

## A LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my second letter to your charming club, and I enjoy reading the letters very much. My brother and his wife with their two little boys, named Charlie and Paulie, are staying with us for quite a while now. But they are building a house in town and are going to move in about a week or two. We live three miles from our nearest town. We have seventeen head of cattle and seven horses and two dogs. We had a heavy snowstorm yesterday, so that we can use the sleigh to-day. Please, Cousin Dorothy, send me a button if you can. We had a little Christmas tree last year and we trimmed it with colored paper.

I am nearly thirteen years old. I don't go to school now, but my teacher's name is Miss M—, and my school's name is Viola. I had to walk three miles to school in summer.

Sask. SIDONIE STREDICKE.

## BUTTON A LITTLE LATE

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I saw my last letter in print, but have not yet got my button.

We have a nice little driver and mamma and I drove eighteen miles out in the country on Wednesday, and I enjoyed it fine. Out north of Aberdeen, where we went, it is quite thickly settled.

Our school is so near that we can see it plainly from our house. There is a fire on in it now and quite a few scholars are around. My sister is just starting for school, but I am not going to-day for I have some business to do down town.

Papa is a well-driller and is working in Saskatoon. He and his hired man come home every Saturday and go away on Sunday afternoon.

Wishing a happy Christmas to yourself and the Wigs to whom I send my best regards.

TRESSA SYTZ.

## FOUR IN THE CLASS

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to your club, though my papa has taken THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE for several years. We have eight horses and three cows. I am in the second book, and there are three in my class, besides myself. My teacher's name is Mrs. E—. I hope my letter will miss the W. P. B., and I am sending a stamp for a button.

Sask. STELLA MITCHELL.

## A CONCERT IN THE NEW SCHOOL

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—May I join your interesting club? I have long been a silent reader, but I thought I would write and tell you of a concert we had in our new school. We all arrived at seven o'clock in ox-wagons or on horseback, etc. When we got there we found everything in darkness, but we soon fixed up a light. The men boiled the kettles outside, and the ladies unpacked the refreshments. After these we had a concert. There were about fifty there, which we thought very good for a small settlement.

Our district is named after the great Indian chief, Tecumseh. How many of the readers press leaves and flowers? I pressed a few in the spring, but had poor success. Can anyone tell me how to press them?

Alta. IRENE LUCKETT.

## A NEW STABLE

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my second letter to your club. I have lost my button. Will you please send me another? We are building a big barn. It is seventy-six feet wide. There are nine feet of stonework all the way around. There is a big loft in it. There are two rooms in the stable and eight stalls in one room and a loose box. The carpenters have not finished the stable, and I do not know how many stalls there are going to be in the other room.

I am going to school nearly every day. I was eleven years old on October 26. I will now close with best wishes to all the Wigs.

Sask. FARMER COUSIN.

## DRIVES IN WINTER

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to your charming club. We have had the FARMER'S ADVOCATE one

year, and we like it very much. I am eleven years old, and I am in the third reader. I am going to school now. I live two miles from the school house. I walk in the summer time, and drive in the winter. Inclosed please find a two-cent stamp for a button.

NORAH GRINDSTAD.

## GLAD YOU CAME AGAIN

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my third letter to your welcome club. Papa has taken THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE for about ten years. I like to read the letters in the Western Wigwam. I have not written to you since the club got its new name, but I like the name very well.

My birthday is on the 29th of this month. I will be twelve years old. I am the oldest of the family. I go to school every day and will be trying for my entrance next year. Our studies are arithmetic, history, geography, bookkeeping, drawing, grammar, writing, spelling and literature. I like drawing best.

We have an organ, and I take music lessons on it. I have taken about four quarters on it already. My music

church and Sunday school, but there isn't any Sunday school here yet, but there is church.

Sask.

ELSIE MAY REID.

## HOW DO YOU MAKE THIMBLE CASES?

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to your charming club. I came to this part of the country a year ago in August. Shortly after I had come here I took sick with the pneumonia. I did not go to school last winter, but I am going all this winter if the weather does not get too bad. Our lessons at school are spelling, arithmetic, reading, history, grammar, geography, writing. Our teacher is going away at Christmas.

I hope all the Wigs will have a happy Christmas when it comes. I made some Christmas presents this year. I have made some thimble cases.

Do any of the Wigs know how to make them?

I would like to have one of your buttons, so I am sending an addressed envelope and two-cent stamp for the button.

Good-bye to you all.

THELMA.



A BOOST FOR SASKATCHEWAN CLIMATE—EATING THANKSGIVING DINNER IN THE FIELD, OCT. 31ST, 1910.

teacher comes every two weeks.

We had the whooping-cough this fall, and one of my little sisters had pneumonia. Her name is Bell, and she is seven years old. The doctor didn't think she would live, but she is quite well now.

We have the phone in, and when we were sick it was very handy.

I have read a great many books. Some of them are: The Swiss Family Robinson, The Palace Beautiful, Robinson Crusoe, Elsie's New Relations and many other small ones. I like reading fairy tales. Our school teacher often reads them to us in school.

NANNIE GRIFFITH.

## ALMOST THROUGH THE SECOND BOOK

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to your interesting club. My father has taken THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE for five years, and could not do without it. I enjoy reading your letters very much.

I am nine years old in February. I go to school every day, and am almost through the second reader. My teacher's name is Miss M—. There are eight that got to this school.

Fearing I will tire you, I will close.

WILD ROSE.

## NO SUNDAY SCHOOL YET

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—It has been such a long time since I wrote to your club, but I enjoy reading the letters. How many of the Wigs like reading? I am not going to school now, for it is getting cold and it is too cold to walk. There is about an inch and a half of snow. We live four miles from town. I have two dogs; one is a cattle dog, and the other is a pet dog. Their names are Buster and Skip. I like going to

## A VISIT FROM AN OLD FRIEND

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—It is a shame the way I have neglected our club. I wrote a letter and thought it was not good enough. Since I wrote last we have moved from Alberta to Saskatchewan. I read the Boys' Club also, and a letter from one of the boys signed "Mike" says that the boys were to hurry up and beat the girls, so we must hurry up and show them. Helen, my little sister, has gone to Ontario with my uncle. She stayed a while in Winnipeg. I should like to get a button very much and am sending a two-cent stamp and will you please send me a button, Cousin Dorothy?

Seeing that you are collecting stories for the Christmas number, I am sending one and hope that lots more of the "Wigs" will do the same, and so help the Christmas number and try to beat the Boys' Club for a Christmas page. Seeing that I have moved from Alberta, I am sending my address in my new home.

Now I must close with best love to the "Wigs."

Kim.

## THE CHILD

The winds sing and the waters sing—  
(O the Child in the manger!)  
With a marvelling, with a rapturing,  
"Hail to the little stranger!"

The sun sings and the stars sing—  
(O the child in the manger!)  
With a gladdening, with a glorying,  
"Hail to the little stranger!"

And Mary—her heart and her soul sing—  
(O the child in the manger!)  
With a tender, yearning mothering,  
"Hail to the little stranger!"

—Independent.

## THE FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

A young Quaker had been for some time casting diffident glances at a maiden of the same persuasion, while she, true to the tenets of her upbringing, had given him mighty little encouragement. However, one day the opportunity of placing the matter upon a more stable footing presented itself to Seth, and he shyly inquired: "Martha, dost thou love me?"

"Why, Seth, we are commanded to love one another," quoth the maiden. "Ah Martha, but dost thou feel what the world calls love?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have tried to bestow my love upon all, but I have sometimes thought that thou wast getting more than thy share."

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When Professor Wendell of Harvard entered upon his Sabbatical year he remained in Cambridge some weeks after his leave of absence began and persisted in taking part in the departmental meeting. The head of the department protested.

"Sir," he said, "you are officially absent. You are *non est*."

"Oh, very well," replied Professor Wendell, "*a non est* man is the noblest work of God."

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Apropos of the enmity, now happily buried, that used to exist between Minneapolis and St. Paul, Senator Clapp said at a dinner in the former city: "I remember an address on careless building that I once heard in Minneapolis. 'Why,' said the speaker in the course of this address, 'one inhabitant of St. Paul is killed by accident in the streets every forty-eight hours.' A bitter voice from the rear of the hall interrupted: 'Well, it ain't enough.'"

## LONELINESS

I ain't done nothin' to-day but walk  
Around the orchard an' down the  
road,  
Stoppin' now and again t' talk  
To blooms and flowers she allus  
knowed—  
Knowed each nod of each purty head—  
Knowed their smiles and the things they  
said;  
Now I know 'em and love 'em, too,  
Not for their beauty ner purty glow,  
Style ner fragrance, like most folks do,  
But only because she loved 'em so!

I don't do nothin' at night but set  
Around the stoop in the evenin' glow,  
Watchin' the world all dewy wet  
And seein' the stars as they come  
and go—

This one here that she wished upon—  
That one there that she called her own,  
Watchin' 'em all through the silvery  
light,  
Love 'em, too, for I feel—I know—  
Somewheres off in the quiet night  
She's watchin' 'em, for she loved 'em  
so!

I don't do nothin' at all no more  
But bide my time in my humble way  
Doin' my best and a-settin' store  
By promises for the Happy Day;  
Don't do nothin' a 'tall but jes'  
Naybor here with my loneliness—  
Jes' us two and the dog!—and laws!  
Ready and willin' and glad to go—  
Lovin' life though, to the last, be-  
cause—  
Because I know that she loved it so!

—JOHN D. WELLS, in Buffalo News.

## A TOAST

Here's looking at those that look at me  
When I feel the need of cheer;  
Here's a hand for those that give me  
a hand  
When I'd stumble if none was near.

Here's a heart for those that show me  
a heart  
When my own is too tired to beat;  
Here's a boost for those that give me  
a boost  
When I'm struggling to get on my  
feet.

Here's love for those that give me  
their love  
When the world is charged with hate,  
And here's to those that have done me  
wrong—  
Let's wipe it off the slate.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.