

what kind of stories you would enjoy the most. What kind of competitions? Are there any new departments you would enjoy having every month? Answer all these questions with as many suggestions as you can and we will do our best to make our page one of the best parts of the magazine.

And now tell us what have these last two long, warm, lazy months done for you boys and girls. Have they brightened your eyes and burned your cheeks a ruddy brown? Have they made your ears keen to hear the bird notes, your eyes quick to find the luscious blueberry, the prickly hazel nut, the crimson raspberry? Have they browned your hands as you gathered fruit and vegetables, hunted eggs and fished? Have they strengthened your arms and legs and shoulders as you rowed and swam and paddled, climbed trees and hills and walked along the country roads? Have they taught you some of old Mother Nature's secrets and filled your minds with happy memories of sun and rain and flowers and trees?

Have they cleared your brain and heart of all little quarrels and troubles and worries? Have they made you ready to begin the long year's work happily and willingly? I believe they have. For the great secret of holidays is that they make you ready once more to work so that you may be a real part of the great human machine that makes this old world run along from year to year. And how busy we must be again this winter. First of all there is school. Harder work this year for every one for we are all a year older. Then there is home, perhaps new work there for some of us, a new baby to look after, a sad father and mother to comfort. And then there is the church and the Red Cross and all the hundred and one things that make us all busy. And always there are letters to write and parcels to pack for our own brave soldier boys. And so here we are fresh and ready, like race horses waiting to be off on the long stretch of year that lies ahead of us, until next year's holidays come.

THE YEAR THAT HAS GONE

And once more we have been called upon to commemorate the anniversary of the day when Great Britain, realizing that Germany had declared war on all that is best and most worth while in the world, proclaimed the Empire in a state of war with Germany and her allies. When the 4th of August, 1914, dawned there were probably not more than ten persons in the world who realized that in 1917 we would still be fighting and that the end would not yet be in sight. When we think back those three years we all feel that long ages have passed since that quiet Sunday when into this peaceful world where people were busy over making money, making happiness and living lives as free as possible from trouble and care, came the terrible spectres of war, death, hate, destruction, malice, cunning, deceit, hunger, want and sorrow. Hardly any one has escaped the dreadful hand

of war, but in spite of all this horror we can look back on the past year with pride and the knowledge that our allied armies are moving slowly but steadily towards the victories that will bring us peace. We have had many discouragements, but many victories. Since the great allied offensive began over a year ago there has been no lack of munitions and new guns and the great tanks which so terrified the Germans, have assisted our armies greatly. In the air our brave men have continually met and defeated the German air men, and the scouting done by our aeroplanes behind the German lines has given us the most valuable information possible. On the sea our Navy stands guard through the heat of summer and the cold of winter, and lately we have been able to build so many ships for transport and merchantmen that even the terrible toll the dread submarines