

FOR THE JUNIORS

THE MAIL BAG.

WHEN the postman called the other day he took two letters out of the mail bag for the "Juniors" editor. They were from the victorious contestants in our last competition telling of the receipt of their prize cameras, and how pleased they were with them. But here are the letters which you may read for yourself:

Dear Editor of Juniors:—

The camera arrived all O.K. on Saturday morning, and I am indeed very much pleased with it, the more so as I have always wished for one. It is a very neat size for carrying around, and I have heard a great many say that it is very satisfactory, and I am sure I shall find it so.

I have taken one picture already, and after I get a little more practice I shall try to send you one for the Junior Department.

I am very glad I was successful in winning the prize, for there are very often times at which a camera comes in very useful. Hoping that I may again contribute to some competition in the Canadian Courier,

I remain, yours very truly,
ALICE C. MacDOUGALL.

Lindsay, Ont.

Dear Editor of Juniors:—

Thank you very much for the camera which I received safely. I am indeed very pleased with it and have already taken two photographs with it.

I am going to take some more soon, and if they turn out well I will send you one for the Juniors.

My brother has a camera, too, only it's a bigger one than mine, so he is teaching me the art of photography.

You asked me to tell you about Norwood. Well, there is really nothing much to tell. It is a little town or village on the outskirts of Winnipeg, and we live on the outskirts of Norwood, right next to a wide stretch of golf links, so it is very pleasant here in summer, though cold in winter.

The Red River winds round very near to us, and a great deal of boating is done on it. In winter we can skate on it, although the ice is sometimes rough.

I must stop now, as I want to get this letter posted before supper, so once again thanking you for my prize,

I remain, yours sincerely,
RUTH D. BLOWERS.
Norwood, Man.

The Editor is always pleased to receive letters from any of the "Junior" readers, and to publish them in this department. They must, however, be neatly written on one side of the paper only.

JACK AND THE GIPSY.

IT is a longish way from Mark Cross to Heathfield, but the little bull calf made it longer. In spite of all that Jack could do, the calf wandered from one side of the road to the other, and stopped to graze in the hedges. The cattle fair was almost over when Jack at last arrived at Heathfield.

The boy was late in starting, for his mother was afraid he was too young to sell the calf at a good price. But though Jack was only twelve years old, he was a match for a big gipsy who rode up on horseback and tried to get the lad to take twenty-five shillings for the calf.

"Three pounds or nothing is my price," said the boy; "and I will not budge."

While the gipsy was trying to talk him round, a farmer walked up and looked over the calf, and after some chaffing gave Jack three pounds for it. The gipsy looked very keenly at

the pocket in which Jack put the money.

Twilight was falling as Jack tramped homewards. Reaching a lonely bit of road between Mayfield and Mark Cross, he heard the sound of hoofs behind him, and the gipsy galloped up. Thrusting out a big stick, he told Jack he wanted the money. There was no gap in the hedge by which the boy could escape.

"Quick!" said the gipsy. "Hand it over, or I'll knock you down and take it!"

He got down from his horse and rushed at Jack. Taking the money from his pocket, the boy threw it in the hedge. Down on his knees in the grass went the gipsy, searching for the money, while Jack, seeing he was unobserved, walked up to the horse, sprang on its back, and rode off home. It turned out that the horse was worth thirty pounds, so Jack's mother did not lose. —Children's Magazine.



APPLE TIME.

Master Joseph Chamberlain, the Little Son of England's Ex-Chancellor of Exchequer.

VIOLETS.

I know, blue modest violets,
Gleaming with dew at morn—
I know the place you come from,
And the way that you are born!

When God cuts holes in heaven—
The holes the stars look through—
He lets the scraps fall down to earth—
The little scraps are you!

—Children's Magazine.

JUNIOR COMPETITION NO. 2.

FOR the best essay of not more than 500 words on either of the following subjects:

(a) The Biggest Industry in Our Town.

(b) How Carpets, Furniture, Stoves (any article made in a factory), are made.

We offer the following prizes:

First Prize—No. 2 Folding Pocket Brownie Camera.

Second Prize—One year's subscription to the Canadian Courier.

Third Prize—De Luxe edition of "Canada" by Beckles Willson.

Fourth and Fifth Prizes—Cloth edition of "Canada" by Beckles Willson.

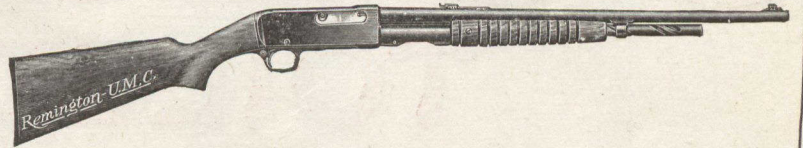
Rules.

1. The essay is open to all contestants up to the age of eighteen, but is designed to especially interest High School students whose manuscript will be given preference.

2. Manuscript must be written on one side of the paper only and endorsed "Original" by a master in the school or a parent.

3. Name, age and address must be stated and essays mailed to "Junior Competition, Canadian Courier, Toronto." The contest closes on October 15th.

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