



Uncle Peter's Monthly Letter

MY DEAR BUNNIES:

Letters from the kiddies are coming in quite fast, and yet not fast enough to please your Uncle Peter. I do want all your little friends to join The Bunny Club as soon as possible. The more Bunnies we have, the more we shall be able to do when our Club is really made up.

Our October competitions have now been decided. The first prize for the best letter up to October 12th was won by John Murray, Qu'Appelle, Sask.; the second by Frances A. West, Pickering, Ont.; and the third by Dorothy Evelyn Chant, 11 Harbord St., Toronto.

The names of the winners of Uncle Peter's twenty little extra prizes will be found on page 42. Uncle Peter has sent these prizes out to the Bunnies who won them.

The first prize for the description of "How a Seed Grows into a Plant" was won by Andrew Waechter, Walkerton, Ont., and the five other winners' names are on page 42 also.

The prizes for the best letters received up to November 30th will be mentioned later on.

I am very pleased to see how many of my little Bunnies try to be useful to their parents in every way they can. The letters I have had have been very interesting and they have all been answered. How did you like the Bunny Club paper? Uncle Peter thought you would all be pleased with it. When you show your badges to your little friends, I am sure there will soon be hundreds of other kiddies writing to Uncle Peter to join The Bunny Club. Don't forget to tell them that they must send the entrance fee of three cents with each letter, or they cannot possibly win a prize. No Bunny who forgets this condition will be awarded any prize whatever.

Uncle Peter is only able to write his "Special" letters to some of the Bunnies. It would take too long to answer them all separately, so he answers the best ones. The better your letter is, the more chance there will be of getting a "special" reply.

I wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Lots of people have things that make them sad this Christmas, but I hope all my Bunnies may be happy, as well as good.

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle,
Uncle Peter.

Bunnies—Attention!

There will be six nice toys given as prizes for the six best letters telling over again the story of "How John Bunny took Mr. Brown Fox's picture," in not more than 150 words. If several letters are equally good, the *shortest ones will win*. These prizes are very kindly given to the Bunnies by The Schultz Bros. Company, Brantford, Ontario. See if you can win one of them.

These will be especially nice prizes, very well worth making a special effort for, and they will be six lucky Bunnies who get these prizes for Christmas.

Letters must reach Uncle Peter not a day later than December 20th.

John Bunny gives Mr. Brown Fox ... a Christmas Present.

*Come, listen to my Christmas Tale,
A story of Mr. Fox
Who tried to be funny
Till old John Bunny
Tied him up in his own Christmas Box!*

NOW just about Christmas time it began to snow so much that John Bunny had to get busy one morning and shovel the snow away from his front door.

He had just finished when up walked Mr. Brown Fox. He had a very nice smile that morning.

"I've been thinking, John, that I would like to give some presents to the little Bunnies this Christmas," said Mr. Fox. "I can be Father Christmas for them, and they will have a good time."

"How are you going to work it?" asked John, taking thought. "The little Bunnies are rather afraid of you for some reason," said he, "and it might spoil your good intentions."

Mr. Fox explained that when the Bunnies came out on Christmas morning, they would find a big box in the field, with a lot of nice presents round it. They were all to join hands round the box, and say this verse:

"Mr. Fox has brought us gifts in a great big box.
We are glad to have them. Thank you, Mr. Fox!"

"After all the little ones have got their presents," said Mr. Fox, "you can open the box, and you will find your own special present inside."

To all of which John Bunny agreed. Mr. Fox said good-bye and went home.

On Christmas Eve, as John Bunny was sitting in his front hall, thinking of the next day and wondering how it would all turn out, he heard a knock at the door. Mr. Owl was outside sitting on a stone. John opened the door, and Mr. Owl said:

"I've come out to-night to say—Beware of Mr. Fox.
When you go out on Christmas Day—you'll find him in the box."

As soon as Mr. Owl had said this, he flew away. John went inside again. He reached down a coil of rope from a shelf. Next he took a can of black paint and a paint brush from another shelf. Then he went to bed.

John was out early the next morning. Sure enough, there was the box. He had told the little Bunnies to wait inside until he called them. Pit-a-pat went John very softly over the snow. Taking the end of the rope in his hand, he burrowed quietly through the snow underneath the box, and up on the other side. Then he passed the rope over the top of the box, and *presto*—in a twinkling he had the lid safely tied down. There was a great commotion inside. Mr. Fox's present seemed to be a very lively one!

John gathered up the presents and took them inside. Then he called the little Bunnies out. Hand in hand, as they danced round the box, they sang:

"Mr. Fox has brought us gifts in a great big box.
We are glad to have them. Thank you, Mr. Fox!"

Mr. Fox, tied up inside, did not seem pleased. He even said things which should not be said in front of little Bunnies, so John sent them all home to see their presents.

Then he got the pot of black paint and the brush. He painted these words on the box:

"Mr. Fox is in this box."

While John was doing this, Mr. Fox begged him to open the box.

"Do let me out, John," said he. "I will promise never to try to catch any of your family again."

"I don't know whether to believe you, Brownie," said John, "but it is Christmas time; and although you have been so mean to me, I'll make you a Christmas present of your life and let you go. I shall put my little pocket knife through that hole in the top of the box, and you can cut the rope from the inside and get out."

Then he slipped the knife through the hole and raced for home as hard as he could go. No, he wasn't taking any chances!

It did not take Mr. Fox long to get that rope cut, as he could reach it quite nicely through the hole. No Bunnies were in sight. Mr. Fox went home. He even left John Bunny's knife where he could get it again. Mr. Fox really was grateful to him this time, and he was glad it was Christmas, because that was the reason why he had been set free. He knew very well that if he had been left in the box, Mr. Smith and his dogs would soon have found him.



At home, the Bunny family had a great time, with heaps of presents, not only from their own friends, but also the nice ones Mr. Fox had brought them.

I wonder whether Mr. Fox had really intended to run off with any of the little Bunnies? What do *you* think? Perhaps he only wished them to have a good time. We shall never know what he really meant to do; so we must give him the benefit of the doubt. Christmas is no time to think badly of any one, even of a fox.

Safe at home, John Bunny, sitting opposite to Mrs. Bunny, with all the little Bunnies gathered round the big table, recited this verse:

"Bunnies, it is Christmas time—cold and wintry weather—
But how fine and warm we are, sitting here together.
Mr. Fox was very kind—after weeks of strife
He gave you your presents, and I gave him his life.
You are thanking Mr. Fox—Mr. Fox thanks me.
Christmas time is just the time we all should thankful be."

And Uncle Peter says to all his little Bunnies of the Bunny Club:

"Merry Christmas! Bunnies, wherever you may be;
Many other happy ones may you live to see!"

Uncle Peter's next story will tell of John Bunny's New Year resolutions.

Uncle Peter will give six prizes for the six best selected letters from new Bunnies who join The Bunny Club between November 30th and December 20th. Get all your little friends to join, now, before Christmas.

To the Mothers of the Bunnies
Uncle Peter wants you to write and say how you like the Children's Page, and to make any suggestion you care to which will help him to make it a great success.

The writer of each of the three best letters will receive one of those fine new Thermor Waterless Hot Bottles—made by the Golden Gate Manufacturing Company of Montreal, and presented by them to the winners in this competition. Say *exactly what you think* of the Children's Page; the prizes will be given to the writers of the best and most helpful letters *whatever their opinion may be*.

Letters must be received by Uncle Peter not later than December 20th.

Bunnies!

Show your badges to your little friends at school, and the letter you got from Uncle Peter. Let them ALL join The Bunny Club. Uncle Peter wants every single one of them to join; there are lots of badges ready, enough for every kiddie in Canada.

So point your ears this way, Bunnies, and write to Uncle Peter and join The Bunny Club as soon as ever you can, which is NOW.

Uncle Peter.

