

PRIZE OF FIVE DOLLARS.

We shall then choose our captains and officers, and you shall see the fine time we shall have. Now what do you think would be a good name?

Your sincere friend,

POST BAG

P. S.—I forgot to say that the recruits that send in their names first get the first numbers, thus: 1 Carrie Miller, 2 Post Bag, and so on. So it will be a greater honour to be number one than number one hundred and one.

ED. P. B.

EMBRAN, Ont.

ABOUT CHICKENS AND OTHER NICE THINGS.

MY DEAR POST BAG,—I answer your letter of the 16th April immediately. You could not imagine the pleasure it is to me hearing from you. It rejoiced me so much because I am lonesome till the ploughing and sowing come on, and the rafting down the river. It is very nice to have the spring now, and to breathe the sweet air, and to watch the birds building their nests. But my greatest pleasure is to feed hens. Have you ever fed hens? Is it not charming? When you come up here, you will drive as much as you like, for we have two more horses, and pick strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, cherries, plums, apples and tomatoes. We can take a canoe and go down the rapids too, to the village and catch fish.

Your dear friend,

F.

My! how you make my mouth water. Even if you had put your tempting fruit in the singular, and said an apple, a plum, a tomato, it would have been delicious. But apples, plums, and everything so nice in the plural, and a canoe, and fishing, and rafts, how I wish for my holiday that I could start off. And the hens! I almost fancy you must have known my one weakness when you asked me if I ever had fed hens. Ever? Ah! how often! It is my favourite country occupation. The first thing I do when I get on my country clothes is to find out the nearest poultry yard, and beg, borrow or buy. I should say I am a born hen-feeder. I almost bought an island two years ago for the sole purpose of giving them plenty of room and a good view, which I like myself, almost as well as I do hens. But then I meant to keep a thousand or so. Be sure, my dear little friend, if I come near you in summer I will call to see all your lovely things.

Your old friend,

POST BAG.

FROM A VERY LITTLE TOT.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

DEAR POST BAG,—It is my fan. Can the cat get my fan? The cat is on the mat. A rat is in the pan. The pan is in the van. An ox ran at the man. The man ran to the van. I see the fat man is on the van. Is my cap on the fat man? No, I see my cap on the map.

Your friend,

BIDDIE.

MY DEAR SWEET LITTLE BIDDIE,—I do not know when I got such a lovely, darling, precious letter. I know the pains you took to tell me your own nice story, and I love to think that, although the printer has no words exactly like yours, yours are better than his. I am sure your cat was a darling cat, and the mat must have been cosy for her. And the fan, too, I am glad the cat did not get it. She might have spoiled it. I would rather have the pan in the van, than see the rat in the pan. Wouldn't you? How funny the fat man was when he ran to the van. I think he must have run to the pan, too, sometimes, or he shouldn't have been so fat. I don't think your cap would have fitted him. Do you? Please write to me again, and tell me.

With a mountain of love from

POST BAG.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—I'm a little girl, just eleven about a week ago, and thought I would write a letter and tell you how much I like reading your magazine.

I think one can learn a great deal from it.

My home is in the suburbs of the City just beside the Assiniboine river. There are two and a half acres around our house and so many trees about that it seems as though we lived quite in the Country.

I have a very long walk to school, but rather like it, except when a very cold day comes in winter. I wonder how some of the readers of your magazine would like to come home from school in a blizzard as I have done on two or three occasions.

Your little reader,

MURIEL T.

MY DEAR LITTLE MURIEL,—What a good thing it is that the winter is gone, and that you can have no more blizzards. I never saw one, nor came home from school in one. But when I read about one, I shall remember that one of my sweet little readers was out in one, and I shall be glad to think she may not be again. I am happy to hear you like our YOUNG CANADIAN. It should be a welcome friend wherever it goes, for it goes laden with love to every young Canadian. You must come to see me when you come to Montreal. I shall look out for you.

Your loving

POST BAG.

WANTS A BADGE.

EUSTIS MINES, P. Q.

DEAR POST BAG,—Do you keep any song books, music and words. If so, how much are they? They must be first class please let me know. I want a badge, too, for the Reading Club. I will save up for a nice one.

From your friend,

A.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have no song books, but I have made inquiries. I could get a very nice collection for you at seventy-five cents, with words and music as you say. The badges are beautiful. I wore one myself a few evenings ago, and I am sure I was the admired of all admirers. There are two kinds. One of real solid silver costs three dollars. But I have a very neat lot made for seventy-five cents. They look well.

Your old friend,

POST BAG.

SEND HER ADDRESS.

Will the dear little reader in Fredericton who wrote me such a nice letter some weeks ago, write to me again, and give me her address? I sent her a long letter in reply, and the cruel postman sent it to the Dead Letter Office. I am very sorry.

POST BAG

ABOUT SACKVILLE.

To my little friend who wanted to know how much it would cost to go to Sackville College for a year:—I have written to the College, and I have received the Prospectus. As far as I can make out, for board, washing, fuel, light, and fees in the ordinary English branches, the cost is for one term \$55.00, and for one year \$135.00.

POST BAG.

MONTREAL, QUE.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—I take your paper and I think it is just splendid. It is improving so much every number that I think it will surpass every other paper in Canada.

I thought that that story "Climbing the Heights" was lovely. I like that sort of story very much, and I hope that you will have some more soon.

Though I am a girl I think I almost like boy's stories best.

Your little friend,

PEGGIE.

MY DEAR PEGGIE,—What a pretty name you have! I once knew a Peggie, and I loved her very much. She had dark hair, and rosy cheeks. Have you?

About our stories. I am sure you must like them. We have plenty more coming.

Your friend,

POST BAG.