

one. As it was, we were compelled to give three, we could not help ourselves. The pleasure of reading so many well written papers on our Calendar prompted us to do so.

It is also most pleasing to us to say that the essays came from every Province in the Dominion, and from city, town, village, and farm.

We are looking forward to our next budget. The Calendar for February has offered a gold pencil as a prize, and the prize for March is a beautiful travelling ink bottle.

#### ARE YOU FOND OF LITTLE GIRLS?

FREDERICTON, N. B.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—I am so glad you have a letter box because now I can write and tell you how much I like your paper.

I take a great many publications, — children's publications, among them St. Nicholas, Wide Awake, Youth's companion, and Harper's Young People. Do you know I think yours is the best. It is our own, our very own, and the pictures are sweet and lovely. I think the answers to the letters are so nice.

I hope you will print this so as to surprise my mama. I am thirteen years old and read in the sixth reader.

Are you fond of little girls?

Goodbye,

B. M.

MY LITTLE DEAR,—There are few things I am so fond of as little girls. They are so sweet and loving, and so full of genuine fun. It is a pleasure for me to do anything for them. So I am very glad, I am clapping my hands with delight to think you like my letters, for I could sit the whole day writing to you.

But, do you know, I have very little time without interruptions. Everybody wants me, — not one after another, but all at the same moment. And the telephone, you should hear it. "Is the Editor there?" "Can I see the Post Bag, please?" "Just a word with the Ed. P. B.," and so on.

When the mail comes in and brings me my budget from my little friends all over the country, do you know what I do? I lay down my pen. I jump into my arm-chair. I put my feet on a nice foot-stool. I say to myself "now for a treat," and as I open your letters and read them, my friend the Editor-in-Chief comes in (she is fearfully busy too, some day I will tell you about her) and she says, "Hello, Post Bag, you look happy."

Sometimes we have fun too in our office, for we could not write things that you would like if we were not like children ourselves.

So we do love little girls. And as for little boys, you may know how much we love them when I tell you that a little boy friend of mine wants to start a vegetable garden, and he has written to me about it.

Well I need not tell you that it is not an easy thing to start, nor is it easy to advise about it. But I have been "all round," hunting up everything, poking here, and poking there, for information for him. There's a man I buy vegetables from, and when I drop in, he smiles and says, "Has your friend started his garden yet?"

Oh! There's the horrid telephone again. Good bye dear.

Your loving friend,

ED. P. B.

#### A POST-BOX IN THE HALL-DOOR.

MONTREAL, Feb 20.

DEAR POST BAG,—I thought I should like to tell you of a very funny thing that is happening in our house, and we can't make out a single thing about who is doing it.

We live in a very busy street, and people are passing all the time day and night, at least till late in the evening. Our door is just like other doors, except that it is on the level of the street, and there is a small vestibule that has no outer door on it.

Well, once a week or so, when father goes to lock the hall door at night he takes a peep into the letter box. We are getting letter-boxes for ourselves now in our doors in Montreal, for the postman is so busy he can't wait to ring us down. He takes a peep and there he finds a letter addressed and stamped, but not for us, nor for any one in Montreal, nor from our postman at all. It is for an old lady in the Maritime Provinces, and for a long time we have been wondering and wondering how it came and who put it there.

Father always brings it in and puts it in the post-office, and I hope it reaches the dear old lady. But all the same we are curious to know who drops it into, and why our door is like a post-office.

Isn't it funny? I thought the young Canadians, — I mean other young Canadians like myself, would like to hear about it.

Your sincere friend,

B. O.

MY DEAR B. O.—How very strange! Many thanks for telling us about it. It is very odd.

And to think of the writer of the letter all this time getting answers and believing that it is Her Majesty's Royal Mail that she has to thank, instead of your kind and good father.

I fancy I see the person come walking along, take the letter and drop it in, with the same feeling of pleasure that we all have as we post a letter to a friend. I should not be surprised if the old lady is the mother, and the one who drops in the letter is away from home.

How nice of your father so tenderly to keep up the delusion. Think of the unhappiness and misery he has prevented, and of the joy and satisfaction he is perpetuating by his one act of taking the letter to the general office — a real Santa Claus all over again.

It is very odd. It reminds me of something I read a while ago about an old wooden pump that stood in its dotage, unused and neglected. By and bye when some workmen were clearing it away they found it almost full of letters. It had been taken for a letter-box and had evidently been used as such for many months, if not indeed years.

The funny part of this story is that the workmen posted all the contents of the pump there and then, and when they reached their destinations you may imagine the effects. In some cases the people the letters were addressed to were gone long ago, dead, or emigrated. In others the people who wrote them had been dead for years, which made very awkward complications as you may well believe.

These are the incidents that clever people get hold of and work up into stories.

Yours sincerely,

ED. P. B.

#### ABOUT THE SHORTHAND.

MASSAWIPPI, Q.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—I have studied shorthand some, and am ready to commence it again any time now. I think I can get up a club of two boys and two girls and myself to make five.

I expect to get an answer from you pretty soon.

Yours,

P. G. S.

MY DEAR PERCY, That is very nice. There is nothing that sounds so like real work as "clubs," and your club I am sure will like our shorthand. I am glad you have got one up. There are a great many all ready waiting.

We are not quite ready with the shorthand just yet. The plates have to be made in England all for ourselves. We have no shorthand type in Canada, and the Messrs. Pitman are so interested in our YOUNG CANADIAN that they are getting special plates prepared for us.

They will be ready very soon now. Meantime I should advise you to go over all you have learned to be in good form for a good start.—ED. P. B.