



Our Juniors

HAPPY NEW YEAR! to all our Juniors. May you all have lots of fun during the winter months; good wholesome sport out in the open—just as Beatrice Clendinnen was having in the snow, at Kemptville, when I got her picture the other day. And if Daddy has a horse and cutter I am sure you will enjoy a drive with him in the crisp winter air and be just as happy and comfortable as Arthur Wilkinson looked when I saw him at Carleton Place just a little while ago, snugly tucked under the robe and playing driver. Look out for other happy children next month.—Editor.



Summer Sport and Winter Fun

Just look at the two pictures on these pages. You would hardly think that each one was taken on the same corner, would you? One reminds us of the good old summer time, and the boys and girls are having a fine time around the fountain. This pretty scene was located at the corner of Walmer Road and Lowther Avenue, Toronto, near where I live. The fountain is right in front of the Baptist Church, the masonry of which shows a little in the picture. I was strolling around there on my way to my office one day a few months ago, and was delighted to see the little folk having such a good time, sailing their toy boats and generally making quite a splash in the water. They were quite ready to have their picture taken, and altogether I think they make a pretty group. Is anything prettier than a group of happy children at play? For one I think not. But summer is not the only season for a jolly time and lots of fun out of doors. See the other group. What a contrast these little lads and lasses make, do they not? One would never think that my camera was only a few feet away when this picture was taken from the

very spot where I stood in making the first one. But that was the case. One day I went out for a walk after lunch, when a very heavy snowstorm was raging. My! how it did snow and blow. But it wasn't very cold, and I was looking for something pretty to make into a picture. I never once thought that I should find such a group almost waiting for me to photograph. But these little folk had just been dismissed from their private school at the corner as I came along, and when they saw me, one lassie said, "Won't you please take our picture?" Why, that was the very thing I wanted to do, so I said, "I will if you will play that you are a lot of snow-birds, and get right down all together as if you were in a nest." You may be sure they did just what I suggested; and there in the snow, the flakes all falling thick and fast upon them, they cuddled down in their fancied nest, and I soon had them all in my little black case. Then up and away they went, for if they had stayed there long they would have been surely snowed under and buried beneath the drift. As I look at these pictures and think of my little

friends so healthy and happy, and having such jolly times in the open air, whether in summer or winter, it makes me glad that this splendid country of ours has just the right kind of weather to make boys and girls strong and rugged. For one, I am of the opinion that every boy and girl needs lots of good food, plenty of fresh air, and any amount of play. Do you agree with me?

Vivian's Lesson

MISS KATHLEEN M'KEE, B.A., STAYNER.

The baby had gone to sleep, and Vivian had darkened the windows and was tiptoeing out of the room when twelve-year-old Harold came rushing in. "I say, Viv," he called out—"I say, Viv" where are you? I want—"

"I don't care what you want, you great noisy article. Here I have been rocking that little crosspatch for a whole hour and just when I have him asleep you come in like a cyclone and waken him. You're the meanest boy I ever saw and I just hate you, so I do," said Vivian, as she took up little Clarence, who was yelling at the top of his voice.

"Why, Vivian, I didn't know you were putting baby to sleep or I would!"

"Have come in like a mouse, I suppose, and whispered in the sweetest of tones, 'Vivian, dear, I'll rock the baby for you,'" said Vivian, sarcastically.

"I'm going with Leslie Murray to the river for a swim and maybe I'll get drowned, then I guess you'll be sorry you were so cranky with me."

"I don't care where you go as long as you keep out of my sight. I never want to see you again," replied Vivian, impatiently.

The door closed with a bang, and Harold rushed down the street, singing at the top of his voice:

"O sister Vivian has had a bad day,
And many a one before.

She has grumbled and growled in her usual way

Till her poor little throat is sore.
But Harold, pray, must have his say,
And he's going to make things hum.
And he won't do a thing but make Viv.

sing
Ze zizzy ze zum zum zum."

Vivian put her fingers in her ears to shut out the sound, but even the clock seemed to tick "bad day, bad day" and



SUMMER SPORT (See Article).