

Let Us Have a Real Old Fashioned Merry Xmas This Year



Make your family and friends happy by giving useful presents. Nothing is more acceptable than a nice Sweater or pair of good Gloves. A few suggestions are: Up-to-date Ladies' Sweater Coats, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-ons, Men's and Boys' Sweaters, Work or Dress Mitts and Gloves for Men and Boys, or Moccasins or Slippers to fit the family. And, of course, these will be more acceptable and give better satisfaction if they bear the well known



SOLD AT ALL GOOD STORES

Northland Knitting Company, Limited

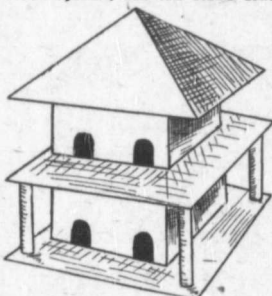
Manufacturers of SWEATERS, MITTS,
GLOVES and MOCCASINS

WINNIPEG, Manitoba



HONOURABLE MENTION

Webb, Sask.
Dear Cousin Doris:—I thought I would like to join the young folks department. We live in a country by a river where there are trees and many birds. I think every boy should make a bird house for the birds. I made a bird house last summer, it was two stories high, two rooms upstairs, and two rooms down.



I painted it green and white. I am sending you a drawing of it. The name of our school is Cedar View; we live three miles from it. We only have school in the summer. I am in the fourth grade. Last August there was a school exhibition, six schools took part in it. They gave prizes for all school work, and other prizes also. I took my birdhouse to the exhibition, and took first prize. I couldn't find a plan of a bird house. So I made my own plan, and I copied the picture from the bird house. My father lets me plant potatoes enough every year to buy my own clothes. I think every father should let his boys handle money to learn the value of it. I will close now as I have nothing more to say.—Robert Downing, age 13.

Robert, you are the type of boy we need in Canada. Your bird house shows practical and ingenious talent. I think, too, every boy should have a way of

earning money at home. You are fortunate.—C. D.

Neudorf, Sask.
Dear Cousin Doris:—This is my second letter to your interesting club. I wrote once before and saw my letter in print. I have written to three or four clubs, but never saw my letters in print before. I go to school and am in grade six. I had a garden at school. This is how I sowed my garden. I sowed carrots, radishes, turnips, peas, potatoes and lettuce. First, a man came to school and plowed the garden, then we measured a plot ten feet long and marked it off for each one. Then I hoed the ground over and took the big lumps out. Then I raked it over and took the weeds out. Then I took a thin stick and made rows about one inch deep. I sowed my carrots, radishes, turnips, lettuce and peas in each row. Then I covered them over with my rake. I next dug six holes about one yard apart. I cut my potatoes so there will be two eyes in each piece. Then I put them in the holes and covered them over. That is all I put in my garden. I am not going to school any more so I gave my garden to my sister. When I went to school last year our teacher gave us stars for doing our work well. We got them for spelling, arithmetic, grammar, composition and for not talking. Every time we got six orange colored stars we got a red one. At the end of the month the one who had the most red stars got a prize. I won the first two prizes, then I left school. I got a red ribbon one and a half yards long for the first month. Then I got a book for the second month. The name of the book is The Girl of the Limberlost. It was a hard job at first to sit and work all day without saying one word. If you said one word it would not matter. But if you said two words you lost your star. I think that is a good way because everyone will work hard to get a star, and not talk so the teacher will have a little peace. I think that I had better end my letter for I will leave no room for other members. Wishing Cousin

Doris and all the members good luck.—Rosalind Sedgwick.

I am glad your teacher gave you The Girl of the Limber Lost.—C. D.

Forestberg, Alta.
Dear Cousin Doris:—In the Canadian Thresherman and Farmer I found the reward offered for the best letter to both boys and girls. So I thought I would try as my father is taking this paper. I do not go to school now I am helping my mother at home. I am just staying for a few weeks. At school I am in grade VII and I do some grade VI and VII subjects. Our teacher lives in a small house on the school grounds. At school we play base-ball, basket-ball, and football.

We live on a farm two and a half miles from town. We have sixty head of cattle and twelve horses. We turned two mares and three colts in the pasture, and one day we noticed that one of the mares had died. She was no good for work because she was sick most of the time. We have about 15 hens. Some days we get fifty eggs, we have some pure bred leghorns and the rest are mixed.

Dad bought a new tractor, it is an Emerson 12-20 h.p.

We have a separator with our big engine to thresh grain with. We have an Overland car; it rides very easy. We had a Ford before this one.

We have an electric plant it is the Deeco, we like it fine.

We had some lightning rods put on our house and barn yesterday. We have a great big barn, the birds build their nests right at the top of it inside.—Viola Albrecht.

Georgetown, Ont.
Dear Cousin Doris:—May I, a humble Easterner, intrude upon your delightful page? As there seems to be no notice upon your "door" warning, "Easterners keep out," I will venture this letter.

Shall I tell you about my trip "West." It was the most delightful experience in my life, I can assure you. We started one hot day in July and travelled all

day in a hot, dusty, dirty train. You cannot imagine what a relief it was to step on board the big boat at Port McNickell. We spent a wonderful weekend on the Great Lakes. Such air! Such water! Such meals! Such excitement going through the Soo Locks. I almost held my breath the whole time.

The next eventful hour we spent was arriving in Winnipeg. We stayed there five days and saw all the sights to be seen. Although the prairies would be very monotonous to live on, I should imagine, our three days spent in a tiny village in southern Saskatchewan were very eventful. We rode seventy miles in a "river," in order to reach it, and such a ride. Why they didn't even have roads to ride on. We just went



"I'll just have a look myself and see if mother is bringing me up in the way I ought to go."