



NOT SATISFIED WITH SCHOOL

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I go to school every day now since it has started, but I don't like my teacher. She is too cross and favors some of the children. She makes the others wait on her while she sits at her desk reading a book.

I am in the fourth grade and am ten years old and weigh 90 pounds this summer. My sister aged seven and I drive four miles to school. My pen is not very good and I am in a hurry so my writing is not very good. I am sending a stamped addressed envelope for a button and also a song for the Wigs to remember me by.

POOR WRITER.

(Tut, tut, Laddie! Don't get silly notions like that in your head about your teacher. She is only cross to those who deserve it, and the best teacher on earth can't escape the charge of favoring. What she reads in that book she is going to tell you some day in a history or geography lesson, or as an interesting story on a rainy day. I taught fifty boys for over three years and I know a whole lot about it. And don't forget this—that if you do not study and get up your lessons you are just hurting one person—your very own self, and not doing the teacher a bit of harm in the world. A ten-year-old with such a big, fine body should have a big, fine mind to match it. Don't you think I am right?—C. D.)

ON A CITY FOUNTAIN

"In Memory of a Little Child"

Here in the city market-place
Around this granite basin's brink,
The thirsty pigeons whirl and dip,
And tired horses stop to drink.

And here the wagoner descends
To cool, at this perennial spring,
His sun-burnt brow, and drain a draught,
To throbbing pulses quieting.

The working-lads and city dogs
Seek out this spot when parched with heat,
And here the barefoot gamin drink
And splash its waters o'er their feet.

And thus from daily sun to sun
Its sparkling waters ceaselessly
Upspring in limpid streams to bless
In cooling, grateful ministry.

"In memory of a little child"—
Such are the words carved in the stone—
Upon whose tiny grave the grass
Of full a score of years has grown.

Was reared this granite monument;
O noble grief to thus transmute
Its pain and loss to others' good
And comfort give to man and brute!

Within the noisy market-place,
This fountain pure and undefiled
Shall chant for aye its rhythmic song
In memory of a little child.

—Our Dumb Animals.

LITTLE MARIE AT SCHOOL

Hands up! How many of you Western Wigs grumbled when the first day of school came again?

You said: "I don't see what school opened so soon for. I wish I didn't have to go. I wish there wasn't any school to go to. What's the sense in learning things?"

Now, be honest, didn't you say or think something like that?

Yet compared with little Marie Jean Veinot, you ought to be able to learn so easily that it would seem like play.

Would you like to hear of little Marie?

To begin with she is now ten years old. Her mother died when she was a baby and her grandmother took her. She was just two and a half years old when she took sick and when the disease went it took with it Marie's sight, speech and hearing.

Can you imagine what that means, even a little bit? Shut your eyes tight and do not speak a word for ten minutes and see how it feels. Even then you could hear what was going on.

Well, to get back to Marie's story. When she was seven years old she was taken to the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Halifax, N. S., and put under the care of a teacher who was clever and patient. But her scholar could not see the teacher nor the book, could not hear what was said and could not speak to ask questions about what she did not know. How much have you learned in three years at school, little Wig, with your good eyes and ears and busy tongue? This is what Marie has done in her three years: She can talk on her fingers about a hundred things, dolls and books, the comet and the King, and even about politics. By laying her fingers on your lips while you talk she can easily tell what you are saying. She can read stories in the braille books made for blind people. She writes a letter every week to her grandmother on the typewriter. And to do all these things she has had the help of only two of her sense servants—touch and smell—where you have five. She is bright and happy and loves to laugh, but school must have been hard for her. Do you think you will ever grumble again at going to school when you stop to think of Marie Jean Veinot?

Cousin Dorothy.

A LOVER OF POETRY

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—Although this is the first time I have ever written to your club, I have always been an interested reader. I am just on the shady side of thirteen and I should like to correspond with any girl of the same age. I do not go to school now, having passed the entrance examination last June, but I have two little brothers going. We have the rural telephone and the rural mail delivery in our district now. We live on a farm of 640 acres, a few miles north of Edmonton. We have about two hundred acres of oats in this year, and about thirty acres of fall wheat.

The Edmonton exhibition was a great success. The fireworks were very beautiful, and there were very lovely buildings. How many of the members like riding horseback and breaking in colts? I, for one, am very fond of it. We broke in four this summer. I am a great bookworm and I am a lover of poetry. I enclose a two cent stamp for a button.

Alta.

CLEMENTINE.

(Here is part of a poem Longfellow wrote for girls about your age. He calls it "Maidenhood.")

O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall seal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

ADOPTED BOY AN INSPIRATION

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is the first time I have written to the Wigwam although we have taken THE ADVOCATE for six or seven years, and we all like it very much. I liked the serial "The Golden Dog" very much, as well as I did "Power Lot, God Help Us."

Yesterday, as I was reading an old ADVOCATE for the month of March, 1910, I came across a letter from Carrie Horne, written at the Orthopedic Hospital in Toronto. I was there at the same time she was and knew her very well.

I see a lot of the girls are fond of reading, and I am very much so. I have read Anne of Green Gables, Anne of Avonlea, Ivanhoe, Kenilworth, and ever so many more.

Mamma was reading in THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE about adopting children, so she decided to adopt a little boy. We have him now and like him very much. Mamma and I made some verses up about him, which I enclose hoping you will print them. I will close for this time.

MARY DAVIDSON.

P.S.—Is there a sequel to Anne of Avonlea? I would very much like to know if there is.—M. D.

(Glad to hear from you and to print your cute little poem, "Our Brownie." There isn't a sequel written yet to "Anne of Avonlea," but perhaps there will be some day. "Kilmeny of the Orchard" is Miss Montgomery's latest book.—C. D.)

OUR BROWNIE

Oh, Charlie Brown,
He came from town
And turned the house all upside down.

He got up late,
Lassoed the gate,
And made the breakfast table wait.

He would not hoe—
Not he. Oh, no!
But he would be a cowboy, Oh!

Oh, is he good or is he bad?
He cheers us all when we are sad
Then teases till we're almost mad.

Our Brownie he will always be
Now just you wait and you will see.

ENJOYS THE WIGWAM

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—My father has taken THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE for years, and I always read the Western Wigwam and enjoy it fine. I have five sisters and two brothers. I am fourteen years of age. I hope my letter will escape the waste paper basket. I am sending an addressed envelope and a two cent stamp for a button. Please send a button to me.

I must close my letter for this time and leave space for the other Wigs.

From your

LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY.

TOO SHORT TO TIRE

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to the Western Wigwam, and I hope it will escape the W. P. B. My father has taken THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE for many years, and we all like it. I always read the letters in the Western Wigwam, and find them very interesting. I am fifteen years old. Our school will start next week. Our teacher's name is Miss A—, I will not write any more this time or you will get tired of reading it. I am endorsing an addressed envelope and a two cent stamp, hoping to receive a button.

With best wishes to the Western Wigwam.
CHERRY-SOUR.

A LITTLE BOY

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to your club and I would like to join your club. I am a little boy four years old. I cannot write yet, so I had to get my sister to help me. I have got a little puppy named Stella. She is so pretty; her fur is black and curly. I live nine miles from Bawlf, our nearest town. My father has taken THE ADVOCATE ever since I can remember and we like it very much. I am sending a two cent stamp for a button and I hope my first letter will escape the W. P. B.

Alta.

HERBY (4).

A GOOD YIELD

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to your charming club. One of my little friends has a button, so I thought I would get one too. I go to school every day and am in grade four. I live two miles from school, so you see it is quite a long walk. In the hot weather they used to drive me. We threshed this week and we got eight hundred and ten bushels of wheat off thirty-seven acres. We think that is very good for this year.

My father has taken THE ADVOCATE for about ten years. When it comes into the house the first thing I do is to look at the letters in the club. I remain a member of the Western Wigwam.

Man.

IRENE B. DUNCALFE

BESSIE

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I received the button, and I thought it was very nice. We have nine pigs. The crops are very good. We have got all the grain cut now. We milk six cows, and we feed seven calves. I have a little heifer calf and I call her Bessie. I wish the Wigwam much success.

Sask.

ELSIE MAY REID.

MY FIRST LETTER

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to the Wigwam. My father has taken THE ADVOCATE for some time and I like to read the letters in it, so I thought I would write. I am a little girl eleven years old and I have four brothers and one sister. Their names are Harvey, Birt, Ray, Cecil, my sister is Ella and my name is Cora. I go to school every day. I am in grade five and my studies are drawing, composition, arithmetic and copybook. Our teacher's name is Mr. T— and we like him very well. We have five horses and one little colt. Well, I must not make my first letter too long or perhaps it will go to the waste paper basket. I will close with a riddle: What is the difference between a hill and a pill? Ans.—One is hard to get up and the other hard to get down.

FERDALE LASSIE.



THE MORNING SPIN