



### A COYOTE FOR A PET

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to your club, and I hope that you will put it in print. I don't go to school as it is too cold. We had a little coyote for our pet. My brother caught two and one got away and the other died. My birthday was the 28th of November. I was twelve years old. Dear Cousin Dorothy, I saw one of my friend's had a button. Would you please send me one if I will send a two-cent stamp?

SELMA GEISLER.

### GONE DEER HUNTING

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to your club. I did not go to school today because it was so cold, and I have one mile to go to school. I like to go, and I am in grade three. I go every day, and my sister goes, too. My papa has gone hunting deer, and my brother went to help him get a deer. My brother is going to get a deer, too. I like to play with the girls at school and with my little sister. I like to read the letters in THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE. Now, I must close, sending love to the club.

LITTLE PEARL.

### NEW ARRIVALS IN CANADA

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I was reading some of the letters, and thought they were very nice, so I am writing one, too. We came from the state of Minnesota on the 25th of November. I went to school, but have not got started up here yet. We have a car coming up and papa is in town looking for it. There are six of us, and we are staying at my grandmother's till the car comes in.

A NEW COUSIN.

### A NICE SEATMATE

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my second letter to your club. I do not go to school every day. I like my teacher fine. Her name is Miss N—. The girl that I sit with is very nice; her name is P—. I am nine years old. My birthday is the first of August. I have one pony. I milk one cow; her name is Polly, and she is a very nice cow. I have five sisters and two brothers. I like the letters in THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE. I would like to have a button very much. I hope I will see this letter in the paper. I am going to join the club.

CURLY HEAD.

### FIVE MILES FROM TOWN

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to the Western Wigwam. My father has taken THE ADVOCATE quite a long time, and I always read the letters every week. We have six horses and one colt. I have got three brothers and one sister. My two brothers, my sister and I go to school. I am in standard III., and I am ten years old. My studies are reading, writing, drawing, arithmetic, history, grammar, and geography, spelling, composition, dictation. Our teacher's name is Mr. K—and he is a nice teacher. I have only got to go to school about a hundred yards. We are only about five miles from town. I am inclosing a two-cent stamp for a button. Wishing your club every success.

HAZEL MELICK.

### HOME ALL ALONE

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I have been very interested reading the little Wig's letters in THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE. We live in Alberta, and have been here twelve years. We like the country fine. We came from the United States to Canada. My brother's and sisters

are all married now, and I am at home all alone. I have a lovely little pony that I ride to church every Sunday; her name is Lady June. We have a yearly school, and I go all the time. I am in the fifth book, and my studies are reading, arithmetic, geometry, agriculture, grammar, history, dictation, spelling. We like our teacher fine; her name is Miss L—. I have been to quite a few skating parties this winter. We live right between the two railroads—the C. N. R. and the G. T. P. We will just be a mile from town. My papa is an auctioneer. I am sending a two-cent stamp; would the editor please send me a button? I will close wishing the club success.

HOPEDALE QUEEN.



Canvassing for a School.

### BAD NEWS

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I ride horseback. We had a pony, and I was on his back one day when he started to run, and I fell off. There is no school now, because our teacher has gone home. She got a telegram that her sister was dead, so she went home. There is no school now till after New Year's Day. I would like to correspond with any girl.

MARIE WHALEY.

### HARD PULLING

Dear Editor:—I arrived from the states to Canada. It is nice sleighing. We slide down the hill. We went after a load of wood, and when we came up we could hardly pull it. I am nine years old. I am in the second grade, and have a very good teacher.

ORREN WILCOX.

(You are a little too young for Boy's Club yet, as boys have to be twelve to join that, but it won't be long, and in the meantime you can be a good Wig.—C. D.)

### A VISIT TO ONTARIO

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to the Western Wigwam. I read the letters every week, and they are very interesting. My father has taken THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE for two years.

I am ten years old. I go to school every day I can, and am in grade IV. I have three miles to go to school, and my studies are arithmetic, spelling, composition, reading and writing. My teacher's name is Miss C—.

Last summer, my mother, sister and I took a trip to Ontario. On our way down we went over Lake Huron and Lake Superior on a lake steamer, but came home through the United States. We were away almost two months.

NORMA SCHAFER.

### TWENTY-TWO AT SCHOOL

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to your club, but I read the letters in THE ADVOCATE every week. I am ten years old and in grade four at school. There are twenty-two children going to school. I have two sisters and one brother; his name is Harvey, and he is five years old. My sister's names are Marie and Marjorie, and mine is Ina. We have seven horses, three calves and two colts, two dogs, two cats and twenty pigs. My letter is getting long, so I guess I will close for this time. I am sending two cents for a button.

INA WHALEY.

### A VERY SHORT SECOND LETTER

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my second letter to the Western Wigwam. I am seven years old, and this is the second year that I am going to school. My studies are reading, composition, arithmetic, spelling, dictation, history, writing and drawing. I go to school every day.

GERTRUDE BEYER

### FROM TIMBER COUNTRY

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I am writing a letter to your club, and hope to see it in print as this is my first attempt. I am a little girl eight years old. I came to the West last spring, and I like this country fine, although it seemed very lonesome at first. I didn't like the wind, for I have not been used to it, as I came from Parry Sound district in Ontario, and it is a great timber country. My father was a contractor in that district. My brother takes THE

escape the waste-paper basket. I have sent a stamped and addressed envelope, as I would like very much to get a button.

We live on a farm, ten miles from town and in the summer time I go for the cows on horseback. Some nights it takes me about two hours to find them. I like riding fine. We had a heavy snow storm yesterday, and there is lots of snow on the ground. We did not have much of a garden last summer, for a lot of the seeds never grew. I am very fond of flowers, and I have about eight different sorts of window plants. I think I must close for my letter is getting long.

PURPLE PANSY.

### BACK ON THE FARM

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I have not written to you for ever so long. When I last wrote I lived in Winnipeg, but now, thank goodness, I am on a farm again. I live on the wooded banks of the Red River, nine miles from Winnipeg, on the east side. There are magnificent trees around here. In the summer we often saw the boats, the Winni-toba and Alberta, go down to the lake. The nearest school is three miles away, and we have stopped going since the cold weather came on. A new two-roomed school a mile from here will be open by New Year's.

The river froze over splendidly, and we had fine skating until this heavy snow fell. The ice will hardly bear a horse yet to clear a large rink, so we have stopped for awhile. Where we live we cannot tell what the weather is like in the open, as we are surrounded and sheltered by the thick bush. I suppose the other Wigs are full of Christmas plans. I am. We all are glad that sleighing has begun.

I am twelve years old and in grade eight, and take up arithmetic, literature, spelling, drawing, composition, British and Canadian history, geography, grammar and writing.

BOOKWORM.

### CHRISTMAS

Christmas comes but once a year,  
Bringing every kind of cheer,  
Christmas trees and dolls and toys  
All beloved by girls and boys.

We hang our stockings up at night  
And dream of Santa Claus' sights,  
What must his workshop look like now,  
What smiles light up his cheery brow!

On Christmas morning when we wake,  
We rush downstairs our stockings to take,  
And see what Santa Claus did bring.  
He's children's Christmas fairy king.

He comes with magic reindeer fleet,  
Far from that land of snow and sleet,  
Called the North Pole, and quickly comes  
To bring us children sugar plums.

And toys and every kind of gift,  
His pack I'm sure I couldn't lift  
When full of things for every child,  
He travels swiftly far and wide.

On Christmas Eve he goes to each house,  
And comes down each chimney as quiet  
as a mouse,  
And fills up each stocking in half an eye-wink,  
You never find Santa Claus leaving a chink.

But perhaps the dinner is best of all,  
When we congregate in the dining hall,  
Such a feast was never spread,  
Since Thanksgiving came and fled.

Then an afternoon of merry fun—  
Christmas Day is nearly done,  
We've presents given and presents got,  
Oh, Christmas Day will not soon be forgot.

We say good-bye to friends and guests,  
Who part with wishes the very best,  
And some very tired children go off to their beds,  
With merry remembrances fresh in their heads.

But in the midst of all our fun  
We never should forget,  
'Tis the Birthday of Him who died to save  
The world from sin and death.

BOOKWORM.

ADVOCATE and likes it very much, and I enjoy the letters in the club very much. I went to school for about two years, and like going, but we have no school in this country as yet. I always take my lessons at home every day, and I like study very much, but reading is my favorite. Well, I am sending a two-cent stamp for a button, so I think I will close for the first letter, but will write a longer one next time if I see this in print. As it is nearly my bed time, I will close with a riddle: What's the difference between a horse and an envelope? Ans.—One you lick with a stick, and the other you stick with a lick.

MARTHA JANE BATEMA.

### FINE SLEIGH RIDING

Dear Wigs:—I am glad to say I received my button and think it is very nice. Well, I am in Saskatoon visiting. I arrived here tonight. I was at a town named Vonda yesterday, and when I arrived at the station I happened to look out of the window, and I saw a large ox hitched onto a little hand sleigh, with two little boys on the sleigh. I suppose the Wigs are getting ready for Christmas. We are going to have a Christmas tree in our school, and each scholar will have to say a recitation. Last year we did not have one on account of our teacher being ill. Well, I will close now, glad to be in your club, and wishing you and the Wigs a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

VIOLET LYTZ.

### FOND OF FLOWERS

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—My father has taken THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE for some time, and I have been quite interested in the club, so I have taken my courage in my hands and am going to write a few lines, which I hope will