

Correspondence

Guelph, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw a number of letters in your paper from girls of about my age, so I thought I would write, too. I am thirteen years old, and have three little brothers, and their names are Douglas, aged 6; Kenneth, aged 4; and Baby Ernest, aged 2. It is sometimes hard work to take care of all the boys, but I would not change my position for any you could offer me. I am in the first form at the Collegiate Institute here, and I am very fond of the school work. One of my classmates passed the entrance pretty high last year, and is only ten years old. I wonder if many of the 'Messenger' readers can show such a good record. As we live in the city, we have not any large pets. However, we have some guinea-pigs, and father keeps some bantam chickens. I would love to live on a farm, and have horses and cows and dear little pigs. I don't think I would mind the work very much, but I would like to live in town in the winter. Well, I must say good-bye.

GRETA M. C.

Guelph, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw all the other letters in the 'Messenger,' and I thought I would write a letter also. I have four guinea-pigs, but one of them is dead. There are two old ones and two young ones. They are about three inches long. I mean, the young ones are. The old ones are about six inches long. Father has about fifty chickens. I will make my letter as long as I can. I have two brothers and one sister. Kenneth is four and the baby is two years; I am six years of age. My sister is thirteen years old, and tall for her age. Anyway, she is bigger than I am.

C. DOUGLAS C.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to the 'Messenger' once before, and was very glad to see my letter in print. I am in the senior fourth class at school. I tried the entrance this year, but I am sorry to say I failed. In regard to what Dorothy R. says about studying geography, I will say that geography is my worst subject. I failed in it when I tried the entrance. I agree with the rest of the correspondents when I say that the 'Messenger' is a lovely paper, and I would not like to be without it. The last time I wrote to the 'Messenger' I had a St. Bernard dog for a pet, but we gave him away, and now I haven't any pets at all. I was twelve years old on June 2. I have no sisters or brothers. I do not see many letters from Toronto. I think that when a correspondent writes he should not write on one subject only, but on different ones, so that it would interest all. I guess you think my letter is never going to end, so I will close, wishing the 'Messenger' every success.

MINNIE S. H.

P.S.—Please tell me if this letter is too long.

Not too long at all. We want you to write the longest, most interesting letters you can. There is a great deal of room on this page for really entertaining letters.—Cor. Ed.

Olney, Colorado.

Dear Editor,—Having been a reader of the 'Messenger' for some time now, and having enjoyed some very fine letters in the Correspondence Page from readers in all parts of the country, I think it is about time that I should contribute some sort of a letter to this delightful portion of our paper which the Editor has so kindly set aside for us. First of all, I will describe the country in which I live. The little town of Olney is situated in the Arkansas Valley. It is forty miles east of Pueblo, and one hundred and sixty miles south-east of Denver. The farmer raises everything here, such as alfalfa, grain, sugar beets, fruit, cantaloupes and melons. Alfalfa is a crop which is cut three or four times a year, and is fed to cattle. When it blossoms it is ready to be cut. Then it is baled and shipped to eastern and southern states. The farmer receives from \$4 to \$9 per ton for it. Sugar beets are raised here in a large acreage. Large tracts of land were ploughed and planted in sugar beets, four years ago. The beets test from 12 percent to 17 percent, and the farmer receives \$5.00 per ton this year for them. The sugar factory is located at Sugar

City, that is, just thirteen miles east of here. I went through the factory on Sugar Day, and found that it was very interesting and many things could be learned. This month (October) they are pulling the beets and sending them to the factory. They have beet dumps at the switch which they drive upon, then the beets are dumped into cars below. This dump is made of lumber, and is about ten feet high. I suppose several of the readers know what cantaloupes are? They are somewhat like a musk-melon, but smaller and sweeter. There are several acres raised here every year. All farming is done here by irrigation. As the snow melts the water runs off the mountains and into the Arkansas River. It is then let into a canal and from there into smaller ditches. These ditches lead down to the farms and the water is let on to the crops. Water Melon Day is held at Rocky Ford every year. Several thousands of people, from all parts of the state, attend this fair. Nine thousand water-melons were given away this year. Two years ago some of my friends and I took a trip to the mountains. We went to a small place by the name of Green Mountain Falls. We went through eight tunnels on our way up there. Green Mountain Falls is a very pretty and popular summer resort. It is nine miles west from Manitou, and fifteen miles from Colorado Springs, being about 7,000 feet above sea level. We gathered many pretty flowers as we were climbing the mountains. We tried to get to the top of Mount Esther, but as we all got very tired, we were compelled to turn and go back when little over half way. We found it very much more difficult to go down than going up. I can say that I enjoyed that trip very much, and only wish that the editor and 'Messenger' readers could go there and enjoy themselves. I am sure you would all have a delightful time. I have many more things to tell, but fearing this letter will be too lengthy, I must close for this time. With best wishes to all.

S. C. W.

Springside, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years of age. I live on a farm of one hundred and sixty acres, two miles north-west of Spring-side, which is our nearest post-office. I have two sisters, one niece and one nephew. My oldest sister is twenty years old, and my other sister is twelve years of age. My nephew is three years old and my niece is two years old. The scenery is very beautiful round here in the fall. I will tell you what I have as pets. I have a tortoiseshell cat, one white kitten, two black ones, and one yellow one. I have one cow and a calf of my own. We have thirty-one big cattle, nine calves and five horses. I am in the fifth reader. I enjoy reading the stories and the letters in the 'Messenger' very much.

HANNA A. H.

Beulah, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have just been reading some of the letters in the 'Messenger.' I have never written any myself, but am going to do so to-day. I get the 'Messenger' at the Sunday-school, and like it very much. Clara D. is the secretary. I go to Beulah School, which is a quarter of a mile from my home. I am in the fourth book at school. I have a grandma in Colorado, and one three miles and a half from Beulah. I have no sisters or brothers, and no pets. I am twelve years old.

HARRY P.

Sand Bay, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I live in Lansdown. I am twelve years old. I am in the fourth reader. I have a dog, and his name is Rover. I have a horse named Deck. My papa lives on a farm of one hundred and fifty acres. We have twelve cows. Our factory is a few rods from our door. The church and the post-office are near. I was at Brockville fair this year. When we were going down we had to stand up in the car. One hundred and forty people got on at Lansdown. When we got there we went and had dinner. Then we got a cab and went to the fair ground. I saw a merry-go-round run by steam. I am a reader of the 'Messenger.'

DONALD B.

Chatsworth.

Dear Editor,—For many years I have longed to write to you, but I have never thought I

could escape the waste paper basket until now. Now, dear Editor and readers of the 'Messenger,' I am going to try and describe to you how I spent my summer holidays. I was not away at all this summer except for a few days. It was a very unusual thing for me, for every summer I generally go away for three or four weeks. But this summer I had just got a new set of croquet and a pair of new swimming blocks, and as we had a tent up in our backyard under a large maple tree, I wanted to stay at home. There was hardly a day in the holidays but what there were some girl friends of mine here, and often three and four at a time. We put in some pretty jolly times when we were picking berries, swimming (or, rather, learning to swim), or playing croquet. It was also fine sleeping in the tent, except on rainy or on windy nights. One night there were six of us sleeping in the tent, and about one o'clock some of us were awakened by the thunder and rain. As the tent was pretty old, the rain came through on two of our beds. We were pretty well crowded that night, as six of us had to sleep on four beds. Another night there were only three of us slept out, when a great wind storm came on, the two doors blew open, and we were afraid the tent would blow down, so we wrapped quilts around ourselves and came into the house. Those who slept in the house made fun of us in the morning, and said that we were afraid to sleep out ourselves, but that was not the case. When we would go in swimming it would be fine fun for those who could swim, and sometimes for those who were learning. We nearly always went in the evening about six o'clock. One night there were eight of us in the river. It was the first night for my new swimming blocks. I thought I was all right when I had them, so I splashed right into the water and the strap broke. I went right under water. I did not like it for the time, but after, when I was all right, I got my blocks fixed again and tried them again. It was much better the second time. We would go in every nice evening. Say, have any of you ever gone berry-picking? When a whole crowd of boys and girls go it is almost as good as a picnic. At least, I think so, don't you? Now, dear Editor and readers of the 'Messenger,' as this is my first letter, I think it is long enough, so I will close.

L. H. V. P. (aged 13).

Boy's Set Up in Business.

Johnny had a lot of marbles in his pocket and Frankie had none. So Frankie asked Johnny to give him a 'set up,' which Johnny goodnaturedly did. In just the same way the firm of John Dougall & Son will give to any school boy or girl who asks at once a 'set up' of two dollars and forty cents' worth of 'World Wide,' which sell at three cents a copy in Montreal, and usually five cents a copy elsewhere. But in this case, whether our young merchants get three cents or five cents, they keep the entire proceeds for themselves, thus getting two dollars and forty cents in perhaps two hours.

The newsboys in Montreal buy copies of 'World Wide' and sell them at three cents a copy, and make a good deal of money in a short time every Saturday.

School boys and girls all over Canada and the United States could do the same thing. But to them we will GIVE TWO DOLLARS AND FORTY CENTS' worth of our publications free of charge. They need only fill out the following blank and send it to us. We will immediately send them the latest issue.

It is our hope that we will in this way discover boys and girls all over the country who will act as our permanent agents, and to such we will send free of charge a rubber stamp with their name and address, also a bag and other agents' accessories.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,
Publishers, Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a 'set up' of 'World Wide' copies, which I will sell at the rate of three cents a copy, on condition that all I make I keep for my own.

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