

NEW MEMBERS who have sent for their L.P.L.O Badges

EVA CASEY, Edendale, an old friend, has sent along her Badge Money and wants to join the Club. Eva has a birthday on the 20th November, she will be 12 years old and wants a Letter Mate. (Indeed we have not forgotten you Eva and we're so glad you've joined us altogether. Sorry you've no Birthday Mate, but will you and Phyllis McAuley, Glen-iti, Timaru, be friends? Phyllis has no mate either, is about your age and her birthday is two days after your own.—Anne.)

JACK HOWARD, Shiel Street, Reefton, is a nine-year-old who has sent for his Badge. Jack was confirmed by Archbishop O'Shea last month, he goes to the Convent School, and is mad on football, which he plays with Norman Kiely. Jack's birthday is on the 7th May and he is looking for a Letter Mate. (Welcome Jack, I've got a friend for you, although his birthday is four days after your own. His name is Aidan Reilly and his address is 100 Highgate, Roslyn, Dunedin. Aidan is same age as you. Hope you'll be good Letter Friends.—Anne.)

RAYMOND WILKINS, Gladstone Road, Mosgiel, thanks us for birthday wishes and for getting him a Letter Mate. Ray and Pat Abbot are writing to each other regularly. (So glad you've sent for a Badge Raymond, and pleased too that you and Pat are writing to each other. Yes, the sixpence you sent is right for the Badge. What sort of stories do you like best, what books do you take out of the school library?—Anne.)

MOLLY GRIMES, 14 Walker St., Christchurch, is a new Member, and, dear Little People, she's not very well this long time. Molly is 11 years old, and although she is not able to write in ink, I just wish you could see the nice pencil letter she has written. Her birthday is on the 9th April, and I've no real Birthday Mate for her, so what are we going to do about it? I suggest that every Member of our L.P.L.O. writes a cheery letter to our new Molly. It won't take anyone very long and Molly will know we're all thinking of her. I'm going to write, and am sure you'll do the same. (Welcome Molly. I'm sorry dear you're ill and hope you'll get better soon. You have no real birthday mate, but I'm sure you will get letters from some of the Members. But do not try to answer them all if it makes you tired.—Anne.)

EILEEN BURKE, Waituna P.O., Southland, has sent for her Badge, has a birthday on 1st September, and wants a Letter Friend. (Welcome Eileen, yes, I do think it's high time we had fine weather. I've got a real Birthday Mate for you, but, would you believe, I don't know her address. Maybe she'll see this and write to you herself, her name is Eileen Young. If not I'll find you someone else.—Anne.) P.S. for the other Eileen—Will you join us Eileen and let me have your address?—Anne.)

MONICA McLAUGHLAN, Edendale, has been reading our page for a long time and has sent for her Badge. Monica's birthday is on 10th August, she was 11 and wants a Letter Friend. (Welcome Monica, and there's a mate waiting for you. Her name is Phyl-

lis Woods, she lives at Norwich Street, Hampden, Otago. I hope you two will be such good Friends.—Anne.)

STORY CORNER and POETRY TOO

We've just a wee bit of space left so we'll have a little story and a verse or two. All you Little People who recite should make a point of cutting out or copying any catchy little pieces you see in the *Tablet* or other papers. This is the very best way of getting a good collection together, something far better and more interesting than you could buy in a bound volume in any shop. Try it and let me know how you get on.

STORY CORNER

Would you like a little short story, such a short one that you can learn it off by heart, almost.

THE SUN AND THE WIND.

The Sun and the wind once had a quarrel as to which was the stronger. Each believed himself to be the more powerful. While they were arguing they saw a traveller walking along the country highway, wearing a great cloak.

"Here is a chance to test our strength," said the wind; "let us see which of us is strong enough to make that traveller take off his cloak; the one who can do that shall be acknowledged the more powerful."

"Agreed," said the Sun.

Instantly the wind began to blow; he puffed and tugged at the man's cloak, and raised a storm of hail and rain, to beat at it. But the colder it grew and the more it stormed, the tighter the traveller held his cloak around him. The Wind could not get it off.

Now it was the Sun's turn. He shone with all his beams on the man's shoulders. As it grew hotter, the man unfastened his cloak; then he threw it back; at last he took it off! The Sun had won.

A FAIRY WENT A-MARKETING.

A Fairy went a-marketing—

She bought a little fish;

She put it in a crystal bowl

Upon a golden dish.

An hour she sat in wonderment

And watched its silver gleam,

And then she gently took it up.

And slipped it in a stream.

A Fairy went a-marketing—

She bought a colored bird;

It sang the sweetest, shrillest song

That ever she had heard.

She sat beside its painted cage

And listened half the day,

And then she opened wide the door

And let it fly away.

A Fairy went a-marketing—

She bought a winter gown

All stitched about with gossamer

And lined with thistledown.

She wore it all the afternoon

And prancing with delight,

Then gave it to a little frog

To keep him warm at night.

A Fairy went a-marketing—

She bought a gentle mouse

To take her tiny messages,

To keep her tiny house.

All day she kept its busy feet

Pit-patting to and fro,

And then she kissed its silken ears.

Thanked it, and let it go.

THE SAD STORY OF A LITTLE BOY THAT CRIED.

Once a little boy, Jack, was, oh! ever so good
Till he took a strange notion to cry all he could.

So he cried all the day, and he cried all the night,
He cried in the morning and in the twilight.

He cried till his voice was as hoarse as a crow,
And his mouth grew so large it looked like a great O.

It grew at the bottom and grew at the top;
It grew till they thought that it never would stop.

Each day his great mouth grew taller and taller
And his dear little self grew smaller and smaller.

At last, that same mouth grew so big that—
alack!—
It was only a mouth with a border of Jack.

Good-bye till next week,

—ANNE.

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