OUR BOYS and GIRLS

Conducted by Polly Evans

"OLD WINTER'S AS KIND AS KIND CAN BE
AND BRINGS US SUCH HEAPS OF FUN
SUPPOSE WE CROWN HIM AND MAKE HIM KING
TO DAY WHEN OUR LESSONS ARE DONE."

The S.G.T.C. Goes Coasting

FELLOWS, I've a jim dandy piece of news for this society," said Rod Crowningshield at the first meeting of the S. G. T. C. for 1906. "I'll give you three guesses as a club. If any one catches on I'll set him up to peanuts, but if all fail, the society will waive my dues for this year and blow me to a dozen fried oysters at Scotty's."

"Yes, we will!"

"Watch us!"

"Nice set of suckers you must think us."

"Your odds are too easy, Roddy, my son; give us something worth while!" were the derisive yells that greeted this astounding proposition.

The S. G. T. C. had transferred its regular Friday sessions of arrangement from the coach in the Crowningshield barn to the large, old-fashioned attic of the Wainwright home.

Barton Wainwright, long since recovered from the sprain which followed his brave rescue of Rod's life at Mr. Stanton's chstnutting party in October, was now one of the most popular members of the society that had once refused him admittance. His hated title of "Issy" was never heard after that exiting afternoon.

Down the Hill on a Sled

"Chuck it all, Rod, we're not going to guess in those terms of yours, so you might as well spit out your news, or you'll burst with holding it," laughed Hen Newton, who knew Rod's inability to keep a secret, especially if it meant an outing for his beloved "Saturday Good Time Club."

"Well, gentlemen, since you insist—Bill Hempstead has a new bobsled—a beaut!"

A chorus of jeers followed this announcement.

"Get on to the band wagon, Rod. Your news was announced to this honorable body precisely fifteen minutes ago. You would be a gay deceiver and escort a lady home from school, when you should have been presiding over this important conference, would you?" said Tag Smith, giving Rod a friendly punch that sent him rolling headlong on the old cot.

Looking very much crestfallen, Rod said: "Well, what are you going to do about it? Accept?"

"Accept what?" asked the boys.

"Oh, come off! You can't draw me that way. How many can go, and who'll make a move that we put off our skating contest till next Saturday?"

"Honest Injun, Rod, we don't know what you're driving at," said Barton.

Much delighted tnat all his news had not fallen flat, Rodney announced:

"The bob is to be initiated to-morrow, and Mrs. Hempstead has asked us all to a chicken and waffle supper at Oakdale. We are to go out in Carter's omnibus sleigh, and coast all the afternoon and evening. It is full moon and Bill says the hill is out of sight—smooth as glass, and there's gorgeous bumpers."

"Susy goin'?" slyly asked Jack Peters.

"Yes, she is; and so is Marian, so I suppose you'll refuse," replied Rod, with a grin at Jack, whose devotion to pretty Marian Tempest was a standing joke.

Just then there was a knock at the door, and the maid brought in a huge plate of doughnuts and a box of fudge.

"Before we fall to," said Rod, "I appoint Bart a committee of one to write Mrs. Hempstead that the S. G. T. C. accepts with pleasure."

The next day was clear and bitter cold; but young blood does not freeze easily, and sweaters and caps kept every one toasty warm.

The new bob, easily holding a dozen, was "a beaut," as Rod declared—a brilliant scarlet, with strong brakes and steering gear. The mile-long course was straightaway and perfect, and the three bumpers supplied all the excitement necessary for the wild shrieks without which coasting would be tame indeed.

Bill steered splendidly, and there were no accidents to mar the pleasure, though several loads came to grief at the second bumper, and Hen Newton, coasting on a small sled, ran himself head first into a snow-bank and had to be pulled out by the heels.

Any one but old Dinah would have been appalled by the appetites brought to supper, but, as she said to relieve Mrs. Hempstead's fears of too few waffles:

"Doan you fret youse'f, honey; this chile ain't cooked fer a boy's acad'mie twenty years fer nuffin. If dem waffles done give out it's de fust time Dinah ever got fooled on a boy and waffle com-be-na-shun!"

Even a contest for the champion waffle eater, in which Rod, the winner, acknowledged himself stalled at twenty-four, did not exhaust that batter.

The evening coasting was jollier than ever; and the boys and girls would actually have traveled that hill all night had not Mrs. Hempstead reminded them Sunday was not far off.

Barton voiced the sentiment of the whole party when he told his hostess in parting:

"We'll have to change our name for to-night from the S. G. T. C. to the S. B. T. Y. C.—the Saturday Best Time Yet Club."

The Legend of Usui Pass

IN THE month of September, at the time of full moon, devout Japanese villagers are accustomed to wend their pilgrim way, by moonlight, along beautiful, winding paths, to the ancient shrines on the mountaintops and there make their pious offerings to the moon.

One such shrine stands on the top of Usui Pass. By the pass for many, many centuries—indeed, up to a brief half century ago—passed and repassed east and west the armed cavalcades of warring Samurai. Poor Samurai! Their day is over. No longer are they to be seen crossing Usui in pursuit of enemy or support of friend. For now they must follow the paths of peace with the rest of their countrymen.

One evening we joined the pilgrimage to the shrine on Usui Pass, and near the top we came to a village, where we halted for a view of the misty, moonlit valleys at our feet and the black, rugged mountains beyond and about us. We could almost touch the sealike clouds that broke about the mountain peaks, and almost see the silver streams that wound their way among the hills.

Climbing a long flight of steps, we came to an old temple, from which is the finest view of all. It is uninteresting to look at, this bare Shinto temple, with no burnishing save a polished metal mirror and a bronze bell, which worshipers ring when they come to do homage to their ancestors.

But it has a monument—one rude, moss-grown stone set up on another and larger stone, with an inscription in Chinese characters too old and worn to read—and about this monument the following legend runs:

There lived long, long ago a warrior King, and this King had the misfortune to offend one of the jealous gods, who immediately decreed that the King must die unless he could find a friend to die in his stead. Now, the King was not afraid to die, but he knew that his life was more valuable than most men's lives. So he called his comrades about him and asked which one of them was willing to give up his life to save the King's. One after another he asked, but although every last man was a mighty warrior and ready to die if need be in the midst of battle, not a single one of them could be found who was willing to give up his life in place of the King.

Down From the Cliff

The King then wept bitterly, and it chanced that the Queen came upon him as he grieved.

"Why are you so sorrowful?" she asked. And when he told her, she, too, wept and mourned; but a little later she recovered her composure and begged her lord to attend a feast which she intended preparing for him.

The royal tents were found pitched close by a cliff which overhung the sea, their silk banners fluttering in the breeze. Here, to the minor music of the koto, the King and his comrades feasted and conversed, the Queen sitting by her lord dressed in royal brocade that was embroidered all over with cherry flowers and golden peacocks and blue waterfalls, while in her hair she wore a golden comb. After the meats and other heavy foods came rich dainties, which were spread before them on the beautifully lacquered tables—dried persimmons, bean paste, sweetmeats moulded into the shape of gay chrysanthemums and rose petals and stars, and bowls of rice-made sake, which the warriors lustily quaffed.

Then the Queen stole unnoticed from the scene of revelry and made her way alone to the top of the cliff which overlooked the sea.

Here she gazed at the sun slowly setting amidst a blaze of glorious gold.

"Royal like myself!" murmured the Queen, "and though setting now, 'twill rise again. So, though I die, shall I not live again, because I have saved the life of my lord?"

She was young and strong and happy, and life was sweet to her; but great love gave her courage to die. And so, when morning came and they searched for her, no sign of the Queen did they find, until, at last, far down on the sands at the foot of the cliff, they came upon her golden comb.

And then the King knew that the Queen had given up her life, a sacrifice for his; and he mourned for her bitterly many weary days, and made a sad pilgrimage to this very temple on the way to Usui Pass; and here he erected this monument, and on it inscribed the story of the noble death of his Queen. Then, gazing over the plain below, he said thrice in a melancholy voice, "A-zuma wa ya!" (Alas! my wife) and from this eastern Japan came by its name, Azuma.

POLLY EVANS.

PEANUTS! WHO LIKES PEANUTS?

WAS there ever a boy, or girl, either, who didn't like peanuts? If there was, I am sure Polly Evans has never met him. What fun would a circus be without a bag or two of peanuts to feed the animals, two-legged and four?

How many of you really know more about this delicious nut, except that it is so mighty good to eat that when we get started it is very hard to stop?

Some children would not even know what you meant if you went down to a stand and asked for five cents' worth of fresh roasted peanuts. For they perhaps call them groundnuts or goobers or earth nuts or pindars, according to the part of the country in which they live. You see, the peanut is a plant of many names.

Playthings Made of Peanuts

Did any of you ever see great fields of peanuts growing on thick green, hairy stems about two feet high? After the flower has fallen the stem which supports it bends down till it pushes into the ground, where the fruit or pod develops.

The peanut's native home is down in Brazil, but soon after South America was discovered it was taken back by the explorers to Europe, and every one there found it so good it was soon cultivated in all the warm countries. For the peanut, you must know, loves an early spring and a hot, moist summer. As this is just the kind of weather that makes boys and girls feel cross and growl over the humidity, you must remember to say next summer, when inclined to get cross, "This is good peanut weather." It will make you feel more cheerful.

Did you ever think what a lot of work it takes to have this peanut crop, of which Americans are so fond that they use from 4,000,000 to 6,000,000 bushels a year?

First, the ground must be weeded very carefully; then early in October, as soon as the nuts show they are ripe, the farmer runs a plow under each row to cut off the main roots. Then he pulls up the vines all covered with nuts and heaps them in great piles, seven or eight feet high, around a stake. Not for three or four weeks are the nuts ready to be picked off.

Nor does this picking end the work. All these millions of shells must be sorted, the broken and discolored ones thrown away, and the others cleaned and polished. Thousands of boys and girls earn their living by getting the peanuts ready and packed up to send all over America and Europe for the roasting machine.

Nice, hot roasted nuts are not the only way we can use peanuts. Some people in Europe press the oil out of them to use for a salad dressing, and then the meal is fed to cattle or pigs. Who doesn't like peanut butter sandwiches? Peanut soup is very nourishing, while peanut toys and dolls are such sport to make that you must be sure to make some of these.

Polly's Wash Day

"DEARIE ME, this town is getting so disgraceful dirty, I'll have to ask Mr. Mayor to get out a conjunction against the soot," said Polly, with such a funny imitation of what the children called "Aunt Sue's club meeting manner" that mother laughed heartily.

"What's the trouble, child, that the soot bothers you? Has nurse been doing too much scrubbing to hands?"

"Tain't that, mother, though it is horrid to have some one say fifty-leventy times a day, 'Oh, such dirty little paws. Jest scamper off and give them a bath;' but it's my children's clothes! My washes is awful! Violet Rose and Adeline can only wear a white dress once, while Babkins will break me up if I try to keep him sweet and clean.

"Cook is cross when I only ask her to please to wash my children's things. She shoos me out of the kitchen and says, 'Bejabers, do ye think ivry day in the week should be Monday?'"

"Too bad," said mother. "This laundry question is a serious one. Why not do your own washing?"

"Why, Mother Gwynne, as if I could! Norah would just take the broom to me and 'call the cop' right off. She'd be so mad to have me botherin' 'round. She'd chase me awful!"

"I'm afraid she would," laughed mother; "but I was not thinking of the stationary tubs in the laundry; the play room ones will do better, I'm sure."

"Why, Mother Gwynne, as if there was tubs in the play room! I'm jest 'sprised at you."

"Is that so?" said mother. "Suppose you go and look and perhaps some one else will be 'sprised!"

Sure enough! there in the nursery was the cunningest, most complete washing set, a gift from mother, who had taken pity on Cook Norah.

Polly immediately decided to have a washing party, to get all her children's clothes clean at once.

Mary, Nettie and Bess came in from next door, and even Polly's brother Tom decided to help.

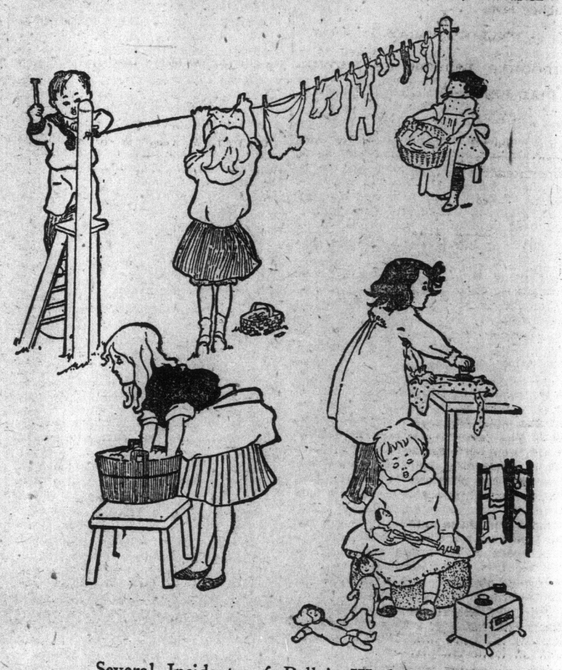
Such a splendid wash day as it was. No cross laundresses were found there to growl about "the big wash."

Nora was so pleased with the new arrangement she gave them all the soap and blue and starch they wanted.

Polly made a splendid lather and scrubbed away with a will; Tom fastened up the line for Mary to hang out the clothes; Nettie carried back the dry garments for Bess to iron on the new table, while baby Willie sat by the stove, on which the irons were heating, cuddling Violet Rose and the other children, that they did not take cold, since all their clothes had gone to the wash at once.

When the washing and ironing were finished and every doll dressed in fresh, clean clothes, they all looked so lovely that mother was brought to see them.

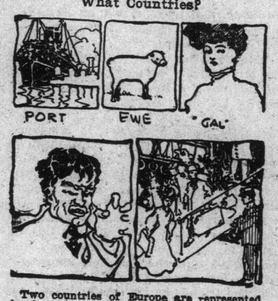
"I knew Nora was just cross," Polly said. "Why, washing is splendid, and not 'blue Monday' at all. I'm goin' to have my whole family wear white all the time, so every day can be wash day."



Several Incidents of Polly's Washday

PUZZLES and PROBLEMS

What Countries?



Two countries of Europe are represented in these two pictures.

Now, I wonder who among Polly Evans' little lovers of geography can guess what they are.

What Cities.

What cities of the United States are represented below? There is a city from each of the States that were the original thirteen colonies:

1. Harmony. 2. The author of the Bigelow Papers. 3. A term referring to God's care. 4. A stag and a passage through a stream. 5. The home of Helen. 6. What Noah would have built if there had been a second flood. 7. What maketh a full man. 8. The site of a vicinage made famous by Chaucer. 9. The home of Barbara Frietchie. 10. What would take hard pulling to do. 11. A gallant knight. 12. The Goddess of Liberty. 13. A treeless, grassy plain.

A Famous Englishman.

In the following puzzle every blank word rhymes with generation. When you have filled them out, the initials of the first nine will spell the most famous English statesman of the nineteenth century:

My first is this whole generation.
My next is woeful * * * * * * * *.
My third is food's * * * * * * * * * * *.
My fourth long-winded * * * * * * * * * *.
My fifth is pain's acute * * * * * * * * *.
My sixth is shunning each * * * * * * * * *.
My next is skilful * * * * * * * *.
My eighth is figure's * * * * * * * * * *.
My last praiseworthy * * * * * * * * *.

Initials nine in strict * * * * * * *.
Will spell a leader of a * * * * * *.
Whose efforts for her * * * * * * *.
By way of home rules * * * * * * * * * *.
Made Ireland hold in * * * * * * * * *.

Who Can Guess It?

My first a horse some call;
In theatre my next.
'Tis also where young Joseph lay
When brothers he had vexed:
My last is shortened name
Of England's Saxon king.
While to my whole the hurt and sick
Their friends do often bring.

A Friendly Meeting.

Here is another outline picture for you to trace. Follow the lines carefully and you will see a funny meeting, at which the conversation sounds probably something like this, "Cocka-doodle doo." "Grunt, grunt, grunt."

A Charade.

I'm set in lines, I'm name of girl;
I also did arise;
I'm spicey, fragrant, full of thorns,
I'm lovely to the eyes.
My second is a debutante
Or fruit in embryo.
My whole, though young, is called the queen,
Of all the flowers that grow.

Tongue Twisters.

Here are tongue-twisters, one old and the rest new. Can you say each one rapidly a half dozen times, without a mistake? If you can, you have a much more agile tongue than has Polly Evans.

Six-sixty-six slick suckers slashed slack slats.

Mixed biscuits, mixed biscuits, mixed biscuits.

The thrifty thief threatened to theatrically thrash the throng with thistles.

Will the prigrish priest please price preserved peaches, pulverized persimmons and prickly pears?

The greedy, grizzled grisly grinned and groaned gruesomely.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What is Wrong?

Sliced Words.

Dor-mouse; cater-pillar; fare-well; Damson; cut-let; hart-shorn.

A Fur Sale.

Chinchilla (chin-chil-la); ermine (er-mine); stone-marten (stone-mar-ten); Hudson Bay and Russian sable, seal-skin; squirrel; lynx; mink; beaver.

A Geographical Puzzle.

Kaiser Wilhelm, Karlsruhe, Augsburg, Isar, Stuttgart, Elbe, Rhine, Wiesbaden, Ilse, Leipzig, Hanover, Erfurt, Lorraine, Munich.

An Arithmetic Lesson.

Baa—Baal; lamp—lap; vice—ice; fa—flax; vouch—ouch; apple—dapple.

Answers to Mary's Dream Visitor.

1. The horns of a reindeer.
2. Ears of a donkey.
3. Wings of a bat.
4. Shell of a turtle.
5. Hide of a rhinoceros.
6. Piece of a serpent.
7. Scales of a crocodile.
8. Leg of a bear.
9. Leg of a horse.
10. Leg of an elephant.
11. Leg of a camel.
12. Mane of a lion.
13. Head of a chameleon.

The TUG of WAR

"Bow, wow-wow!"
Look out for a row,
Dumps found a bone
That Gyp claims as his own.

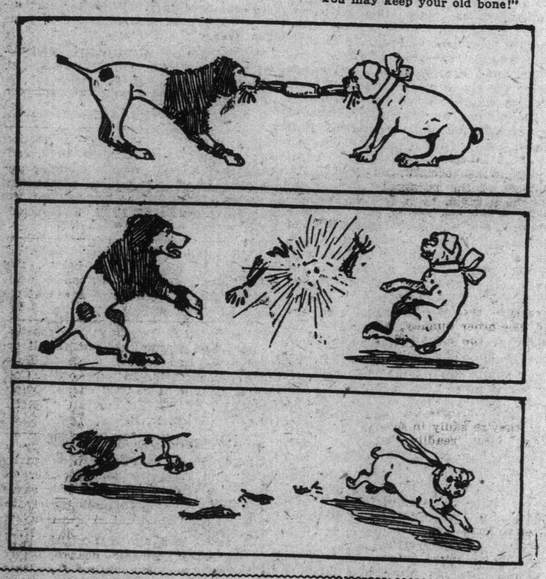
Tug, tug, tug,
Go poodle and pug;
A bone so gay
Had ne'er come their way.

Whine, whine, whine,
"It is mine! It is mine!"

Each cries as he tries
To run off with the prize.

Siss, siss, sizz!
There's a flash and a fizz!
That bone just blew up,
Scaring each little pup.

"Yelp, yelp, yelp!"
As they scamper for help,
Each snarls with a groan,
"You may keep your old bone!"



A Ball Tournament

HERE is a fine game of ball, much enjoyed by French boys. I wonder how many of you Americans ever played it? It is a kind of tilting tournament, and can be played either out-of-doors or in a boy's big play room.

Draw a big circle, in which the players range themselves, after having been divided into two equal divisions. Then cut for the ball. The side that obtains it are the knights, and the other, the horses. The knights get astride the horses, and the tournament begins.

The knight who holds the ball tosses it in the air three times, and then throws it to his right-hand neighbor, who passes it on to the next knight, and so on until the first player is reached.

The latter then throws the ball without following any order. If the ball is missed by the player to whom it is sent, all the knights leap from their horses and take to flight, but cannot go outside the circle. One of the horses picks up the ball and tries to hit a knight. If he succeeds, the knights become horses. If he misses his aim, the knights remount, and the game continues as before.

A MOUNTAIN TORRENT

THE next rainy afternoon, when no one knows what to do, try this interesting trick of making a mountain torrent right in your own home:

Place four books on a table at equal distances apart. The books themselves must be of different sizes and arranged in regularly diminishing order.

Blacken with smoke a long strip of paper by passing it above a lighted candle.

This done, apply your band of blackened paper on the backs of the books in the manner shown in the picture. That is, waving from one book to the other. The smoked side is uppermost.

Close to the last book—the smallest—put a saucer to which the strip of paper leads.

Then pour water from a spoon, drop by drop, on top of the first book, as shown in our drawing, and you will see the drops glide over the paper without wetting it, and after running down the mountains fall into the saucer.

A DISAPPOINTMENT

LITTLE Margery was observed by her mother each day to study carefully a couple of horse chestnuts that had been given her, which she had put out in the stable.

At last, one day, when the child returned, looking rather gloomy, Mrs. Mason said:

"Margery, dear, what is the matter? You seem disappointed about something."

"Oh, mother," replied the child, "I've put my horsechestnuts out in the empty stall, so the little horses would have a nice place to be when they came out of the shells, but I've watched those nuts 'most a month now, and the shells haven't even cracked yet."

A POLITE WISH

Small Bessie one day was taken to see her grandmother, who was in bed with a broken arm. Thinking people were patched up like dolls, the little girl said, politely:

"Grandma, I hope your arm will stay glued."

A SECOND HELP

MOST boys and girls love dogs, but I don't believe many would like them as do the Chinese, as a delicacy for the table. Of course, you have often read how both dogs, horses, and even rats, have been eaten in times of war during the sieges; but some of the Chinese think dog flesh a great delicacy, and fatten them for the table just as we do turkeys.

A very amusing story is told of an English naval officer who, soon after the opening by treaty of certain Chinese ports to foreigners, was dining with a great mandarin.

On the table was a dish which the Englishman so enjoyed that he wanted a second help. Unfortunately, he could speak no Chinese, while his host did not know a word of English.

Thinking he was eating a ragout of duck, the officer held out his plate, saying at the same time, "Quack, quack, quack!"

The mandarin smilingly shook his head, crying, as he heaped up his guest's plate with the food, "Bow, wow, wow!"

As it would have been considered very rude not to eat the food for which he had asked, the Englishman had to swallow the dog stew, though it almost made him ill after he knew what he was eating.

As long as the officer lived one of the standing jokes of his friends, when he asked to be served a second time, was to bark, "Bow, wow, wow!"

TEMPER

THIS
DUCT

PROVINCIAL PRESIDE
TER,
FAIRVILL

Dear Comrades—Since my
the year 1905 has closed, a
before us a new year. I w
to accept my season's gre
the hope that to every one
ber this may be a "Happy
because we will strive to liv
aright. May we all
"Speak a shade more kindl
year before,"
Pray a little oftener, lo
more;
Cling a little closer to th
love—
Thus life below shall like
above,"

Our duties are calling upo
loudly these days. I wish
member the petition regard
pulsory education," which w
our last convention to be sen
board of education, with the
a bill will be brought before
of assembly, which meets
Will every county president
that members for her county
to speak and to vote in fav
bill? Local presidents will
matter in counties without
president. Let us be earn
the matter.

Will all superintendents
not already done so send out
the unions, giving plan of w
possible programme for one
In this way every departme
more fully understood and m
interesting.

The financial side of our
interest to all, and I ask each
give this more than a passing

Will you please send in
fees as soon as possible, and
have a New Year's offering
If you will only give ten c
what a great help it will
time.

We hope to carry on our wo
lumbermen as in other years
not yet heard whether our
tendent has engaged a miss
visit the camps or not. She
us due notice.

Work among sailors also c
attention. Please send contrib
all funds to Mrs. Carrie A.
provincial treasurer, Frederict

Canada's White Ribbon Bull
new official organ of the Dom
C. T. U., has just been publi
the first time. It will be issu
month for the small sum of
five cents per year. It is pla
duty to send in a large subscrip
I hope each union will make
large as possible, sending na
money to Mrs. F. H. Waycott
Elm avenue, Montreal.

Let us realize more fully
work for all to do. We cann
our personal responsibility wi
juring our cause. Let us pray
laborers, and also try to make
possible for them to go out an
best work for the Master.

Yours in the strong bonds o
Ribbon love,

NELLIE M. GRAY, Pre

CIRCULAR LETTER OF
CIAL PRESS SUPERINTE

SACKVILLE, N. B., Dec.

Dear Sisters:—Contrary to
wish I was appointed provinc
superintendent for another yea
of you doubtless know that si
vention I have passed throu
sorrow in the death of a belo
ter. The shock brought up
condition of suffering in my h
rendered the necessary work
sible for a time and even y
scarcely equal to my duties.

For this cause my circular l
been delayed. But I do now a
union where such work is po
come to my help and support
earnestness and zeal strive
this coming year the best yet.

1st. Will those who have
local papers be faithful in ke
column supplied with items
work and general temperanc
gence? Where unions cannot
items concerning general wo
progress, the provincial press
tendent could sometimes sup
reed.

2nd. Will those unions that
been fortunate in securing
local papers try again maki
matter of earnest prayer and
trying—pleasantly and polite
persistently.

3rd. Will those unions that
space and have not made u
take up the work now with ear
and do it in His name for
home and native land?

4th. Will each union send
of all work carried on to press
tendent to help her in supplyin
umn in Dominion paper?
year's report for Tidings work
couraging and I thank those
contributing, but want every
help this work as it is their
to do. Be prompt in sending
will do the best I can on my p

5th. Keep account of all pre
in this way. Let each press
tendent have a little book a
down in it just the work she do

Nov. 12.—Sent manuscript
containing words 200. Just k
and the number of words and
end of the year count the da
send in as a report the num
number of words thus:

PROVINCIAL REPORT FRO
UNION.

No. of manuscript—12 or 20 o
No. of words contained their
No. of notices, 90, etc. Origi
cles, 12.

The union summing up the
number of words will receive
prize, which will be an emblem
and will become the personal
of press superintendent of
union.

6th. Will each union hold