

L.P.L.C. Badge should make you feel quite happy when you see it worn by others as well as yourselves, as it simply means that you are Members of the same Club, or family. Promise me then, especially now at holiday time when many of you may go to other towns and be among strangers, that you will wear your Badges and speak to other wearers.

Probably, many of you are too busy with examinations and extra work to write often to your Letter Friends, but do try to send each other a Christmas greeting, a nice little letter. I don't mean presents and all that sort of thing, not at all. But be mindful of each other when the happy season comes closer.

IMPORTANT.—Will TOMMIE PHILPOTT please send his full address? His Badge has been returned from METHVEN "unclaimed."

RIDDLE BIN.

Answers from last time;—

1. What goes up white and comes down yellow?—An egg.
2. Why do people on a rainy day look like mushrooms?—Because they have umbrellas up.
3. What is it that is all around the world and we can't see it?—The air.
4. Why did the white wash?—Because it saw the enamel bath.
5. What is it that has teeth but no mouth?—A saw.

New Riddles—

1. Why does a short man rise early?
2. What is it that asks no questions but requires many answers?
3. If the sea were all to vanish what would Father Neptune say?
4. If Mississippi wore Missouri's jumper, what would Delaware?

Punctuate this to make it right;

Everybody in the land, has twenty nails on each hand,
Five and twenty on hands and feet, and this is true without deceit.

STORY CORNER.

BLUE POTS.

Pamela was a little pansy-elf who did not like her own voice. The reason she did not like her own voice was because she had once overheard some gnomes talking about it.

"Pamela is a beautiful pansy-elf," they had said, "but her voice is a little squeakish sometimes."

Now, Pamela felt so upset about this she ran away into the wood, all by herself. She ran on all day, right until the evening, and just as it was getting dark she came to a little wooden shop, with pretty blue pots standing on a window-shelf. A little Brownie man was smoking his pipe on the door-step.

"Good evening! How much are these pots?" said Pamela the pansy-elf.

"They are not for sale," said the Brownie shopman. "They are for myself always."

"Are they empty?"

"No, they are full."

"What is inside them?"

"Voices," said the Brownie shopman, puffing at his pipe. "Voices are inside them."

All kinds of voices. One voice in each pot. If you don't like the one you've got, you may give it to me, if you like, and I will change it."

"It happens that I don't like the voice I have got," said Pamela the pansy-elf, all of a tremble. "Do you mean to say that I really can change it?"

"Yes, certainly. It doesn't matter to me what voices are in my pots, so long as they are full. One voice in each pot. The end one there has a princess's voice inside, and the next has a nightingale's voice, and the next has a butterfly's voice, and the next to that—"

"Oh! do let me have the princess's voice, and take mine in exchange," cried Pamela the pansy-elf. So, the Brownie shopman lifted the blue pot from the end of the shelf, pulled up the lid, took out the voice, and gave it to Pamela the pansy-elf. He put Pamela's voice into the pot, and put the lid on to keep it down, and put it back on the window-shelf. Then he went to sleep for three days. Now it happened that this voice had belonged to a wicked princess who had no business to be a princess at all, and the sound of it was like a wheel that wants oiling. So when Pamela the pansy-elf got back to her friends, and began to talk, they all ran away, with their hands to their ears. "Come back. I want to talk to you," cried Pamela.

"No, no. Not while you speak in that dreadful way," they answered. "We simply cannot stand it."

Then poor Pamela the pansy-elf felt very upset. But after a while she thought to herself: "I will go back into the wood, all alone by myself, and I will find that Brownie shopman, and change my voice again." So she ran away into the wood, and came to the little shop, and there were the pretty blue pots, all in a nice row on the window-shelf. But the Brownie shopman was fast asleep in the doorway.

Then Pamela the pansy-elf thought to herself, "I will creep into that little house, and I will change my voice, and have the nightingale's voice, which is in the second blue pot, and then I will run away home."

So she tip-toed past the Brownie shopman, as quiet as a butterfly. She ran into the little shop, and took the second blue pot from the window-shelf, and opened the lid, and took out the nightingale's voice, and put the princess's voice in, and shut the lid, and put the pot back upon the window-shelf. Then she tip-toed out, and ran away like the wind. (But all the while Brownie shopman had been peeping out of one eye.)

Pamela the pansy-elf ran to her friends, who were playing ring-o'-roses, and she began to sing at the top of her voice. "They will be certain to like my voice now?" she thought.

But the elves stopped playing, and the smiles went away from their faces, and their eyes opened wide with horror.

"Oh, Pamela, what a dreadful voice," they cried.

"It's not a dreadful voice. It's a nightingale's voice," said Pamela the pansy-elf, in a rage. "A nightingale's voice is the sweetest voice on earth."

"Only in the spring-time," said a little green gnome, who knew such things. "Nightingales sing sweetly enough in the spring, but this is autumn. The leaves are brown and yellow, and the music of the birds is gone away. Besides, I think your nightingale must have a bad cold. It is a dreadful voice."

(We'll finish the story next week.)

A VERSE OR TWO.

Read this my dear Little People, and, next time you see some nice fleecy Clouds, stop a minute and watch what wonderful pictures you can make out of them:—

CLOUDS.

I saw a lady in the sky to-day;
Her fleecy, floating skirts were long and wide,
Her arms were crossed, her head was turned away,
She had a dragon at her side:

A big grey dragon pawing in the air,
His curly tail went sweeping to the ground,
His mouth was open and his teeth were bare,
But he made no sound.

I turned to watch a butterfly go by,
And when I looked again where they had been—
The lady and the dragon in the sky—
They were not to be seen.

SOME SHOES FOR DOLLY.

Eight stitches I put on, and then
Knit six-and-twenty rows.
I finish off when I've done that
And start to knit the toes.
Eight stitches I put on once more,
Knit till it's just a square.
Then take that off, do each again,
So that I have a pair.

From cardboard now I make the soles,
Exact size of her feet,
A needle now to sew them up,
Then they will be complete.

The square I now fold corner-wise,
And with my needle sew
The long piece to it at each end,
You see to make the toe.
The little soles I last sew on;
Now, don't you think them nice?
You could not have a better pair
For ever such a price!

Try to make these shoes.

Good-night all,

ANNE.

MOTOR CAR OWNERS.

A professional man in Wellington who cleans his own Motor says that since he started to use Q-tol he dispenses with gloves and is able to keep the dirt from getting ingrained. His hands are now smoother than ever they were. A large 2/- bottle of Q-tol lasts two months.

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