



With the Journal's Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

About Our Competition

Dear Girls and Boys:

We are going to extend the time for receiving letters about your pets, and about deeds of kindness done to animals, until December 1st, so that you may be able to settle down better after the summer holidays. Don't forget the rules of the competition:

- A prize of \$3.00 for the best letter.
- A prize of \$2.00 for the second best.
- Write on one side of the paper only.
- Write as well as you can.
- Spell as well as you can.

Letters must be certified by parent or teacher as the unaided work of the competitor.

Children up to thirteen years of age may compete.

The competition closes on December 1st, 1910. Address all letters to

"Cousin Clover,"

Canadian Home Journal.

59-61 John Street,

Toronto.

We publish a splendid letter from Josephine Steward on our page this month, and should like to publish many more like it from our Juniors.

"COUSIN CLOVER."

A Letter from Sellwood

HERE is a nice letter from a young friend whose "pets" are evidently well cared for. The letter is accompanied by this certificate:

Cousin Clover,

This letter was written by my thirteen-year-old daughter unaided by anyone. We take the JOURNAL in our home and are very much interested in all the pages, and hope it will be very successful.

MRS. JAKE STEWARD.

Sellwood, Aug. 16th, 1910.

Dear Cousin Clover,

We take the Canadian Home Journal in our home and I enjoy reading the Juniors' page very much. I think it adds very much to the magazine. I live in a town called Smithville about thirty-five miles east of Hamilton, but now am spending my summer holidays camping out at Sellwood, thirty-two miles from Sudbury. I go to High School in Smithville and just at the close of last term passed into the second form. Living in a town, we cannot have as many pets as those in the country, but we have a few. We have a dog named Bobby. He belongs to my little three-year-old brother, but is a pet of the whole family. He is a year old and we have lots of fun with him. Of course, we did not bring him to Sellwood with us, but my uncle, who lives on a farm, kept him. When that law was passed about muzzling dogs my father wanted to shoot him, but we could not bear to have our pet shot. He is having a fine time on the farm and when we go back I expect he will be much grown. Bobby is the only pet we have in Smithville, but here where we are camping there are many toads and one came in the tent and hopped about. I petted him and he soon grew quite tame. We named him Jack. It was great fun to watch him catch flies. But one day Jack did not come around to the floor of the tent and so I looked behind a box, to find Jack dead. Someone had shoved the box back against him and killed him. I was very sorry for the loss of my pet and I buried him down behind a stump. Soon after that a chipmunk began running around the tent. One day when I was alone in the tent he came in and ran around my chair. If I moved he ran outside, but when I was quiet he came back in. Now he has got braver and will run around when we are moving and yesterday he came close to me for some prune pits I put there on the ground. Since then he has been real tame. He is very pretty with black stripes running up his back. Yesterday I was in the tent sewing when I heard some birds outside making a great clatter. I went out and some robins were flying around in great distress. In a minute I saw the cause of their trouble. Some bad boys were

robbing their nests. I was sorry to say that I could do nothing, for they were French boys and could not talk a word of English and I could not speak a word of French. They were naughty impudent boys, but, not being able to talk to them, I could not do anything. The poor little mother was heart-broken and gave forth some piercing screams. It was hard for her to see her babies taken right under her eyes and she powerless to help them. There are not many birds up north here—just a few robins, some night hawks, and some loons. The loons are a very funny bird. Well, I think I have told you all about my pets, so I must close. Wishing your Junior page success, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

Josephine E. Steward,

Smithville, Ont.

Thank you for your well written and well expressed letter, it is just the kind we want; as you



WHEN PHYLLIS "DRESSED UP"

will see, the time for sending in these letters has been extended to December 1st, to give everybody a better chance. What a pity you could not save the poor little robins from those French boys! But I am glad your nice dog was not shot. Poor fellow, I expect if you asked him he would prefer to remain alive even with a muzzle. Let's hope he will soon be able to do without it. I hope you will write again for our page.

C. C.

Ghosts of Indians

Indian-footed move the mists
From the corner of the lake,
Silent, sinuous, and bent;
And their trailing feathers shake,
Tremble to forgotten leapings;
While with lingerings and creepings
Down they lean again to slake
The dead thirst of parching mouths,
Lean their pale mouths in the lake.

Indian-footed move the mists
That were hiding in the pine,
Out upon the oval lake,
In a bent and ghostly line.
Lean and drink for better sleeping

Then they turn again and—creeping,
Gliding like the fur and fins—
Disappear through woods and water
On a thousand moccasins.

—Witter Bynner in Harper's Magazine.

A Shell from the Slumber Sea

Do you see where the sunset points
To the shore of the Slumber Sea;
There's a little pink shell lying there,
A shell that's for you and me;
So hold it, my sweet, to your ear,
And list its soft melody,
And then when you've heard its soft sleep-song, my dear,
Lay your sunny head down by me.

Such wonderful dreams it brings,
Of downs where the fairies dance,
Of pearly pathways and blossom-rings,
Where the silver moonbeams glance,
Of gossamer cobwebs strung
With diamond drops of dew,
Of tinkling chimes by the Wee Folk rung
From the bells of lilac and blue.

The blow-away clocks count the hours,
As they do in the fields below,
And their fluff floats away like pale silver flow'rs,
But they're always fast or slow;
The right time you never can tell;
But what does it matter, my dear,
While you hear the song of that wondrous shell
Close to your small pink ear?

Hold it close 'gainst your yellow hair,
Let it rest by your dimpled cheek,
And dream thro' the night hours fair
Of waves in some mist-blue creek,
Of poppies all crumpled gold,
Soft-stirr'd by the amber bee;
Ah! sleep while your hands like sweet rose leaves
fold
O'er the shell from the Slumber Sea.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

"Dressing Up"

"Dressing up!" What fun it is for children large and small. You borrow Cousin Susie's hat and grandma's Paisley shawl, you take poor Auntie Sadie's skirt of silk with swish and shine, and feel yourself the grandest thing north of the border line. And sometimes Auntie Sadie says, "I thought I heard the bell. Here's a fine lady come to call. I hope you're well?" And sometimes when you tear the skirt and the hat falls off your head, and Bouncer chews the Paisley shawl, why, then you're sent to bed!

When you have "dressed up" to your entire content, in the very best clothes which the "grown-ups" will lend you, the nicest thing to do is to call on a small friend and have "cambric tea."

Song of the Wind

By JEAN BLEWETT.

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WIND, you come singing, singing,
Gaily about the eaves,
I think you are bringing,
bringing.
The secret of the leaves;
Secrets you learned in May-
time,
Down in the wood so cool,
Learned in the night-time and
day-time,
By bank and brook and pool
O wind, you go shrilling,
shrilling,
Over the chimneys high,
While the clouds are softly
spilling

Rain in the gardens dry.
'Tis autumn, the wild new-comer,
Has taught you how to sing,
But the voice of the sweet dead summer
Through it all seems to ring.