

DENT'S CANADIAN HISTORY READERS



D. J. DICKIE

ALL ABOUT CANADA
FOR LITTLE FOLK

BOOK ONE



CURRICULUM

TORONTO

DENT AND SONS LTD.

EX LIBRIS
UNIVERSITATIS
ALBERTAENSIS



Dent's Canadian History Readers

BOOK I

ALL ABOUT CANADA
FOR LITTLE FOLKS

ALL ABOUT
CANADA
FOR LITTLE FOLKS

BY
D. J. DICKIE



TORONTO
J. M. DENT & SONS LTD.

All rights reserved

FIRST EDITION . 1924
REVISED EDITION . 1926

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

PREFACE

THE little stories in Book I. have been written as simply as possible, and have been read, by way of test, in five schools by some two hundred children in the last two months of their grade one year. These children read the stories with ease, but it is possible that some grade one children may have difficulty with the harder words.

It is suggested that, during the latter half of the grade one year, when the teacher will, in any case, be giving many little talks to her class upon the subjects dealt with in the book, after each talk is over she should, as review, have the children read the suitable story from the book, either aloud or silently. The pictures have been selected with care, and it is hoped that they will be useful to the teacher in connection with her talks, as well as to the child in his reading.

D. J. DICKIE.

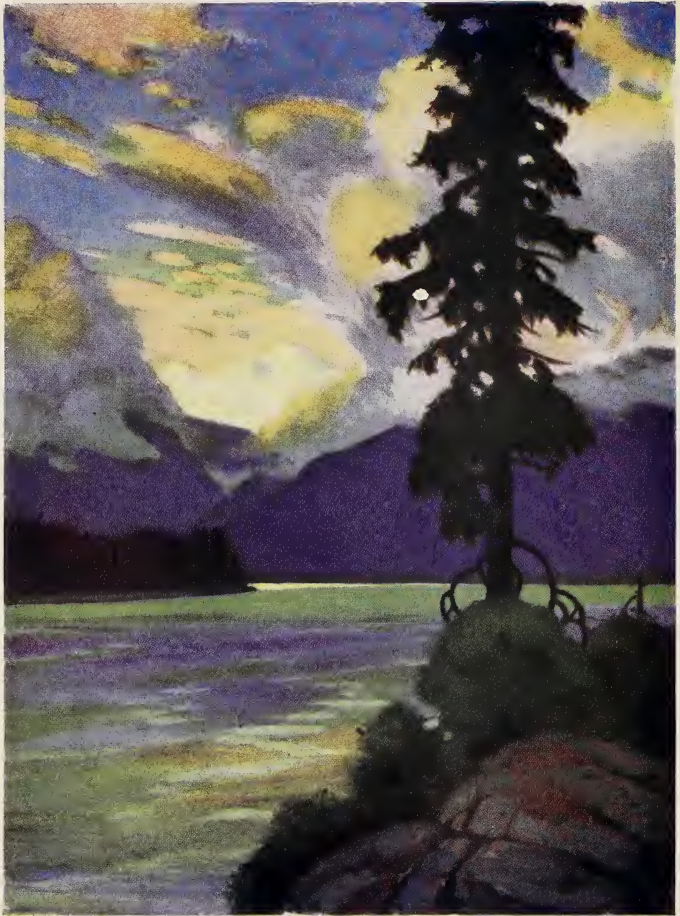
CALGARY, *October 5, 1924.*

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
PREFACE	5	BILLY	36
CANADA	7	WILLIAM AND WILHELMINA	37
SING THIS SONG!	8	NEW CANADIANS	38
OUR FATHERS	9	AN ESKIMO FAMILY	39
THE FLAG	10	THE DOG TEAM	40
SALUTE THE FLAG!	11	THE POSTMAN	41
LEARN THIS SONG!	12	TAR-LEE AND HAR-MEE	42
THE FIRST CANADIANS	13	POY	43
THE PAPOOSE	14	THE FIREMEN	44
LITTLE BUFFALO CALF	15	THE BEAVER	45
THE BUFFALO	16	EMPIRE DAY	46
MAY DAY	17	QUEEN VICTORIA	47
WHEN GRANDMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL	18	KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY	48
THE LOG CABIN	19	THE PRINCE OF WALES	49
MAKING THE FARM	20	PIXY	50
THE POLICEMAN	21	THE MIDNIGHT SUN	51
THE MAPLE TREE	22	NIAGARA	52
THE MAPLE LEAF	23	JO	53
MAKING MAPLE SUGAR	24	TIM AND TYE	54
CANADA	25	TED	55
THE APPLE ORCHARD	26	THE FIRE-RANGER	56
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND	27	R.C.M.P.	57
THE SAW MILL	28	WHEN MOTHER WAS A LITTLE GIRL	58
ALMA ROSE	29	WHEN FATHER WAS A LITTLE BOY	59
THE GOLD MINE	30	POPPY DAY	60
THE COWBOY	31	HENRI	61
ON THE PRAIRIE	32	A VERSE ABOUT THE POPPIES	62
THE WHEAT FIELD	33	GOD SAVE THE KING	63
GOING FOR THE COWS	34	ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	64
CANADA'S BIRTHDAY	35		

COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS

THE SKEENA	<i>facing page</i>	7			
THE CANADIAN FLAG	"	10		APPLE ORCHARD	<i>facing page</i>
HARD MAPLE LEAF	"	23		AN ONTARIO FARM	"
				PRINCESS VICTORIA	"



Canadian National Railways.

THE SKEENA.

CANADA

CANADA

Country

WE love Canada. Canada is our country. It is a large country and very beautiful.

The sky is blue over Canada. The sun shines here. Trees and flowers grow in the fields.

Boys and girls grow well in Canada. There is room for them to play.

Who loves Canada?

WE DO!

[Turn over.

SING THIS SONG!

O CANADA!

O CANADA! Our home and native land,
True patriot love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The true North strong and free;
And stand on guard, O Canada,
Stand aye on guard for thee.

O Canada! O Canada! O Canada!
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

OUR FATHERS

LONG, long ago our Fathers found this good land of Canada.

There were no farms here then, no homes, schools or towns. Great woods covered the land. Wild animals lived in the woods. The Indians roamed about hunting and fishing.

Our Fathers and Mothers were not afraid. They cut down the woods. They made farms. They built homes for their children.

They worked for Canada. When you grow up, you must work for Canada.

THE FLAG

THIS is our flag. Look at its beautiful colours.

The red means that Canadians are brave.

The blue means that Canadians tell the truth.

The white means that Canadians try to do what is right.

WHAT ARE YOU?

CANADIANS.

[Turn over.]



SALUTE THE FLAG!



LOOK at Clifford. He is saluting the flag. Learn to salute the flag!

Put your feet together, toes apart.

Stand very straight.

Hold your head up.

Open your right hand.

Put it to your forehead.

Count three.

Bring your hand down to your side.

Salute the flag every morning when you come into your schoolroom.

Hurrah!

Hurrah!

Hurrah!

LEARN THIS SONG!

THREE CHEERS!

THREE cheers for the red, white, and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
 The army and navy for ever!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.



Harmon, Banff

THE FIRST CANADIANS

THIS is an Indian family. Indians were the first Canadians.

The Indians were living in Canada when the white people found it.

Indians are tall and straight. They can run quickly.

They live in Tee-pees and ride about on their ponies.

They hunt and fish for their food. They steal very quietly after an animal. Then they shoot it with their bows and arrows.



Oliver, Calgary

THE PAPOOSE

THE Papoose is a good little baby. He rides about on his mother's back all day long.

He never cries. He looks at everything with his bright, black eyes.

He watches his mother make the camp-fire and cook the meat for supper. When it is cooked, she gives him a piece of the rind to suck. He likes that as much as you like candy.

When it is time for him to go to sleep, his mother sings to him.



McDermid, Edmonton

LITTLE BUFFALO CALF

THIS is Little Buffalo Calf and his grandmother, Mrs. Sweet Grass. They live on an Indian Reserve.

Little Buffalo Calf and his grandmother got up very early this morning. Chief Sweet Grass drove them to the fair in the wagon.

They will stay at the fair all day. They will march in the Indian parade. They will watch the Indians and the cowboys race their ponies.

His grandmother will let Little Buffalo Calf ride on the Merry-go-round. They will have ice-cream. Mrs. Sweet Grass is an old lady, but she is as merry as can be. She and Little Buffalo Calf will have a good time together.



The Buffalo Park, Wainwright

THE BUFFALO

THIS is a Buffalo. He is a Canadian animal. Is he not a fine big fellow?

Once, a long time ago, the Buffalo lived free on the great prairies of the West. They roamed about in great herds, eating the fine dry grass.

The Indians hunted them. They shot them with their arrows. Sometimes they trapped them in great pits.

They ate the meat of the Buffalo. They made tee-pees of their skins.

There are very few Buffalo left now. They are kept in parks, and no one is allowed to shoot them. Perhaps you will go to see them some day.



MAY DAY

SPRING comes with May Day. These children have a May Pole. They dance and sing around it.

They have a May Queen, too. They have made her a crown of flowers. They dance and sing around her.

They do it because they are glad to see the spring. The trees are in leaf. The flowers come out again.

We are glad to greet the spring in Canada. Let us have a May Pole and a May Queen. Let us dance and sing around them.



WHEN GRANDMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL

WHEN Grandma was a little girl she lived in a city far away. By and by her father and mother brought her to live on a farm in Canada.

There was no railway in those days. They had a waggon like the one in the picture. They put the tent over the waggon to keep off the sun and the rain. They had two oxen to draw it.

The waggon was heavy, and the oxen walked very slowly. Grandma and her family slept in the waggon. When they came to a creek, they made a camp fire and cooked their food.

It took them many days to get to the farm.



THE LOG CABIN

WHEN they reached the farm it was covered with great trees. There was no room even to put up the tent.

Grandma's father took his axe and chopped down many small trees. He cut the branches off them. Then he laid them one on top of the other, as you see them in the picture.

They filled the cracks between the logs with mud and moss. Grandma found moss in the woods. She carried it home and pushed it into the cracks.

That was great fun.

Soon they had a fine log house.

[Turn over.

MAKING THE FARM

THEN Grandma's father took his axe and cut down all the trees about the house. They piled them in great heaps and set fire to them. What a splendid bon-fire that was!

Next they pulled the little stumps out of the ground. The large stumps had very long roots. They could not pull them out. They hoed and raked up the ground between them.

It was very hard work, but they did not give up. They worked harder and harder. When they had made a field ready, they planted potatoes in it. Soon they had a good farm.

THE POLICEMAN



THE Policeman is a big man. He wears a blue coat with silver buttons on it. His hat is called a helmet.

He makes the cars and waggons stop to let the people cross the street.

He takes care of you if you are lost.

All night long he watches the stores and houses to see that no harm comes to them.

Here is a verse about him.

We have a policeman
At the corner of our street;
Burglars can't come to our house,
Since he came on the beat.



THE MAPLE TREE

THIS is a Maple Tree. What a fine shape it is! It has large green leaves. They make a shade under it. You can play in the shade under the Maple Tree.

Jack Frost turns the leaves red and yellow. Then the tree is very beautiful.

The Maple Tree stands for Canada.
Canada is called

THE LAND OF THE MAPLE.



HARD MAPLE LEAF

THE MAPLE LEAF

ANOTHER SONG TO LEARN

THE Maple Leaf our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf for ever,
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever.

IN AUTUMN

The Maple Leaves are gold and red,
The beeches russet brown ;
The sumachs flame along the hills,
The oaks drop acorns down.

M. B. Q.

[Turn over.]



R. R. Sallows, Goderich, Ont.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR

THE Maple Tree gives sap. They cut the bark and put in a little pipe. The sap runs down into a pail.

They boil the sap in a big, black pot. They are careful not to let the fire go out.

The sap grows thick. When you put some on a snowball it makes soft taffy. It is very, very good.

When it has boiled long enough, the sap turns into Maple Sugar.

Making Maple Sugar is great fun.



CANADA



CANADA is a large and beautiful country. It begins far away in the east by the sea.

It goes on through the great woods and past the little farms. It goes up the long rivers and past the great lakes. It goes on and on over the wide prairies where the big wheat fields are. Then it crosses the beautiful mountains to the sea in the far west.



Canadian Pacific Railways

THE APPLE ORCHARD

THESE beautiful trees are apple trees. They grew in Nova Scotia. Apple trees grow in many parts of Canada.

In the spring-time the apple trees are covered with pink and white blossoms. The blossoms have a sweet smell. It is like perfume.

In the morning the children carry branches of apple blossoms to school for their teacher. She puts them in a jar on her desk. You can smell them all through the room.

In the afternoon the children play in the orchard. They play Hide and Seek among the trees.

In the moonlight the fairies dance there, because the orchard is so beautiful.

[Turn over.]



APPLE ORCHARD.



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

DAVID is on the sea shore. That is the sea in the picture.

David lives in Prince Edward Island. The sea is all round his home. He plays on the shore nearly every day. It is a fine place to play.

One day he went out with the men in the boat to fish. David caught two fish. He was very proud of them.

To-day he is digging for clams. Clams are very good to eat. When he gets his pail full he will take them home to his mother. She will cook them for supper.



Fraser Lumber Co., Fredericton, N.B.

THE SAW MILL

THIS is a Saw Mill. It is in New Brunswick. New Brunswick is in the east part of Canada. Look toward the east.

Many trees grow in New Brunswick. The people cut them down. They haul them to the saw mill. Sometimes the men put them in the river and let the water float them down to the saw mill.

The big saw cuts the trees into boards. It makes a loud *Zuz Zuz Zzzz Zzzz Zzzz* when it cuts them.

They use the boards to make houses and barns and ships.

Name all the things you can think of which are made of boards.



Harmon, Banff

ALMA ROSE

A LITTLE FRENCH CANADIAN GIRL

ALMA ROSE lives in Quebec. Her father's farm is in the great woods.

One day it was very hot. The blue-berries were ripe. The air smelt sweet with them.

Her mother told Alma Rose to pick some blue-berries for supper.

She took her pail and went a little way into the brush. She found plenty of blue-berries, and began to fill her pail.

She heard something grunt behind her. She thought it was the pig which often followed her. Then something pushed her with its nose. She looked round. It was a big, brown bear. Alma Rose ran home as fast as she could go.



Gold Miners, Provincial Archives, Victoria

THE GOLD MINE

THIS is a gold mine. The men are miners. The gold is in the sand and earth.

The men dig up the dirt and put it in a pan or box. Then they pour water over it. The water washes the dirt away. The gold is heavy. It sinks to the bottom of the box. The men drain off the water and take up the gold.

These men are drawing water to wash their gold. It is hard work, but they do not mind.

This gold mine is in British Columbia. British Columbia is in the west of Canada. Point toward the west.

There are gold mines in many parts of Canada. Canada is a very rich country.



McDermid, Calgary

THE COWBOY

PETE is a Cowboy. He lives on a ranch in Alberta. He wears "shaps" and rides after the cattle all day long.

In the fall Pete and the other cowboys bring in all the cattle. They count them and choose some to sell.

They drive the calves into the corral. Pete rides back and forth with a long rope in his hand.

He waves it round his head. Then he throws it and it falls round the neck of a calf.

When the calf is caught the other cowboys tie its feet. They lay it on its side. They take a hot iron and mark the calf. This hurts it, but not very much.

The mark is called a brand. It shows to whom the calf belongs.



ON THE PRAIRIE

THESE children are Canadians. They live on the prairie in Saskatchewan.

Their farm is three miles from the school, so they ride to school on their ponies.

It is great fun to ride. When the pony trots, he bumps you. When he gallops, he rocks you.

The big pony is Old Ned. He is blind and very lazy. The other pony is Brown Bess. She is a good pony. The children like to ride on her. If Bess goes first, Old Ned will follow her. He will not go alone.

The children have their lunch with them. They have kissed their mother Good-bye. They must start now or they will be late for school.

Good-bye!

Good-bye!



THE WHEAT FIELD

THE wheat in this field is as tall as you are.

It grows on Jim's farm. Jim lives in Manitoba. His father has a very large farm.

One day Jim's father let him drive the binder. The horses tossed their heads. The binder made a loud noise.

Jim was not afraid. He held the reins tightly. He shouted "Get up, Bill," "Go along, Tom." When he wanted the horses to go toward the right, he called "Gee, Bill." When he wanted them to go toward the left, he called "Haw, Tom." The other horses follow Bill and Tom. Jim kept them in line.

His father will let him drive another day.

When the wheat is all cut they will thresh it.

They will make flour out of the wheat and bread out of the flour.

GOING FOR THE COWS

TOM and Mary are going for the cows. They live in Ontario. Their father has ten cows. Mary and Tom go for them every night.

They go through the woods. It is cool in the woods. Tall trees lean over them. In some places the mud is deep and black. The children jump from log to log.

They call: "Co-bos! Co-bos!" They hear the bell. Old Spot wears it on her neck. When they hear the bell they know where the cows are.

Once Old Spot did not come when they called "Co-bos!" They found her with her foot caught under a big root. She could not get it out.

Tom got a thick stick. He put the stick under the root and lifted up as hard as he could. Mary gave Old Spot a smart slap. She jerked her foot out.

The children got rather muddy that night.



AN ONTARIO FARM.



CANADA'S BIRTHDAY

JULY 1 is Canada's Birthday. We must have a Birthday party.

First, we salute the flag.

Then, we sing *O Canada!*

Now let us play that we lived on a farm in Canada long and long ago.

It is night. The Indians are round us. They will try to steal our horses. We must fight them off.

One of you may be the farmer. Another may be his wife. Some of you may be the children. You must all have guns. Sticks will do for guns.

The rest of you may be Indians. The Indians must have bows and arrows.

Now let us have the party. We have a cake with three candles, one red candle, one white candle, one blue candle. That is Canada's Birthday Cake. We have some Maple Sugar. That is Canadian Candy. Hurrah for Canada!

BILLY



BILLY is a Canadian boy. He lives on a farm.

One day the gate was open. The horses were going into the oats. If horses eat too many oats they sometimes die.

Billy tried to shut the gate, but it was too heavy. It threw him back and he fell. He cut his arm on the wire.

His arm bled fast, and the horses

pushed to get through into the oats.

Billy shouted and drove them back. He kept them out till his father came to shut the gate.

The doctor had to put three stitches in the cut in Billy's arm.

It hurt when he put them in. Billy cried, but not very much.

WILLIAM AND WILHELMINA



WILLIAM and Wilhelmina are New Canadians. Their father and mother came from Holland.

Holland is across the sea to the east of Canada.

Holland is a beautiful country. It is flat. Sometimes the sea comes over the land. It spoils the crops. The people build walls to keep the sea out. They call them DIKES.

The farms in Holland are not very large.

William's father and mother loved their country but they wanted a large farm.

They said, "We will go to Canada. They have large farms in Canada." They were lonely when they left their home, but they came.

William's father is a good farmer. When William is older he will help his father in the fields.

Wilhelmina will help her mother to keep the house clean and to cook.

We are glad to have William and Wilhelmina in Canada.



NEW CANADIANS

THESE boys and girls are New Canadians, too. They were not born in Canada. They were born in Russia.

They were not very happy in Russia. Some people there were not good to them.

Their fathers and mothers said, "Let us go to Canada. They will be good to us there."

Russia is a large country. They loved their land as we love Canada. They cried when they came away.

They went into a big ship. The great waves rocked the ship. It made them sick. They could not eat anything.

Next day they felt better. Then they had great fun. They ran races on the deck. They threw bread to the sea-gulls.

At last they reached Canada. They were very glad. They have farms of their own now.



Ronald McCullough, Edmonton

AN ESKIMO FAMILY

THIS is an Eskimo family. They live in the far north of Canada. Point to the north.

It is cold in the far north most of the year. The summers are very short.

See the little boy in the fur coat. Eskimo children wear fur coats nearly all the time. The other children have the fur turned inside.

Their house is made of large blocks of snow. They build it as you build a snow fort. They light a fire in the middle of the house. That makes it very warm inside.

The boy's name is Kalook. He and his brother are going out in the boat with their father to fish.

The little girls will stay at home to take care of the baby.



THE DOG TEAM

THE Yukon is in the far north of Canada. The Yukon is a great river. There is gold in that river.

In that country the people drive dogs instead of horses. The dogs are called "huskies." They have thick fur coats. They are strong and brave.

The men pack their loads on a sleigh. They harness the dogs and hitch them to the sleigh one in front of the other. There are ten dogs in this team.

A Dog Team will trot quickly along pulling the sleigh all day long. At night the dogs are tired. The men unhitch them. How they roll and bark and play and fight when they are loose!

They have earned a good supper. The men give them plenty of fish to eat. They like fish. It makes them strong.

THE POSTMAN



THE Postman brings the letters. He carries them in a bag. He takes great care not to lose any of them. He must take each one to the right house.

Sometimes it rains. Sometimes it is very cold. But the Postman brings the letters every day.

He brings the parcels, too, at Christmas time. His bag is full then. It is very heavy.

But OUR POSTMAN just laughs and says: "Merry Christmas." Here is a verse about him.

THE POSTMAN

Eight o'clock;
The Postman's knock;
Five letters for Papa;
One for Lou,
And none for you,
And three for dear Mamma.

Christina Rossetti.

TAR-LEE AND HAR-MEE



TAR-LEE and Har-mee are visitors in Canada. Their home is far away under the sunset in Japan.

Tar-lee has her dolly in her hand. It is a little wooden dolly.

Tar-lee has a great many dolls. She keeps the best ones in a box.

She plays with the old ones.

Sometimes her mother lets her make a party for her dolls. She takes them all out of the box.

She dresses them in their best kimonas. She sets them at a little table. She gives them rice to eat and sips of tea to drink. Har-mee helps her.

Tar-lee's father and mother have a strawberry garden. When the straw-berries are ripe Tar-lee helps to pick them. Har-mee is too little to help much.

POY



Poy is a Chinese boy. He is a visitor in Canada, too.

Poy works hard to help his father and mother.

He weeds the garden. He picks the strawberries. He carries home the laundry.

Poy's father and mother save

all their money. Some day when they have saved a good deal of money, they will go home to China.

Then Poy will have a good time. He will bring out his kite and fly it all afternoon.

He has four kites. One is shaped like a box. Another is like a fish. Another is like a butterfly. The prettiest one is like a bird.

Poy's father will help him to fly the kites. Chinese men and boys like to fly kites.



Oliver, Calgary

THE FIREMEN

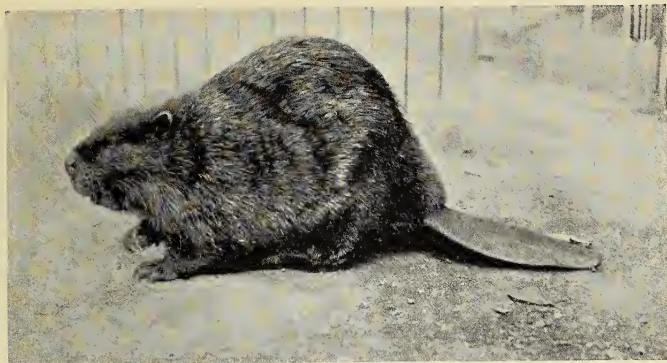
THE firemen are very brave. They ride on the fire engine. It makes a great noise when it dashes by. Everyone must get out of the way.

One day a fire started in a school. The smoke came into the rooms.

The little children upstairs had no time to march out. The firemen came. They put ladders up to the high windows. They ran up the ladders. They climbed in at the high windows.

They wrapped the children in their coats. They took them in their arms and ran down the ladders. The children were all saved.

Hurrah! for the brave firemen.



Winnipeg Parks Commission

THE BEAVER

THIS is a Beaver. Beavers live in Canada. They have brown fur that is thick and soft and very warm.

The Beaver lives much in the water. He likes the water to be about two feet deep.

If the water is not deep enough he makes a dam. He cuts down the trees with his strong teeth. The trees fall across the creek. They stop the water. This is the dam.

When the water behind the dam rises high enough, he builds his house. He cuts down more trees. He cuts them up into short logs. He builds the house of logs. He builds it under the water of the dam. He is safe there.

The Beaver works hard all day. Canadians work hard, too. They work like Beavers.

The Beaver is another emblem of Canada.



EMPIRE DAY

THE British Empire is the family to which Canada belongs. It is a large family. There are eleven children. Canada is the oldest.

May 23 is Empire Day. Let us have a party.
First, we sing *O Canada!*

Then we play that we are the Empire Family.
Each of you must be one of the Empire children.
Stand in a row and each tell your name.

England	Canada	New Zealand
Scotland	Australia	Newfoundland
Ireland	South Africa	India
Wales	The Islands of the Sea	

Then all shout together: "The British Empire!"

God Save the King!



COPYRIGHT OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

PRINCESS VICTORIA.

QUEEN VICTORIA

ONE morning, when Queen Victoria was a little girl, she was naughty.

She would not eat her porridge. She pushed the plate away and spilt the milk. She was rude to her mother.

Her mother said, "You must eat your porridge. You may not come to sit with me till you are good again."

Little Victoria was very cross. She went to her mother's door. She thumped on the door with her fist.

Her mother said, "Who is there?"

"The Princess Victoria," said the little girl.

"Oh dear me," said her mother, "I have not on my best dress. I could not see a Princess." Little Victoria went away and thought about it.

By and by she was sorry she had been naughty. She ate the porridge. It was cold. She did not like it but she ate it.

Then she went to her mother's door again. She rapped a little, soft rap.

"Who is there?" said her mother.

"Your little girl," said Victoria, "and I will be good, mother."

And she was good.



Topical Press Agency

KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY

THE King and Queen are very busy people.

The King talks to a great many people every day. They tell him their troubles. He helps them if he can. He is a kind man and he is always polite to everyone.

The Queen has a large family. She has a large house, too. It is called a Palace.

She goes to see the sick soldiers. She takes flowers to them. She goes to see the sick children. She takes toys to the children.

They like to have the Queen come to see them.



By the courtesy of the Prince of Wales

THE PRINCE OF WALES

THIS is the Prince of Wales on his pony. His name is Edward. He is the oldest son of the King and Queen. He will be the King some day.

He is a jolly Prince. He is always smiling. He came to Canada to visit. We were very glad to see him. The people made many parties for him. He had a good time.

The Prince liked Canada. He bought a ranch here. It is in Alberta. He has horses and cattle on the ranch. He grows hay and grain to feed them.

In the autumn when the grain is ripe the Prince comes from his home in England to his ranch. He helps the men to harvest the grain. He looks at all his horses and cattle to see that they are well taken care of.



Harmon, Bāñf

PIXY

PIXY is a deer. She lives in Canada. Father found her. She was caught in the wire fence. Her leg was hurt.

Father brought her home and mother bathed her hurt leg. She tied it up with a cloth. It soon grew well again.

While she was lame, the children fed Pixy. She was afraid of them at first, but she soon made friends. George played with her when the other children were away at school.

When her leg was well again, they took Pixy back to the park and put her inside the fence. George misses her very much. He takes her part of his cooky every morning. Pixy likes the cooky. He is feeding it to her in the picture.



Valentine, Winnipeg

THE MIDNIGHT SUN

A WONDER

IN summer the days are very long. The sun is not yet down when the children go to bed.

As you go farther and farther north the sun stays up later and later. In the very far north of Canada, where the Eskimos live, he does not go to bed at all for days and days. He goes almost down as you see him in the picture. He stays just at the edge for a little while. Then he begins to climb up again. It is a strange sight to see the sun in the middle of the night.

In winter, to get even, he stays down for days and days. The children get up in the dark. They go to school in the dark. They have school by lamp-light. They come home in the dark. That is not much fun. By and by the sun comes up again. Everyone is very glad to see him.

NIAGARA

CANADA HAS ANOTHER WONDER

IN Ontario there is a great river. It flows out of a great lake, so it is very wide and deep. A great deal of water runs in that river.

It flows down toward the sea faster and faster. By and by it comes to a great rock, very high and straight. The river falls over that rock with a great ROAR. You can hear the roar of that fall a long way off.

The waters are white with foam. At the bottom of the rock, where the river falls with a great splash, a thick spray rises up. When the sun shines it makes a beautiful rainbow in the spray.

The Indians called this great fall Niagara. It is the largest waterfall in the world. It is very beautiful. It is so beautiful that it makes you afraid when you look at it. People come from far and near to see it and to hear the roar of it. Perhaps some day you will go to see Niagara.

JO

THIS is Jo, my pet gopher. He lives in a hole near my school on the prairie.

After lunch the children put their crusts in the basket.

When they are gone home, I sit at my desk. I sit very still.

Then I hear a little scratch, scratch.

Jo peeps in. He looks all round with his bright little eyes. He runs to the basket.

He pushes it with his paws. He pulls it with his teeth. It falls over. He creeps in. I can hear him nibbling the crusts.

When he has eaten them all he creeps out. He sits up very straight. See him in the picture. He gives a loud "Chirp."

He means "Thank you."



Mr. Lawton, Edmonton



Harmon, Banff

TIM AND TYE

TIM and Tye are out for a walk. They are Mountain Goats. They like to climb about on the stony ridges among the mountains.

Tim and Tye are very handsome goats. They have sharp little horns to fight with. They have neat little beards which make them look very wise. Their coats are of beautiful thick white hair. They are very proud of their looks. They are very proud of the way they can climb and jump.

Tim. Come on, Tye, let us jump.

Tye. Wait, I see something.

Tim. Come on, it's only a rock.

Tye. It isn't a rock. It moves.

Tim. You are afraid to jump from here.

Tye. I am not afraid, but I want to see what that is.

Tim. I can't see anything.

Tye. Tim, I think it is a man. He may have a gun. Come on, let us jump.

They both jumped to the next ledge, and soon climbed out of sight.

T E D

WHEN boys and girls are six years old they go to school. They do many things at school. It is great fun. The children told Ted about it. He wished very much to go. He talked about it every day.

The day he was six he begged his mother to let him go. His mother was very sorry. She wished her little boy to go to school, but it was two miles away and she thought Ted was too little to ride so far alone on the pony. She told Ted that he must wait till next year. Ted cried.

He did not cry long. He went down to the barn and sat in the hay and thought. Then he called his dog, Lion. He hugged Lion. "You will take me to school, won't you, Lion?" he said. Lion barked. "Yes, indeed I will," he said.

Ted got the small pony saddle and put it on Lion. He rode up to the door. "Lion will take me to school, mother," he called. "Come and see." His mother came to the door. "Why, Ted," she said, "I think you could go on Lion, I would trust you anywhere with Lion."

So Ted rides to school every morning. When Lion is tired he lies down. Then Ted gets off and walks for a while. When Ted is tired of walking he climbs on Lion's back again. As soon as Ted is safe at school, Lion trots home. At four o'clock he comes back to take his little friend home.



Dr. Bell, Vermilion

THE FIRE-RANGER

BEN is a Fire-Ranger. This is his little cabin. It is all alone among the woods and hills.

In many parts of Canada there are great woods. The trees are very valuable. Many useful things are made from their wood.

Sometimes careless people forget to put out their camp fire. Sometimes a spark from a train lights on a tree. Then the woods burn up. That is a great waste.

Ben guards the trees. He watches for the sparks. He watches for little fires. It is easy to put out a little fire.

In the summer Ben flies over the woods in an airplane. It is easy to see the fires from an airplane. In winter he goes about on foot. That is hard work, but Ben does it for Canada.

R.C.M.P.

ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE

LEARN these letters and what they stand for. Many brave stories are told of these men.

In all the lonely parts of Canada the Mounted Policemen ride. They have long days, hard work, and no friends near. They ride everywhere to see that all is safe in the far-off corners of Canada.

Mounted Policeman Scott had just come in after a hard day's work. He was tired and hungry. He lit the fire in his cabin and began to cook his supper.

An Indian came to the door. He told Policeman Scott that there was a white man lying very sick in a camp a hundred miles away.

Policeman Scott ate his supper. He put out his fire. He harnessed his dog team and set out. It was bitter cold that night. The snow was deep. He lost his way in the woods. It took him four days to find the sick man.

He did find him, though. He wrapped him in his blankets, laid him on the sleigh and brought him to the doctor. The man was very ill. He did not know anyone. The doctor was able to help him. He was soon better again. He wished to thank the man who had saved him, but Policeman Scott had gone back to his work.

WHEN MOTHER WAS A LITTLE GIRL

A TRUE STORY

WHEN Mother was a little girl she lived in Quebec. Her father was a farmer and kept many cows.

Each evening Mother went to the woods to bring the cows home to be milked. She often took her little brother John with her. They stopped at the edge of the woods to listen. When they heard the cow-bell they knew where the cows were.

One evening Mother and John did not hear the cow-bell. They hunted about in the woods, but they could not find the cows. They walked farther and farther into the woods. It grew darker and darker. Mother could not find the way back. They were lost.

John, who was only five, began to cry. Mother made a bed of moss and leaves for him. She took off her petticoat and covered him. Then she sat down close beside him, and he soon fell asleep.

Mother sat quite still, watching. By and by she heard men calling in the woods. She tried to answer, but she was afraid, and her voice was faint. She sat quite still with her eyes wide open all night long.

In the morning her father found his children and carried them safely home.

WHEN FATHER WAS A LITTLE BOY

A TRUE STORY

WHEN Father was a little boy he lived in New Brunswick. He and his little sister walked to school. The school was a mile and a half from their home. They took their lunch in a little basket.

One morning, as they walked along, they saw a squirrel run up the fence and into the woods.

“Let us chase him,” said Father. They laid the lunch-basket in a corner of the fence and ran into the woods after the squirrel. They ran and ran, but they could not catch him.

By and by they heard the school-bell ring far away. “We shall be late for school,” said the little sister, beginning to cry.

They ran back to the road. They looked in the corner of the fence for the lunch-basket. It was not there.

Then they heard a grunting behind them. They looked under the bush, and there lay an old pig. He had eaten their lunch, and now lay asleep with his nose thrust through the bottom of their basket. He looked so funny that they laughed and laughed. Father and his little sister had to go without their lunch that day.

POPPY DAY



THIS is Poppy Day. It is November 11. You must never forget that day.

Across the sea there are many countries, some big ones and many small ones.

They were quarrelling. Then they began to fight. They spoiled each other's farms and killed many people.

Our men said, "Do not fight." But they would

not stop. "Then," said our men, "we will make you stop."

Our men went over there. They fought to end the war. They fought to bring peace.

Many of them were killed. Their graves are in France. The poppies grow on their graves.

We wear poppies because we love our men.

Our men were HEROES.

HENRI



HENRI lives in France. That is a long way off across the sea. It is east of Canada. Look toward the east.

France is where the war was. That is where our soldiers fought to end war.

Henri's father fought for peace, too. He fought beside our men.

Henri's father was killed. His farm was spoiled.

His house was burned down.

Now Henri has to take care of his mother and little sisters. He is bringing some sticks to make the fire.

He helps his mother to work the farm. He has no time to play, but he does not cry. He works hard and smiles.

A VERSE ABOUT THE POPPIES

IT is a hard verse. You will learn it when you are older. Your teacher will read it to you on POPPY DAY.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you with failing hands we throw
The torch: Be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields.

John McCrae.

Reprinted from London "PUNCH" by the special permission of the Proprietors.

This is the last page.
You have read through this book.
I hope you liked the pictures and stories.
Now sing!

GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made to the Lord Chamberlain for his courtesy in giving permission for the reproduction of the portrait of Princess Victoria, which is the copyright of His Majesty the King.

Sincere thanks are offered to the several professional photographers, to whom acknowledgment is made under the reproductions of their work; to the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Canadian National Railway, the Fraser Lumber Company; to Mr. Lawton, the Chief Game Warden of Alberta, to Superintendent Smith of the Buffalo Park at Wainwright, to Mr. Blackwood of the Winnipeg Parks Commission, and to many private friends who have generously permitted the use of their valuable photographs. Also to Miss Alma Crosier, Miss Berry, Miss Rockwell, Mrs. Moore, Miss Bell of the Edmonton City Staff, to Miss Bella McDonald of Medicine Hat, and Mrs. Christie of the Normal Practice School, Calgary, who read the stories with their grades, and many of whose expert opinions and practical suggestions are incorporated in Book I.

I offer cordial thanks to the proprietors of London *Punch* for their kind permission to reprint *In Flanders Fields*, by John McCrae.

