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Polly Chans' Still Pate Fin For Boys and Girls & & Winter is Summer's Neir'

Why-a-(hinaman Wears a Queue

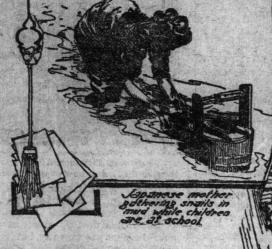


hair makes the barber trade very brisk, as few Chinese, even among the very poor, will shave themselves. There is one time, though, when it does not pay to be a barber in China—when an Emperor dies. At that time no one is allowed to shave for a hundred days, so the poor barbers nearly starve.

The Chinese often find their queues very useful as well as ornamental. Sometimes the cart driver employs his to whip his mules; beggars use them to scare dogs; a Chinese father, when out for a walk, will lead his little son by the queue instead of by the hand, as your fathers would do; while the boys themselves find queues make delightful reins for playing horse.

ADDIE MACGREGOR was a Scotch collie belonging to Mr. C. Being of Scotch birth, you see, his name was very appropriate. His father was also a Laddle—his mother Lassie. In point of succession he was Laddle V. and his pedigree was as long as himself—going back in many cases to England. One of his seventh great-grandfathers was Queen Victoria's greatest favorite, "Noble," So he really came by his good sense and good breeding legitimately. His training began when he was very young, and it was no light task. It required patience on his master's part, and brains on Laddle's, to force him to understand that he could go and come es he chose in the house—except in the parlor. He was taught that no matter what he could find about the kitchen or yard, he was not to eat anything unless told to do so. His dinner plate would be placed in front of him, and he would snift at it, sit down and look at it most longingly—but would never touch it unless told to go so.

OLLY LVANS AND JACKY VISITA JAPANESE SCHOOL



ADDIE MACGREGOR

'Oh, no, they're used to it. See, his father is calmiy reading his newspaper, and his mother is doing her embroidery work while the boy is studying aloud."

This is what led Jacky to propose that we visit a Japanese public school. So the next morning Mr. Smith took us to the neighboring school for boys, which stands behind a high stone wall and has an extensive trellis work over the playground. This, in the proper season, is covered with beautiful clematis, which provides delightful shade for the recess games.

covered with beautiful clematis, which provides delightful shade for the recess games.

Taking off our shoes at the front door, we followed the janitor to a small and very tidy reception room looking out on a tiny, charming garden or courtyard, around which the school is built. While awaiting the principal of the school, we were courteously served tiny cups of piping hot tea.

Then we were taken out to see about a hundred of the boys at drill in the pebble-covered playground. Although the commands of the teachers were given in Japanese, we could easily understand what they meant:

"Left! left! left!"

"Right about face!"

"Shoulder arms!" etc., etc.
The boys did capitally.

"They'll make good soldiers when their time comes," sald Mr. Smith, "and meantime their bodies are being developed. You must have noticed that many of these lads are taller and heavier than many of the grown men are. That is because of the physical exercise required in all the schools nowadays."

From here we were conducted to one of the schoolrooms, where we found forty cunning "kiddies" doing first-year work in English. Each boy had an American steel pen and a copybook in which he was carefully copying the letters of our alphabet in script from the models written on the blackboard by the teacher.

In the next room the boys were reading an English primer. In the third grade they were in a very easy reader.

NEW SCHOOL HABITS

"Notice their desks and seats," said Mr. Smith. "All school children used to sit on the floor. But the government has found that sitting on the floor stunts the growth of the legs, so they now require e-yry school room to be fitted with desks and seats like those used in America. This change, together with the daily physical exercises, has already made a great improvement in the height and weight of the Japanese boys and girls."

and weight of the Japanese boys and girls."

We had no time to visit other rooms, but we have met and talked with so many Japanese boys that we know just about what progress they make in English from grade to grade. Here, for instance, is a post card that Jacky received from a 17-year-old boy in the Commercial High School, who has been to school twelve years.

"My Dear Sir: I was very glad to see you yesterday. I came back to my house at about 8 o'clock. I am very sorry I cannot write and compose Eng-



lish language. I wish to teach me English. If you please, please, write to me. Yours, very truly, K. ITASURA."
Here is another letter that a lad about the same age wrote him:

RESULT OF HARD STUDY "My Dear Younger Brother: I am very glad to write you this letter. I

"My Dear Younger Brother: I am very glad to write you this letter. I wanted to see you before, but I am sorry to say that I had no time to go and see you, because my parents shuddenly wrote me to come to the late brother's funeral at the native country on the 28th evening of September and it was decided that to go to home at half-past 8 o'clock in the morrning of the 29th and must embark to the ship which is going at 10 o'clock.

"I introduced you my cousin's brother who is called Tetsu. Please honour him with your acquaintance (he will bring my card) his brother and sisters are all very good human beings, so he will be a good man.

Would you be kind enogh to teach me as soon as you could Mr. Mutaba's address? I am, dear sir, your sincere friend,

By "teach me," in the last paragraph, he meant "let me know."

Twelve years' study of English is necessary for bright lads like these to write even this well. Pretty hard work, evidently, isn't it? But would Jacky or any of our boys and girls do even that well with the Japanese language after twelve years' study of it? Hardly, Probably your letters written in Japanese would be fuller of queer phrases.

Noon recess having come, school was dismissed, and the boys passed out in order by lines, quite like the boys of American public schools.

"I have noticed them on the street, but now I can take a close look," he said,

and while he looked Polly Evans took a pleture. Over a pair of somewhat visible underdrawers, the boys wear a divided skirt which is fastened about the waist by a girdle. A short kimono takes the place of the American boy's shirt, the ends of it being neatly tucked under the girdle. This costume is the same as is worn by High School lads and university students, unless they adopt our Western clothes. Almost all the schoolboys wear military caps like this

schoolboys wear military caps like this boy's.

The schoolgirls dress just like this boy, except that their skirts are not quite so much divided, and also they go bareheaded, while their sleeves are long and loose, instead of being shirt-sleeve style like the boys'.

Most of the school children wear sandals over bare feet, and the rest wear Western style shoes and stockings. On rainy and muddy days they wear wooden gata.

en gata.

Instead of leather straps they carry large squares of cotton material, called furushas, in which they wrap up their school books, or else they carry gay cotton of the same nurpose.

school books, or else they carry gay cotton bags for the same purpose.

On our way home we met with a piece of rare good luck! We met a band of roving performers. This happened to be a family—the father with a drum, the mother with a sort of mandolin, one child with cymbals and another child with nimble legs!

The whole family bowed and grinned at us, hoping we would ask them to perform.

"Ah, here's a show for you, Master Jacky," said Mr. Smith; and, turning to the boy with the nimble legs, he spoke a few words rapidly in Japanese, at the same time throwing the boy a copper.

Instantly the boy flew out of his wooden gata, leaving them on the ground at our feet, and, to the rhythm of his fathers's "ping! ping! ping! pang!" and his little brother's "tunke! tinkle! tinkle, tankle!" he turned such wonderfully swift somersaults as to defy even the swift snapshot of Polly Evans' kodek.

JACKY WANTED MORE

JACKY WANTED MORE

"Gee! wish I could do that," sighed Jacky, enviously, "Do it again, boy!" The words, of course, were not understood, but Jacky threw a copper, which was understood! So we were favored with another series of somersaults, which attracted passing small boys and girls.

The father and mother wore queer, old-fashioned Japanese straw hats.

Well, this must do for one time, although there is much more to tell.

Good-bye till next week.

POLLY EVANS.

De Bellenap's New Year

EXCITEMENT reigned in the Belkanp family over the good times ahead. Helen and Lactitia could hardly wait for afternoon to come, when the fun began, though George was rather scornful of the whole aspect. But, then, George was not a girl, which materially made a difference.

New Year's was always nice—but this year it was different from ever before.

It was so thrilling to be wakened in the middle of the night by the great noise—the clang, clang, clang of the bells, the dull boom, boom of the guns out at the arsenal, the long, shrill shriek of whistles. At first the children would be startled. Then they would remember, and shout "Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" from room to room, laying wonderful plans for the coming months while the clamor lasted.

Then each New Year's morning Uncle Ted, who was always home from sea for the holidays, took them for an excursion. Sometimes it was for a long sleigh ride, again for a skate on the river; or, if there was no snow or ice, they would all—Helen, Lactitia and George, with several of their friends—go for a drive in a big three-seated carriage.

In the afternoon came the family dinner party at grandfathers, after which grandma would kindly invite the children's friends for charades and games in the evening.

Last November, though, Uncle Ted became very ill in Hong Kong, China, and grandfather, grandmother and Aunt Neel had to sall clear to the other side of the world to take care of him.

Of course, even though jolly Uncle Ted was now much better, they could not to be in America for New Year's, and the children were very dismal at the prospect of a ruined holiday.

What could they do? No one could imagine.



A CORDIAL RECEPTION

"Girlies, I've just had an idea," she said two or three days after Christmas, coming into the library where the three young Belknaps were dolefully discussing how horrid and stupid everything would be next Monday. "I've thought of a fine plan for New Year's Day."

"Oh, mother, what is it?" cried both girls at once, while George, who adored his uncle, said: "Nothin' could be fine with Uncle Ted not here!"

"As you know, children, I am going to be At Home to my friends on New Year's afternoon in the regular old-fashioned way. Now, I wonder how you girls would like to receive, too?

"You may set your table in the library and ask Sue, Elizabeth, Martha and Eleanor to help you. Tell the boys about it, and I'm sure you will have plenty of callers, especially if they once discover you are to have refreshments."

"How splendid!" cried Helen.

"Why, we'll just feel like grown-up people, won't we, mother?" said Letty.
"I don't think that's much fun!" grumbled George, "Havin' to dress up and be polite! I'd rather go skatin' with Dug Bradford any day."

"Very well, George, you may; but I think it would be nicer for you to be here to help your sisters entertain the boys when they call."

"Pooh! boys ain't goin' to call on girls on New Year's. I don't believe one'll come!"

"Just wait, Master George; don't be too sure about that. We'll give them a chance, at any rate," laughed mother. Such fun as it was to get ready.

The girls' table in the library was quite as pretty as mother's big one in the dining room. There was a large bunch of red carnations in the centre, and the lemonade bow! was wreathed in bright holly. Baskets of cakes and

Never had Tommy known so cordial a reception.

"He's a caller, anyway," whispered Letty, "even if he is simple, and George can't say now not one boy came."

"Well, I guess he's better than no one, but I do hope we'll have some more," answered Sue.

And they did.

Kind Mr. Lynas came over to the library to call, saying, "I'd rather take my chocolate here than with the big girls over there with mother."

How proud the young hostesses were.

Then more of mother's callers came over to wish them a Happy New Year until it was really gayer in the library than in the drawing room.

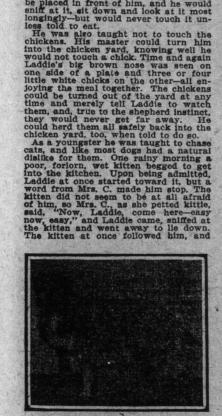
After a while, too, the boys began to come—Joe Brown, Ted Smith, Bobby Peters, Jack Townsend—every one of George's particular cronies.

By the time George returned from skating, half frozen and grumbling over slushy ice, the room was full of boys having the best possible time.

"Hello, George," called Bob Peters, "what do you mean goin' skatin' to-day when you could have paid New Year's calls? Don't you know you can find ice any old aft, and I tell you such good times as this aren't hangin' on bushes."

Letty winked wickedly at her brother. But as she was a good-natured little girl she only said:

"Georgie, dear, here's a nice cup of hocolate to warm you up and to drink Happy New Year to us girls!"



Laddie MacGregor

to Laddie's evident discomfort, she curled up as close to him as possible and pur-red herself to sleep. The friendship continued, and they became almost in-separable.

red herself to sleep. The friendship continued, and they became almost inseparable.

That winter Rikki, as the kitten was named, was blessed with a family of five little ones. Her first act was to bring them one by one from her bed in the cellar to show them to Laddie, and he seemed delighted. As the kittens grew up three were disposed of and the other two were left to delight and torment Laddie. They would run to him as soon as he lay down and play all over him. He would sleep through it all and not object in the least. When they had had their share of play, they too, would go to sleep, curling up close to him. His nap would be over long before theirs, and he would, without moving his body, look around at them, his eyes saying more plainly than words, "You're very comfortable; shall I or shall I not disturb you?" But almost invariably he would lie still and wait for them to wake up.

Laddie had many cute tricks—too many, indeed, to enumerate. He would beg and "sit bunny." He would stand on his head, more literally on his ear, with his hind feet on the floor. He could walk—only a few steps, however—on his hind feet. He would speak—say "howdy," and sing—a funny little whine. He would say his prayers and play "leap frog," with the boys.

His greatest accomplishment, however, was talking—not in English—but (more eloquent even, than words) with his eyes. If he wanted a door opened, he would not go and bark at it, as most canines would do, but would look from you to the door in a most appealing way. His bark varied in tone with his

One of His Poses

would go and get his whip and collar, and if he saw some one getting ready to go out, he would ask if he might go along. He said "yes" and "no" by nodding his head, and shook hands, of course. If he proffered his left paw, all that was necessary to correct his error was to say in an undertone, "the other," and up would come the right.

Laddie was everybody's friend, and he knew every one in the neighborhood. He was always gentle, but would resent familiarity. He very seldom fought with other dogs, but would put up a game fight if attacked by other dogs, and once he chased a Great Dane all over the farm.

On a certain October night he came into the house looking wild — he was nervous, restless and seemed very uncomfortable. A tendency to snari was noticed, and soon a swelling began on his upper lip. His master became alarmed and took him to a doctor, who looked at him and said it was either hydrophobia or poison. After tying him to a post, his master left him for the night. The next morning who should appear at the door of his home but Ladde-apparently all right! Hanging from his collar was a short piece of rope, ragged and wet at the end. Ten minutes later the doctor followed, and Ladde was wild with delight. Taking from his pocket a hone about the size of a hickory nut, the doctor explained that in examing him for the effects of poison he had found the bone wedged in between his teeth. He pulled it out with pincers, and Laddie almost had a fit, he seemed so glad. Had it been allowed to remain, poor Laddie would certainly have gone mad from suffering the intense pain it caused.

JESSIE BOWLES FISHER.

A CANDY DAY

A CANDY DAY

O NCE it used to be very popular to give New Year's presents; but now so much more attention is paid to Christmas, and every one receives so many lovely things then, that our American boys and girls cannot complain if they do not get presents a week later, as did their mothers and fathers.

However, if they lived in France, New Year's Day would be a great occasion, especially for girls, for there every man or boy gives some gift, no matter how small, to his friends. No one paying a call would think of going empty-handed and little French girls at school on the 2d of January count up how many presents they received, just as our girls do after Valentine's Day.

A favorite gift is candy. Sometimes this candy is made into temples, churches or playhouses; or all sorts of queer forms like bundles of carrots, boots and shoes, musical instruments, gradrons, saucepans, lobsters, crabs, books and hats are made of colored sugar, hollowed out and filled inside with chocolates, mints and other bonbons that can be eaten.

Don't you think the little French children must feel pretty sick the next day, after so much sweet stuff? For, of course, they would have to sample each kind; that is, if they are like American boys and girls in their fondness for candy.



Beheadings.

2. What every boy does beat, behead; You'll have what every boy should dread.

5. Again behead what sometimes butt; You'll have a grain which farmers cut, 6. It, with its head, on feet we wear; Without it, beds for flowers prepare

A Riddle. I'm green and simy.
I leap and swim:
I leap and swim:
I leap and swim:
I leap and swim:
I would be seen to be beard
In the swimph of the swimp

Fractions.



Where is She?

Would you like to know where Polly lyans is now? Read the picture and find



An Hour Glass. Here is an hour glass!

Not either
A girl's name
Grief.
In Yale.
Tiny.
Guess the words in the order given, and the diagonals from 1-3 and 2-4 spell what will be ushered in to-night.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles and Problems

Who is Coming? Santa Claus.

Christmas Charade Mistletoe-(Missile-missal-toe.) A Riddle. Both fill stockings. What is It?

A Christmas tree.

Christmas Anagrams. 1. Tim. 2. Head. 3. Dream, scream. 4. Heard. 5. Hide. Tim. 4. Trim. 7. Carts, hearts. 8. Tired. 9. Time. 10. Rest. 11. Sad, had. 12. Care, shars. 13. Tim, scream, dream. 14. Christmastide.



ELL boys and girls, Happy New Year to you! A day early, 'its true, but by the time Polly Evans has another chance to offer you her good wishes quite grown up—a whole week old.

What are you doing with yourselves to-day? Are you forming resolutions that after to-morrow you will do all the things you didn't do in 1996?

Are you making up your minds to be more thoughtful of mother and kinder to little brother and sister, to study better at school, to be more polite to every one, and in every way to be nicer and better boys and girls than any other year of your life? Polly Evans hopes so, for the last day of the old year is a spiendid time for us all to think how we can improve ourselves.

Why, do you know, the very name of January—a door—should help us to turn our backs on the old things and begin all over!

New Year's day did not always come in January. If you should ever come across an old Jewish or Egyptian or Greek calendar you will be surprised to find the year had but ten months, and New Year's day used to be on the 25th of March. But by and by a Roman Emperor, named Numa Pompillus, decided that the year should begin near the beginning of the winter solstice, so he just added two new months to the old ten.

The first of these months Numa called Januarius, after the Roman god Janus. Now, Janus was the deity who was sup-

posed to preside over doors; so you see it was a very appropriate name for the first of the year, when we have closed the door, as it were, on one year of our lives and opened it for another. Equally, you see, it is a fine time to make good resolutions.

New Year's Day was observed by the people on the 1st of January for a long time before it became so by law (not till 1752 in England), and we often notice in old books dates like January 80, 1646-7, meaning that pepularly the year was 1647, but by law 1646.

But now we have none of that trouble; 1906 will come in with great ringing of bells and firing of guns to-night, and Pelly Evans hopes it will be a very, very Happy New Year for each one of her boys and girls.

How it Can be Done.

"William" said his school teacher, "if you had 4 horses and 3 horses, i wheelbarrow and 4 carts, how many would you have?"

"Ten!" said William, after a long pause.

"Ten what?" asked the teacher.

"Ten horses."

"William, I've told you at least fifty times you can never add two objects of a different kind. How can you be so stupid?"

"Yes, you can, too," said William, who was the son of a milk dealer, "'cause every morning at home they add one pint of water and one quart of milk, and sell a quart and a pint of milk."