

The fall before we found the small porcupine one of the dogs came up with his mouth full of quills. We had to put him under ether to pull them out. The dog wouldn't have anything to do with the man afterwards that pulled the quills out of his mouth.

In the spring we found a baby porcupine up a dead tree; it was about as big as your two fists. My brother knocked it down and took the lace out of his boot, tied it to the porcupine's leg, while my sister held it down with a stick. Then we tied the lace to a stick and carried it about a half a mile to the house. All we could see of it for about a week was a ball that had the point of pins and needles sticking out of it.

One evening we got it out of its box, and it started to climb up my father's leg; he wasn't very anxious for it to do so. I, just for fun, went in and got it some milk and bread. It would drink for a while and then eat some. We were surprised that it would eat the bread and milk because we couldn't get it to eat any grass or drink any water. It put its nose down in and drank like a cow or horse instead of lapping it up like a dog or cat.

We kept it for a long time. It got so tame it would follow us everywhere. It would eat out of a spoon, and walk on its hind legs. We named it Porky, and whenever we called him he would come, and as he was coming it would keep making a funny little noise; it would cry like a pup whines. Whenever we got it angry it would waddle away just like a baby does when it gets angry and tries to run away.

Porky also knew when the table was laid for a meal; we had to leave the chairs away from the table till we were ready to sit down, or it would climb on the chair and then on the table, and just help himself.

When we got it, it was black, with a few white hairs. On its back was a place that didn't have anything on it but quills. When it was angry or was startled it would curl up and all you could see was a ball covered with quills. Its feet were like hands, without the thumbs, but had long claws. It also had a pug nose, and very large nostrils, and ears that looked like they had been cut off, with long hairs on the ends. Before it disappeared, if you saw it at the distance you would think it was a bunch of dried grass for it was a tan color. Porky disappeared one day we were away from home, and we miss it very much.

Hoping to see this letter in print, I wish you and all the members the very best of success.—FERN E. TOWNSEND (age 12).

GIRL'S PRIZE LETTER

Elva, Man.
Dear Cousin Doris:—My mother takes your paper although we are not farmers. She gets a lot of help from the women's page. In last month's paper you asked the boys and girls to try again for a prize for the best letter, so I am going to try for the first time in my life. I will tell you about my trip to Brandon Fair. It was my first time even to Brandon. My birthday was coming soon and instead of a party this year my parents gave me this treat and five dollars to spend. As they were not going a lady kindly took me. We left very early in the morning and did not get home till the middle of the night, or 3 o'clock in the morning! Mother says that is very Irish—we are Irish anyway. I hardly know what interested me most as everything was new to me even the street cars. Before we went down to the fair grounds we saw a big Indian procession coming along the street. The squaws carried palm trees and ride on big white horses. The men had great big feathers all around their heads, the horses also were decorated with them. The men were all shouting the war-whoop. We then took a street car and went down to the fair ground. The first thing I did was to go on the merry-go-round. It was just fine. I was never on one before. I saw the smallest man and woman in the world. There was a fat girl, nineteen years' old, who weighed over seven hundred pounds. In the afternoon we went up on the Grand



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stand and it was there we saw the best things. There were acrobats, Japanese jugglers, the circus, a nurse sang, and an aeroplane went up. I was a very I did not hear Soma's band, but it was not there that day. I could tell it a great lot more but my letter is very long already, and I would like to say something of my work and aims in life. I hope to try my entrance next year.

My mother teaches me music, and I play in Sunday school now. I had a very enjoyable week learning to sew last week at the girls' club, under Miss Senior; I made a pretty night-gown. I hope to take my teachers' course at school first, so I can help my brothers and sisters to get through too. I am the eldest of five, and only the youngest was born in Canada. My great ambition is to travel

sometime back to Ireland to see my aunts and uncles, one aunt is just my own age. I had two uncles, lieutenants, at the war, in Irish regiments. One was at the capture of Jerusalem. He is not home yet. I hope I have not taken up too much room to get my letter printed. With best wishes, from your new little Irish cousin.—Margaret (Pixie) Irwin, age 11.