



START THE NEW YEAR RIGHTLY

If you have allowed yourself to drop behind in your class at school, and are now being urged to make up by being ushered in. Study to learn, and love learning. You will Lo a thousand times more than you can ever know.

If you are in the habit of using slang, quit it on New Year. There is no habit more pernicious than that of using slang in your conversation. Some children have a large vocabulary of slang, but a very small one of good words. They are not clean, proper language during the year 1918, and after that period of time they will never be able to return to the use of vulgar words and phrases.

If you have been blind to the distress of the poor and unfortunate, open your eyes on New Year's day, and learn the value of giving sympathy to the poor. You will be a well-placed in life as yourself. We are all the children of one God, and we should do all his power to make the other happy.

A Story For Girls.

and she went to sleep before the guests arrived. You are too little and too young to stay up to parties, but after a while, when you are a big girl like Sister, you too, shall have watch parties. So, little chick, come to bed," said Mrs. Agnew led her youngest child to bed.

After being put to bed Birdie lay awake for a very long time, wondering why. Suppose Ned was right about her. Suppose she was a fairy, and coming from a fairy land. Her mother called Ned's tale a fairy story, but Mamma did not believe in fairy stories. Birdie did. She had a great many fairy stories, and she had been with good fairies helping little children in need. Yes, Birdie believed implicitly in fairies.

After the guests had arrived, and Birdie could hear them laughing and talking, could hear the almost continuous ringing of the front door bell, she lay there, just as if she were at a door by a hired porter who was her grandmother's chauffeur on ordinary occasions.

After the ringing of the bell ceased, and Birdie knew that all Helen's company had assembled and were in the two beautiful parlors. Their voices and laughter came up the stairs more plainly than ever. Birdie lay there listening to catch what she could of the merriment down stairs.

After what seemed a very long time, she heard a bell give a quick, little ring. Then she listened for some one to open the door. But no one did so, and again came the merry voices and laughter from the parlors. Birdie listened impatiently. Why did not the butler open the door and admit the guest?

After a while, more vigorous, she took Birdie out of bed. She ran to the head of the stairs and peeped down. No one was in the hall, and the butler was not there. Slowly and cautiously Birdie went down the stairs, keeping an eye on the two parlor doors, fearing lest some guest might open one and step out into the hall. But no one did so, and she reached the hall doors without being discovered by a living soul.

At the door she listened. She could hear some one stamping his feet on the door mat, and at once decided it was her father. She came home for something, she boldly stepped out into the hall, there, on the mat, stood a tiny elfin-

like you with little wings sprouting at his shoulders. About him flocked a small army of little creatures not half so large as himself. They, too, had bits of wings at their backs. All were most gorgeously and fantastically dressed.

Birdie had not long to wait for an introduction from the visitor, for he doffed a dear little cap and bowed low. Then he said in the most beautiful voice Birdie had ever heard: "I am Master New Year, Miss, and with your permission, I shall come in and pay my respects to you while waiting for twelve o'clock to arrive. You see, I am a bit ahead of time."

"Oh, surely, come in," said Birdie, greatly glad to have New Year calling upon her. And it certainly was a comfort to know that New Year was not a day, but a beautiful winged boy. "Come right in and follow me, please," you suggest, and she says,

A New Year Story For Boys.

gave a look around to see that all was in order for his leaving. He was a conscientious boy and never shirked the smallest duty. "Everything right for day-after-tomorrow," he observed. "And we'll all return to work with renewed vim after our New-Year holiday. And now I'll be off." Just time, and none to spare, to catch the six-forty express for home. And Mother will have supper smoking hot on the table at seven, just as I enter the front door. Good, but Mother and I do hit the exact minute when it comes to meals—she having them just at the very moment that I reach home. And what a mother, too!"

Thus musing pleasantly, and anticipating the usual happy evening at home, his mother reading aloud to him after supper as he lay stretched on a couch, resting, Thomas Green

the quick. But he did not mind a bit of chill. He was a hardy boy and used to exposure. Often he spent whole evenings, after supper, on the pond near to his home, skating with his young friends. So a bit of snow and wind did not affect him disagreeably.

"Well, I've got a taste of what it means to be a sparrow and live under the cornice of a high building," he mused, crawling out upon the broad window ledge which suited some feline over the street below. "And now for the strength of my lungs." He called out as loudly as he could, trying in vain to attract the notice of the few passers-by who came scurrying along, heads bent and chins thrust into turned-up coat collars.

After about three minutes spent in this way, Tommy decided upon another plan, and got back into the

77 EO is he that comes creep

At the hour of dark midnight.
Once every winter, and only when
The darkness has hidden the light
Who is he that is small and young.
But who governs all that light?
Who is he that demands the toll
Of all who have toll to give?
Who is he that's your friend and mine
Though he's driven an old friend
Who is he that can linger a year,
But with us no longer can stay?
Who is he that brings us great joy,
And brings us deep grief as well
Who is he that both smiles and
frowns—
Can you little children tell?
His name means only a mark of time
And when he is drawing near

Thus equipped with his life-saving apparatus, as he mentally called the string and paper-weight, Tommy again climbed up upon the window ledge and there he located the string. He was lowering the paper-weight to unwind the twine. Having an enormous ball of it, he knew he could let the weight down to the pavement below. After about five minutes work, the twine was unrolled and he saw a heavy iron paper-weight struck the pavement below. Then Tommy waited. He was in a part of the city where almost no one was out at 9 o'clock of evenings, for most of the business houses around there were office buildings and wholesale places. He was not long in making his proposition; he must be watching a storm-blown street below as best he could for the flying snow. "But as things come to him who waits," he philosophically added. Then he watched a little longer before proving his quoted advice. Of a sudden, after a dark and dense mass of crooked streets came a young man, bristling with storm. Tommy jerked the paper-weight right in front of him, attracted his attention, and the young man was about to pass it when Tommy

live at Grace Hill with my mother and son. We'll have to wait now for the seventh-trip, which will put us into Grace Hill station in about twenty minutes. You have far to go from the station!"

"I'm not sure about where I'm living," the stranger laughed. Then he left the elevator and went out to the street, the janitor going down to the basement to look after some work before leaving.

On the street the stranger asked, "My sister lives at Grace Hill, sir. I'll come this way to pay her a visit. I haven't seen her here before. I don't call like you. She doesn't know I'm coming for her. I wanted to surprise her. I thought it is only a little bus ride, so I shall have her surprise me at my sister's home. Guess they have a street car or a town hack there, else I wouldn't have left all my baggage with this hand grip at the depot. It will be sent out tomorrow—as soon as I find my sister's home."

"We have a town hack, and a street car," said the janitor. "You may be right. I can help you out as to your sister's home. I know most everything about Grace Hill—was born there."

that it hung in the air a few feet above the pavement. He paused at the black hold of it, and then he saw the note, which was plainly addressed to "Any one who passes by."

After reading the superscription, the little folded bit of paper, the young lad looked up, and through the dim light saw Tommy's face over the ledge waving to him in distress. Then the stranger read the address and waved an arm to Tommy as much as to say, "You will be right young chap. Just be patient."

Tommy saw the young man did appear into the entrance of the building, and he waited until he saw him draw up the paper-weight and get back into the office again, nearer from than he cared to be. After about five minutes Tommy heard footfalls in the hall outside, and a dress came and then a heavy knock on the outside office door. Tommy was at the door in a hurry and responded to the weak knock by saying, "Come in." The door locked in. Purvis. Can't you get in out?"

"Sure, kid," replied the good-natured, friendly-looking man, "I'll get the lock. Then, presto, pass! Tommy stood facing liberty and a youthful man who was beside the janitor. Tommy bowed to him, after thanking him for his assistance. Then he went the three feet toward the elevator. Tommy said to the stranger: "I am sorry to put you out in this way, but I expect the door will be closed soon, except to attract the attention of some pedestrian who happened to come the

"My sister's name is Green—Mr. Sadie Green. She's a widow with one child, a boy about your age, I should say."

Tommy stepped suddenly and caught hold of the young man's hand. "She's my mother," he gasped, a lump in his throat. "My mother?"

"Yes, and you must be Uncle Thomas whom I'm named for."

Well, it didn't take Mr. Thomas Harding long to grasp the situation and to see that the boy was telling him the way to the station. In fact Tommy wondered if Uncle Thomas would let go his hand long enough for him to get away.

As soon as they got to the Grand Hill station, there was another surprise awaiting them. Tommy's mother had become acquainted with the dealer and had phoned to the office building where Tommy worked. Luckily the janitor had not yet left the building, and explained to her that her son had been taken to the hospital. He told her the reason of his tardiness. But of the stranger he said not a word, thinking, of course, that this was the boy who had started compassing his reaching the street.

So, her mind at rest regarding his son, Mrs. Green put the supper in the warming oven to keep hot, donned a hat and coat and went to the station to meet him when he should arrive at eight o'clock. Maybe you can imagine her happy surprise when she found that the boy had not jumped off the train, and soon she found herself being hugged lovingly

"Ah, my home is a thousand miles west of here, young fellow," smiled the stranger, as they stepped into the elevator which the janitor was running. "I'm a stranger in the city—just got here from the country. I'm on my way to the depot at Seaside, terminal round the corner, and am on my way to the depot at Seaside and King streets. I'm taking the Interurban for Grace Hill, which, as I am informed, is about twenty minutes ride from the city."

"Well, well, how on top the earls did you get acquainted?" cried Mrs. Green.

"And on the their way home Uncle Thomas told the whole story, and he added: 'New Year, 1913, shall see change for both you and Tommy. I struck it rich out in the West—got a fortune. From this day on, Tommy need not work as office boy any longer, but shall go to college, by gum. And now we have some supper, after which you and I will stroll forth in the park. Tom and I will stally forth in queue of a New Year turkey and fixings for some of our friends. And now, I say, it was never celebrated before and the history of our family.'"

My second is in millet, but not in ha
My third is in wedding, but not in
 bride:
My fourth is in yue, but not in tid
My fifth is the same as my second, y
 know;
My sixth is in arrow, but not in bow
My seventh is in broil, but not in ha
My whole ill tell you just what I a
 RIDDLE.
I'm slain to save me—with much ca
and pain.
Scattered, dispersed, and gathered u
 again:
Withered, tho' young, most swee'
 perfundment.
And carefully laid up to be consum

Y: ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S
In PUZZLES.
e:
e: WORD SQUARE:—
u BLOW
e LOVE
w OVENT
n WENT
e ADDITIONS:—1. Lance—Glance.
e Lead—Glad. 3. Lock—Clock. 4. Row—
re Brou.
p DIAGONAL:—Storm. Cross-word
p 1. Small. 2. Utter. 3. Floor. 4. Storm.
p 5. Steam.
p REBUS:—Dear children, merry
d merry Christmas to you all.
o PICTURE-PUZZLE:—Santa in
s boy's head in his hair

CHARADE

My first lies in front of the door,
Or possibly down on the floor.
Sometimes it is soiled,
Sometimes it is neat;
And often it comes
In contact with feet.

My second's a lock of soft hair
You may see it most anywhere.
Sometimes it is gray,

Sometimes it is light;
 And sometimes it will see it
 As black as the night.
 My two joined together, 'tis said,
 Will make a nice, comfortable bed.
 Sometimes it is big;
 Sometimes it is small;
 And it comes in such sizes
 As to suit one and all.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

This acrostic contains eight words
 of equal length. If they are rightly
 guessed and written out below
 other their primals will reply a happy
 season of the year. The cross-words
 are something of a puzzle, but beats with
 regularity. 2. A command. 3. Part
 of a chain. 4. One who will not work
 5. Silver coins. 6. A slender weapon
 7. Something used in bread. 8. Ho
 vapor.

LETTER ENIGMA.

My sixth is in arrow, but not in bow

My seventh is in broll, but not in ham
My whole ill tell you just what I am

RIDDLE.

I'm slain to save me—with much care
and pain,
Scattered, dispersed, and gathered up
again;
Withered, tho' young, most sweet, tho' old,
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And carefully laid up to be consumed

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"Listen! Now It's New Year. And You've Been Fast Asleep While the Little Chap Stole Into the City."

have torn," for the next—a local
And it won't put me at home till
And I know I have no way of
telling Mother to death. She'll be
riding almost to death. Whenever I
a moment late, dear Mummy think
And I'm sure I'll be blind and
This terrible snow storm is blind
she'll have fears that I've got lost
Wish I could afford a phone in my
And I'm sure I'll be blind and
quized, Tommy turned and looked
of the front window at the snow
storm to which he had just alluded
and he was standing at the win-
dow. Wonder if I could get out of the win-
dow ledge and make some one on the
street below hear my call for help.
I'm sure I'll be blind and above
ground. Rather an unhandy prom-
ise. Believe me.

Tommy went to investigate the
cause of the calling from the win-
dow. As he threw up the blind

Sometimes it is light;
 And sometimes it will see it
 As black as the night.
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LETTER ENIGMA.

The following is a recent issue of the London paper from the special correspondence at Salisbury:

It will be some Summer grass grows green again at Salisbury Plain, where the troops are in camp. There over 35,000 men are now say that this is a good (real division) quartered in the Bustard, North and South and Pond Farm—and it is say that the men are in the middle of the men. Bustard think that they are the worst of it; and the others invite them to "come and see the men." The men are all extraordinarily in trouble among them is the orthodox number of enough as a result of the raw, cold weather, and the men are very cheerfully, it is "Bustard whisper" and the "Pond Farm" and other. In the recent of the men are very much of a resemblance to Canadian was a lot of no Canadian kid the froat has gone and the again become splashed with the men are very heartily, but in language vigorous as it is general. Of serious illness there the men have too much

Every day when the impossible they are very hard; and after five marching or manoeuvring 9 a.m. (till 2) they come fresh as the proverbial in an hour or so of foot gets dusk. Besides the the football and the fresh behaving in a way that

Independent

Cases of drunkenness the men are fairly recent temptations of a large nearest camp is 13 miles bury by a road which river of mud. The train subjected to would test high roads, and if you by motor cars you had extra half-hour for delay in case a heavy motor

part into a canteen. The canteen is over particular office hours, and on their leave, for which of the roads gives no excuse. Lawyers, for university undergraduates men, as they most of them are accustomed to independence in the spare time, and so—commanding they have a day's leave, and an hour's leave to that besides the football ground centre of recreation is tents, where there are of an evening. A "Caz Quartette" is giving per paid of war funds, at other camps. It gave a mouth on Saturday last of the fact that the given a concert that was an audience of 3,600 tette has had to pro Bournemouth again.

Improvement Under
Of course they regret but few, at least, doubt the wisdom of it which they had at as it was, was short, a keen on doing credit the time comes to be anything which make able to do it. And they are better able they landed in England is the one supreme which, as a visitor seems to influence the that they, when the bear themselves so the Empire will be pre That they will there a doubt for they are body of men. Among proportion (as many 1,200 in one battalion ready to be called to South Africa or, being in Canada, as regular

HOW THE

An illustrative ph
elgium when the Brit
tacks of the Germans.
ns which have proved