

make a man, whether he is prince or peasant.

To the boys and girls this is the prince of the fairy stories. Few little girls will read Cinderella or any of the dear old fairy tales without seeing this Prince's face under the plumed hat, and he will be the boys' hero, for he is a soldier, and he rode a bucking broncho with the cowboys in the West. What mother can read of his kissing the mother of one of our dead heroes as he gave her her son's decoration, without a warm feeling in her heart, and what father can look at him without pride? He is what a prince should be, not a man set apart by grandeur but a man set apart by his straight living, his courtesy, manliness and unselfishness. He whose home is a palace, and whose grandparents and uncles and aunts are kings and queens, who might easily gratify his slightest wish and be protected and guarded, lived for many years the strict life of the naval cadet on a training ship, and in the great war he stood beside our boys in the trenches of France and Flanders, sharing their dangers and discomforts. He won the Military Cross, not because he was the

son of England's king, but because he was a man among men, willing to fight and suffer, and if need be die. He knew it would give people pleasure to shake his hand, and so he stood for hours, while thousands passed before him, shaking his hand with such vigor that he could not use it for days. And so through everything he has done his own comfort and pleasure have been considered last, the pleasure of the Canadian people first; and he has won the love and loyalty of every man, woman, and child, not with a golden crown and the grandeur of ancient kings, but with the simple every day little virtues that we can all practice in our homes and schools. And so Canadian boys and girls, I want you to look up to the Prince of Wales and respect and love him, not only because he is the coming ruler of the mighty British Empire, but because, first and foremost, he is a courteous, kindly gentleman.

Crowned with the glitter of steel and the glimmer of tears,
Prince of courtesy, merciful, proud and strong.

OUR COMPETITIONS

For November—"A List of My Favorite Books."

For December—"A Visit to Santa Claus Land."

We are very sorry that the September Journal was delayed so that there

were no stories for our competition this month. It was no one's fault, so better luck next time, and be sure you send in lots of stories for November and December.

OCTOBER AND BULBS

Once again to remind you to tuck away under the warm earth some of those homely little brown bulbs that at the touch of the wand of spring turn into dancing fairies of yellow, pink and red. Think how you will love their bright colors and sweet perfume after the long winter, and plant for your home and for your school room. For indoor growing, tulips,

narcissus, crocus, hyacinths, freezias, daffodils, and Easter lilies, for outdoor growing tulips, single and double parrot tulips and Darwin tulips, which are a long stemmed late blooming variety.

Have you taken an October walk in the woods yet? Don't forget that winter comes soon, and that there won't be many more days without Jack Frost. Gather leaves for pressing and for