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THE BIRD'S CHRISTMAS TREE

It was the week before Christmas and real Christmas weather. Young people in the country like snow and ice. They don't complain if Jack Frost does up their noses and their fingers, for he brings coasting and skating, and he makes wonderful pictures of mountains and castles on the windowpanes.

The Wells children were at the front window watching for the station wagon. "Oh, why doesn't it come!" cried Susie, one of the ten-year-old twins.

"Perhaps Auntie Martha can't come," said Mary, the other twin, who was always the desponding one.

"Of course she'll come," cried George, a sturdy boy of twelve. "She always comes for Christmas. There she is!" The five children rushed to the door.

"Do let your auntie get in out of the cold," exclaimed Mrs. Wells, as she held out a welcoming hand to a smiling young woman who stood in the doorway surrounded by children.

"Oh, I'll get in all right. I'm so glad to be here. I've been looking forward to this all through my fall term," said the newcomer.

"We've got all sorts of surprises for you," said Emma, a bright little girl of eight.

"Don't try to tell your auntie everything before she gets her hat off," said Mrs. Wells. "Let her go up to her room and rest before your father gets home."

Martha Wells, with the twins still clinging to her, went up to a sunny room which her brother had furnished for her when her home was broken up after her mother's death. There was a cheerful fire in an open fireplace, and Martha sank into her favorite chair with a sigh of content. "Now we are going to have a happy week together," she said.

"Every one of us has got a Christmas gift for you," said Susie, "even Billy-Boy."

"And Rex, and Mr. Tommy-Cat," added Mary.

"We're going to have the biggest tree we ever had," shouted George, putting his head in the door.

"Just come to the window and we will show it to you," cried Susie, dragging her auntie to the window.

"Father is going to cut it down for us the day before Christmas."

"Cut that beautiful young evergreen tree down just for a Christmas holiday?" exclaimed Martha, "why it would be cruel."

"Crus! What do you mean?" cried the children.

"Let us not talk about it now," said Martha soberly. "Run away and let me rest a little while, then I will come down and talk to you."

It was after supper and the children, excepting Billy-Boy, were sitting around their beloved auntie in the parlor. Mr. and Mrs. Wells were with them, also Rex and Tommy-Cat. George suddenly spoke up, "Father, auntie says it would be cruel to cut down our Christmas tree."

"I rather felt that way myself," said Mr. Wells, slowly. "I was waiting to hear what your auntie would say about it. Speak up, sister!"

"I shall begin by telling you something about my work," said Martha. "When I first began to teach school, five years ago, I soon realized that the children had not been taught to think. I saw that a good deal of the trouble and the suffering in the world was because older people as well as children did not stop to think whether what they wanted for their own comfort or pleasure was going to hurt anybody else. When I say anybody else, I mean any creature that lives and can suffer. I have always felt that we have no right to cause suffering to others for our own selfish comfort."

"I began to have my pupils commit to memory poems about birds and animals, and flowers and trees, and it was surprising what a difference it made in that neighborhood in a short time. The boys stopped robbing birds' nests and firing air guns at living targets. They unchained their dogs, but did not let them chase after their bicycles, or cats. They did not desert their poor cats and kittens and let them starve. The grocer's boy no longer whipped the poor horse he was driving. All this I did without interfering at all with my other lessons, and any teacher could do it if she felt sympathy for suffering animals."

"Then I began to teach them to love the flowers too much to tear them up by the roots, and to love trees. I thought about this very tree you want to have cut down. I have watched that tree in my vacations and seen it grow from a little baby tree to what it is now, and I loved it. I called it the 'birds' tree'."

"We didn't know you cared about that tree, or we would not have asked to have it cut down," said George thoughtfully.

"I love all the trees, George. Just before I came here I had my class learn that beautiful poem of Joyce Kilmer about a tree. Surely you know that."

"I'm afraid they don't," said Mrs. Wells. "I ought to have read it to them."

"Shall I repeat it?" asked Martha. "Please do," they all said, and she began:

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

For a moment no one spoke, then Mary said, "What does a 'nest of robins in her hair' mean? A tree hasn't any hair."

"When I was here on my spring vacation a robin was building a nest in that very tree you want to cut down. Do you remember you wrote me, Mary, that there were five little birdies in the nest and that they all came off the nest safely, and that Mr. Tommy-Cat did not try to catch one of them?"

"Of course he didn't," said little Emma, fondly stroking the head of the pretty cat curled up in her lap. "Tommy never catches birds or chickens. We talked to him when he was little and told him he mustn't."

"It seems strange to me," said Mrs. Wells, "that so few persons understand cats. They think they can teach a dog anything, but do not know that with a little patience and without harsh treatment, a cat can be taught to mind. Plenty of cats live in the room with birds and when the birds are out of the cage never think of touching them. They have been taught better."

"Sometimes my cat and my dog mind me better than my children," said Mr. Wells, with a smile. "I don't think Rex ever disobeys me."

Rex, who was lying on the floor by Mr. Wells' chair, hearing his name called, lifted his head and thumped his tail on the floor.

"To get back to the tree," said Martha, "that is just the tree for birds to take shelter in when the cold winds are blowing and the snow falls. I am sure you would not wish to house?"

"Oh, no, auntie," the children all cried in chorus.

"But our presents—it'll sort of spoil our fun, won't it?" said George.

"Not a bit of it," answered his auntie. "I have thought out a fine way to give the Christmas presents."

"Tell us!" cried the children, so eagerly that they jumped up from their seats and set Rex to barking.

"Let us go back to the tree again," Martha. "Suppose we make our first Christmas present to the birds."

"How can we do that?" asked George.

"We can begin right away to get the presents for the birds. We will buy two pounds of beef suet and cut it into squares, or any shape you like, then make little wire baskets that we can fasten on the branches and the trunk of the tree. That will be a great attraction to the wood-peckers and chickadees. The blue jays will be greedy and get more than their share, but we can't help that—we don't want them to starve. If the squirrels, or the sparrows, are very hungry, they may take some of it, but we will provide other food for them. Then we will bake two dozen large potatoes long enough to make the skin hard so that we can cut them in halves. Each potato will make two baskets. Fill them with a mixture of bread crumbs and grain, and fasten them to the branches all over the tree with fine wire or cord for handles. Next, get your father to give you some of his cracked corn to spread under the tree for blue jays, squirrels, and perhaps pheasants, if there are any about here. That will make a Birds' Christmas Tree that will keep a good many of our dear little friends happy for days—in fact, I am sure you will keep it supplied all winter, when once you see what a joy it is."

"Auntie, that is splendid! We shall love to do it," said Susie.

"Indeed we will," echoed Mary.

"It's surely a fine idea," said Mr. Wells, and his wife added, "indeed it is."

III.

Christmas morning dawned bright and cold. Snow covered the ground and the children shouted with delight when looking out the window they saw the Birds' Christmas Tree alive with birds. Susie, who had been making a study of birds, announced proudly that she had seen the winter chippie, junco, blue jays, chickadees, woodpeckers, a lame blackbird, cedar birds, and English sparrows, at different times.

IV.

Christmas afternoon was a happy time at the Wells farm. The children were kept out of the parlor all the forenoon. When the door was opened they all exclaimed with delight. The tables were covered like a counter in a store, with all sorts of delightful things. To each article a narrow ribbon was attached and carried across the table to hang over the sides like a fringe, the ends finished with a round shining button. There were five different colors, a color for each child. Susie was invited to begin by drawing toward her any one of the blue ribbons, and the article at the end of the blue ribbon was hers. The children took turns, each seizing one of the ribbon ends, and carefully pulling it toward them. If the present at the end of the ribbon was large and heavy like a train of cars or a box of blocks, it made all the more fun. There was a great uproar when George, following his color, a red ribbon, all across the table, found that it led to a new sled that was hidden under the table. Another smaller table had gifts for the older ones with pretty cards, and still another table, when a snowy cover was lifted, displayed a feast of sandwiches, fruit, candy, cake, set out in readiness for the children's supper.

So the day ended, and as the children were going to their night's rest George said, "I think this is the best and merriest Christmas we have ever had, and I'm awfully glad we gave the birds our Christmas tree."

"It will make us all happy when we listen to the bitter wind that is blowing to-night to think of the dear little birds and the crows and squirrels that will sleep warmer and better because they are not going hungry to their cold beds in the trees," said tender-hearted little Emma, and Mrs. Wells, as she led the little ones upstairs, repeated:

"He prayeth best who loveth best—
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all!"

—Anna Harris Smith.

Christmas.

Through all the ages the winter solstice has had its religious significance. Perhaps every religion has observed the passing of the old year,

since she first began looking out her window as she was dressing.

The crows were calling to each other back of the barn, where cracked corn had been placed, and she was almost sure that she saw a pheasant.

"I can vouch for that," said Mr. Wells. "I saw three pheasants come out of the woods and enjoy our Christmas treat when I went to the barn just as the sun was rising, and the squirrels were scampering around as busy and happy as they could be."

"Our teacher told us to drive away the English sparrows," said George. "I am sorry she should say that, for two reasons," said Auntie Martha, "one is, that the greatest lesson in the world to teach children is to be kind to every living creature. If we once begin to teach children to do anything to hurt or frighten any kind of bird or animal, we can't tell where it will end. We are teaching unkindness and hardening their hearts so that first thing we know they will be cruel to each other, or to unfortunate dogs or cats that have no one to care for them, and they will get air guns and shoot at any kind of bird."

"It is strange that so few persons know how useful English sparrows are," said Mr. Wells. "I have watched them feed their little ones and seen again with their little beaks full of wriggling green worms. I should hate to see any bird or animal go hungry, and winter is a hard time for English sparrows, as well as other birds in the city or country."

Once a year, Christmas! On that day in a lowly manger, watched over by the humblest and simplest people, was born the Light of the World. Who sees the gleam? Who in celebrating the end of the old year and the beginning of a new one can even for a day lay off the soiled mantle of selfishness and put on the new garment of Christ? Who can love his neighbor as himself? Who can give into the highways and gather together as many wayfarers as he finds, that the wedding be furnished with guests? Who really opens his heart?

Christmas is the holiday for all people—not family, not party, not country, but all humanity. If we would celebrate Christmas, we must reach out and touch another's life, perhaps the life of one of the lowliest. Organized charity? Yes, let the poor be fed, but surely each one of us on Christmas needs to spend the impulses of his Christian love. Awake, rejoice! And let your joy gladden the day for another. Merry Christmas!

God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day;
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon this blessed morn
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born;
Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He takes away;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

—Dinah Maria Mulock.

The Time Draws Near.

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid—the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.
Each voice four changes on the wind,
Peace and goodwill, now decrease.
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill to all mankind.

—Alfred Tennyson.

When World History Was Made in Signing Locarno Peace Pact.

DELEGATES FROM PRINCIPAL EUROPEAN COUNTRIES ATTACH SIGNATURES TO TREATY

A scene that will go down in history as one of the most important of all times was enacted in the general assembly hall of the British Foreign Office when delegates from the principal European countries gathered to sign the Locarno security pact. The photo shows a general view of the ceremonies. Reading from LEFT TO RIGHT, starting with Sir Austen Chamberlain, who is seated in the centre at the head of the table are Sir Austen Chamberlain,

Mr. Lamason, M. Briand of France; M. Berthelot, Dr. Benes of Czechoslovakia; Count Szarynski of Poland; M. Preussel, M. Vandervelde of Belgium; M. Rolin, Herr Kempner, Von Schubert, Herr Stresemann, German Foreign Minister, Dr. Luther, German Chancellor, Marquis Medici, M. Piatelli, Signor Scialoja and Stanley Baldwin.

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THE WEEK'S MARKETS

TORONTO.

Wheat—No. 1 North, \$2.70; No. 2 North, \$2.65; No. 3 North, \$2.60; No. 4 North, \$2.55; No. 5 North, \$2.50; No. 6 North, \$2.45; No. 7 North, \$2.40; No. 8 North, \$2.35; No. 9 North, \$2.30; No. 10 North, \$2.25; No. 11 North, \$2.20; No. 12 North, \$2.15; No. 13 North, \$2.10; No. 14 North, \$2.05; No. 15 North, \$2.00; No. 16 North, \$1.95; No. 17 North, \$1.90; No. 18 North, \$1.85; No. 19 North, \$1.80; No. 20 North, \$1.75; No. 21 North, \$1.70; No. 22 North, \$1.65; No. 23 North, \$1.60; No. 24 North, \$1.55; No. 25 North, \$1.50; No. 26 North, \$1.45; No. 27 North, \$1.40; No. 28 North, \$1.35; No. 29 North, \$1.30; No. 30 North, \$1.25; No. 31 North, \$1.20; No. 32 North, \$1.15; No. 33 North, \$1.10; No. 34 North, \$1.05; No. 35 North, \$1.00; No. 36 North, \$0.95; No. 37 North, \$0.90; No. 38 North, \$0.85; No. 39 North, \$0.80; No. 40 North, \$0.75; No. 41 North, \$0.70; No. 42 North, \$0.65; No. 43 North, \$0.60; No. 44 North, \$0.55; No. 45 North, \$0.50; No. 46 North, \$0.45; 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No. 225 North, \$0.00; No. 226 North, \$0.00; No. 227 North, \$0.00; No. 228 North, \$0.00; No. 229 North, \$0.00; No. 230 North, \$0.00; No. 231 North, \$0.00; No. 232 North, \$0.00; No. 233 North, \$0.00; No. 234 North, \$0.00; No. 235 North, \$0.00; No. 236 North, \$0.00; No. 237 North, \$0.00; No. 238 North, \$0.00; No. 239 North, \$0.00; No. 240 North, \$0.00; No. 241 North, \$0.00; No. 242 North, \$0.00; No. 243 North, \$0.00; No. 244 North, \$0.00; No. 245 North, \$0.00; No. 246 North, \$0.00; No. 247 North, \$0.00; No. 248 North, \$0.00; No. 249 North, \$0.00; No. 250 North, \$0.00; No. 251 North, \$0.00; No. 252 North, \$0.00; No. 253 North, \$0.00; No. 254 North, \$0.00; No. 255 North, \$0.00; No. 256 North, \$0.00; No. 257 North, \$0.00; No. 258 North, \$0.00; No. 259 North, \$0.00; No. 260 North, \$0.00; No. 261 North, \$0.00; No. 262 North, \$0.00; No. 263 North, \$0.00; No. 264 North, \$0.00; No. 265 North, \$0.00; No. 266 North, \$0.00; No. 267 North, \$0.00; No. 268 North, \$0.00; No. 269 North, \$0.00; No. 270 North,