

## Correspondence

C., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I have five brothers and one sister. We have a little baby boy, and he is two years old. I must tell you that we have had bad weather here these days. It has been raining every day. We are going to school now, four of us are going. Our teacher is very good to us. We live very near to school, so we go home for dinner.

ESTHER WESTLUND.

L., Alta.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Just saw a letter from a little friend in Howick, so thought I would write one too. I like to look at the drawings and read all the letters. We are having a lovely new school built and also a

run with both water and steam power. We have a telephone in our house and my two grandpas each have one too.

LEON W. ESTEY.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister Maggie has four rabbits and a guinea-pig for pets, and I have a dog named Buster Brown. One day two of Maggie's rabbits got out on the street and Buster tried to catch them, and when he could not catch them he drove them into their hutch. Maggie got a beautiful new piano for a Christmas present and I got a nice air rifle.

WILLIE P. BLACKWELL.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in a very busy little place called Cryslar. About every two years we have a flood here and the water from the Nation River overflows and sometimes the people have to live upstairs for a couple of



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Horse.' L. Moore, B. M., Ont.
2. 'Box.' Johnnie McDonald (age 10), S., Ont.
3. 'The Pig that went to Market.' Harold Fitzgerald, M., Sask.
4. 'Pansy.' Margaret Jean Ogilvie Fowler (age 8), L. R., N.S.
5. 'The Flags I Love.' Ethel Fitzgerald (age 7), M., Sask.
6. 'My Doll.' Velma Devine, H., Ont.

7. 'A Ship.' D. F. Dewar (age 11), G., Ont.
8. 'Mabel.' Lela S. Acorn, M. V., P.E.I.
9. 'House.' Evelyn Symonds, S., Ont.
10. 'Flowers.' John L. Geldart, R. G., N.B.
11. 'Box.' Mary Fowler (age 6), L. R., N.S.
12. 'Table.' Charlie McPhaden (age 11), S., Ont.
13. 'Bird Cage.' Daisy Ross, A., Ont.
14. 'My Two Pet Horses.' Heber Fitzgerald, M., Sask.

fine church. I have eight little chickens of my own, and they know how to play squattay. The Kilties Band is coming here next week.

G. HERBERT McCLENAGHAN.

## THE FOX AND THE ROOSTER.

Once upon a time a fox met a rooster coming along the road. The fox went up to the rooster and asked him how many tricks he could do. The rooster told him that he could do one. The fox said, 'I could do three score and three.' The rooster asked the fox to do one. The fox told the rooster to shut one eye and crow as loudly as he could. But the eye that the rooster shut was next to the fox. The fox grabbed him and was running off with him when the farmer's wife cried out, 'Come back with my rooster.' The rooster told the fox to say, 'That he was his now. But just as the fox went to tell her that he was his the rooster got out of the fox's mouth and flew away to a tree. And there she shut one eye and crowed as loudly as she could.

Sent in by ISOBEL REEVES, C., Ont.

W., N.B.

Dear Editor,—There are lots of trees around our house and plenty of squirrels, which are very tame. They often come into the house. We have a lovely roller-singer canary named Fritz. My aunt sent him to mamma from California. I have a colt named Queen, and my brother Ward has one named King. Papa is getting out lumber to build a house in summer. I went to the saw-mill one Saturday with him. The mill is

days, which is not very pleasant to them. My father is a merchant. I go to school where there are about 40 pupils and like it very much. I intend to try entrance and hope I will pass.

FERNIE.

S. M., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm of 80 acres. I have a little pug dog, I call him Pinch. We have great fun skating here in the winter and playing ball in the summer. I am 13 years old. The hay crops are going to be fine here this year. I have a pair of steers of my own. About 40 scholars go to our school. I am in grade eight. My father works away every summer.

GEORGE DOW.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I hope this little story may be of interest to the boys and girls who read your nice little paper, which my children have taken for years, and now for the story: Once upon a time we had a Tabby Cat we called Nibs. Our neighbor had a fox terrier called Tart, and for a long time the two quarreled like two naughty boys. I say boys, because little girls who are, or ought to be always good, do not or ought not to quarrel, of course, though boys ought to be good and not quarrel either. I hope the boys will remember this. Well, as I said, Nibs and Tart were ever quarreling. There was a fence between our house and the house of our neighbor, and there was a hole in the fence where Nibs loved to sit and fight with Tart. Nibs could go in and out at will through the hole in the fence, but Tart, who was larger, could not. However, he would

stand and watch for Nibs, and when he thought Nibs asleep would snap at him, but Nibs promptly reached out the ever ready paw to give Tart a scratch of his claws. This would make Tart so angry that he would dive at the hole to get at Nibs, but, of course, Nibs, who, like all cats, was very wise as well as very smart, would jump back and then forward and give Tart another on the nose. That would drive him wild, and how he would bark and growl! Foolish dog, if he had just stayed away from Nibs he would have escaped many a painful scratch, but he was like naughty boys, he would not stay away, while Nibs was just as fond of a battle as Tart. So they continued to fight. One day Nibs lay down in the yard where Tart lived, and Tart came on him suddenly. Poor Nibs he was taken at a disadvantage, and that time, he got the worst of it. He jumped at Tart, and Tart jumped at him, and Tart got the upper hand, but Nibs, who was a good fighter, down as well as up, soon made Tart glad to let go, and before Tart could catch him again he was up the side of the shed and on the roof where Tart could not come. From there he looked down at Tart, and then began to clean his coat as though he was ashamed of fighting. He did not come down for a long time, and I noticed he did not go to the hole in the fence again for a day or two. I guess he thought to do better, but like some boys and men he soon forgot all about it, and went back to the same old ways. We forget about being good and are naughty again, just like Tart and Nibs, and then we are bad friends again and bite and scratch or say unkind words. But boys and girls must remember Rome was not built in a day. And of Nibs and Tart I want to say that by-and-by, with the assistance of a good little girl, they made friends and were never known to fight any more, but would eat together and lie down near each other and were as happy as dog and cat could be. They are both dead now, and I am glad they got to be better, for they were a very bad example to others.

A GROWN-UP FRIEND.

## OTHER LETTERS.

Velma Devine, H., Ont., says they picked 'thirteen roses off the bushes yesterday.' She asks 'Which is the heavier, the full or the half moon?'

Lila S. Acorn answers Gertrude Brooks' first and second riddles (June 19). 1. On his forehead. 2. Passengers. Lela asks 'Why is a defeated army like wool?'

Jean Fowler, L. R., N.S., also sends a little letter.

## IN FULL SWING.

Already, our wideawake 'Pictorial' boys have their summer campaign in full swing, and their order sheets are RAPIDLY FILLING UP with orders for July and August 'Pictorials.' They won't forget to emphasize the fact that every home wants at least one set TO KEEP, and to keep carefully, in view of the historic interest they will have in years to come. More than that, they will remind the lads and lasses of their acquaintance that if they want to have these valuable numbers TEN YEARS hence, they must BUY THEM NOW, for in ten years' time, they won't be able to get them for very many times the modest price at which they are now offered.

Without doubt, the prospect of a really good CANADIAN FLAG free as an extra bonus for selling One Hundred Copies of July and August issues together, is stimulating the efforts of our patriotic young Canadians, for surely never before has loyal boys and girls had such a fine chance of providing themselves with their country's flag. No mere cotton affair, to grow tarnished or faded after a few exposures, but a genuine double warp, wool bunting, three-foot flag, specially imported, made for us by one of the best flag makers in Great Britain.

For those who are lucky enough to have a good flag already, we will give instead of the flag bonus, an excellent combination knife (two blades, seven useful tools), or, for the girls who may reach the 100 mark, a gold neck chain, very dainty.

We have hundred- of boys now on our list, but we have ROOM FOR HUNDREDS MORE. Let us hear from YOU in this matter. Drop us a card, asking for a small supply of July to start on. We will at once send you order sheet and full particulars of our plan, with premium list, etc., etc.

Address, JOHN DOUGALL & Son, 'Witness' Building, Craig street, Montreal.