

Correspondence

O. C., Pa.

Dear Editor,—I see you print letters from the children in your paper, so I thought I would write to you too.

I am a Canadian boy, but am living in the United States now. I came from Toronto when I was three years old.

This is an oil country. Wherever you look you can see lots of oil wells. Oil pipes are laid all over the country. This winter there were three wells drilled quite close to our house, and lately I saw them, what they call 'shoot' a well. When they find a place to make a well, they build a high derrick to hold the drill wheel on and when they have drilled down through earth and stones to the oil they 'shoot' the well with nitro-glycerine,

is made as follows:—In the centre of a field is a deep well, the approach to which is made by an oblique structure of brick and stone. On the highest part of the raised ground is a wooden frame triangular in shape, with a point upwards. This frame is fastened to two strong posts placed on both sides of the raised ground. On the top of the wooden triangle is a wheel made of iron or wood. Below the wheel is a strong beam of wood fixed horizontally to the two posts. In the centre of the raised ground is a hollow, and in it is a revolving piece of iron to which is attached by thick ropes a huge leathern bag. One of the ropes is placed round the iron bar, and another is passed round the wheel at the top of the triangle. The ropes are tied to the yokes of oxen, and the oxen walk upwards; the wheel and the bar revolve backwards. In this way the leathern bag is dipped into the water, the driver gives it a sudden tug, and then

and one cousin, ten years old, who is living with us, his name is Ralph James, being papa's sister's child; my brother's name is Stewart.

I noticed some time ago that the Editor had received a letter from L. and N. Wylie, of G., Ont. I know them, and hope they will see this.

I am closing with a riddle. Once a woman had water under her feet, water on her head, yet she was not touching water?

I can answer Zella Turney's first riddle (March 29). Answer—Fire.

I think we might have pet or nick names in this club, as well as other clubs. What do you all think? I would like to know what the Editor thinks of this.

EVELYN SWERDFAGER.

[Why nicknames, Evelyn? Could anything be prettier than your own name for instance and surely you wouldn't like to have one that was ugly. Besides, it would be very difficult to find nice nicknames for all our correspondents and ones that would be really distinctive, don't you think so?—Ed.]

B. P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have seen some of my little friends' drawings in the 'Messenger,' and think they are good. We have a little club called Band of Mercy, in which we have twenty-nine members. Our club is to be kind to all dumb animals, and try to protect them. We went on a picnic last summer, and had a fine time. I will close now with best wishes to the 'Northern Messenger.'

HILDA J. TREFRY.

OTHER LETTERS.

Gracie Newton, N.B., Ont., says this is 'a fine busy town, and before long we expect it will be a city. There are numbers of children here, and good schools, but they are much too crowded.' The riddles you ask have been asked before, Gracie.

Ralph C. Russell, H., Assa., says, 'We lost our horses last spring, and did not find them for two weeks.' Hope they didn't go wandering this year, Ralph.

R. S. B., Alma, P. E. I., says they have four little calves and a colt. Aren't they pretty little animals to watch?

Edna May Teeter, S.A., Ont., says her father is a carpenter. You must love to go and watch him at his work, Edna, the new wood smells so sweet when it is planed. Why do you think anyone should be particularly proud of being a carpenter?

Grace Campbell, E., Que., has four brothers, and the youngest is twenty-two months old, and he is a dear little fellow. Of course he is, and splendid company if he is treated properly, but these young gentlemen are very quick to see when they are not wanted and to resent it as quickly.

David K. Carmichael, M.R., N.S., says they have ten lambs in their flock of sheep. Aren't they frisky little fellows?

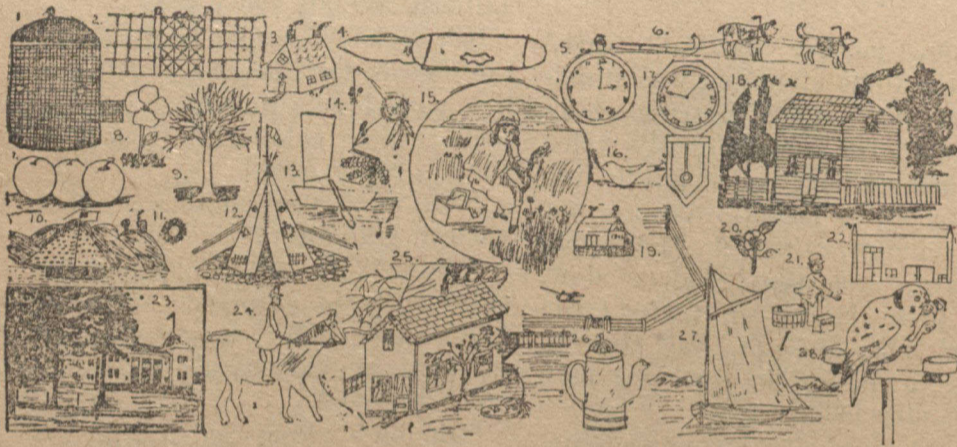
Hazel Lawrence, T., Ont., writes, 'I have a little brother three years old, and I have three little kittens which he is always pulling about; he won't leave them alone.' Don't let him hurt them, Hazel. He is too little to understand much, but you can look after him and train him to be kind.

Alice Mehlman, P. M., N.S., takes music lessons twice a week. It takes a lot of time to keep up with your practising, doesn't it, Alice? But you'll never be sorry for having kept at it when you grow up.

Dot Essie Hadley, H., Ont., certainly ought to be a busy girl for she writes 'I milk two cows, and we keep the post office. We also keep a store and run the mill and a farm as well.' Yet she finds time to go two miles to school as well.

Travis Joe Hadley, and Minnie May Hadley also write short letters. Travis wrote his with his father's fountain pen. Minnie likes going to school, and wants to be a teacher when she grows up. The riddles sent in these letters have been asked before.

We also received short letters from Annie E. Raven K., B.C.; Stella Adelia Jackson O., Man.; Caroline Sullivan, W., Ont.; and Jennie J. Vaughan, E.P.M., N.S. All the riddles in these letters have been asked before.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Bird Cage.' Violet Olive Alquire, E. C., Ont.
2. 'A Fence.' Barbara A. Grant (aged 12), T. B., N.S.
3. 'My Oud Man's House.' Hugh Grant (aged 11), B., Ont.
4. 'My Knife.' A. D. M., West L., Ont.
5. 'A Watch.' James Brice, D., Ont.
6. 'My team.' S. B. Field, Q. P., Sask.
7. 'Apples.' H. Washington Graham (aged 10), H., Ont.
8. 'Flower.' Vina Fleming (aged 9), K., Ont.
9. 'A Tree.' Mary Robertson, V., Ont.
10. 'The Beaver.' Hugh Curtis (aged 8), M., Ont.
11. 'The Sun.' Georgie R. Grant (aged 7), T. B., N.S.
12. 'A House Teepee.' Julia N. Cameron (aged 12), E., N.S.
13. 'A Boat.' Hazel Wagg, S.B., Ont.
14. 'Sensitive Plant.' George C. Fraser (aged 11), C., N.B.
15. 'Little Red Riding Hood.' Jean Rumball (aged 8), M., Man.
16. 'Sparrow.' A. L. S., (aged 13), S., N.B.
17. 'Our Clock.' Mae McCreary (aged 14), S. F., Ont.
18. 'A House.' Gracie Goforth, M., Ont.
19. 'House and Lot.' John Robinson (aged 9), M., Ont.
20. 'A Flower.' Mary E. Munro (aged 8), T. B., N.S.
21. 'Our Old Pump Dressed Up.' Sadie E. Paul (aged 11), A., Ont.
22. 'A Barn.' Myrtle Elfreda Johnson (aged 9), L. T., N.S.
23. 'Administrative Building, New Westminster, B.C.' Edna A. McBain (aged 14), M.C., Ont.
24. 'Going to Town.' Bert Stevens, M. R., N.B.
25. 'Our Old Home.' Harriet Swegles (aged 9), C., Ont.
26. 'Coffee Pot.' Reita Robertson (aged 11), E., Man.
27. 'A Sail Boat.' Amos Michener (aged 10), L.B., Ont.
28. 'A Parrot.' Harold S. (aged 11), Elm-vale, Ont.

to clear out the mud and stones, they then put a long tin pipe down the hole they have drilled with nitro-glycerine in it, and I can tell you the mud and stones fly up in the air lively, you would not want to be very near to it. I am sending you two post cards, one with a lot of derricks in, and one where they are 'shooting' the well. I guess my letter is long enough, so good-bye. I like your paper very much.

DAVID H. DARLEY.

[Thanks for the post cards, David, they make one quite anxious to pay you a visit. Glad to see you remember that you are a Canadian boy. Don't forget that.—Ed.]

P., India.

Dear Boys and Girls in Canada,—I am writing to you an account of Indian Irrigation. On Saturday last my little brothers and I went out for a ramble in the fields, which adjoin the bungalow. We had to climb noules and ant-heaps, cross beds of vegetables, and jump over ditches filled with dirty water in order to get there. The water for irrigation is taken from a well by means of a moat. Now, dear readers, you must not imagine the moat to be the same as the moat which surrounded a Norman castle. An Indian moat

sings to his oxen to go downwards; then he empties the water into a tank. There is a hollow in the side of the tank, and a channel runs down the raised ground and branches off into other sideways, and these branch off into others leading into the vegetable beds, etc. It is delightful to hear the ryol (farmer), singing to his oxen as he goes backwards and forwards, drawing out the water. The women cutting the vegetables look charming in their gaudy clothes, and little boys and girls taking the refuse from among the beds, and throwing it into ditches; and the ploughman with his team of oxen singing gaily. Everything seems full of life. The cauliflowers and beetroots sparkling with dewdrops which look like diamonds. The birds are singing merrily, and sheep are bleating among the bushes, while the clear white stream glides noisily along. I thoroughly enjoyed my walk in the fields.

RAY A. EZEKIEL (aged 16).

W. Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father owns one half acre of land, on which is built a cheese factory, stable, and house. He makes cheese in the summer, and my mother keeps the post office. I have only one brother, eight years old,