

Correspondence

St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. My birthday is on October 7. I wonder if anyone's birthday is on that day too. I have two brothers, Arch and Harold, and one sister, Elsie. My name is Bertie. My father is a doctor, and is the superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum. We live three miles in the country. We drive out as far as the electric cars, then go on the cars the rest of the way to school to Bishop Field College. Harold has a Newfoundland dog named Buller, Elsie and I have two calves, named Flossie and Kitty. The 'Messenger' is the best paper that we take. I think I will try and be a lawyer when I am a man, and perhaps I will get to be a judge if I work real hard.

BERTIE T.

Dudswell, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—I got the 'Messenger' for a prize at school, and I like it very much. I have one brother. For pets we have two cats, their names are Floss and Snowdrop, and a calf named Blossom. Papa bought a pair of wild horses last fall; they are from the West; they are chestnut with white faces; they were very wild at first, they are quieter now. Papa is working them together. I am eight years old. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is the same as mine, September 10. If so, I wish she would answer.

Address: ELSIE BISHOP,

Dudswell, Que.

Springfield, N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I look over the correspondence page I think it very interesting to see so many letters from little folks like myself, so I am going to write one. My papa keeps a hotel, and I live very near the railway station and a very pretty lake. I go fishing in a boat, and I like that very much, although I very seldom catch any fish.

V. P. MULLOCK (aged 7.)

Penville.

Dear Editor,—This is the second letter I have written to the 'Messenger,' but I am sending some new subscribers this time. The story about 'Faithful Coalie' reminds me of a search we had for my little brother Cecil when he was about two years old. After looking everywhere we could think of for about an hour we found him fast asleep in the bottom of the buggy, which was out under a tree. We had looked in it before, but did not see him, as he was all curled up and the rubber spread over him.

LAURA B.

Harriston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' We got the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school first, and since they stopped taking it there, we have been taking it. I enjoy reading it very much. I have three brothers and no sisters. I am the youngest of the family. I have been taking music lessons for nearly four years. I am organist of the league, and assistant organist of the Sunday-school. My birthday is on October 15.

CORA E. P.

Glen Norman, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' about two years. Our teacher this year is Miss McSweyn. I am on the third book. I like dictation best. I live on a farm. I have one sister, younger than I am. The River Delisle passes through our farm, and we like to play and pick the shells very much, also to watch the drives go down in the spring. We have 12 cows, 3 horses, and one colt. We belong to the Dalhousie church, and our minister is the Rev. J. B. McKinnon. Our teacher last year was Miss McGillis, and when she was leaving she made a Christmas tree, and we had reading, songs, recitations, and a Santa Claus to give us our presents. I was eleven years old on the 30th of April.

A. MAY D.

Denison's Mills, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about seven miles from Richmond. I am fourteen years old, my birthday is on October 14. I have a side-saddle and am getting to ride pretty well. I also am a member of the Maple Leaf

Club. We receive the 'Northern Messenger' every Saturday night. I think it is a charming little paper. The stories 'Twenty Percent,' and 'How Dan came home,' are very nice. I do not see how any one could read the 'Messenger,' and be a drunkard. I like reading very much. I wonder how many of the subscribers like a flower garden? My favorite flowers are pansies, roses, and sweet peas. I am going to have a flower garden this year.

NELLY T.

Rideau View, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the letters printed in the 'Messenger' much better since the little writers write interesting stories. My grandfather, when five years old, came from Scotland with his parents, on a ship which went by sails. They were about Newfoundland when there came a calm, and the sailors caught cod fish and sold it for whiskey. My grandfather's father would not buy any fish from them when he knew what they did with the money. So he and his brother James got a little boat and started out to get a few fish for themselves, but they were not fishing long when there came a gust of wind and the ship started, leaving them on the great ocean. You may know what a fright my greatgrandmother got when she found she was sailing away without her husband, and indeed, only for the captain he might have been left behind. But the captain was a kind man, and when he saw the trouble he bade the sailors go and bring them back. The sailors were very angry at this, for I suppose they had been displeased at my greatgrandfather for not buying any fish from them, but they had to obey orders, and so they brought them back. They had no more trouble after that, and they all landed safely at Quebec. They got a farm at Perth, and here they settled, and stayed until grandfather got a farm forty miles north of Perth, and here I live with him and grandmother. He is now eighty-four years of age, and too old to do much else than work in the garden. In winter days he often tells me stories, such as I have just told. He once told me of a bear that was eating his corn, so he decided that he would gather a party of the neighboring men and try to shoot it, among whom was his brother John. It was in the evening when they started on their bear hunt. They saw the bear at a distance, but it did not seem to be afraid of them, so they thought it had little cubs up the trees and it would not go away and leave them behind. After a while the bear disappeared and the men were standing on an ash tree which had fallen among the cattails and long grass wondering where the bear had gone. Grandfather's brother stepped off the log and something big and black got up and ran off into the bush. That was a bear, and grandfather says his brother all but tramped on it, and of course if he had he likely would have been bitten. So they tried no more bear hunting that day, and I do not know whether they were ever again bothered by that bear or not.

BELLA B. (aged 11.)

[This is a most interesting letter.—Ed.]

Dear Editor,—As I am a new subscriber for the 'Messenger,' and not seeing any letters from Fairlight, I thought I would write one. I think the 'Messenger' a nice paper, and like to read the letters in it. Mamma took the 'Messenger' a few years ago and she liked it. When we came to the N.W.T. from Ontario four years ago, we could not get to Church or school and I was lonesome, but now we can get to both, and I would not care to go back. We live about one mile

and a half from school. There are only six months out of the year that there is school, but it hasn't started yet. We live about three miles from the post-office. I have no brothers nor sisters, but papa has a home boy.

BESSIE J. B.

South Tilley, Vic. Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I wrote one letter to the 'Messenger,' and saw it in print, so I thought I would write again. I am going to school. It is just two months before holidays, and then Tommy and I will have great fun playing and picking berries. We had three cute little rabbits; they were just little young ones, and we found them in the wood and had them in a little pen in the garden. One morning I went out to feed them and one of them was gone, and there was a great big toad in the pen. I think the cats must have taken it, for they took the other ones afterwards, but I don't think they were very nice cats to kill the poor little bunnies.

LIZZIE MARION W. (aged 8.)

South Tilley, Vic. Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy six years old. I am going to school, and am reading in the first Primer. We have seven calves, they are all black and white, and I have one of them for my own. They are all pretty, but I think mine is the prettiest. We have one little colt, its name is Nick, and it is so cross it will bite me if I go near it. Lizzie is writing to you too, so I will close.

THOMAS EDISON W. (aged 6.)

Hymers, New Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm in New Ontario. We have not been here a year yet, we have no school yet, we think it will start this spring. I have three brothers and three sisters. I have one brother older than myself. We came from the County of Peterborough. My papa built a new house last fall. We can chop quite a lot here, as the timber is small. My birthday is on August 12. There are moose and deer out here.

ALEX. P. (aged 11.)

Brysonville.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm in Tullochgorum. The first settlers were all Scotch, and came in 1840. When the first house was built the people gathered, and the first reel danced was 'Tullochgorum,' and that is how it got its name. I go to school, about a mile and a quarter away. My birthday is on November 21, and I was twelve on that date. I would like if anyone of my own age would write to me, and I would answer them. My address is:

GRACIE E. MACDONALD,

Brysonville, Quebec.

Yale, Mich.

Dear Editor,—My father was born in England, coming to Canada at the age of twenty-two, and several years later came to Michigan, where he settled in St. Clair County. He helped to cut the trees from the Osborne House grounds before Queen Victoria came into possession of it, and also saw her several times, and helped to cheer her as she passed from East to West Coves. My mother also is of English descent. I have one sister, who is six years old, and goes to school, but has been out a couple of weeks with a cold. I am ten years old, and attend day school. I am going to pass the 'Messenger' on to some of my girl friends to let them know what a nice paper it is. Any one wishing to correspond with me, please write and I will answer. My address is Miss Alice Guy, Yale, Mich.

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