

array on the desk leaf.

Christmas Stockings.

A True Story. By Marshall

Saunders.

While on a trip through . Belgium

"But you have no children."

stocking, does he?"

"Christmas stocking," she replied. 'till Christmas."

my mind busy with the tomes of the professor's from Brussels, a hand-

National Library in Paris and the kerchief from Switzerland, a napkin

suits of armour in the Belgian mus- ring from Normandy, a tarlatan bag

eums-they, according to my observa- of candy like the ones we used to

tion, being the playthings of her hang high on the Christmas tree down

Cynthia Walmsley sat at her deak, His doting auntie's eyes filled with the kindly glow from a rose-shaded tears, a proceeding unfamiliar to her lamp lighting her rather plain fea- fond nephew. To h' n she had altures into positive prettiness. Be- ways been the personification of her name was Cynthia," he wrote, there was a knock at the door. fore her was an open resewood box, success and womanliness combined; its contents scattered in meager ever sympathetic and the best un-There were two worn letters,

which she had read for the tenth she made quick to explain. time that evening, as if she had not | "Forgive your old auntie, boy." known them by heart for years, am just a bit moony tonight, a privi-They were just commonplace affairs lege I do not often allow myself. -one of regret for not having re- I am so glad I could dance a jig for time I do something just a little to the door, then to the mirror of plied to one of hers sooner, the you. Only it is near Christmas, and off, that she knows, and knows I the dressing table, which gave back other a frank admission that writing letters was not one of his best accomplishments. There were no declarations of undying love or admiration in either of them, nor anything of moment to cause unbidden that was a price and sort of permanent. Never mind, it is in demand for more work than she can do. She never seems than she can do. She never seems who had been but a dream for so than she can do. She never seems who had been but a dream for so than she can do. She never seems who had been but a dream for so many years. He was a bit heavier,

Then there was a handkerchief. Don straightened his shoulders She smiled as she remembered the and threw back his head in a way day he had loaned it to her, when that reminded Cynthia forcibly of she had cut her finger on an olive his father, her only brother, whose bottle at a picnic. Dear dead days! untimely death some years back had Who ever went on picnics and took placed the boy in his aunt's care. olives these days? She assayed at "I reckon I am about grown, auntie, old dear. But we mustn't get

The other souvenir was a cheap sentimental here, when I have only paper fan, one which had been at a few hours left. By the way, your her place at a summer hotel dinner, worthless nephew has a toshy favor and which his autograph had made precious beyond words. She snapped it to and gathered the foolish little ern aunt, with a twinkle of her fine keepsakes together, placing them | eyes.

"That ring you wear-" he stopto herself, walking to the long mir- her face.

you going to keep those silly pieces "Well, you have worn it ever since this Dent. Don wanted to talk to Whereupon he took from his of sentimental rot forever? You are I can remember, and if you don't you, but I just had to. He is all pocket her beloved ring, and placed ring, and placed right, so is everything. But we want it in her palm. amount to anything. You have to start out with. It is the nearest you here for Christmas dinner. If "I have a more fitting one for you gained a fairly successful niche in to you I could have about me." you hurry you can catch the noon here, if you care to wear it. I took life, so be catisfied. See, your hair With an effort he could not fath- train and get here tomorrow. the chance because I know you must is graying at the temples already, om, Cynthia removed the circlet and Please say you will." and you will soon be angular where placed it on his finger.

a near love affair once, now grow dear. I had it made years ago, and had disconnected, reproached heroung."

I had just as lief not explain. It is long journey at the behest of two She placed her hand over his Glancing at her left hand, Cynthia nothing of any moment, just a resimpulsive youngsters. Besides, she minder of one of the silliest things a ring which she always wore. I ever did. Not a word from you, a curious twisted thing of dull gold. dear, and do not remove it now that however, found her on the train, her better; in those days such ticklish thoughts. carved design. Inside was the in- plest dream comes true."

Dec. 25, 1891." Turing to the mirbox was placed in a safety vault,
sther stern rebuke to her attractive
reflection, when she heard her
nephew's key in the lock.

The hext day a little rosewood they should get along.

Next morning she descended into
the arms of a bronzed nephew and
again to indulge in foolish restrojection, when she heard her
tions, and to dismiss certain things whisked her away to a hotel and up
they should get along.

Next morning she descended into
the arms of a bronzed nephew and
a radiant young Cynthia, who was something which was something to me?" from her mind. All of which was to a room which was flooded with meant so much to me?" his breezy greeting. "I missed you done.

lovely it is to be a child again until devoured.

spouse in his moments of relaxation. in Nova Scotia lest our dogs walk by Christendom there is none that

And he clasped his strong, young found two letters from him, one deeply she felt over it all, the meet-thatmostly about the plant and the ing, the flowers and the very joy of Cynthia put up her hand. "That "Oh, well, never mind. I'm so full bungalow where he was to "hang being with them. of it, I can't take time for you to out" and the country round about. "It isn't all we have for you by if you had been looking into Cyn-

morning. Wonderful chance, cutest species right near. Her thoughts up a bit."

Species right near. Her thoughts up a bit."

Were confirmed within a few days, Cynthia took more than her usual

Hou cam usually tell

I She never lets me know by word or quite cooly: glance that she does not approve of "Ask him to come up, please."

what a pang of loneliness and jeal- hands to him. ousy the boy's new happiness caused "What, why-how did you her. As Christmas grew nearer, she know?" she stammered. made engagements feverishly, for "My dearest, don't you know?" rear there might be an afternoon or Your Don's Cynthia is my adopted

ror at the end of the room. "Can't "Yes, boy," she managed to say, ley," chirped the operator. Soon severe attack of tonsilitis, and while control of the room. "Yes, boy," she managed to say, Cynthia heard a warm, girlish voice, she was ill at the hospital she gave "Oh Miss Walmales to keep those sills at the hospital she gave "Oh, Miss Walmsley, this is Cyn- me this to keep."

you are now slim. Because you had "I will wish it on f r luck, boy, posed she would, and as soon as she these years. What a young fool I supporting an amethyst of quaint I have wished it on, until your hap- mind busy with possible thoughts things meant more to me than any scription, "You can usually tell. The next day a little rosewood they should get along. of her prospective niece and how one thing. I was trying to be such

"Hello there, Aunt Cynthia," was proof positive that it could not be warm Southern sunshine and fra- "Well," said Cynthia, rather this afternoon when I ran home A hurried trip to New York helped from the office for a bite. I had the pass the first ten days of the boy's much ado over my coming," said can't be sure but that I would say

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF

CHRISTMAS

Of all the festal seasons celebrated

good news to tell you, too. Guess!" absence. Upon her return she Cynthia by way of masking how it again. But you do know, dearest, have three guesses. I have landed The second was more of the same. a long shot," remarked Don. "But this's eyes, you could have

with an observation near the close we must hurry out now for a mine that Southern girls were world beat- ute, auntie. We have some urgent ers, which led his astute aunt to sur- busness. See you in twenty minmill in Louisiana. Leave in the mise that there must be one of the utes, just give you time to freshen

vancement an' everything," he fin- when a widly enthusiastic, incoher- pains in freshening up, and the reent letter arrived, contrining a de- sult was gratifying even-to her critscription of said girl and pages in ical eye. As she adjusted the amethyst ribbon which encircled the "I liked her first when I learned waist of her newest French frock, "Then she does things like you do, . The bellboy handed her a card. and looks a little like yo. too. She Her first impulse was to laugh, the derstander a fellow could have. is tall and slim and her eyes twin- next to cry, then she thought she Seeing the consternation in his face kle. She understands everything I must run away as fast as ever she say, whether she answers or not could. What she did was to say

tears to shine in Cynthia's clear, isn't so far away, and you can come to tire, and pep, why,"—and so the many years. He was a bit heavier, la little bald, and there were a few Cynthia did more than her usual lines across his forehead. But the amount of writing for the next same old look was in his eyes. Tears week, loath to admit even to herself blinding her own, she held out her

evening wherein she would have daughter. When my best friend time to miss Don so dreadfully. | died, he left his motherless little She arose early on the day before baby in my care, and I gave her the Christmas and tied up some gifts for name of the only woman I have friends in the city. As she finished ever cared a hang about. I would the last knot and sat down to dash never have known where to find on some Christmas telegrams, she you, after that flareup we had years "You foolish old woman," she said ped at the expression that crossed "Shreveport calling Miss Walms- came home two weeks ago with a

WHEN THE WORLD TRIES TO LIVE RIGHT.

In England, and all the Christian

countries of Europe, in India, and the far-away isles of the sea wherever indeed, the intrepid missionary has penetrated with the flag of Christenom, and told the wonderful story of Christ's birth and life, Christmas day is set aside as a day sacred to rejoicing, to opening up the heart to its best impulses, to the abolition of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, to the feeding of the hungry, the clothing of the naked, the visiting of the sick, and imprisoned, and the making glad the unhappy. It is the one day of all the three hundred and sixty-five on which the world tries at least to live practically as well as theoretically the ideal life as taught by the Christ. It is needed a day of days. On it the exile returns to his native land, the wanderer comes home, the prodigal looks back to his father's love. Families that have been scattered over the face of the earth are re-united once more, drawn home by the sentiment that Christmas inspires, one of the strongest, most inerradicable sentiments because one of the earliest fostered in the heart of the child. No season so sacred, so beautiful as the Christmas-tide, and no season that exercises so beneficent an influence upon the heart of men. Indeed all evil nfluences are impotent. Hundreds of years ago when the world was more superstitious and more poetic than it is today, the Christmas season was supposed to eradicate for the time the whole power of evil.

"Some say, that ever gainst the season comes Wherein our Saviour's birth is cele-

The bird of dawning singeth all night And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike. No fairy takes, no witch hath power

So hallowed and so gracious is the

THE SPIRIT OF WHITE NIGHTS.

to charm.

But if the English Christmas is an ideal one, so, too, is our Canadian Christmas, for ours is, of course, modelled on it. But we always associate our Christmas with a white, snowwrapped world, and evergreen trees; with merry, musical sleigh-bells, and divinely starry nights, or moons that convert the snow-wrapped world into a thing of unspeakable beauty. Which of us has not been abroad at mid-night on Christmas eve, in one of those ravishing white Canadian nights when the moon and the snow and the naked trees make up a scene of almost inconceivable loveliness? When all the bells burst into voice and the night was one joyous melody, ringing in the Christmas day? And how one's thoughts went out over the great city, over the continent and vast heaving seas, to the little town in far-away Palestine, where all those centuries ago a little child was born of humble arents, yet a heavenly host proclaimwhen he reached out his hand in the we used to get down in dear old been the sublime theme of the world's ed his birth at midnight to the amgray of a Christmas morning and Halifax by the sea—then some dough- greatest poems, the ever lovely sub- azed shepherds and sang, because of brought his stocking from his bedpost nuts, homemade. I shut my eyes and ject of the world's greatest art. It has this, "Peace on earth, good-will to

great star, to the city of David, to

THINGS WE DO NOT OUTGROW.

children love to call the jolly old pat-

St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, as the

ron saint of the season, long ago set the example of giving, especially to the children, at Christmas time, and to this day there are 'grown ups' amongst us who wisely love to perpetuate the stories of his tiny sleigh and reindeer, his mysterious passage from roof to roof, his descent down the sooty chimney, and his chuckles of delight as he fills the stockings hung in expectation of his visit. One has nothing but pity for the children who are too sophisticated to believe in Santa Claus. The most delightful memories of one's life centres round the childish days when we believed all things of the sort, when we hung our stocking in the full belief that they would be filled by Santa Claus and no one else; when we went to bed with the firm intention of listening to the patter of the reindeer feet on the roof, and, if possible, catching a sight of the jolly plump old fellow busy at his work. But though sleep always be-trayed us, the stockings were always full-with just the things we needed and who, pray, but Santa Claus could have got into the house at midnight and put all thosethings there for us? How early we loved to get up, though it But of all the aspects of Christmas, Christmas, that many a time have was such a tribulation at any other there is none so attractive, so heart-turned the day of gladness into a day was such a tribulation at any other time! Then the frantic curiosity and anticipation as we felt the stockings to see what they held, and the shrill taken and candy at the last! Then there was and candy at the last! Then there was the scuttle into mother's roors in the grey dawn to show her what Santa Claus had brought, and the bed spread with staring dolls with impossible limbs, gay Noah's arks, tin soldiers drum and whistle, and the rest of the day of gladness into a day of gloom. First of all is Self Pity. Five minutes of indulgence in the luxury of feeling sorry for yourself is enough or low, is our neighbor. All the year round we know that there are hungry folk at our very doors, but we are too busy with our work, our pleasures, our studies, to hunt them out and feed them. On Christmas Eve all our indifference, our exclusiveness, our selfishness disappear before the thought is the twosoever was needy or affected was our neighbor. That it is and happy childhood, who would not give the whole of a life of grown home this thought more than at any home more than Christmas; for it is and happy childhood, who would not give the whole of a life of 'grown-upness' to have them back, to enjoy once more one of those never-to-be-iorgotten Christmas days, and to have one hour's enjoyment of the new doll whose eyes actually shut when it was put to bed! It is undoubtedly the childish impression we get of the Christmastide that makes it so sacred a season with us throughout our lives.—that has made it so deep-rooted and the hour of the divine Child Varilly beloved. beloved a festival throughout the the birth of the divine Child, Verily world. And just so long as it continues a little child shall lead them! friendliness and love and charijust so long will the Christ-child, be a good thing for the world of huothers happy cannot be lost.

NUTS AND RAISINS

Nuts and raisins are two distin- jed loaf pans and bake forty-five guished foreigners of ancient lineage and good breeding. .. The possibilities of these two delicious additions to the daily menu are continually being enlarged, and their limitations are disappearing with equal rapidity as they are admitted into dishes where previously they

were unknown and untried. .It is scarcely necessary to touch upon the nutrition contained in nuts and raisins, though this may be an urgent reason for their more general use; their greatest; claim on the attention of the housewife is their well as with many meats and vegetables. They are welcome at any one of the three meals in numerous delectable dishes, and they find themselves included in all sorts of social gatherings, from the dainty afternoon tea to the picnic lunch.

There is no season of the year, in fact, when they need he excluded from the table, and their price is not high when their value is considered as all-round standbys to add that particular "something" so necessary to vary the old dishes, and remove

With the addition of raisins, about half, a cup to a generous dish of beans, quite a new bit of flavor surprises and pleases the household. In making stuffed baked potatoes, try the combination of a few very finely chopped walnuts with the po-Hamburg steak is greatly improv-

New Bits of Flavor.

ed by shaping into each cake a few chopped raisins, and Californians slit their roast of beef and insert a raisin here and there, a touch which adds worlds to the roast.

housewives. In escalloping cauliflower, toma-

toes, egg-plant, onion or almost any vegetable, finely chopped nuts, mixed with the crumbs which form the top layer, add greatly to the flavor, and give an added food value as Stewed raisins make a delicious

expensive fresh fruits in the winter add raisins, chopped. Stir in the season. Or, raisins combined with | well-beaten egg, milk and melte apple sauce may be served for a butter. Bake on a hot griddle up simple dessert at luncheon or sup- til well browned. Stuffed eggs which contain nuts as an ingredient are deservedly pop-

ular in the school lunch basket, as are also sandwiches of jelly and chopped nuts, or nuts and raisins put through the food chopper together and softened with a little mayonnaise, or a combination of cottage cheese and nuts, or an addition of a few raisins to the pi-

In Salads, Apples and Breads. In the winter, when salad ingredients are few and high-priced, a very good salad may be made by adding raisins to boiled rice placed in small molds until chilled and firm, and served with mayonnaise on lettuce. Baked apples are greatly improved by filling the hollowed-out center with chopped nuts and raisins. Quick breads containing nuts and raisins are of comparatively recent origin, and are not as widely known or served as they should be. Siced thin and spread lightly with butter, jam or marmalade, they make an excellent substitute for the pandwich at tea; quickly and easily prepared, they are delicious for breakfast; they piece out a luncheon which is not as bounteous as might be, and for Sunday-night supper, they are a repast beyond criticism.

RAISIN BREADS,

3 cups flour. 1 teaspoon salt. 4 teaspoons baking powder. 2 tablespoons sugar. 1 icup raisins.

1 egg. 1 1-2 cups milk. 2 tablespoons melted fat. Sift the dry ingredients together -and add the raisins. Beat the egg. add it to the milk and stir into the dry ingredients. Add the melted fat, pour into a greased loaf pan and bake forty-five minutes.

Raisin Brown Bread. 1 cup nour. 1 cup corn meal. 1 teaspoon salt. 1.1-2 teaspoons sods. 1 cup graham flour.

1 cup raisins. 2 cups sour milk or buttermilk. 1-2 cup molasses. Mix and sift the first four ingredlents, add graham flour and raisins and mix thoroughly. Stir in the

a hot even for five minutes. Raisin and Nut Bread. 2 1-4 cups flour. 1-2 cup sugar.

1-4 teaspoon sods. 4 teaspeens baking powder. 1-2 teaspoon salt.

3 cups graham flour. cup raisins.

Mix the sugar and flour and add the hot water slowly. Add the rais-2 1-4 cups milk.

1-2 cup molasses.

Sift dry ingredients together, exbeaten egg yolks, cook five minutes. ins, chopped, and cook in a double poiler until thick. Pour onte the cept graham flour. Add rainins add butter and lemon juice and cool and graham flour and stir in milk slightly before spreading between and molasses. Pour into two greas- the layers of the cake,

THE NEIGHBORLINESS OF CHRISTMAS.

Any Kind Dangerous, e (Exchange) Little Willie-Say, pa, what is has perhaps been influenced by the Don't you think that you might manity—for even one day of the year meant by 'courting danger'? success of the wives who draw board, whisper whisper up to the thoughts of making . Pa—Why, er—any kind of court- lodging and fur coats in return for ing, my son,

Walnut Muffins. 2. cups flour. l teaspoon salt. teaspoons baking powder. 2 tablespoons sugar. 1-2 cup walnuts. 1 1-4 cups milk.

tablespoons melted fat Sift all dry ingredients together, and add the nuts broken in small leces. Stir in the milk, well-beaten egg and fat. Pour into greased muffin pans and bake thirty min-

Graham Raisin Muffin's

tablespoon nugar. 4 teaspoons baking powder. teaspoon salt. cup graham flour. 1-2 cup raisins. 1 cup milk. 2 tablespoons melted fat.

1 cup flour.

Sift all dry ingredients together, except graham flour. Add raising and graham flour, and stir in milk. all danger of a wearisome familiar- well-beaten egg, and melted fat Pour into greased muffin pans and

bake thirty-five minutes. California Health Muffing.

cup flour. teaspoon soda, teaspoon salt. s cups bran. 1 cup raisins.

2 tablespoons molasses. cups sour milk or buttermilk. tablespoon melted fat.

Mix and sift flour, soda, sait, and . add bran and raisins. Combine well-beaten egg, molasses and milk Tomatoes and peppers stuffed and stir into dry ingredients. Add with nuts, raisins and bread crumbs melted fat, beat thoroughly and are delicious, and quite new to many pour into greased muffin pans. Bake thirty minutes.

Raisin Griddle Cakes. 2 cups flour. 3 teaspoons baking powder. 1 teaspoon salt. 1-2 cup raisins.

2 tablespoons melted butter. 1 1-2 cups milk. sauce, a good substitute for the more | Sift dry ingredients together, at

> CAKES AND COORIES. Chocolate Raisin Cake. tablespoons fat. 1-2 cup sugar.

square chocolate. 3-4 cup dry mashed potato. 1-2 teaspoon vanilla. 1-2 teaspoon salt. 3 teaspoons baking powder. 3-4 cup sifted flour.

1-4 cup milk. 1-2 cup walnuts, chopped. 1-2 cup raisins. Cream the fat, add sugar gradually, then the well-beaten egg melted chocolate, potate, and vanlla. Beat until smooth. Mix and

sift salt, baking powder and flour, and add alternately with the milk. Add raisins and nuts, and pour into a shallow greased pan. Bake forty minutes. Frost with boiled frosting in which one-half brown and one-half white sugar are used, Golden Raisin Cake. 1-2 cup fat.

1 cup sugar. 2 egg yolks and 1 whole egg. cups flour.

3 teaspoons baking powder. 1-4 teaspoon sait. 3-4 cup water. 1 cup raisins.

1-4 teaspoon vanilla. Cream the fat, add sugar gradually, and the eggs well beaten. Alternate the adding of the water and dry ingredients sifted together. Add the raisins and beat the mixture thoroughly. Pour into a wellgreased cake pan and bake fortyfive minutes. Cover with boiled frosting made with the two egg whites and add one cup of chopped

Cake of the Golden West 1-2 cup fat. 1 1-2 cups sugar. 1 teaspoon vanilla 3 teaspoons baking powder.

2 1-2 cups flour. 1 teaspoon salt. 1 cup water. 3-4 cup walnuts, chopped. Whites 3 eggs.

Cream the fat, add the sugar and ranilla slowly, creaming all well to gether. Aternately add water and sifted dry ingredients, add nuts and beat theroughly. Last, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into molasses and milk, pour into greas- bake twenty minutes. Put togethmolasses and milk, pour into a seed molds and steam two hours. If ed molds and steam two hours. If er with Raisin Filling. Frost for and sides with boiled frosting made from the egg whites left from filling.

Raisin Cake Filling.

3-4 cup sugar. 1-4 cup flour. I 1-2 cups hot water. 1 cup raisins. d ogg yolks. 1 teaspoon butter.
1 tablespoon lemon juice.

THE CHRISTMAS SPOILERS

Value Received. (New York Sun)
The husband who thinks he earns his living by answering the doorbell while his wife brings in the income the arduous duty of pouring tea,

Goodness gracious, here comes, and wreaths of the tiny flowers were. The luncheon cloth should have a thristmas again! And most of us, put on the flaps. Result, twelve as hem about two inches wid; and the In spite of our resolutions of former rears, in spite of the Society for Prevention of Useless Giving, which was left, she made a few sachets for hat crowns, tacking them with wool and working a cross-stitch nosegay in the regular kind, and also withpoined, find that our Christmas lists in the center. This girl was not plain more closely, one takes five or specific to send them. With the satin which hat crowns, tacking them with wool and working a cross-stitch nosegay in the regular kind, and also with-specific to send them. The satin which hat crowns, tacking them with wool and working a cross-stitch nosegay in the regular kind, and also with-specific to send them. This girl was not plain more closely, one takes five or specific to send them. are about as usual. After all, it is one with cleverer ideas than many six threads when making the first hard for those who have the time who will read this article; her ne- round of stitches. The second time,

and ability to make attractive gifts to refrain entirely from their fashloning, And it is really great fun to one kind of gift when making a number, for one can get a remnant of goods which made up in different or ordinary button molds which cost in mine one very elever girl, who, having moved to a distant city during the year, found herself rather put to it to make attractive gifts for her absent friends and relatives. So she sat herself down in front of her trunk, hauled out an evening dress which she seidom wore, and firmly took the skirt off. This she pressed and renovated. Then she rummaged until she found a few pairs of long gloves of former gay days. These she cut off to make new gauntlet ones for street wear, and the tops.

she cut off to make new gauntlet than lace, however, and in that case ones for street wear, and the tops the net will make three caps, the she put with the satin underskirt. A few scrape of colored ribbon, Small ghiffon flowers, wired buttersome green leaves and a bit or two of eliver timed were made into flowers are ways of trimming.

A luncheon set of cream colored range of the fower part of the canary's cage are made of pale gray iron. The glove tops were covered crash would be very pretty hemith envelope folders of the satin effiched in rose or delft blue thread.

in order to gloat over its contents.

"Well, I never heard of such a the back doorway sampling." I said, "I've filled many a stocking for children, but never one stocking for children, but never one saw our house kitchen with the butch-been celebrated in song and story, and the whole history of the last nine-inght, wonderful the whole history of the last nine-inght, wonderful the whole history of the last nine-thing in all the year like it? This book doorway sampling the hot fried cakes from the book doorway sampling the hot fried cakes from the book doorway sampling the hot fried cakes from the book doorway sampling the hot fried cakes from the book doorway sampling the hot fried cakes from the book doorway sampling the hot fried cakes from the book doorway sampling the hot fried cakes from the book doorway sampling the hot fried cakes from the book doorway sampling the hot fried cakes from the book doorway sampling the hot fried cakes from the book doorway sampling the hot fried cakes from the book doorway sampling the hot fried cakes from the book doorway sampling the hot fried cakes from the book doorway sampling the hot fried cakes from the book doorway sampling the hot fried cakes from the book doorway sampling the hot fried cakes from the book doorway sampling the hot fried cakes from the book doorway sampling the hot fried cakes from the book doorway sampling the whole history of the last nine-inght, wonderful the whole history of the last ni for a grown-up."

least, were the nuts and the orange in Year after year it has been celebratthe toe—the lovely yellow plaything ed down the ages, and though the children's time throughout the world that we rolled over the floor, then customs in connection with the celebration may change with the centur- with its gleaming candles, and glitterand France before the war I noticed a certain clever little woman of the party had a way of picking up interesting trifles and murmuring as she did so.

A smile as broad as the Mississippi took possession of my middle-aged pearance of its joyous observance but shone out again when a year or two later found me far from my day no appearance of its joyous observance but shone out again when a year or falling off. It is eminently a religious from the season. It is essentially a stocking to an adult the very next feast, and in dim old cathedrals and time of gift giving and receiving—a home and native land away down Christmas that came, and moreover abbeys, in modern churches and in now universal custom that prob south in Dixie. A box followed me since they recalled so much former little wooden meeting-houses the had its origin in the story of the kings "Why stocking?" I asked one day. from New York-"Not to be opened bliss I must do more and more for joyous Christmas songs are sung. that travelled from afar, led by a In the gray of the dawn I, too, ex- I tried my stocking on an adult in THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING. lay their gifts before the heavenly

"I have a husband."

My eyes went to the grave and little woman. It was of immense proper little woman's idea, portions, made of Turkey red cotton, and decorated with sprigs of real that the delectable contents might and wake on Christmas morning.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

Hang up the Christmas stockings;
I made it of coarse transparent net, so that the delectable contents might. hally. Loosening the red ribbons I shine through. My adult was ecstatic, With ringing song and shout, y not? I don't dare to miss a found on top a tiny Christmas cake so I recommend others to carry on For in the silent midnight Christmas. He just loves his stocking. with my initials on almond icing. Then the blessing. Remember the kiddies, but don't forget the adults. Shall Santa Claus appear And crown with gifts of gladness

Hang up the baby's stocking. The cunning little elf Is still too very tiny She held up a tiny coin purse under the branches and chew them to stirs the hearts and souls of men as the hotel she showed me a number of small articles beloved by men that she mid would cause the professor's ever to slow with pleasure.

In Nova Scotia lest our dogs walk by Christendom there is none that stirs the hearts and souls of men as the hearts and souls of men as the anniversary of the incarnation of the Christ. That great, almost incontent the West Indies!) a bunch of Malaga raisins, a bow of yellow ribbon in their source of inspiration, its thrilling approfessor's ever to slow with pleasure. To do it for herself.

The love time of the year.

professor's eyes to glow with pleasure hair! Ah! the sweet Spanish raisins peal to the human imagination, has Hang up father's sturdy stocking Right here between the boys', And give him books and papers, As he gives the children toys. Let Santa Claus be careful

About the politics. For father has a conscience That to the right side sticks

Hang up the old folks' stockings; hang up the little girl's. Dear grandma with her silver hair, Sweet Flossy with her curls, Will both be very happy When dawns, in roseate cheer, The merry Christmas morning, The love time of the year.

THE EMPTY STOCKING. There's an empty stocking hanging From many a little bed, Where a God-blown dream hangs over Each sleeping curly-head; And the vision gathers nightly Of a day that's soon to come Where little feet should patter To the music of the drum.

There's an empty stocking hanging
By many a wind-blown door,
That must wait in vain for Christmas In the gray haunts of the poor; and eyes that now shine brightly Shall, through a train of tears. ee nothing there on Christmas But the sorrow of the years.

In the mansions of the Great, to call will go unanswered-No tot will vainly wait; e Christmas horn will summon-The Christmas drum will roll he tide of joy in magic Through the gateway of each soul.

but out where splendor centres

But where one gift would brighten
The dark of weary days.
No reindeer's hoofs will thunder
Out poverty's drear ways; And so, for God's white season— For some wee dreamer's cause—

Just a word to Santa Claus?