

Young People

By Bessie Marchant

The snow was so deep on Christmas Eve, when the children set off for a surprise party at Mrs. Brown's, that it was hard work to get the two sledges up the steep lane, to the little log house on the hill.

Cassie Vincent, with her brother Ned and Daisy Semple, had the first sledge, which was piled with groceries, baskets of cakes and mince pies, and all sorts of comforts for Rufus Brown and his wife.

The second sledge was loaded with firewood, which had been sawn and split by Dick Semple and Alf Vincent, and now they were tugging and straining to get it up the hill.

Presently they came to a place where a great pile of snow had drifted on to some young birch trees, bending them down until they formed a sort of tunnel.

Then Cassie and Dick, who were the biggest and strongest, pushed their way down into this hollow under the trees, and squirmed along to the other end to see if it would be possible to get the sledges through.

"Hullo!" cried Dick, who was in front,

"there's something here. I say, Cassie, it's a man!"

"Where, where?" cried Cassie, in great excitement, scrambling along on all fours as fast as she could go.

"Here." Dick moved aside as he spoke, and she saw a man, asleep or unconscious, sitting close to the stem of the last birch tree.

"Is he dead?" she asked, in a tone of awe.

"I don't think so; he feels warm inside here," said Dick, slipping his hand inside the man's coat with quite a professional air. His father was the only doctor in Drayton, which is a little mining town in the Rockies, so Dick considered himself something of an authority on sickness.

"We shall have to carry him along with us to Mrs. Brown's; luckily it isn't much farther," said Cassie. "It will be a double surprise for her, and if she won't take the poor man in, we shall have to drag him back to the town on the wood sledge."

The man groaned a little when they moved him, and so they were quite sure he was not dead. Then, dragging the sledges through the tunnel, they tipped all the firewood in a heap, after which by dint of great exertion they succeeded in

hoisting the man, who was not very big, on to the wood sledge, and then they started for the house, which was already in sight.

It was a little wooden hut with a shed at the back, and just as they reached the gate, which hung by one hinge, a big sandy-brown dog came rushing out of the shed and barking fiercely.

With shrieks of fear Daisy Semple and little Ned Vincent, who was only nine, bolted to the rear, hiding behind Alf and Dick.

Cassie stood her ground, however, and began coaxing the dog; but it only barked the louder, and growled so savagely that it was plain something must be done to pacify it.

"Towser, dear Towser, we are only a surprise party, and there'll be a chicken bone for you, maybe, if only you will let us past," said Cassie.

"Ur-r-r-r!" growled Towser, as if the mere mention of a bone were an insult.

"Throw him a piece of cake, Cassie; p'raps he'll like you better then," called Ned, who was hiding behind Dick.

"A good idea!" exclaimed Cassie, pulling open one of the baskets. "Here is a currant bun just a little scorched. Now then, Towser—catch!"

Snap went the dog's jaws on the fragment of cake, then the bristles along his back smoothed out, he wagged his tail, and, coming a little nearer, plainly asked for more.

This time Cassie broke off a bigger piece, and, flinging it farther away, walked up to the door and knocked, whilst the dog was busy eating the cake.

The door opened a little way, and Mrs. Brown, looking very miserable and disagreeable, put out her head.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"If you please, we have come to pay you a visit—we are a surprise party," said Cassie with a smile.

"I can't have company to-day; my man is in bed with rheumatiks," replied Mrs. Brown, looking as if she were about to shut the door in their faces.

"Oh, please, but we must come in, because we have brought you so many things, and we will do all the work, so, that there won't be any trouble for you," pleaded Cassie. "And we have got a poor man on the sledge, that we picked up in the snow; he is very ill with the cold, and we want you to warm him up by your fire."

"My fire! I haven't got one, so you will have to take him somewhere else"; and again Mrs. Brown moved to shut the door, while her lips quivered, and she looked as if she were going to cry.

Cassie sprang forward, seizing Mrs. Brown's two hands in her own. "Please, please let us bring the poor man in, and then we will make you a lovely fire. The boys were bringing you a load of wood, only they had to tip it out when we found the man."

Mrs. Brown gave way a little then—that is, she allowed Cassie to push the door wide open; upon which, Daisy and Ned darted in with the two baskets of cakes and groceries, and, running out again, came back laden with as many parcels as they could bring.

Then Dick and Alf dragged the wood sledge closer to the door.

"Couldn't we drag the sledge right into the house, please?" asked Cassie. "It will be quicker, then the boys will take the other sledge, and run back for some of the wood. They can bring just a little to start the fire."

Mrs. Brown made no more objections; she just dropped on the nearest chair, and sat staring in surprise at the energetic visitors who had taken possession of her house.

Alf and Ned rushed back for some firewood, the dog going with them, and barking loudly, just as if he understood that there was some very good fun on hand.

Cassie and Dick, with Daisy pushing hard behind, managed to drag the sledge over the door-sill and turn it round in front of the stove, which was black and cold. Then the boys came running back, each with an armful of dry kindlings, and Cassie whisked the paper from one of the smaller parcels, and in less time than it takes to tell, a brisk fire was roaring in the stove.

The boys rushed back for more wood, and Mrs. Brown, rising stiffly from her chair, came to help Cassie with the poor man, who lay on the sledge.

"It is good to have a fire again—it sort of puts new life into one," she remarked, as she stooped down by the sledge. "Dear, dear! how bad the poor fellow looks! Why, it is Sam!" she shrieked, springing first to her feet in pure amazement, then dropping on her knees again, to smother the face of the stranger with kisses.

"Who did you say it was?" asked Cassie softly.

"It is Sam, my boy Sam; we haven't seen him for five years, and to think that he might have perished with cold, within a few steps of his mother's door, if it hadn't been for you children!" said the poor woman, beginning to cry.

"Couldn't you rub his hands, and get his boots off, while Daisy and I get the tea ready?" suggested Cassie. Then she reached a saucepan from the shelf, and sent Daisy to fill it with snow, to melt over the fire for the tea.

The poor man was beginning to recover in the glow of warmth from the stove, and in a very short time they were able to lift him off the sledge and put him in the rocking-chair which stood by the stove. Then the boys dragged the sledge outside, and brought in the firewood, which they piled behind the stove.

"Don't you think that Mr. Brown would like to get up, if the boys went and helped him to dress?" asked Cassie,

The Plain Truth about Shoe Prices

LEATHER is scarce and is growing scarcer. A large part of the available supply must be used for soldiers' boots. Importations have practically ceased and we are forced to depend upon the limited quantity of materials produced in Canada.

The cost of everything which goes into a pair of shoes is high, and is going higher. Workmen by the thousands have joined the colors, and labor is increasingly hard to get. It is not merely a matter of high prices, but of producing enough good quality shoes to go around.

These conditions are beyond the control of any man, or any group of men. They fall on all alike. No one is exempt—neither the manufacturer, the dealer, nor the consumer.

You must pay more today for shoes of the same quality than you did a year ago. Next Spring, prices will be higher still.

These are hard facts. They will not yield to argument. They cannot be glossed over. We cannot change them, much as we would wish to do so.

But you, as a wearer of shoes, can help to relieve them if you will exercise prudence and good judgment in purchasing. See that you get *real value* for your money. Spend enough to get it, but spend nothing for "frills."

See that the manufacturer's trade-mark is stamped upon the shoes you buy. High prices are a temptation to reduce the quality in order to make the price seem low. But no manufacturer will stamp his trade-mark upon a product which he is ashamed to acknowledge. Remember this, and look for the trade-mark. It is your best assurance of real value for your money.

AMES HOLDEN McCREADY

LIMITED

"Shoemakers to the Nation"

ST. JOHN MONTREAL TORONTO

WINNIPEG EDMONTON VANCOUVER

When you buy Shoes look for—



—this Trade-mark on every sole