

# Correspondence

P. H., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in Guysboro Co. in a pretty little seaside village called Port Hillford. My father is a sea captain. He goes each year to the Labrador, trading. His schooner's name is 'Mona.' Don't you think it is a nice name? I have a dog named Rover, a very knowing little fellow too. Each week the S.S. 'Scotia' calls at Port Hillford and when Rover hears her blow coming up

water drops from ledge to ledge. There is a strong sulphur spring near the falls. The water is considered very healthy. The City of St. Catharine's water works reservoir is in front of our house. It supplies this city with water. We live about a mile from the Hamilton Cataract Power Company's power house. There are large bodies of water near our house, which supply the power house with power.

JOHN GRIFFITHS (age 12).

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think that the boys and girls could make our Correspondence Page

daughter. In a short time we married, and after the death of her parents we moved to the city. I soon started to drink heavily again, and it was the old story of the drunkard's home, ending in my dear wife's death. Upon her deathbed she prayed and pleaded with me to pledge myself never to touch liquor again. And thank God it has never touched my lips since that day. I came here right away, so as to be away from the temptation. I make my living by trapping, and read my Bible every day. When we left him we walked home in a very thoughtful mood. Needless to say we have signed the pledge, and we are sure all the boys and girls would if they had heard him tell his sad story.

JOHN R. (aged 13).

H., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I got my watch. Papa caught a wild cat this winter. In the summer I go to Grindstone Islands for a visit. My uncle lives there and keeps the lighthouse. I live at the foot of Shepody Mountain. My sister and I went with mamma to Boston two years ago.

GUY F. RUSSELL.

## OTHER LETTERS.

Marion Arthur, L., Man., writes, 'I have six chickens, but am getting some more soon.' All your own, Marion? What do you do with them?

Mae Barnard, B., P.E.I., is expecting a little cousin from Boston. 'I am looking forward to having a good time.'

Lillian P. Craig, E. S. R., N.S., has two sisters, 'but they are both away.'

William Harold Hetherington, T., Ont., says, 'I just love to read and have read all the good books in the school library. I joined the Public Library a few weeks ago.' See that you get only the good books then, young man.

Vera S. S. M., N. W. H., N.S., is visiting her grandmother now. 'I am having a nice time.' Well, of course. With a grandma, that goes without saying.

Ada Sobey, P., N.S., sends a story which will go in later.

Rowena Smith, R., Ont., had a little sister with scarlet fever just about examination time. That was too bad, but so long as little sister got well, that's the main thing.

Ethel Doan, C., Ont., sends a riddle, but forgot to enclose any answer.

Arline Thomas, B. C., P. Que., has no sisters, but 'I have seven dolls and enjoy playing with them.' Your riddle has been asked before, Arline.

We also received short letters from Ethel Gainforth, W., Ont.; William Matthew Wilson, Toronto, and Norman Wightman, B., Ont.

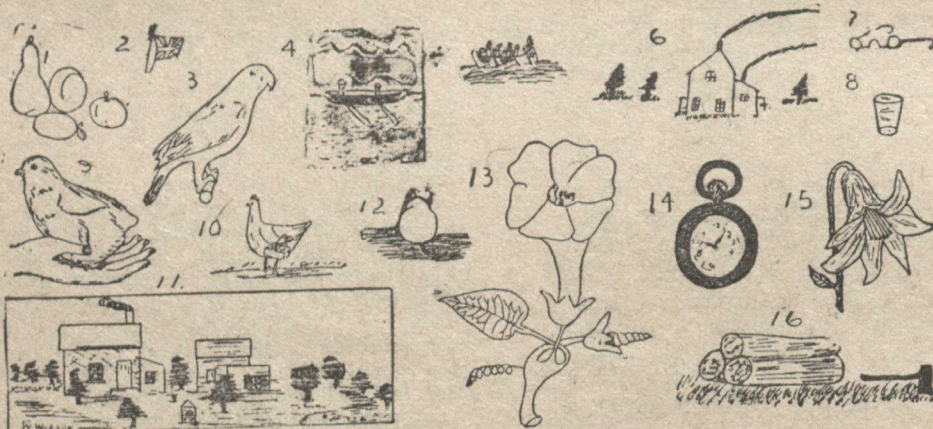
## A June Picture Gallery.

Among the varied pictures that fill the June 'Canadian Pictorial' are:—A portrait of the Hon. L. J. Tweedie, Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick, Typical Canadian spring scenes, orchards in full bloom, some capital pictures of the thrilling incidents connected with the recent disaster to H.M.S. 'Gladiator,' a page of pictures, specially taken for the 'Pictorial' by a Canadian in Calcutta, of Britain's Indian troops, the Canadian Building at the Franco-British Exhibition in London, the room at 10 Downing Street, where the Cabinet meets, the old fashioned brick oven still in use by many a French-Canadian housewife, Doukhobors farming in the West, Characters from the Merchant of Venice, Revival of Coaching in England, etc., etc. A timely article deals with the new system of providing playgrounds for children. The Woman's Dept. contains a portrait of Mrs. Tweedie, wife of Lieut.-Governor Tweedie, also its usual quota of fashion and household hints, patterns, etc., the whole making up a delightful number that any home would enjoy. Ten cents a copy. One dollar a year to all parts of the world.

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The 'Pictorial Publishing Co.,' 142 St. Peter street, Montreal.



## OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Fruit.' Vera S. S. M., N. W. H., N.S.
2. 'Our Flag.' Glen Elder (age 8), H., P. E.I.
3. 'A Parrot.' Jennette MacKinnon (age 10), M., P. Que.
4. 'Rowing.' Emily McEwen (age 12), W., Ont.
5. 'Indians and Canoe.' Victor Childs (age 10), Toronto.
6. 'House.' Willie Brown (age 12), V. H., Ont.
7. 'Glasses.' I. G. J. (age 6), Fairfax, Man.
8. 'Glass.' Ernest Brown (age 10), V. H., Ont.

9. 'A Little Chick.' Myrel Cox (age 14), A., Ont.
10. 'Going to Market.' Harold Davies, W. R., Man.
11. 'The Good Old Farm.' W. Wilson (age 14), Toronto.
12. 'A Cat.' D. M. McRae (age 9), G., Ont.
13. 'Morning Glory.' Ethel Gainforth (age 12), W., Ont.
14. 'Watch.' Annie McQue (age 8), S., Ont.
15. 'Flower.' Grace Stirtan (age 9), S., Ont.
16. 'Logs and an Axe.' Rae Cowan (age 10), Toronto.

the harbor he generally is the first on the wharf. Our place is not very large. We have a schoolhouse, Baptist church, and three general stores. My uncle owns one of them, and is also postmaster. I often go fishing on the harbor with him and think it great fun. I intend to be a captain like papa.

HENRY CAVELOCK R.

G., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—Our school closed at the end of April. I did not get the prize, but I got promoted from the third to the fourth book. My father owns the oldest grist and carding mill in Quebec, it is over a hundred years old. He is the third generation working it. My great grandfather's name was John Crooks. When my grandfather came here it was all woods. People who came to the mill had to carry their grain on a horse's back, for there were no roads, only a little foot-path. My great grandfather owned the four mills in Montreal. They were driven by a wind-mill and were built in Griffintown. Now the Ogilvies have their mill on the property and gave the land for the St. Stevens Church to be built on.

ZILLA A. CROOKS (age 11).

T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—De Cew Falls is not a very large place, but it is important all the same. It is the place where Laura Secord came to warn Fitzgibbon that the Americans had crossed the river. In fact, I live in the house where Colonel Fitzgibbon was stationed. The house is now over one hundred years old. I live near the De Cew Falls, which are about seventy feet high. Quite a volume of water goes over this fall, enough to run a cider mill, a grist mill, and a saw mill. There is another fall about one hundred feet below this one, which is about thirty feet high. It is much prettier than the first one, as the

even more interesting if each of us would tell of some little incident that they have experienced, and, as the saying goes, 'Practice what you preach,' I will try to start the ball a rolling. A few days ago as a friend and I were walking through the woods, we noticed something ahead of us that looked very much like a pile of logs, but as we went on, we could see that it had a window and a door. We went up and knocked at the door. It was opened, and a man about forty-eight years old asked us in. His beard was long, and his clothes looked as if they had not seen water for about as many months as he was years old. He asked us to sit down, so we did so. In one corner of the room stood a bed with some dirty bedclothes on it, and in the middle of the floor an old table without even an oilcloth. There were boards all around for seats, and an old-fashioned stove, with something cooking in a big black kettle for his dinner. In another corner stood a big, old-fashioned cupboard. The walls were only logs, just the same as the outside. The man was very kind, and after a while told us the story of his life as follows: Dear boys, I was a good boy once, brought up in a Christian home. I had received a fairly good education, and went to the city to earn a livelihood. There I got among bad companions and soon forgot about the church and the Bible. My companions seemed to me to be good fellows, and after being coaxed and bothered I took that first drink, which was the start of my ruin. I started also to play games of chance, go to the theatres, and do everything that was bad, even scoffing and laughing at ministers and Christians. When nearly ruined I hired out to a farmer. This checked my downfall a little, as there were no hotels for miles around and the city was a long way off. The farmer was very kind, and so I stayed. The light of the home was a very beautiful