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MISS KNOX, Principal, Toronto. Term opens January 8th.

and very soon was commissioned and made a "pilot."

In France he often flew over the German lines, reconnoitring, taking photographs and directing the fire of the guns. His old battery comrades were always glad to see him coming their way, crying out "here's Fred" (as they called him).

Again he wrote to us that in a month's time he would get leave to come and see us; but it was not to be. One day, in December, 1917, he was out flying with his observer when four German machines attacked him. His C.O. says: "He put up a good fight." But his machine caught fire. He seemed to put out the fire and came over our lines, when it broke out again and he fell.

Many other brave men have died like this; but what I want specially to say is that Godfrey was ready to die. His bright sunny nature and pure life made him loved by all who knew him; and before leaving Canada he wrote as follows, after giving directions about his belongings:—

"So now I have that contentment of mind that is born of doing right and following the path of duty. If I can be of any use to my country and the cause of justice and freedom, I am perfectly willing to give my strength, my mind and my life, knowing that He Who gave me life and has watched over and guided me so far, will still bless me and look after me. Without this knowledge, I would fear to face the bullets and shells of the Germans, but as it is, I will not be afraid.

"We may never reach the front—I hope not, as I do not want the war to last long—but, if we do, I know that I will be followed by the prayers of my Father and Mother. Pray that I may be brave and do my duty, and if I fall that it may be doing my duty.

"Do not sorrow for me but rather be glad that your son has been privileged to give his life for his country and his king, and in the service of his God."—The Christian.

THE FRIGHT.

IT happened on a Friday night, when all children were in bed, or jolly well ought to have been. I was sitting at my desk in the yellow room where I work. I was alone in the house, and it was very quiet. Only now and then I heard the grind of a tram, or the pattering of the red leaves falling from the creeper by the window, which was open a little at the bottom. The mouse, who lives by my fireplace, came out to inquire how I was getting on; but there were no other visitors. Suddenly I jumped badly. Outside in the garden, close to my window, there was a mysterious rustle. At first I thought it was Charles Hargreaves, the cat from next door. But no! There were no green eyes glaring and no black paw coming into the yellow room. Rustle, rustle, on the fallen leaves! Somebody had crept up to my window and was looking in. I went quickly from the room and opened the front door and hurried out into the dark garden, grasping courageously my fountain-pen. A moon was sailing high in the sky, but I could scarcely see. Then I heard something stirring in the darkness within reach of my arms. I was afraid to move because I didn't know whom I should put my arms round. I said sharply: "Hullo! Who's that?" The garden gate very quietly opened, and I saw a shadow slip into the street. I stood still for ten moments, wondering; then I ran after the shadow. I was just in time to see it disappear round the corner by the lamp-post.

I came back to my yellow room and felt angry. I thought: "It's a horrid world, where people come and peep at you." I remembered people who had grudges and wanted my blood. I tried to go on writing; but it was hard. The clock ticked solemnly. It was eleven o'clock. The house

was becoming creepy. I heard a noise like a tin falling in the kitchen. I didn't dare to go and see what it was. The only light burning was on my desk. I was sure I heard soft footsteps in the hall. The clock ticked solemnly. I couldn't work. Twelve o'clock! Happy was very late coming home. (Happy, you may know, is the lady who sits opposite to me at breakfast). I felt wretched. I thought of burglars, spies and detectives. My door creaked. I sat still and shivered. I gazed across the dim room at the door. I could have sworn it moved. I stood up on the hearthrug, prepared to keep cool. The fire scorched my legs. I noticed a paper bag hidden behind a photo on the mantel-piece and found five toffee drops. I ate them for comfort. The clock ticked solemnly. Half-past twelve! Then the garden gate clanged. Relief! Happy rushed into the house. "Wherever have you been?" I said, crossly. "You know how frightened waiting makes me when I don't know where you are." "I've been visiting your flock," said Happy, more sharply than she usually speaks. (The "flock" is the people I look after). "Well, you're dreadfully late," I said. "I am," said Happy, severely, "and also weary. And it is very disappointing to come in and find neither a bright smile nor a cup of hot coffee waiting for one. I shall have to eat five toffee drops I've saved." "You can't!" I cried. "I've eaten them. And good reason, too. I've had an awful time." And I told her all about the peeper and the creepings and strange noises. Telling Happy made things worse. We locked up—a thing we generally forget to do—and went nervously upstairs. We felt certain someone horrible was clambering up the ivy and looking with pale face through the bedroom window. We slept but lightly, and had terrifying dreams, and woke with beating hearts to see dawn coming over the roofs.

Happy was downstairs first. She generally is. The morning was sunny. I was shaving when I heard a shriek from downstairs. "Murdered!" I gasped; and, armed with my safety razor, rushed down. In the hall Happy was crying: "Come at once, you frightened thing! Come and see!" I went into my room, all goldy in the morning. On the window sill lay a huge bunch of Michaelmas daisies. They had been placed there the night before by the dear shadow who stole away. I opened the window and took them in. Their beautiful eyes seemed to be saying "We came with affection and you were afraid. We brought beauty and you gave suspicion. And you a Chum!" "Just fancy!" said Happy. "We locked the door and shut out—Michaelmas daisies!"—V. T. Pomeroy in the New Commonwealth.

TOMMY WAS RIGHT

Teacher—There is not anything that has three feet. Everything has either two or four feet.

Tommy—I know two things that's got three feet.

Teacher—What are they, Tommy?

Tommy—A yard and a three-legged stool.

WHAT HE HAD FORGOTTEN.

A farmer, noted for his absent-mindedness, went to the market town and transacted his business. He started on his way home, however, with the unpleasant conviction that he had forgotten something, but what it was he could not recall. As he neared home the conviction strengthened, and three times he stopped his horse and went carefully through his pocket-book in a vain endeavor to discover what he had forgotten. In due course he reached home and was met by his daughter, who looked at him in surprise and then exclaimed: "Why, father, where have you left mother?"