

Correspondence

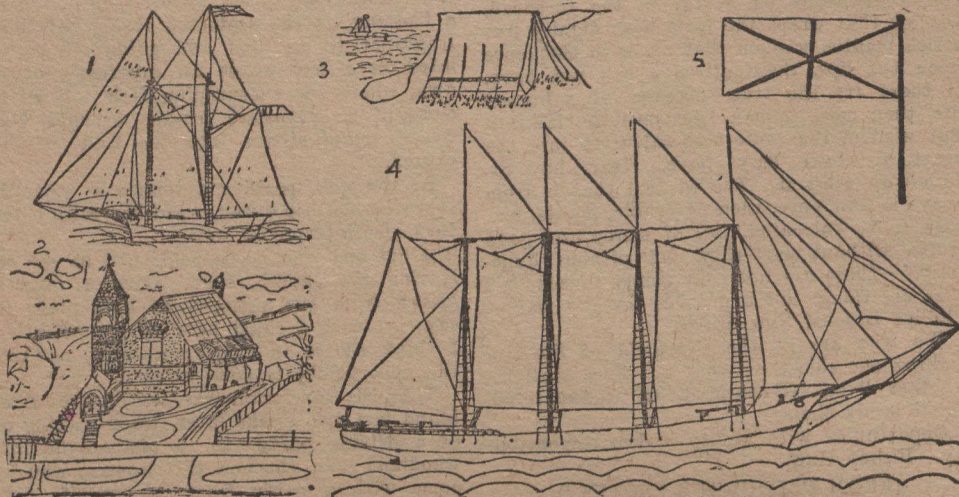
ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.



I pledge myself

To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

This week there are new members from five provinces: Quebec and Nova Scotia, each have four; Ontario, three, and New Brunswick and Manitoba, one each. Their names are Louilla Durrell, Lillian Chapman, and Ella



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'The Blue Bell.' Ernest Mills, P.H., N.S.
2. 'Presbyterian Church.' Emilene Dukes, U., Ont.
3. 'A Pleasant Spot.' Marjorie Dixon, Toronto.
4. 'Fair Winds.' Edson Martin, P.H., C.B.
5. 'Flag.' Frances A. Rogers, A., P.E.I.

Stewart, M., Que.; Nellie E. Sawyer, C., Que.; Elsie M. Whynot, Edith M. Merry, and Vida Veinot, N.A., N.S.; Blanche E. Merry, S.A., N.S.; Percival Biggs, N.B., Ont.; May Grant, and Viola Mackie, B.M., Ont.; Myrtle Wood, S.M., N.B., and Charley Smallbone, W., Man. Nellie Sawyer, Myrtle Wood, Ella Stewart, and Viola Mackie, each sent a word of appreciation of the League with their pledges. Viola says: 'I will try to live up to its rules, and I hope every one else will try to do the same.' Surely; if you take the pledge, don't forget it all the next day. Edith MacFaul, Ottawa, writes to say she is joining the League, but did not send in the signed pledge. Have you signed it, Edith? Then send it on to us so that we can keep yours with the others.

D. Que.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' for nearly two years, and I like reading it, especially the correspondence page, and seeing the drawings. I have three miles to go to school, and in winter it is very cold. I have a brother and sister going to school. It is very nice out here in summer beside the river. I will close with a riddle: How is a lame dog like a problem in arithmetic?

THOMAS HUGHES.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday, and like it very much. I read the correspondence page, and as I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, I thought I would write now. I have four sisters and three brothers. One of my sisters is married. We have a new teacher at our school, and a new school also. We have a telephone in our house. My brother and my sister go to the High School. We have two driving horses which we call Minnie and Edna. My father

is the reeve of McKillop, and runs a brick and tile yard.

EDITH M. GOVENLOCK (age 9.)

F.C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to you once before, and now I will try to write another little letter. I am just a year older than I was when I last wrote you. I go to school with my sister Gladys who is older than I am. I will be eight years old in April. There are five in my class at school, four other little girls and myself. I was very much pleased when I saw my name in the 'Messenger,' and hope you will not think my letter too long to print. I spent all my holidays in Ottawa this summer with my Aunt Aggie, who lives there.

JEAN H. RITCHIE.

R., Que.

Dear Editor,—We are four little girls who go to school, and little cousin Henry is writing this for us. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School and like it jolly well. We came from England last April. Pa was a stoker on the 'Dominion.' We had a little

OTHER LETTERS.

Pansy Galt, M., Ont., sends a riddle that has been asked before, however. Pansy is the only girl in the family, so let us hope she is a real 'heartsease.'

Barbara Armstrong, E., Ont., also sends a riddle that has been asked before.

James Meneal, E., Ont., is just seven years old, and he says 'I like to drive the horses.' Can you really manage them yourself, James?

Ernest Mills, P.H., N.S., writes from 'a little seaside village.' Your riddle has been asked before, Ernest. Your drawing is very good.

We also received little letters from Bertha O. Graham, G., N.S., Stella R. Hamilton, B., N.S., and Alma McLaughlin, C., Ont.

Just a word to some of our new friends about writing letters. Write on one side of the paper only, and do not send your drawings on the back of your letters if you want both to be published. Give your full name and address, and if you don't want your full name published, just say so. We will print only the initials or a pen name if you wish, but correspondents must sign their letters with their own names and the same with the drawings. Don't think you have to make your letters short; just make them interesting and as different as possible from any other letters you have seen. If they are too long, why, we will see that that is remedied, and not let any one have too much room. Some of our correspondents think that a letter should be just like others that have been published, but the more different from the others that a letter is, the more sure it is of finding a good welcome. Just try to tell us about something that nobody else has told about, but we are always glad to get letters from our little friends no matter how short they are, and we want again to thank you all for the nice things you say about the 'Messenger.'

Our Pansy Blossom Club.

Get five people who have not been taking the 'Messenger' to give you 10 cents each for a three months' trial subscription. Send us the names and addresses and the 50 cents, and we start the 'Messenger' at once to the new subscribers, and send you six beautiful colored pictures (9in. x 16in.) entitled 'Pansy Blossoms,' suitable for framing. One of these pictures you give to each of the new subscribers and one is for you. We send you also a handsome enamelled Maple Leaf Brooch for your trouble.

Under this Club, the 'Messenger' may be ordered sent anywhere in Canada (except Montreal or suburbs) or anywhere in the British Isles, but the pictures must all go to you to distribute. Some of your friends who already take the 'Messenger' themselves would gladly join your club and send the 'Messenger' to a little friend in the 'Old Country' or elsewhere, and you could deliver the picture to them to send on or keep as they chose. The pictures are really lovely—so real, so richly colored. Everyone admires them. They would make a bright spot in Grandma's room. Even in the kitchen, if mother were hot or tired, these pansies would look fresh and cool and sweet. Or, perhaps, you have a sick friend you want to remember at Christmas? Your 'Pansy Blossoms' would look so refreshing. And if you could not manage to get the picture really framed, you could, with your nimble fingers, mount it on heavy pasteboard, so that it would last a long time. You see then that our 'Pansy Blossom Clubs' open the way for much pleasure all round. See what you can do.

Send the money carefully (by money order, registered letter, or stamps) addressed to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, and mark both in the corner of your envelope and at the top of your letter inside, the words 'Pansy Blossom Club.'

THIS WEEK'S FLOWER GATHERERS.

The following have sent clubs this week:— Laura E. Merifield, Ont.; Marion Aird, Ont.; Alice Clare Fulton, N.S.; Marion Booth, Que.; Jennie Cameror, N.S.; Alma Mosher, N.S.; Elsie Jackson, Ont.; Essie Upham, N.S.; Julia Stone, Nfld.; Annie Pacey, Ont.; Katie McKay, Ont.; Edna Brown, Ont.; Barbara McPherson, N.S.; Gracie Montgomery, Que.; Sarah Beach, N.S.; Jennie Morrison, Ont.; Nina Dedmair, Ont.; Fannie Tucker, Nfld.; Mary Hill, P.E.I.

puppy named Cuyler who crawled into the oven, and he was burnt quite dead when Ma opened the oven door. We enclose a little poem that Henry wrote. We saw an iceberg coming over. It made a lot of fog around the ship, but we got out of it all right.

Your little friends,

VICTORIA, MAMIE, SUSAN AND
EVA GREY.

AN ODE OF AUTUMN.

In the lovely Autumn weather
When the leaves were red and gold,
We went picking nuts together
And saw two chipmunks bold.

We took our collie puppy,
Who has lately gone to rest,
And of all our dear possessions,
We loved that dog the best.

The dog ran after the chipmunks,
Who ran under a mossy log,
And in spite of all that we could do,
They were ate up by the dog.

HENRY GRAY.

[Really, Henry, we felt like calling your poem 'Gray's Elegy in an Autumn Wood.' It is certainly mournful enough. Ed.]

M., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—I was reading in the correspondence page and I thought I would write you a letter. I am twelve years old. I go to school and am in the Fourth Grade. I am going to try for the entrance in Shawville Academy. My chum at school is Ella Stewart, she is my cousin. I know a girl who wrote to the 'Messenger,' Eva Jane Darling, of Callander.

LOUILLA DURRELL.