne. Victoria has reigned fifty eight years, and many think she will outlive her oldest son. Little Edward's father is now in his thirtieth year. The average duration of the reigns of British rulers has been twenty-two years.

Edward Albert is a lusty youngster, healthy in body and mind, to which fact the greatest medical authorities of old England have recently testified. Many youthful aunts and uncles of the little boy will have their Christmas tree in the great hall of Sandringham, as well as Queen Victoria's second son, now the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg, will send his youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice, a very stylish young lady of eleven, from Germany to her old home to play with her cousins of Coanaught, Princess Margaret, Prince Arthur, and Princess Victoria, thirteen, fourteen and nine years old respectively, and with the children of the late Duke of Albany, Princess Alice, and Prince Leopold, who are about the same age. The Duchess of Fife, eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, will also be among the favored guests at Sandringham, with her two young children, and of course the Battenberg youngsters, whose mother is Princess Beatrice, the queen's youngest daughter, will be of the party.

The Sandringham Christmas is now famous all over England as a quaint, old fashioned affair, entirely devoid of modern frills and "improvements," so called. The old folks take a back seat, and all hands join in making the children and servants happy. The host of Christmas trees that will light up the great hall--each baby or child will have his or her own--will be a treat to the eyes and a delight to all, not only to the youthful beholders, but to the tenants and neighbors of the beautiful estate as well, who look upon an invitation to the yuletide fete at the castle as their right-ful perquisite.

On the second day of the festival there will be a ball in the servant's hall, which is usually opened by the Prince of Wales at the side of the chief butler, with the Prince conducting the house-keeper. All the children join in, and the older boys try to show off their gallantry.

At the German court, too, Santa Claus will find plenty of work for his voluminous sleigh and six, for he may drive his gallant reindeers to the very entrance of the great festival rooms, the famous White Hall. Although situated in the second story of the Berlin palace, it may be reached by a sloping terrace. No fewer than fifteen trees will grace that mighty state apartment this year, seven for his majesty's own youngsters; three for the children of the Empress' sister, Princess Frederic Leopold, one for the baby son of Princess Victoria of Prussia, the Kaiser's youngest sister; one for a son of Prince Albrecht, regent of Brunswick, and three for the little family of the hereditary prince of Hohenzollern.

His majesty of Germany is very fond of light effects and gorgeous decorations and the Christmas trees which he annually builds up look like properties from fairyland, but there the lavishness ends. The boys will receive new uniforms, a few suits of clothes, books, and toys, the latter calculated to aid the little ones in their military studies, and the baby princesses may find a profusion of finery in and around her little stockings; but compared with the Christmas offerings made to the majority of the children of the American millionaires, the display of gifts will be almost paltry, though to the frugally brought up youngsters it will look magnificent enough.

Perhaps less gorgeous, but not less hearty, will be the Christmas celebrations in the reigning families of the other German states and principalities. The prince regent of Bavaria welcomes seven nephews, nieces, and grandchildren; the king of Saxony has two youngsters to look after on this occasion; in Darmstadt four little sons and daughters of the Prince of Battenberg will dance around the Christmas tree, and in Mecklenburg the same performance will be executed by six little boys and girls.

The imperial family of Austria, like that of Great Britain, holds its annual reunion on Christmas day, when the spacious Vienna Hofburg is thrown open wide for the reception of the numerous prince and princesses of that powerful house, the generous emperor and empress having their hands full remembering all corners.

First among the welcome guests is their majesty's youngest daughter, Marie Valerie, the wife of Archduke

Francis Salvator and the happy mother of a girl of three, and two boys still younger. Seven princess and princesses belonging to the Archduke Frederic, will come to wish their grandparents long life and happiness, and they in turn will be reinforced by the five children of the Archduke Carl Stephan, and the ten boys and girls who call the Grand Duke of Tuscany "papa."

But the procession does not end there. The Archduke Leopold, on his part, contributes to the list of grandchildren, grand nephews, and grand nieces, two pretty daughters, and his example is followed by Archduke Joseph, formerly palatine of Hungary. As the emperor is one of the richest monarchs in the world and very generous, it goes without saying that his little friends will find their silk stockings bulging with costly presents.

To insure this, each child will light during the night preceding Christmas three windows of the palace so that the Christ child, when making his rounds, shall not pass by and forget them.

Little Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, has her cousins, the daughters of the Prince of Wied, to keep her company at the old palace at The Hague on all festive occasions, and the presence of these children, young, lovely, and well educated, fills the queen mother's heart with joy for, like herself, they are German to the core, and revive the memories of her majesty's own girlhood.

The Holland Santa Claus is styled "Saint Nicholas," and travels about on a white steed supposed to sport an enormous appetite. Every child, expecting to profit by Saint Nicholas' visit, places his or her shoes filled with hay and oats on the hearth Christmas Eve, for the horse must have his mouthful before the bringer of gifts unlooses his knapsack's string. The good old man's bounty is always deposited in the dining room, and his little friends must look for it immediately after rising, as a failure to get up early often results in the loss of valuable presents, Saint Nicholas being a disciplinarian as well as a benefactor.

On the southern side of the Pyrenees we shall find a happy children's party in the grand palace of Madrid, presided over by that excellent sovereign lady and mother, the queen regent, Maria Christina. The boy king, Alfonso the Thirteenth, is now eleven years old, and appears to have outgrown the weaknesses and maladies of his first childhood. With his two promising sisters, Maria and Theresa, aged fifteen and thirteen years respectively, and his cousin Anton and Louis, sons of the Infanta Eulalia, who is well known and much admired in America from her visit to the World's Fair, the little fellow will doubtless enjoy himself thoroughly, giving and receiving many beautiful presents, after the tiresome cares, into which Spanish etiquette prescribes for all court functions are over. Such will mar also slightly the pleasure of Louis Philip, the eight year old crown prince of Portugal, and his brother Manuel. They are both healthy and beautiful boys, and at their father's court the custom made of celebrating Christmas as the children's own festival happily prevails.

The courts of St. Petersburg, Athens, Sophia, and Bucharest celebrate Christmas after the style of the Greek Church either because the rulers adhere to that creed, or in order to avoid giving offense to their subjects, who assume that on Christmas night the heavens open and that Jacob's ladder is again lowered to the earth to allow good angels desirous of looking after the children, to descend and ascend in safety.

These angels, like Saint Nicholas' white steed, demand according to public belief a hearty reception; tables set with all sorts of delicacies await the pleasure of the heavenly visitors in all houses, rich and poor, during holy night, and their contents are served next day to the hungry, the children of each household doing the honors.

Among the fine portraits adorning the walls of the palace is one of a young man who apparently has outgrown interest in Santa Claus--Prince Alfred of Saxe-Coburg. This young man was twenty one years old in October, and is a lieutenant of the guards in Potsdam, yet he would probably be the last youth in Germany to forget to hang up his stockings on Christmas Eve, for he expects to find in it a most wonderful piece of bric-a-brac, a thing of consequence and no small dignity as well--the crown of the duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, which his father is said to be willing to renounce in his son's favor.--HARRY W. FURZER, in The Argosy.

THU He Came.

Cold and obs. in vain the King and sage
Gave law and learning to the darkened age
There was no present faith, no future hope
Earth bounded the earth-torn horse of time
Till in the east there rose the promise-star
Till rose the sun of lightness from the east
Till on a world redeemed Emanuel shone
Earth for his footstool, heaven for his throne
L. F. Landor

A Christmas Eve Experience.

BY GRACE ETHELWYN COBB.

"Come, darling, come! Don't drag on mamma's hand."

But the little prince had stopped short before an immense window full of dolls. He was a manly little figure with the straight, dark blue coat buttoned almost to his ankles, and the close-fitting, woolly cap upon his head; but inside the coat was a white pique dress with lace and ruffles, and underneath the cap shone out a soft and dimpled baby face with full, red lips, and great, dark, starry eyes.

It was the day before Christmas and the little prince's eyes had been growing larger all the afternoon. The store windows were so full of wonders and he so full of baby awe and admiration. He had not learned to weary of it at all, to dread the rushing crowds, and to think bitter thoughts about money and the sweet things he would like to do. He simply wanted everything he saw, and when he found he could not have it he just forgot that want in some new wonder.

Only these dolls, those gaily-dressed beautiful dolls—they were a different matter!

He stood holding his mamma fast, while the hurrying people jostled them this way and that way.

"Oh, see—jess see! he cried. "Mamma out of all dose many don't you sink dat you can buy me one, jess on'y one?"

"Oh, precious!" she answered, trying to push on. "Mamma couldn't buy another thing to-night. See, it's getting dark, and papa will be home and think we're lost."

Still he hung back, his lips quivering with disappointment.

"Mamma," he said at last, choking down a sob, "you'd like to buy me one—you want to do it very bad—oh, very bad—don't you?"

"Why, yes, my sweet. I would like to get you everything you want."

"All right, den," he answered, and, turning, trudged manfully away from the enchanting sight.

It was a mistake, anyway, having to go down town that afternoon.

The little prince's mamma had finished her Christmas shopping a week before, but that very morning, to her dismay, Bert's brown dressing gown had come home with navy blue instead of a dark green velvet collar and cuffs.

Bert, you know, is papa to the little prince. He is a handsome fellow, with twinkling blue eyes and brown mustache and wavy hair, and it was most important that his dressing gown should be exactly right. It was to have been so stylish—brown and green—the "very sweetest combination!" Besides, that was not the piece of velvet Bert's wife had taken to the tailor's. It was much finer and better every way than the one he had put in? That settled it.

She bundled up the dressing gown, took the little prince by the hand, and started for the tailor's. It was away down town, but never mind.

Of course the tailor was very sorry—of course it was a mistake. Of course it never would have happened, except for the Christmas rush, and of course it could not possibly be changed that day. Of course she would have to give it to her husband as it was and have it altered afterward.

"Of course you will alter it to-day

and have it ready, as you promised, or of course I will not take it at all," she answered, borrowing his own expression in rather a saucy way.

The tailor looked at her determined face and changed his tone. They could change it and muck it that day, he admitted so much, but they positively could not promise to deliver the garment, so would it not be better, after all, to give it as it was, and there

She cut him short. "Take it and make it right. I will call for it myself when it is done."

Bert's little wife detested carrying packages as much as anyone, but "I guess I can do it for Bert at Christmas time," she told herself.

So she and the little prince had wandered from store to store all the afternoon until now, with the dressing-gown safe in her arms, she was on her homeward way.

It was close upon dinner time. The car was crowded, but the tired little prince stood bravely first on one foot and then on the other, and looked love at his tired little mamma whenever she glanced his way. He knew she could not hold him with that bulky bundle in her arms. Besides, he knew the secret from papa about the gown, and he was going to keep it, too.

Dear little prince! That was not his real name at all, but somehow it seemed to fit—he was such a royal little man.

When they reached home there was barely time to put away their wraps before Bert came home and dinner was announced.

It had been a hard day at the office and Bert was tired, or he never would have noticed when the little prince insisted on his having his place at the table moved from the end around to "mamma's side." As it was he looked annoyed, though he said nothing.

The little prince was hard to please that evening. He could not eat the bread that mamma had prepared because he "wanted to butter it." He threw a spoon across the table because it happened not to be the one marked with his name, and succeeded altogether in proving that his day's work had been far too heavy for his baby strength.

Bert was silent for the first ten minutes. Then, "My dear," he said, and his little wife knew instantly that what he meant to say would not be pleasant.

"Do you think," he went on with a smile that was only half a smile, "that you are giving me a square deal in the matter?"

"I don't know what you mean," she said constrainedly.

"Beg pardon, but I think you do. As many times as I have told you how I enjoy our quiet dinners when we two are alone and as easy as it is for you to have that boy asleep before this time, it seems to me that your keeping him up to turn the whole meal topsy-turvy, is not exactly doing as you would be done by, to say the least."

"But, Bert," she began to speak and stopped. If she could tell him how she and the little prince had spent the day—how sadly they had tired themselves, and all for him—he would forgive them on the instant, she was sure. But the idea of divulging a Christmas secret before the proper moment was not to be accepted. So she waited.

"It would be different," he resumed, "if you had anything in the world to do except care for the boy. But you told me repeatedly your Christmas work was all done days ago, and you had only to be lazy from now on, and I tell you when a man comes home as tired as I am—"

"Other people besides men get tired sometimes, too," she interposed. "You may not know what I've been doing, but I have had a very busy

day, and as for the baby, he's as tired as you are, every bit!"

"Then why isn't he in bed where he ought to be?" "I am know very well."

"Say, papa!" suddenly cried the subject of contention in a voice of high excitement.

"I hanged my stockin up ever since dis mornin an I just know something! I know Santa Claus is jess a joke an its trulk you and mamma that put in presents and sings after I'm gone to sleep. I foun dat out an I know it too!"

"Yes my son!" said Bert in a voice as low as he could make it. "Did you think your papa was deaf? I'm not. I can hear quite as well as ever. Then, to the little mother, "Where, I'd like to know, did he get the habit of shouting in that style! Do you ever stop him, and tell him to speak softly, or do you let him go on that way all day long?"

"I don't like your manner, Bert," she said indignantly.

"It's a pity that you hadn't found that out some years ago," he said dryly.

"I don't care," wailed the little prince, as the chill of the atmosphere struck his tender heart. "I don't like papa, an' I sink he's bad!"

"Hush, darling, hush!" said mamma.

"Oh, no!" said Bert. "Let him speak his mind. Don't make him a hypocrite with all his other faults."

"I don't—I don't!" the child went on. "I wis I didn't have him—he's so bad!"

His sobs grew louder with every breath.

Little Prince, whispered mamma "You will have to go away unless you stop. Mamma can't stay and let you cry like that."

"Call Bridget and let her take him and put him in bed," Bert proposed sharply.

"No—no—no!" shrieked the child. "I won't! I won't let her! Oh you bad, bad papa!"

"I always go with him, Bert, you know," said mamma.

"Well, its time he learned to go with some one else."

"Bert," her eyes were pleading, but he did not meet them. "Bert, dear—its Christmas Eve."

"Yes, and last Sunday it was Sunday dinner that must not be spoiled by disciplining him! Meantime, for the sake of present peace, are we to let our boy grow up an ungoverned, saucy good-for-nothing?"

"You are unreasonable!" she answered, hotly, turning to the weeping child once more and wiping the tears from his flushed excited face. "Any one could see that it would be foolish to try an innovation at a time like this."

Still the little prince could not be quiet and in a moment mamma rose decidedly. "Come!" she said.

"No—no! I want to stay to, cert. I want to—oh, I do!"

The little mother found it hard enough to lift the struggling screaming boy out of the chair to which he clung, and it was small wonder that during the operation one of his widely flying feet shot a glass of water from the table to crash in pieces on the hardwood floor.

Bert started up. "I shall punish him for that!" he said.

The small woman put her child behind her. He clung to her, frightened into silence by the sound of the breaking glass.

"You shall not even touch him while you are angry," she cried.

"I shall punish my boy when I think best!"

"You shall never strike my baby while I live."

They faced each other defiantly.

"Oh, very well," said Bert, after

a pause. "Go on. You are brave. I admire you. I will teach him to scream for what he wants until he gets it, and I will call his father names and I will hate him. By and by, when I'm big enough to knock me down, I will feel your work is done, and I should think you would want to instruct a class a mother—why don't you?"

It was too much. She turned her face with her hands.

"Oh," she sobbed, "you are sarcastic, heartless thing! If my brother would hate you, he could hear you talk to me like that. Oh, I can't bear it! On Christmas eve! Oh, its dreadful! I won't stay with you! I'll take the baby out, somewhere—anywhere—away from here! I never can stay. I want to go home where they love me, and I will!"

Bert tried to look indifferent but this outburst. He shrugged his shoulders, and he pretended not to notice.

Tired men are sorry, sometimes after dinner.

Bert stole silently up the stairs and stood eavesdropping at the door of the room where the little prince was being put to bed.

"But I can't love him, you know," he heard in a baby voice, still sobbing with sobs.

"Why, sweetheart, of course you love your own dear papa."

"You don't love him do you, mamma?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes. I do, I do."

There were tears with the admission, and Bert found some in his own eyes at the same instant.

"Well, den, I will, if you want," was the answer.

"And now, darling, tell mamma you are sorry for flying into such a rage and saying and doing all those naughty things."

"I can't, mamma; I can't tell her. I tell res. It don't come into my heart to feel sorry—net a bit."

Then the tender voice repeated and went on and on so softly that Bert could not hear the words. He guessed that she was praying for the little culprit.

Suddenly he heard "It seems it's here. Oh, mamma, it came right into my heart, and oh, I feel so sorry. I do—I am—I didn't ought to say dose words an, more ever, I didn't ought to kick dat gress, an' oh—I never—never—never will again."

A silence followed. Bert knew that they were locked in one another's arms. After some time the little prince said "Mamma!" "Yes, darling."

"I'm so sorry—I kicked dat way!" the words had a drawn-out drag. "I sink I must have forgotted glass would break!"

Bert listened after that until he heard the little mother rise up from beside the sleeping child and cower softly toward the door. She started as she came upon him, standing there, but he did not give her time to turn away.

"Sweetheart! He took her face in both his hands. "I didn't ought to say dose words, and oh, I never—never—never will again!"

There were hot tears upon her lashes, but her head went down upon his shoulder and he held her close.

"Dearest, sweetest little wife," he whispered. "I am sorry—oh, so sorry! I think I must have forgotted glass would break!"

And then, although her face was pressed against his coat, he knew, somehow or other, that she was smiling.

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.—Richard.

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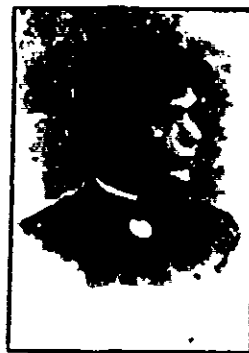
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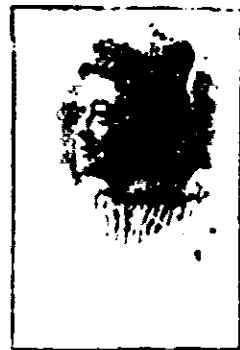
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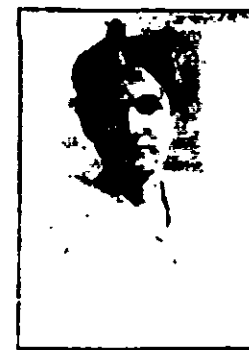
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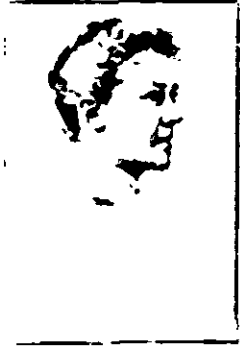
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MRS. J. F. WILES



MR. W. J. CAMPBELL



MR. GEO. F. STEWART



MR. W. C. CLARK



MISS L. S. METCALF



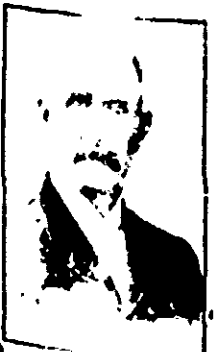
MISS M. DEMSEY



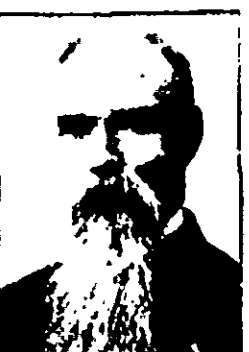
MR. J. T. BURNS



MR. WM. NISBE



MR. J. H. MASS



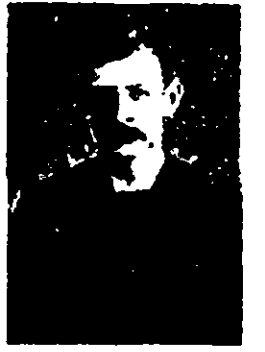
MR. D. CUNNIFFHAM



MR. THOMAS WILES



MR. MICHAEL O'MEARA



MR. JOHN DOWIE

SINGLE-HAND ALPHABET.

