

PLAYMATE

A Paper for the Young Folks.

WEEKLY

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

"Sunbeam" and "Happy Days" will be discontinued after this issue and their places will be occupied by a new weekly paper to be called "Playmate." "Playmate" will be the same price as "Sunbeam" and "Happy Days" combined, and will be the size and form of this number. Our friends will therefore be getting better value in the new paper than ever, and the change will remove a source of much misunderstanding which has always arisen in the fortnightly papers. It will also bring this grade of paper into harmony with our other papers. We are convinced our subscribers will be pleased with the new paper.

Attention is particularly drawn to the changes in "Sunbeam" and "Happy Days." The fortnightly paper has been a source of misunderstanding to many of our subscribers. It is not in harmony with our other papers, nor the papers of other publishers, which are weekly. To bring these papers up-to-date it has been decided to merge the two fortnightly papers into one weekly, which will be called "Playmate." The price of "Playmate" will be the same as "Sunbeam" and "Happy Days" together were, and it will be enlarged and improved, making it better value than the papers which it displaces.

"Sunbeam" and "Happy Days" will be discontinued with the December issues. "Playmate" will take their places with the January issue. We are convinced you will be well pleased with the new arrangement.

meant to turn over a new leaf to-day."

Van looked from one to another, pulled his cap over his ears, and said nothing. Dannie paused, in the very middle of a walk, to peer out of one eye, to judge whether his prospects were brightening.

"I'd—I'd like to take him," pleaded the sister. "And it's my birthday."

Dannie opened a corner of the other eye. "But it's my sled. And I'm giving the ride."

Screw-up went both eyes, and the broken wail was resumed.

"But are you giving the ride for your sister's pleasure, dear, or your own?"

After a second Van answered frankly: "Both."

"Then—"

"All right! But don't you dare to howl, Dannie, if you get tipped over! Ella is going to have the time of her life!"

"Me likes tipped over!" was the reassuring answer of the mite of humanity, that yet could express so many wishes and was capable of overturning so many well-formed plans.

A few minutes and away through the white flakes they went, Dannie seated contentedly upon Ella's knees. The ride proved all that had been promised—upset included; but Ella was equal to her brother's expressed opinion of her, and

Dannie surprised them both, with his manful readiness to accept whatever came. Their last upset was with direct intention. Then Van, as if suddenly conscious of their whereabouts, cried: "O, let's look in at the toy-shop window! Let's see what is left over from Christmas."

Ella ran up to stand with her dear little hands against the pane, and to gaze at the dollie that leaned forward, as if to greet her.

"The skates are inside," continued Van. "I want a nickel pair on my birthday. What will you want, Dannie, when your birthday comes? This'll be the first birthday that he's big enough to know about, won't it?"

Dannie reached up his small mittens to place them against the window as Sister Ella had done. "Me wants the moo-cow. An' the wagon. An' the too-toot cars. An' the little dog-kenny."

"That's a doll's house."

"Well, me wants it!" nodded Dannie, to whom the difference of a name mattered little.

"But you, Ella? Don't you like anything here?" queried Van; for the ride had been planned in order to learn what his sister most wished, that he might get it for that very day.

At this moment a woman, carrying a heavy basket filled with bits of wood that she had picked up in the streets, came near. A ragged, shivering child hung upon one arm, and drew her toward the bright window. "O, let's look! Just a minute, mamma! Isn't it pretty!"

The woman rested the basket on the walk, that she might change it to her other hand. Meanwhile the strange child went to stand beside Dannie. "O can't I have one of them? Only one? I never had a bought plaything—not ever! See the cunning little wagon!"

"Come on, child! I can't wait."

"Don't you believe I can have it?"

"I—I'm afraid not, child. Don't look at them! I didn't think, or I wouldn't have stopped here." The woman lifted the basket with her fresh hand, and reached the other toward the child. As they disappeared in the fluttering whiteness a plaintive voice was heard: "Not ever—a bought plaything!"

Van and Ella looked at each other, but said nothing. Little Dan felt the unhappiness that had come so near to him. "What did the ozzier baby want?"

Somehow the window was spoiled for them all. The homeward ride was not so merry as the outward one. Once Van turned about, "You—you didn't say what you liked, Ella?"

"I thought I wanted the dollie that held its hands to me. But now I'd like the wagon, to give to the little boy that—"

She stopped, but Van finished it for her: "Never had a bought plaything—not ever!"

After luncheon Van had a little conference with his mother. "I'm sure it was the Hannah we used to have to help Sarah when—when I was little."

"Then she has come back. I was afraid it would turn out so. Did you see where they went? We need her again. She was so faithful! And there are many things stored away that she can have. They seem to have been waiting for her."

"Yes, we came away slowly. I think they went up the steps of the Muldoon tenement. May I tell Ella? and may she do it?"

"Certainly, sweetheart! And we'll let her fill the wagon with some of the New Year's goodies—nuts, raisins, one of the roasted chickens, a piece of the birthday cake—if she wishes—and whatever seems best. I wonder if you could haul a bag of coal on your sled? That would help her through the day—until we can find out about the matter."

"Sure I can!" So Van scampered off, with his saved-up nickels, and the little wagon was soon standing before his delighted sister. Ella piled it full, put tissue paper under the heavy wrappings, and when Dannie was taking his afternoon nap, walked beside the sled with its precious load, while Van carefully drew it to the Muldoon tenement. There they found the little fellow that never had had a bought plaything. How happy he was! And how glad the sad-faced mother became!

"Then Mrs. White will let me work for her again? Surely better days are coming with the New Year!" she said.—Christian Advocate.

DON'T BE LAZY.

A little boy was once walking along a dusty road. The sun was very warm and oppressive; but, as was his usual way, he stepped along quickly, thinking that the faster he walked the sooner he would reach the end of his journey. He soon heard a carriage coming; and when it had caught up with him the driver reined up his horse and kindly asked the lad to ride, which invitation was gladly accepted. When he was seated in the wagon the gentleman, a good Quaker, said: "I noticed thee walking along briskly, and so asked thee to ride; but if I had seen thee walking lazily, I should not have done so by any means." Boys, think of this; and wherever you are, whatever you may be doing, never be lazy, and you will always be repaid for your trouble in some way.—Sunlight.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Come, Pussy, I've something to tell you.

You know it is New Year's Day; The big folks are down in the parlor.

And mother is just gone away.

We are all alone in the nursery.

And I want to talk to you, dear;

So you must come and sit by me

And make believe you hear.

You see there's a new year coming;

It only begins to-day.

Do you know, I often was naughty

In the year that is gone away?

You know I've some bad habits.

I'll just mention one or two;

But, really, there is quite a number

Of naughty things that I do.

You see I don't learn my lessons,

And, oh! I do hate them so;

I doubt if I know any more to-day

Than I did a year ago.

And, Pussy, when people scold me

I'm always so sulky, then;

If they only would tell me gently,

I never would do it again.

O Pussy! I know I am naughty,

And it often makes me cry;

I think it would count for something

If they knew how hard I try.

But I'll try again in the New Year,

And, oh! I shall be so glad

If I only can be a good little girl

And never do anything bad.