

FOR THE JUNIORS

"My Pet."

By Marjorie Martin (Aged 14.)

'VE a cat her name is Midd,
She will do just as she's bid,
Though she's lazy and so fat,
But still she is the dearest cat!

All she does is sleep and eat,
She likes to get right near the heat,
Like a ball upon the mat—
Still she is the dearest cat!

When a rat appears in sight
Up she jumps with eyes so bright,
How she runs though she's so fat
My! she is the dearest cat!

When I ask her a kiss to give,
She will do sure as I live,
On my nose she gives it pat
Oh! how I love my dearest cat.
—Certified by W. Martin, North Bay.

A Brainy Bunny.

BENJAMIN is a remarkable rabbit, the pet and plaything of the kennels at Hatchford Park, Surrey, where Lady Samuelson has her prize Pekingese and Japs. Not only does Benjamin follow his mistress about wher-



MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

This rabbit plays with the dogs and has no fear of them.

Photo Copyright by Central News Agency.

ever she goes, but takes tea with her in the drawing-room, being partial to the best China blend, with plenty of sugar. He has also a weakness for watercress sandwiches and sweet cake. Benjamin is entirely without fear of the dogs, and romps with them like a puppy. He will even chase a particular dog with whom he is on somewhat strained terms, and which, on these occasions, takes to flight.

Tom, Tiny and Fritz.

By Ruth Robinson (Aged 14.)

OUR pets are three in number and are cats. One is grey with a white dot under his chin. His name is Thomson, but gets Tom for short. The next is the black and white cat, whose name is Tiny. She is the crossiest cat I ever met. Last of all is the kitten, which is grey and white, and whose name is Fritz.

Fritz is the funniest behaved kitten I ever saw. Ever since his eyes opened he has been looking for some kind of adventure. Thomson is the very opposite. He would rather lie around all day and sleep.

My brother has trained the kitten to jump. It has now reached as high as the table, that is, jumping through his arms. Every night my mother puts it down in the furnace-room to sleep. It has got so used to it, that, if it is outside, and cannot get in, it will scratch at the door and mew. One evening, when my brother was returning from night school, he beheld a little animal running toward him. Of course it was the kitten. It purred and mewed so that he picked it up and carried it home. When he sat down at his desk to work, the kitten

went in and purred at his feet. Getting tired of this, it jumped up on the desk and walked all over his books. He didn't have any peace until he put the kitten to bed.

We always look for fun when the three cats are in the house together, because they love to put one another out of the arm-chair. One day Thomson was in the chair, and Fritz wanted in, too. There was plenty of room for both, so Fritz got on one side, and Thomson on the other. This day they were fighting a little bit. Both cats' tails were hanging down from the chair. My brother (to have some more fun) stepped on each tail. Each cat jumped up and they started to thrash each other. I could go on and give a fuller story, but I think this is lengthy enough.

—Certified by Mrs. Robinson, Orillia.

Don.

By William S. Williams (Aged 16.)

I WAS returning from a visit to my uncle's house, when darkness suddenly descended. Don, my collie, who always accompanied me, had run after some rabbits. I whistled, and

it echoed and re-echoed through the wood, but instead of Don, two men stepped out of some bushes. They advanced on me threateningly. I attempted to run, but stumbled and fell. The two men pounced upon me. One man raised a stick as if to strike me. But the blow never fell. There was an angry growl, and one of the men gave a cry of pain. They did not wait for any more, but dashed into the wood, with Don in hot pursuit. As soon as I had recovered sufficiently I whistled Don back. He came reluctantly wagging his tail, and dropped a piece of rag by my feet. His pursuit had not been in vain. I continued on my journey home, but they did not follow.

—Certified by Mrs. J. Williams.

Pipie.

By Myra Moses (Aged 12.)

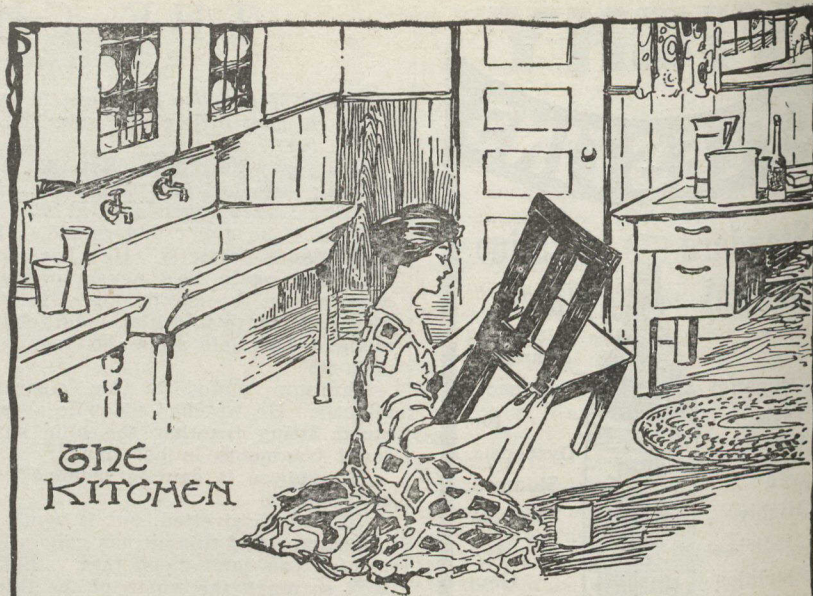
I HAVE a little kitten named Pipie. She is jet black, with green eyes. Pipie is very playful. This morning she played "hide-and-go-seek" with me. She was "it" all the time, and never missed finding me.

She will sit up and beg for anything you hold up. She eats everything, namely vegetables, fruit, p'e, cake, candy, etc.

Pipie follows me down the street when I go out. I have to chase her home. She thinks this is great fun. When you go to find her at night you just think you have her (then she jumps) and the fun begins.

She is as good as a watch-dog, I am sure. We would not like to lose her.

—Certified by Mrs. Moses, Toronto.



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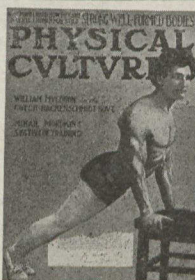
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