

work out all summer for to make a living.

We have twelve horses and twenty-eight cows. Mother and uncle has to make enough hay for all of them.

We get up at 4 o'clock in the morning, and work hard all day. I have one cow of my own she is only a year and a half. We live seven miles from the store and two and a half from school, we have to walk to school.

My birthday is on February 26th, my youngest sister is four years old, there are two older than myself. My oldest brother is sixteen, he has a four-year old colt and certainly is a dandy for a saddle horse, I have about sixteen hens. Last year I milked two cows all winter and sometimes three. I have two sisters and two brothers and I am in grade five at school. I do not go to school only some time I have to stay at home and work. We did not get much grain this year. I wish I could be lucky as some and get a prize but I can't write good enough. Well I think I will close now. Good-bye, Cousin Doris.

Agnes R. Bush.

Arcola, Sask.

Dear Cousin Doris:—I have just been reading the interesting letters in our Young Folks Page, so I thought I would write to your club too.

We are very much interested in war work in our home. My mother is vice-president of quite a large homemakers' club. She has cut out nearly 100 soldier's shirts, besides making several, and knits about a pair of socks every week. My sister, who is 14, also knits socks.

I have three sisters and we each have a Victory War Bond. We all wanted to give our money to help the war cause and by giving it it made us feel that we were doing our bit.

My little sister, 3 years old, does not like to eat the crusts of bread, and the other day when she left some on her plate I said, "Oh, Lois, you are feeding the Kaiser," and she said, "It is not for the Kaiser, it is for my Kitty."

Hoping to see my letter in print. I am, your loving friend,

Jessie McNeil, age 11.

Neudorf, Sask., Oct. 1st, 1918.

Dear Cousin Doris:—Well, here I am. Last night when I was looking at the newspapers I came across the "Canadian Thresherman and Farmer." I at once turned to the young folks page, for I was anxious to see to whom the prize for that month had been given. I am going to school now. There are 24 going to our school. The name of the school is Pheasant Hills. I am in the fifth reader, and live six miles from a little town called Neudorf. I like all my studies, excepting geography and history and these two I cannot get interested in, no matter how hard I try. But I like drawing best of all. I like to draw maps. I certainly enjoy reading the letters on the young folks page. They are all so interesting. I have three sisters and four brothers. I set some sweet peas. They were nearly in bloom when they got frozen. My brothers have all their grain cut, and are going to get it threshed in a week or so. All the leaves of the trees are turning yellow and red. The flowers are dead, and the birds have gone to a warm country, where they can build their nests again. In winter there are a few birds around. I sometimes throw out wheat to them. The little birds go in the stable to get warm. One day I found a little bird outside cold. I brought it into the house and warmed it and gave it some bread-crumbs to eat, but it would not eat. So I took it into the stable and it flew away with the other birds. I help my mother to take care of the chickens. We set 14 hens and got 64 chickens. I like to do the chores at home. I carry in all the wood and water. I milk three cows night and morning. I take care of the calves. I give them water and milk to drink and turnips to eat. One day they got out of the fence and went out on a field of oats and ate until I found them. I took them and put them in the fence.

Well I must stop, for my letter is getting so long. Please forgive me,

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Cousin Doris, for writing so much. But when I start writing I nearly forget to stop. Your loving friend,

Rosaline Sedgwick, age 13.

Farmingdale, Sask., Sept. 1, 1918.

Dear Cousin Doris:—I certainly was surprised when I saw that my letter had won the prize. I really did not expect it, as my letter looked so poor beside some of the letters in the paper before. Thank you very much for judging my letter as the best. But I am very sorry to say that it is a month since we got the paper with my letter, and I have not received my prize yet. Please Cousin Doris do not think I am getting impatient, but I just wondered if it had gotten lost on the way, as it

has been such a long time. We got a paper since then about a week ago.

I read the boy's prize letter. It was very interesting.

Well, I think I will close for this time thanking you for your kindness, and wishing all the other boys and girls of the Young Folks Page good luck with their letters. I am, your loving friend,

Grace Lathrop.

Over There— Over Here

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