



### Snow on the Moon.

Prof. W. H. Pickering, of the Harvard Observatory, who has been making astronomical observations in Jamaica, West Indies, for several months, has brought a series of photographs of the moon which appear to establish the fact that there is snow on the moon. This fact was suggested about a year ago by Prof. Pickering, and while in Jamaica he made a special study of this matter, adopting a method that would afford fuller data. The method adopted was to take photographs of the moon at lunar sunrise, noon and sunset, and half-way between these. What the snow really is can as yet, according to Prof. Pickering, be only a matter of inference. It is most probably the snow of water. It appears that the presence of an atmosphere on the moon is accepted now among astronomers, though it is of extreme tenuity. A general view of any given series of photographs gives a fair assurance also that there is something beside a bare land surface reflecting the light, and the most tenable suggestion is that the more diffused parts of the moon pictures are in that condition by reason of the presence there of snow.

### Let It Go.

If you have had an unfortunate experience the last year, forget it. If you have made a failure in your speech, your song, your book or your article; if you have been placed in an embarrassing position, if you have fallen and hurt yourself by a false step, or if you have been slandered and abused, do not dwell upon it—forget it. There is not a single redeeming feature in these memories, and the presence of their ghosts will rob you of many a happy hour. There is nothing valuable in them. Wipe them out of your mind forever. Drop them. Forget them. Resolve that, whatever you do or do not do, you will not be haunted by skeletons nor cherish shadows. They must get out and give place to the sunshine. Determine that you will have nothing to do with discords, but that everyone of them must get out of your mind. No matter how formidable or persistent, wipe them out. Forget them. Have nothing to do with them. Do not let the little enemies—worrying and foreboding, anxiety and regrets—saw your energy, for this is your success and happiness capital. Whatever is disagreeable, or whatever irritates, nags, or destroys your balance of mind—forget it. Thrust it out. It has nothing to do with you now. You have better use for your time than to waste it in regrets, in

worry, or in useless trifles. Let the rubbish go. Make war upon despondency, if you are subject to it. Drive the blues out of your mind as you would a thief out of your house. Shut the door in the face of all your enemies, and keep it shut. Do not wait for cheerfulness to come to you. Go after it; entertain it; never let it go.

### Christmas Wishes.

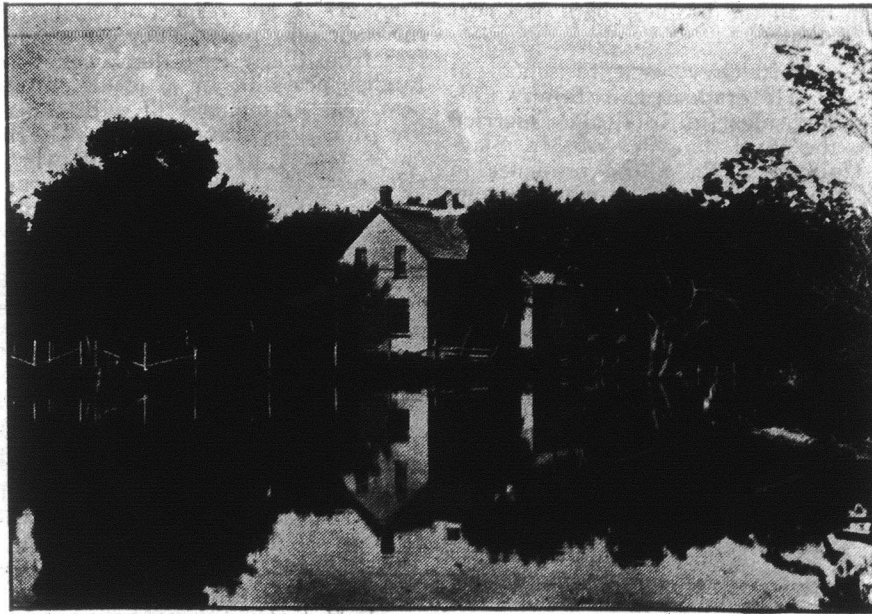
I wish for thee  
Light snowfalls in thy heart,  
To make its chambers pure and white,  
For Christmas-tide of love and light,  
And generous outgivings.

I wish for thee  
The holly wreaths and Christmas bells  
Which symbol what the music tells  
Of life and joy that richly swell  
The stream of human love.

I wish for thee  
The sweetest gift that e'er can come  
Within the heart, or realm of home—  
That rare and never-ending song  
Of "Peace, good will to men."

I wish for thee  
A symphony of sweet content,  
That, like angelic voices blent,  
May fill thy soul with melody, and bend  
Thy heart and will toward God.

—Helen Van-Anderson.



FARM RESIDENCE OF A. MADILL, GLADSTONE, MAN.

### Two Wood Piles.

"Ho, hum!" sighed Roy Miller, as he sauntered out to the back yard, and stood looking at the wood which had just been drawn into the yard. "That all has to be sawed and split and piled. For once I wish I had an elder brother." And he shrugged his shoulders as he started towards the shed for the saw.

Roy was not the only boy in the neighborhood who had to face a pile of wood that afternoon. As he came out from the shed he noticed that Luke Stoford and Jim Brent were both at the same kind of work. These two boys lived just across the street from each other, and before Roy went to work he stood and watched them for a few minutes.

Jim was busy piling the wood he had already sawed and split, and made it an even, regular pile that any boy might have been proud of.

"That's the way Jim always works," Roy thought, with an admiring glance at the result of his friend's labor.

Just then the minister passed by the Brent's front gate. "All done but sandpaping, Jim?" he inquired with a smile.

Jim blushed at the implied compliment, and answered: "Pretty nearly, sir."

Roy's attention was attracted by the voice of Luke Stoford, across the way. Luke's load of wood had been in the yard for about a week, but none of it was piled, and only a few sticks lying in a heap beside

him had been sawed. Now he called out, in drawing tones: "Mother! how many sticks do you need to-day?"

The sharp contrast between the two boys he was watching struck Roy as decidedly comical, and he sat down upon his own load of wood, and laughed. Then he picked up the saw and went to work with a will.

"I may not be able to rival Jim," he said to himself as he sawed, "but I'm bound I won't be like Luke, not if I have to stay up and saw at night."

When Mrs. Miller came to call Roy to supper, she looked in surprise at the wood which he had put in order. "Why, Roy, how much you have done!" she said. "I'm glad to see you have taken hold of your work so heartily and well."

"Oh," replied Roy, "I didn't relish the undertaking when I began, but I had an object lesson."

"What was that?" asked his mother, looking interested.

"It was the contrast between Jim's and Luke's wood," replied Roy, pointing as he spoke.

And Mrs. Miller, who knew both boys, looked and laughed, and then said: "I like the choice you made of patterns."

And the pattern proved to be one that lasted with Roy. If he were tempted to shirk any task after that, he was sure to hear Luke's lazy tones as he asked: "How many sticks do you need?"—The King's Own.

**"GOLD" FREE WATCH**

To boys or girls or any one giving us a few minutes of their spare time. Send your name and address—no money—and we will send you, postage paid, and trust you with 25 of our sort-of fancy jewelry novelties to sell for us at 10c. each. They sell easily, as each customer is entitled to a beautiful extra present from us. When sold, send us the money (\$2.50) and we will send Free, all charges paid, this handsome guaranteed gold-laid American movement, \$50.00 apiece ring. Watch and chain and if you send your order at once we will give as extra presents a pair of handsome gold laid On. Buttons and a fine solid gold shell ring. plain, engraved, or with brilliant stone setting, equal in appearance to rings costing \$15 and \$20; will wear for years. Order now and earn all four presents. Address: THE MUTUAL CREDIT CO., Dept. 166 Colborne St., Toronto, Ont.