



CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN.—I am delighted with your first number. But in your Post Bag you write to Dick and his Chum, and you do not make any reference to his bad grammar. I hope you will, as all young Canadians must attend to this

Your friend,

P. R.

It has been a rule of my life, when I have been compelled to find fault with young people, to do it as tenderly and gently as possible. It would have been unkind to Dick to point out his grammar to the whole country, so I just wrote him a little private and confidential note telling him how to improve that sentence, and I have a reply thanking me. I am sure Dick is a good boy, and there are worse things in life than bad grammar.—Ed. P.B.

TORONTO.

DEAR EDITOR:—Have just read sample copy of THE YOUNG CANADIAN. Your Editorial starts off first rate; in fact, as you say, it's been a want long felt. I am tired of the way some of our so-called Canadians run down Canada. But, now, honest! you are not going into politics?—too steep; nor giving way the least bit to some of the popular ideas about annexation, are you? Keep a sharp look out, and give us a good clean sheet all the time, and (speaking for myself at any rate, as a young Canadian), we will back you up every time. I am going to see what I can do for you with our club (the T.B.C.) With this introduction, I would subscribe myself a nearly, but not wholly, confirmed

"CYNIC."

MY DEAR CYNIC.—We are not going into politics, you may be sure, any more than we are going in for annexation. But we want our young readers to learn, through us, something of the great questions that influence our country. Unpolitical politics, perhaps, you may call it, now and then, and we hope that, as the young Canadians who read them grow up, they may be in an infinitely better position to form an opinion and take their share in the government of their country in an unbiassed and unprejudiced manner. I am very glad that we have secured your sympathy and support, and shall be glad to hear from your club at any time. Ed. P.B.

WINNIPEG, Man.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN:—Papa has subscribed for you, and Percy and I are so glad to have a paper of our own every week. Percy is my brother. He is six years old, and I am seven and a half. Last year Santa Claus brought me a pair of snowshoes, and we had great fun in the snow. Perhaps papa is going to get me a pair of skates. I go to school every day, and we have just had our promotion examination. We have a little sister named Nora. She will be three years old in March.

We wish all your readers a "Happy Christmas"

Your little friend,

FRED

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND FRED—You have written me a sweet little letter, and I love it very much. I have folded it and put it away neatly in my office. I have

made a pretty file for the purpose, with a label on the top. On the label I have put

POST BAG LETTERS.

I mean to keep them all, and when you come to Montreal you will come to see them. I am very fond of little boys like you that are proud of their brothers and sisters. I do hope you got your skates, and I hope to hear from you soon that you have had your first lessons. Give my love to little Nora, and tell her I shall have something pretty next week all for her own sweet little selfie.—Ed. P.B.

MIDDLE SACKVILLE, N.S.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN:—I have received your sample copy. If it really proves to be what you have promised to make it, it will supply a long felt need.

Keep THE YOUNG CANADIAN instructive and ennobling. You will succeed. You have our best wishes. Our book stores are filled with a lot of sentimental nonsense, not at all adapted to the wants of boys growing up to take our places in life.

L. W. T.

EMBRUN, O.

Your sample copy contains so many captivating things that I must write to you. I have already shown it to many of my friends, who find it a beauty. Therefore, I think I shall be able to find you some more subscriptions. I am in search of a situation as assistant book keeper, and am a commercial graduate of the University of Ottawa.

An answer will oblige,

F. P.

I will gladly do all I can to procure you a suitable position. Your diploma from the University of Ottawa should help you very much. My advice to you, however, is meantime *to begin*. Get something to do—anything, that will teach you much and lead to something better. I would not be a day idle if I were you. Useful occupation brings a sweet reward in itself, and it will fit you for more. Ed. P.B.

OUR FISH IN WINTER

have not such a hard time as might be imagined. The water deep down is about as comfortable for them in winter as in summer. The cold does not reach very far down, and the ice which looks to us so miserable for them, is really a magnificent blanket. They do not suffer so much from the possibility of cold as from the chance of being cut off from the supply of oxygen which they must receive from the air through the water.

OUR PICTURESQUE WINTER.

See the snow in smooth wreaths, in gentle ripples. Here a round hill, there a deep gully. Here a gossamer of spider web lace, there a sparkling shower of diamonds. Then there is the crunching of busy feet on the footpath; the creaking of the sidewalk, the stamping of the car conductor, the Arabian Nights on the window panes, the crust of white on the door handles; the steam from the horse's mouth, the hoar frost on their manes; the tingling cheek; the icied beard; the smarting toe; the merry sleigh bell, the warm heart, the happy home.