

Y. P AGE

*"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood sweet."*

*"The Flower of Youth never looks
so lovely as when it bends before
the Sun of Righteousness."*

My Dear Young Friends,

Are you looking forward to holidays as eagerly as I am. I know how hard we young one's get worked. Our Editor has no mercy upon me at all, and I'm only young yet, just over thirty. May you all have a very Merry Xmas by sea, or mount or stream, with gun or rod or racquet; on foot or horse, in car or plane; the best of all times to you.

Take me with you, please, away from the grimy office shelves which our Editor loves; introduce me to your friends, and get me some homes in lovely country places. I'm sure they'll welcome me when they get to know me.

Take good care of yourself and come back bronzed and fit for all the New Year is to bring. Hope you'll write often to me next year. My love to one and all, and I give you the Eastern salute "Go with God."

Ever yours for service,

"THE WHITE RIBBON."

THE WISE Y.

The Town Hall was beautifully decorated; one of the great social events of the season—The Racing Club Ball—was in full swing. The floor, the orchestra, the decorations, the caterings, the dresses were all of the very best.

In a recess off the main hall, stood a bevy of laughing girls, who were taking in the beauty of the scene while waiting for the first dance. Among the group was Mollie Dawson, feeling very pleasantly excited, and looking eagerly forward to this her first big dance. She had come from a small country hospital to finish her training at the city institution. Upon her beautiful flame-coloured silk dress gleamed a small white bow, pearls set in gold, a gift from the Y.P.C.T.U. of which she had been Secretary.

Her partner claimed her, and soon she formed one of a merry group

upon the floor. (A pretty brunette, very attractive, with a fund of quiet humour, she had no lack of partners and all went merry as the proverbial marriage bell.

"Why is there such a rush to the supper room so early in the evening?" she asked a girl friend.

"A rush, do you call it," replied Amy.

"You should have been here at the big Municipal Ball last month. Why, they nearly broke in the doors of the supper room."

"Whatever for," asked the bewildered Mollie.

"To get the claret cup. Where were you brought up not to know that?"

"Claret cup? Why Amy, surely you don't drink wine at dances."

"Of course, I do, you dear little greenhorn. All the girls do."

"Not all, Amy. I'm sure May Clarence does not join you there," said Mollie.

"Why are you so sure of that. Don't bet on it or you'll lose, my dear."

"Amy, her father is one of the chief officers of our Church, and he's a great Temperance man.

"Well, she's not, I can assure you," replied Amy.

"No," chimed in a bystander. "I'll tell you a story. The minister preached a great sermon upon the evils of wine and dancing, and regretted that it had crept in among their own Church young people. Mr Clarence indignantly repudiated the statements and asked May did she ever see wine at the parties she went to. Well, she had to confess, and I can assure you her father was a very shocked man to hear that she did 'as the other girls did.' Poor man, he was so busy with his Church and Temperance work, that he had no time to look at home."



Mollie's heart sank at this story. She saw stormy weather ahead of her. Later on, she and her partner formed the centre of a merry group in the supper room. Wine and claret-cup circulated freely, and Mollie was ridiculed for her refusal to partake, but she could not disgrace the little White Messenger upon her breast. Bye-and-bye she noted the increasing hilarity of the group, the wit became poorer, the laughter noisier, there was a freedom of manner which brought a blush to the cheek of the carefully trained girl. She was glad to make her escape, and a partner claiming her for the next dance, they were soon "tripping the light, fantastic toe." At the conclusion of this dance, Mollie wandered into an ante-room opening into the supper room. Never will she forget the wild scene there. Her friend Amy and several other girls were seated upon the knees of men, leading citizens of the town, older than their fathers. Cigarettes were alight, mirth was uproarious, there was an utter lack of all dignity and womanly self-respect. And as she looked, Amy laughing and simpering, kissed the bald spot upon the head of her admirer.