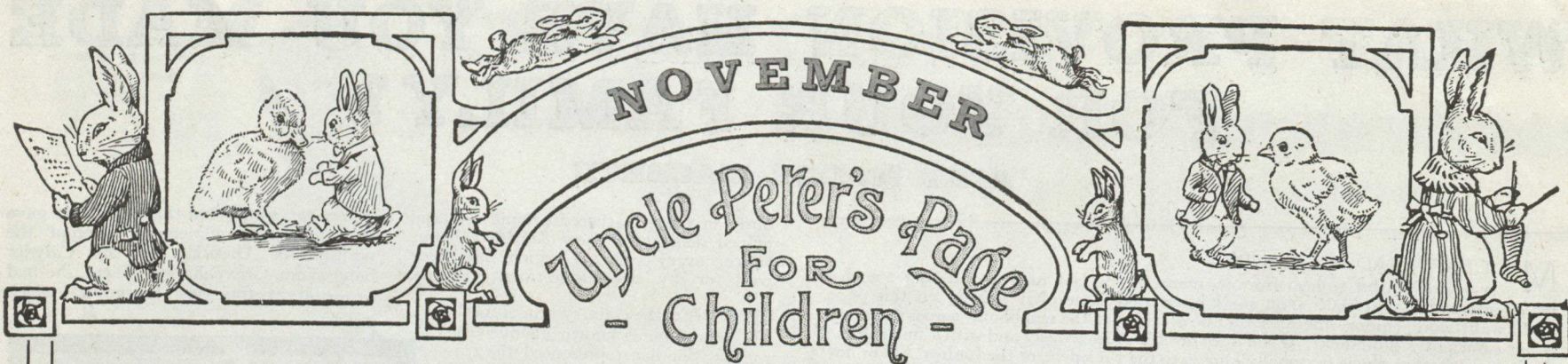




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The Bunnies' Thanksgiving

JOHN BUNNY sat at the front door of his new home in the upper woodland. Below lay the farm, with the pasture and fields beyond it. It was a peaceful scene.

Into the midst of his thoughts came the little Bunnies with a grievance. "What's the matter, Bunnies?" asked John.



"The trouble," said Benjamin Bunny, "is just that we are Bunnies. Wherever we go, we have to be on the lookout all the time in case Mr. Fox or some other enemy is around. We have to find all our own food, and no one ever does anything for us. I would like to be a duck and swim about in the water all day with nothing to hurt me."

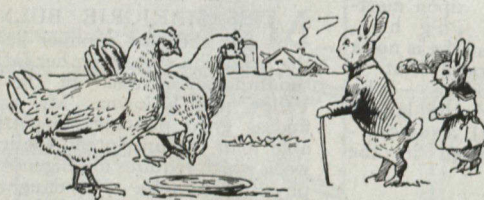
"And I," said Archibald Bunny, "would like to be a sheep and have nothing to do but eat grass all the summer, and a warm house and lots to eat in the winter-time."

All the Bunnies seemed to feel the same way, some wished that they were hens and others that they were pigs with nothing to do but eat all the time. "I'm glad," said John Bunny, "that all your wishes don't come true, or I should have a very funny kind of a family."

"Now, children," said John, "I think you are all quite wrong, but just to make sure, let us go and hear what the farm animals have got to say on the subject. Perhaps you may get a surprise."

So off they went down to the farm, and the very first people they met were Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen, who were out for a walk together. "Good-day, Robinson," said John Bunny. "My Bunnies wish they were like you, with a nice house to live in and no worries."

"What! No worries!" exclaimed Mr. Rooster. "Why, my whole life is one long round of worries. Every morning I'm up before the sun rises, and crow as loud as I can, but no one takes the slightest notice of me. And I never go anywhere else. I wish I were a rabbit!"



"You are quite right, Robinson," said Mrs. Hen. "I am in the same fix, never can get away at all, and every time I lay an egg some one comes and takes it away from me so that I never seem to get ahead. I wish we could have the good time you rabbits have."

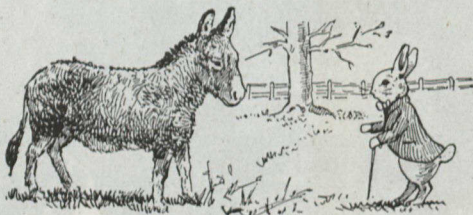
John Bunny took a side glance at Benjamin, but Ben wasn't saying anything. "Come," said John, "let us call on Dr. Duck and his wife." When they reached the pond Dr. and Mrs. Duck came paddling over to meet them.

"My Bunnies," said John, "wish they were ducks."

"The poor, misguided things," said Dr. Duck. "Why, all we can do is to swim up and down this pond all day, on land we can only waddle, and every one laughs at us. Even as a doctor, I'm not much better off. The other day I called on a sick duck, and all he would say was 'Quack.' Quite insulting, I call it. I wish I could only be a rabbit." And Dr. Duck sailed away with his beak in the air.

John Bunny smiled still more. "We'll have better luck soon, perhaps," he said. "Here are Mr. and Mrs. Porker. Good-day," said John Bunny to the pigs. "My Bunnies all envy you, you seem to be so happy and well fed." Mr. Porker grunted.

"Well fed, is right," said he. "We are well fed, but I got quite a shock as I came round the end of the fence yesterday. I saw a big sign, and it said, 'Save Bacon for the Allies, they need all you can send them.' I can tell you I haven't enjoyed a meal since. It's mighty hard for a pig to save his bacon when there's a demand like that," and Mr. Porker turned away disgusted.



UNCLE PETER'S MONTHLY LETTER

MY DEAR BUNNIES:

Thanksgiving Day was quite early this year. I hope all you Bunnies had a good time, and that none of you acted like the Bunnies in my story. Of course, you would not, you know so much better than that! We all have our troubles and the last few years have brought sorrow to many of our homes, but that need not make us less thankful for any of the blessings we have, and we have only to turn from Canada to the poor little Bunnies in the countries nearer to the war to realise how very well off we are, and to be thankful to the brave men and the great ships that have kept the war out of Canada. Here is our competition for this month:

Competition

UNCLE PETER will give six prizes for the best six letters describing your Thanksgiving. These prizes will not be given so much for Thanksgiving Days or Thanksgiving Dinners as for the reasons you have for being thankful. These letters must reach me not later than December 1st, and must be addressed to Uncle Peter's Bunny Club, Continental Building, Spadina Avenue, Toronto. New Bunnies wishing to join the Bunny Club should send their name, address, and age, together with five cents in stamps, and they will receive a pretty new badge from

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle,
Uncle Peter.

MR. and Mrs. Woolcote, the sheep, were quite ready to talk. "Young Archibald here," said John, "thinks that you are much better off than he is." Mr. Woolcote gazed mildly at Archibald. "You are wrong," said he. "Every time I get a new coat nicely grown, along comes a man with a pair of shears and cuts it all off close to my skin."



How would you like to have your fur cut off that way?" Archibald shivered, the fall wind was certainly rather chilly. "And then," continued Mr. Woolcote, "there is always a good chance that I might disappear altogether some day. There is such a thing as a mutton-chop in the world," and Mr. Woolcote sighed. "Now if I could be a bright little rabbit, able to call my coat my own, and not much good to eat, I'd be quite happy," said he.

John gave a sly glance at Archibald Bunny. "You may not be a sheep, but you're looking sheepish enough just now," he said. And Archibald certainly was.

Even Ned the donkey, and Mr. Dobbin the horse, said they would much sooner be rabbits, and it was a very much subdued little troop of Bunnies that followed John Bunny back up the hill to their woodland home.

"So you see, Bunnies," said John, "you were all quite wrong, but I don't blame you so very much after all, because even those quaint people, the men and women we sometimes see, are just as bad as you are. They nearly all wish that they were some one else; but the fact is that not one of them knows what the other ones have to put up with, or perhaps they would be more thankful for their own opportunities and spend their time trying to make the best use of them."

"We didn't see Mr. Turkey," said Benjamin suddenly. "No," said John, "and that reminds me that it is Thanksgiving Day. It is quite likely that he is decorating the table in the house down below where they will



be having their Thanksgiving Dinner. Come, let us be thankful for all the good things we have, for our freedom, the bright sunshine, the cool green woods and our cosy homes. Let us have a Thanksgiving Dinner of our own, then we shall forget that we were ever foolish enough to be discontented with our lives."

The Bunnies jumped for joy, and together they all rushed to make ready for a real good time, and soon forgot their fancies in the pleasure of making each other happy.

