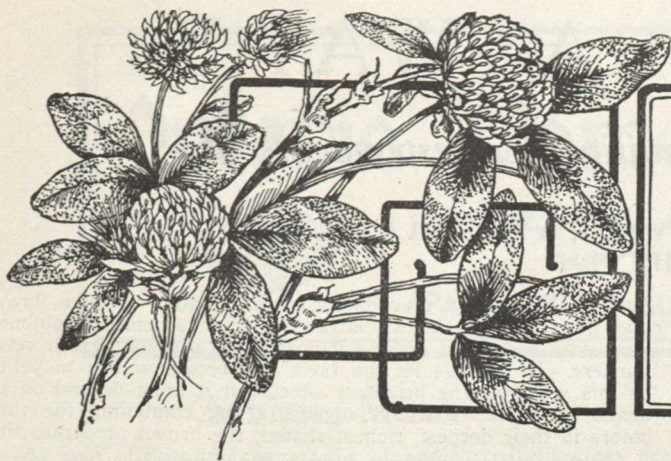




With the Journal's Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

THOUGH the competition about pets was closed some weeks ago, letters still continue to come in, dealing with the adventures of dogs and lambs and kittens. These are, of course, not eligible for any prizes, which were awarded in the February number; however, some of them are very good, so we are printing a few of the best. Our young "Juniors" should be more careful in reading the announcements in our page. We hope to get many good letters about "Maple Sugar."—C. C.

Our Letters

Joyceville, Jan. 23rd, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

I enjoy reading your letters very much. I live in a country one-quarter of a mile from our school.

We have twelve cows, and I can milk any one of them; three horses and a dear little colt we call Billy. I have a dog which I can drive in a hand sleigh, and I have great fun with him. One day we were walking through a woods and we found a squirrel caught in a trap. The trap had been set for ground-hogs, and the little squirrel had passed over and got his leg caught. We took him out of the trap and let him go. I think I have told you all I can.

Hoping your page may have success.

LORNE HITCHCOCK (age 10 years).

This letter is written by my 10-year-old son, Lorne, unaided by anyone. Mrs. Jas. Hitchcock (Mother).

I am glad you let the squirrel out of the trap, Lorne; I had a pet squirrel once, and he was so tame and funny and affectionate that I don't like ever to hear of squirrels being hurt or shot. Come again, and if you write for our new competition, be sure you send your letter in in good time.—C. C.

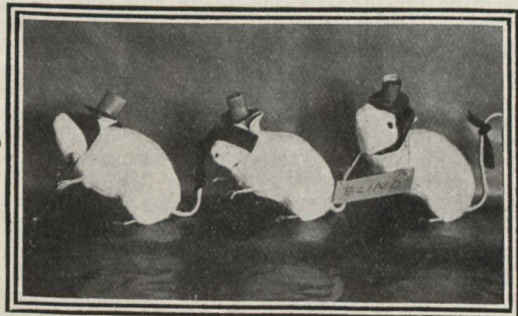
Kendal, Jan. 11th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

My mother takes the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and we all think it is fine. I read a few of the Juniors' letters, and I thought I would write one. I live on a farm near Kendal. I will tell you about our pet lamb named Tommy. He was very fond of my two little brothers; he use to follow them into the house sometimes, and our dog Collie use to play with Tommy. Collie would bite Tommy's ears in his play, and Tommy would bunt Collie. They used to have great times playing with each other. Just as Collie would jump and run and play. They use to play on the verandah. Ma said that we would have to put Tommy in the field with the calves, as she could not have him in the yard he would keep with the calves all day if the calves would get away from Tommy he would begin to maa'aa. When we would separate the milk the calves and Tommy would come up to get their feed. Tommy would find his way in through the bars, and would run right in to the driven house for his feed if we would not be looking for him he would put his nose into the pail and spill the milk. My little brother Harold would get a little pail full of milk and give it to Tommy. Tommy would always want to get his supper just as soon as he would come into the driving house. Tommy used to find his way into the clover field to eat the clover tops, of which he was very fond. Tommy got to be a big lamb, weighing one hundred and fifteen pounds, and pa sold him. I will close, wishing Cousin Clover's page prosperity.

EFFIE SOUCH (age 13 years).

You must have great fun watching Tommy playing with Collie, and the calves, Effie, and you must have been very sorry when he grew so big and had to be sold. That is the worst of



THREE BLIND MICE

making friends with cows and lambs and other farm animals, isn't it? You are bound to lose your playmates sooner or later. Come again, and tell us what you think of "Maple Sugar."—C. C.

Port Arthur, Jan. 14th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

We take the JOURNAL, and I am very fond of the Junior's Page. I always read the letters. Since I live in the city I have not many pets, but I guess you would like to hear about our city, since you live in the East. But first I will tell you about the pet

I have. It is a little yellow striped kitten. I call it Ginger. It is very playful. I have taught it to jump, but it was very hard to train, as it was so playful. It stands upon its hind legs and tries to walk on them, but sometimes she falls. I had a dear grey striped kitten, and one day I was calling it and it came up to me and rubbed against me and began to meow. I picked it up and found its leg all swollen up. I took it to my brother and examined the leg and found an elastic twisted around it. He got it out, and the cat licked his hand, and then we let him out two or three days later when he was better he watched every step he took after that.

A long time after that he ran away and never came back again. I like Port Arthur very much. And I like Toronto. But I would never like to go away from Port Arthur for good. I have a cousin in Brampton. I like Brampton a lot too, it is so shady. Good-bye.

HELEN ROSS.

I certify that this was written without aid by my 10-year-old daughter.—S. Ross.

I hope you will have better luck with Ginger than with the poor little grey striped kitten, Helen. Animals are so grateful



NICE OLD ROVER!

generally for any help when they are suffering, and their memories for kindness are often so long that it is strange to me that anyone can ever be cruel to them.—C. C.

Manilla, Jan. 5th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

We take the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and I enjoy reading the Juniors' Page very much. I live in a small village called Manilla, in Central Ontario. I am eleven years old, and in the Fourth Class. I have a black dog, with white strips down his neck, and white toes. He runs after the cutter a lot. I had a black cat, but it took sick, and one morning we went out and couldn't find it, so I guess it went away to die.

I got a pure white cat then, and have it yet. She is tame, and will go to anybody. We call her Snowdrop. We have an old black horse, about seventeen years old. She is so good and quiet that I can get on her back any time I want to. I have three goldfish, which are very pretty to watch.

FRANK MCPHAIL.

This is to certify that Frank (my son), aged eleven, wrote this letter to your Corner, unassisted.—Alice B. McPhail.

Reay, P. O., Jan. 9th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

My mother takes the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and I delight in reading the Junior Page.

We live in Muskoka, and the name of our farm is Thelma. We live on the shore of a lake. In the summer we take great pleasure in swimming and fishing. In winter the skating is splendid. My elder brother is teaching me how to skate, and I think it is great sport.

I am sorry to learn of the cruel boys who are written of. I am glad to say that there are no cruel boys around here. They all try to protect the birds and their nests, but they do delight in snaring the wild rabbits.

There is a large rock at the back of our barn on which we have a grand time with sleighs and toboggans.

One day last summer we watched two pretty deer playing in the field. They played around until evening.

We have a cute, wee puppy. He is all black and curly, but a white spot on his breast. His name is Nipper. He is only small, and takes great pleasure in chewing the cat's ears. We try to teach him not to be so rough, but it is not his nature to be kind.

Wishing the JOURNAL every success, and hoping you will find space for another Junior.

(Certified).

BESSIE E. GALBRAITH (age 13).

Mansfield, Jan. 5th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

Mamma takes the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. I like to read it, especially the Junior Page. I think I will tell you about my pets. First, I have a cat, all white. He is so soft. He likes to sit upon his hind legs, on your lap, and put his front ones on

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