

# JOURNAL'S JUNIORS

Continued from page 11

your chest. Whenever he is pleased he puts his cold nose up to your face and rubs it.

I also have a canary. Most of her is yellow, but her wings have a little of dark green or black on them. She sings very sweetly when the sewing machine is going. We have not had her very long.

We have a colt and a mare. Her name is Bonnie, and the colt's Prince. We have had the mare for about ten years, and she is a great pet. When my brothers and I were babies, mamma once found us each hugging one of the front legs. She is very gentle.

We have quite a lot of fowl. They are all white. Everybody, I think, around here, must have gotten one setting at least from us. There is not a black or grey nor any color about them. They are all white.

I am ten years old on the 17th of May. Good-bye, I hope your Juniors' Page has success.

Yours truly,

CAROL M. STEVENSON.

This is to certify that Carol wrote this without help.—N. E. Stevenson.

Rothsay, Jan. 20th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

We take the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and I enjoy reading the girls' and boys' letters; I am going to tell you about my pets. I have a cat, it is all white, her name is Snobwall; I have a dog, his name is Tigie; I have also a pet horse, her name is Beauty, she is very quiet. She is a red color.

The cat is very fond of bread and milk, and likes to eat mice, she stays at the barn most of the time, but when she is in the house she is purring.

Tigie is black and brown, he has a white collar round his neck, he is very useful, in the summer he can bring home the cows. Every time he sees me he is wagging his tail. When my little brother Bertie and I go out sleigh-riding he comes with us. I can drive Beauty myself, father got her hair cut off and now she is more of a gray. Father can leave her a mile away and she will come home herself, and she hasn't struck a gate-post yet with the buggy.

I will be watching for my letter, so I'll close, wishing our Junior Page great success; I am eight years old, but I will be nine on the twenty-second of this month, I am in the Senior Second Book.

Yours truly,

NORMA M. CORBETT.

I certify that my little daughter wrote this letter without help.—Mrs. A. A. Corbett.

Yours was such a nice letter, and nicely written, too. You will see your letter all right, Norma, though the competition about pets closed weeks ago. However, we are always glad to get letters from the Juniors on any subject, and always try and print the best ones. Come again. Beauty must be a dear.—C. C.



## Maple Sugar Letters

Toronto, Ont., Jan. 8th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

New Glasgow, N.S., Jan. 30, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

When the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL came Friday, the first page I looked at was the Juniors', and upon seeing the competition contest for letters on Maple Sugar, I thought I would tell you about the time when I had the opportunity to see maple sugar made.

One spring, when I was visiting some of my friends in the adjoining County of Cumberland, which is a great maple sugar region, we learned that a farmer next door was going to make some maple sugar, so we got permission to accompany him. I will now tell you how it is made.

It is obtained from the sap of the

rock or sugar maple. The trees are tapped in the spring when the days are warm and the nights frosty, so as to help the flow of the sap, which is obtained by boring a hole in the tree, about three feet from the ground. A spout is then placed in the hole, and a trough is fixed so that the sap will run through the spout into the trough.

The sap is then carried to the receiver, and, after straining, to the boiler. At first it is like water, slightly sweetened, and it needs a great deal of boiling in order to turn it into sugar. When it begins to sugar it is then stirred constantly. This is called sugaring off. If you do not boil the sap too long you can make delicious maple wax.

About four pounds of sugar are obtained from a single tree, four to six gallons of sap giving one pound.

I have written all I know about maple sugar, so I will close now, wishing your Juniors' Page success.

I remain, yours truly,

MURIEL WRIGHT.

The enclosed letter is my daughter Muriel's own work. She is just thirteen years old.—D. McL. Wright, Mrs. F. W. Wright.

Yours is a very good description indeed of sugar-making, Muriel; clear and well-expressed. Your letter was so nice and neat, too. You live in a most beautiful part of Canada, don't you, even if there are not so many maple trees as in Cumberland County? People who live in the cities find it very hard to get real, pure maple sugar. Think how sad that is! And we never even see maple wax!—C. C.

Holyrood, Jan. 31st, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

We take the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and enjoy it very much, especially the Juniors' Page. I will now write about maple sugar.

People who never had the experience in the work of making maple sugar can form but a very vague idea of what it really means. The work is so mixed up with what is pleasant and exhilarating that a great deal of it seems, betimes, more like play than work.

One fine spring morning we went to the bush to see if the sap was running. When we arrived there, to our great delight, we found it running with full speed. We went back to the house and got all the things we needed, went back to the bush, and prepared to make maple sugar. In the afternoon we invited a couple of our neighbors to come and have a jolly afternoon.

When the neighbors came we went back to the bush and had a jolly time.

When the syrup started to boil up, John said, "Look here, boys, can any of you tell me why this tries to jump out of the kettle and is like an angry, scolding woman."

"Vell," said Mr. Crautmaker, "vedder it's voaming sweetness or voaming sourness, de boiling shoogar and the scolding vife makes a von pig fuss zametime."

"There, now, old man, don't you be telling tales out of the house," said Mrs. Crautmaker, as she threw a snowball across the fire and hit the old man on the nose.

They all laughed over this, and we had a lot of other fun before night.

They watched the kettle, and when the sugar was hard enough they took it from the fire and cooked it. This consisted in stirring it and then to let it stand till gritty. Then to take it out of the pot, and it would be in cakes of sugar.

Hoping your page success, I remain,

MAE HENRY (age 12).

This certifies that Mae wrote this letter without any assistance.—Mrs. T. Henry.

Thank you for a nice amusing letter, Mae. We hope we shall get as many good letters over maple sugar as we did about pet animals. But whatever they are, I am sure we shall all get some pleasure out of them if they are like yours. Come again.—C. C.



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You bet we has the bestest things:  
Nice OXO Soup, so brown and hot—  
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## One Barrel of Flour Instead of Two

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Now, OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is an all around flour. It makes not only the very best bread but also the very best cakes, pies, biscuits, rolls, muffins, pop-overs, pancakes, dumplings, anything that you want to make or bake from flour.

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