

box of raisins, a game of Ludo, a tin of boot polish to make his boots waterproof, and a pair of sox."

The boxes were enjoying their ride until one day the ship began to rock and pitch about. Len's box got bruised and Tom's box got turned upside down, which it did not like. After a while the ship stopped and the boxes again started to travel on train. One day the train stopped. Some wagons were there and carried them away and put

them in a house with a lot of other boxes. After a while someone came and started handing the boxes to the soldiers.

When Len opened his box he was glad to see what was in it and quickly wrote a letter of thanks. Tom did the same, but sent a bullet back as a Christmas present for the ones who sent the parcel.

FRANK DENHAM, age 13 years.
Foxwarren, Man.

THE STORY OF A SOLDIER'S CHRISTMAS BOX

I was put on a dray and driven over a rough, hard road to the station. We lay on the platform for quite a while, and then I heard a shrill whistle, and I knew the train was coming. The platform shook as the train thundered by. It soon stopped, however, and we were thrown into the baggage car.

We travelled for quite a long time, and then the train stopped at Winnipeg. We were taken off and lay on the platform there for about forty-five minutes, when another train came along and we were put on it and away we went again. We travelled a great deal longer this time before the train stopped to let us off. We stopped for a few minutes quite often, though, to let off and take on passengers, and sometimes to get water.

This time we stopped it was at Halifax. We were there for two and one-half days before we were again touched. This time we were put on a push-wagon and taken onto a ship, at least I thought it was. We then heard people singing, "Over the Waves," and we knew we were leaving Canada and were off to England and from there to France.

We travelled for five days and then we stopped at England. We stayed there and saw London sights for two days and then we were loaded onto a ship again and sailed for France. We reached a French port called Rouen. We travelled on ship for only one day and a half this time. We did not stop

long at all, this time. We were loaded onto a train and after a three-hour ride we came to a stop. After we were taken off we could hear things banging.

One of the other boxes shivered, and I said I was proud that I had lived through so much and I would be prouder and happier still if I could bear through until I reached Don.

Well, I certainly hope I am at my journey's end now. I am so proud. It is five weeks yesterday since Anna came out to the store-room and picked me up and said, "I guess you're the best one I can find." She had been looking for a firm tin-box. She had been looking through a lot of boxes and I was afraid she was going to tumble me over and leave me with the rest, when she picked me up and took me into the dining-room and sat me down on a long table. Her mother, Mrs. Connor, and her elder sister, Marie, said I was just fine.

Then they made out a list of things they were going to pack in me to send to Anna's big brother, Don, and I'm sure I was panting so loud when they ended it that they could have heard me, if they had listened, because I was terribly uneasy at the thought of carrying so much. Soon I heard them say it was for Don, and I listened very carefully, and they spoke so soft, so lovingly and kindly about him, I knew they loved him dearly and were sending it to him to cheer his lonesome