

JESSE AND THE
SEVEN
WONDERS OF
CANADA

Written By Herbert F Hopkins
Illustrated by Corey Majeau

Copyright

No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in part, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without written permission of the publisher.

For information regarding permission,
write to: Words and Wood Publishing
60 Margaret's Place, Suite 201, ST. John's, NL, A1C 0B3
Canada

Canadian Cataloguing in Publication Data

Herbert F Hopkins

Print ISBN: 978-1-7779150-3-2

W&W

Words and Wood Publishing

Dedication

To
my one-eyed dog, Pirate, aka Pilot
RIP



«Я відчуваю собачу душу».
- Кіра

Many Ukrainian children, new to Canada, enjoyed the author's 2022 reading of "Jesse and the Seven Wonders of St. John's." Meeting Pirate was a highlight. Kira says, "I feel the dog's soul."

Image from a drawing by B W Chubbs

Acknowledgments

Corey Majeau is a creative genius. With dazzling imagination and vivid colour, he brings my words to life. Thank you Corey.

My long friendship with Boyd Chubbs has resulted in many collaborations; finally we can add Pilot code to our list. Thank you Boyd.

Susan Flanagan is as good as editing the words between the lines as the ones on the lines. Thank you Susan.

Harriet and Ewan Hawkshaw are awesome proofreaders. Thank you.

Jane Dennison, my beautiful wife is always there to support me in all my artistic pursuits. and everything else life tosses my way. Thank you Jane.

Above all, thank you readers. I hope you enjoy my story.

Hello Readers,

Thank you for picking up a copy of "Jesse and the Seven Wonders of Canada."

Canada has always been one of the finest countries to live in. This book will give you seven reasons as to why that is. Of course, there are more than seven reasons, but because the Greeks thought seven was the perfect number, seven it is.

Things you should know before you start reading.

- Always have a pencil and an eraser close by. Never use pen.
- On the inside back cover is a code reading wheel. You will need it to speak with Pilot, the one-eyed dog. Go ahead and have a look at it right now.
- As an **added feature**, beginning on the next two-page spread, and every one following, there are seven similar items for you to find. You can check your answers by going to:

www.jesseandthesevenwonders.com/seven_hunt.html

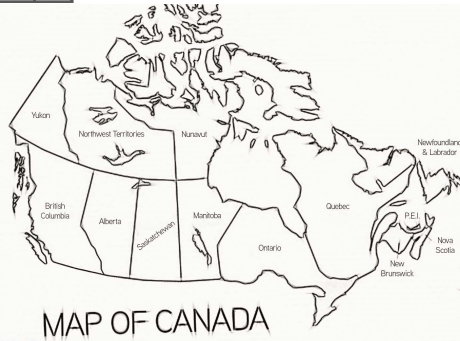


WHAT IS Canada?

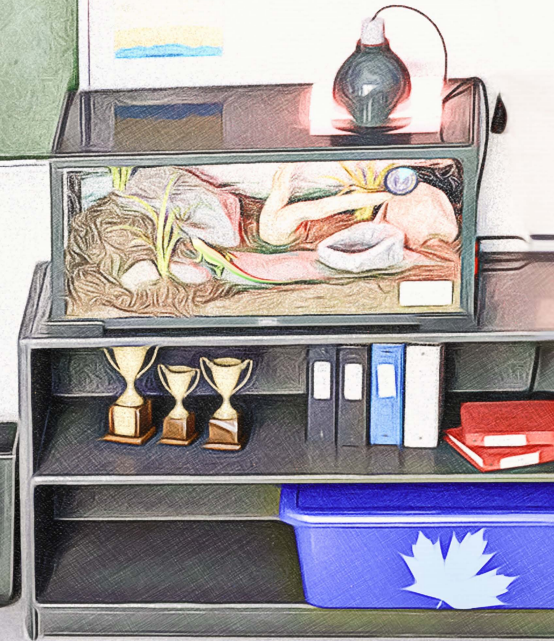
- polite
- poutine
- moose
- beavers
- tims
- nature
- Great Lakes

Mrs. Housso

Toronto



MAP OF CANADA



MONDAY AT SCHOOL

“Good morning, class,” says Mrs. House,
“No happier could I be,
to celebrate our country,
from sea to sea to sea.”

“From Punkeydoodles Corners
to Flin Flon and Wawa,
from Come By Chance and Mushaboom
to Saint-Louis-du-Ha! Ha!

“Yes, Canada has some funny names,
but a different project I have planned,
to name the seven wonders
from BC to Newfoundland.”

“Also name the greatest wonder,
beginning with this clue,
seven letters the answers have
in French and English too.”

“So, class, you have seven days,
before your assignment is due,
and like all of you are different,
your answers might be too.”



PILOT CODE

Pilot winked several times and nodded his little head
The code spelled out a single word and this is what he said.

CODE

- 2 winks 4 nods
- 2 winks 1 nod
- 1 wink 6 nods
- 2 winks 0 nods
- 3 winks 5 nods
- 3 winks 4 nods

HEY KIDS!

Use the code wheel on the back cover to figure out where Pilot wants to go. Write the letters below. This is a secret code so always use pencil and erase your answer when finished.



ALWAYS READ THE
VERSE FIRST, THEN
COMPLETE THE CODE.

PILOT, THE FLYING DOG

“My name is Jesse, and this is Pilot,
a hunting dog in his prime,
until what he thought was a beaver
was actually a porcupine.

Good luck saved Pilot,
but a quill blinded one eye,
then a wise old owl picked him up,
and taught him how to fly.

Pilot learned to speak in code,
for the owl was very shrewd.
They talked about friends and flying,
but mostly about food.

Which of course, made Pilot happy,
because it was all about the meal,
he would even play with alley cats,
if food was in the deal.

Now I fly with Pilot,
he’s my pillow aviator,
“Where to first?” I say to him,
“My one-eyed navigator.”



In the morning, I did wake on my comfy captain's bed.
Pilot winked and nodded, and this is what he said ...

- 2 winks 6 nods
- 2 winks 1 nod
- 1 wink 0 nods
- 1 wink 6 nods
- 1 wink 0 nods
- 3 winks 3 nods
- 1 wink 0 nods

HEY KIDS!

Help Jesse with the code.
Print your answer in the
spaces below. Always
use pencil and erase your
answers afterwards.



THE NORTHERN LIGHTS (Monday night)

“Of course! To the northern lights, my one-eyed navigator,
where the colours dance at night,
and the huskies and the mushers
watch with great delight.”

The sky whistles and hisses,
and moves in whirls and swirls,
we see a flowing dress of diamonds,
and a veil of a thousand pearls.

Pilot begins to lick his lips,
usually a hunger sign.
Then from a snow house, a voice we hear,
“Come in, you’re just in time!”

“For your dog, I have a whalebone,
and some bannock freshly fried.
For you I have hot walrus soup,
to keep you warm inside.”



NIAGARA FALLS (Tuesday)

“Of course! to Niagara Falls, my one-eyed navigator,
none other quite so grand.
Pouring down over a hundred feet
all carved by nature’s hand.”

Millions of tourists come to visit,
and some to make a vow,
but as much as they love each other,
it’s the falls that make them, WOW!

Pilot starts to lick his lips,
I’m quick to get the gist.
I ordered a bagel with maple syrup,
and a ride on the Maid of the Mist.

It is the stories I like the best,
of daredevils who survived the fall,
an old lady in a barrel,
and a man in a rubber ball.



In the morning, I did wake on my comfy captain's bed.
Pilot winked and nodded, and this is what he said ...

- 1 wink 5 nods
- 3 winks 6 nods
- 2 winks 6 nods
- 1 wink 3 nods
- 4 winks 3 nods

HEY KIDS!

Use the code wheel on the back cover to figure out where Pilot wants to go. Write the letters below. This is a secret code so always use pencil and erase your answer when finished.



Helen Jeanne

100832

In the morning, I did wake on my comfy captain's bed.
Pilot winked and nodded, and this is what he said . . .

- 3 winks 3 nods
- 3 winks 0 nods
- 1 wink 2 nods
- 2 winks 3 nods
- 2 winks 1 nod
- 1 wink 4 nods
- 3 winks 4 nods

Help Jesse with the code.
Print your answer in the
space below:



BAY OF FUNDY (Wednesday)

“Of Course, to the Bay of Fundy, my one-eyed navigator,
where the beaches are full of sand,
but the sand seems to come and go,
like some giant sleight of hand.”

“It’s not the sand that disappears,” says Pilot.
“It’s the tides that teeter-totter.
One moment you’re on dry land,
and the next, you’re under water.”

Digging clams is Pilot’s favourite thing,
and eating them, I should note.
For me nothing is tastier than a lobster claw,
aboard a Cape Island boat.

“I have an idea,” says Jesse.
“Let’s go mud sliding on the bore.”
“Not me,” said Pilot, “I’m digging up a bone,
from an ancient dinosaur.”



In the morning, I did wake on my comfy captain's bed.
Pilot winked and nodded, and this is what he said ...

- 1 wink 2 nods
- 1 wink 0 nods
- 1 wink 1 nod
- 3 winks 0 nods
- 3 winks 5 nods

Help Jesse with the code.
Print your answer in the
space below:



THE ROCKIES (Thursday)

“Of course, to the Rockies my one-eyed navigator,
where the sky and mountains meet,
a playground for adventurers, and a home for
big-horned mountain sheep.”

Suddenly, snow whips across our faces,
and the winds begin to howl.
We crash into a giant nest
beside a big ol’ owl.

“I know you,” says the owl.

“I taught you how to fly.

Welcome to my cozy home high up in the sky.
I’ll tie you to my body, and launch you like a kite,
but promise me to stay up high
above the peaks at night.”

Looking down from above the clouds
Pilot can hardly believe his eye.
Over a thousand peaks, capped in white,
like meringue on a lemon pie.

Which gets Pilot to thinking,
of what he’d like to do:
Eat a heap of Nanaimo bars,
and a bowl of bison stew.



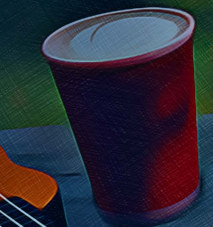
CABOT TRAIL (Friday)

“Of course, to the Cabot Trail, my one-eyed navigator,
where nature fills your eyes,
and the twists and turns, slow you down,
for every new surprise.”

Like a visit to a Ceilidh (pronounced Kay Lee)
where the cooks they are a preppin’,
the fiddlers are a fiddlin’,
and the dancers are a steppin’.

Or to the Highland Games,
to toss a big ol’ tree,
or “to put a stone” or tug o’ war,
Or eat mussels from the sea.

That’s where I find Pilot,
In his kilt and tartan vest,
not muscle bound, but a mussel hound
of which he is the best.





In the morning, I did wake on my comfy captain's bed.
Pilot winked and nodded, and this is what he said . . .

- 3 winks 1 nod
- 3 winks 3 nods
- 1 wink 0 nods
- 2 winks 1 nod
- 3 winks 3 nods
- 2 winks 1 nod
- 1 wink 4 nods
- 3 winks 4 nods

Help Jesse with the code.
Print your answer in the
space below:



In the morning, I did wake on my comfy captain's bed.
Pilot winked and nodded, and this is what he said ...

2 winks 6 nods
1 wink 4 nods
4 winks 1 nod
1 wink 5 nods
3 winks 0 nods
3 winks 6 nods
2 winks 6 nods

1 wink 3 nods
2 winks 4 nods
1 wink 0 nods
2 winks 6 nods
1 wink 3 nods



THE PRAIRIES (Saturday)

“Of course, to the Prairies, my one-eyed navigator,
where the sky is big, and the land is flat.
Where rodeos call for spurs and boots,
and a big ol’ cowboy hat.”

Landscape like a patchwork quilt,
and elevators filled with grain.
There are combine harvesters and tractors,
and the hope for sun and rain.

There’s ballet in the city,
and Mounties on the beat,
But most of all, it’s the fertile soil,
for fields of cows and wheat.

Pilot is thinking other things,
in his hungry little head.
Cows and wheat can only mean,
milk and homemade bread.



NEWFOUNDLAND (Sunday)

“Of course, to Newfoundland my one-eyed navigator,
but first this must be planned,
to pronounce the name of the place correctly,
Understand, “New fund land.”

Or the “Rock” as many call it,
a land so wild and free,
with puffins, icebergs, and mighty whales,
surrounded by the sea.

From Gros Morne to Cape Spear
a thousand bights and bays,
and everywhere you go, it seems,
“Mind the moose,” they say.

“If the caplin are rolling on the beach,” says Jesse.
“We’ll have a big ol’ fry.
Until then, my hungry mutt,
it’s toutons and flipper pie.”

Monday Morning

In the morning, I did wake,
to return to school today,
but the **GREATEST** wonder
remains a mystery.
What will I possibly say?”



REESE



VAL

CÉLINE



CLASSROOM (Monday)

“Good morning, class,” says Mrs. House.

“Today your assignment is due.

Let’s begin with the greatest wonder,
and Val, let’s start with you.”

“I think Canada’s greatest wonder is its indigenous people;
the way they dance and dress,
the great respect they have for nature,
and were here, before the rest.”

“Great answer, but not what I had in mind,” says Mrs. House.

“How about, The National War Memorial?” asked Reese.

“Brave men and women gave their lives,
so, we can live in peace.”

Excellent answer,” says Mrs. House,

“But it doesn’t solve the riddle.

Seven letters, in French and English
with no space in the middle.”

“Anybody else?” says Mrs. House.

“How about Quebec City?” shouts Céline.

“With its walls and château,
and yummy French cuisine.”



CLASSROOM (Monday)

“Très bien, Céline,” says Mrs. House.
“But not what I had in mind.
Now Jesse, what greatest wonder
did you and Pilot find?”

“It was still a mystery on the way to school
then Pilot licked his lips
to the smell of curds and gravy
and French fried potato chips.

“So, POUTINE must be the greatest wonder
it’s a single word not two.
Has seven letters in French and English
and I have a box for you.

“That’s funny and thank you, Jesse,” says Mrs. House.
“But I was thinking of something more.”
Pilot started coding letters,
from a word the night before.



1 wink 5 nods
3 winks 3 nods _____
1 wink 4 nods
1 wink 4 nods



A classroom scene. In the background, a teacher with blonde hair in a ponytail, wearing a light blue shirt and black leggings, is writing the word 'free' on a green chalkboard. In the foreground, a young boy with short blonde hair and blue eyes, wearing a green long-sleeved shirt and dark pants, is smiling and holding a yellow and orange striped object (possibly a pencil or eraser) in his mouth. He is holding a large white sign with red text that reads 'FREEDOM AND LIBERTÉ'. He is also holding a red and white marker in his left hand.

CLASSROOM

"That's it, Pilot," said Jesse.
"So obvious, but so very hard to see.
Yet, part of everything we do,
in Canada, we are 'FREE!'"

FREEDOM
AND LIBERTÉ

So, the seven letters must be 'FREEDOM,'
Jesse, he did say.

"And the French word has seven letters," said Céline,
"The word is "LIBERTÉ." (pronounced 'lee bear tay')

So, FREEDOM is the greatest wonder,
like a bird up in the sky.
To live our lives as we wish,
where even dogs can fly.

O Canada

O Canada! Our home and native land!
True patriot love in all of us command,

Car ton bras sait porter l'épée,
Il sait porter la croix!
Ton histoire est une épopée
Des plus brillants exploits,

God keep our land glorious and **free!**
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.

O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.



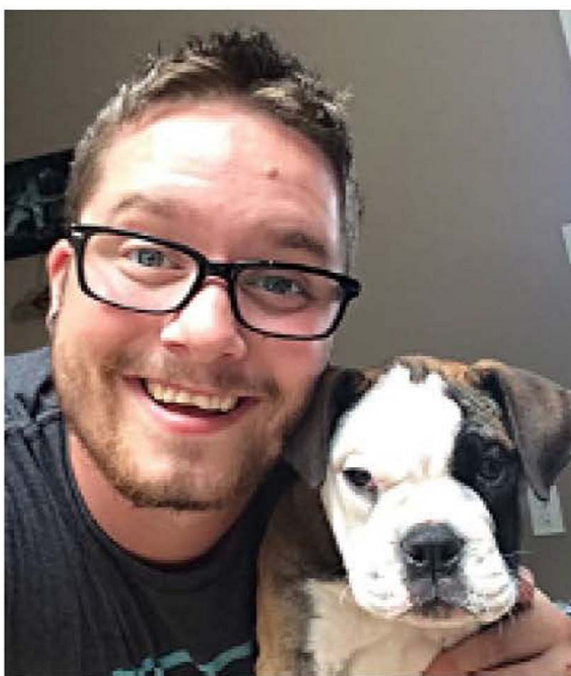
Herbert F Hopkins

Herbert F Hopkins has written and published three novels. He has also written a book of poetry which was acquired by the National Library of Canada for its National Book Preservation Centre.

More recently, Hopkins has turned his hand to writing children's books, firstly penning the internationally recognized "Jesse and the Seven Wonders of the World," and then the highly successful "Jesse and the Seven Wonders of St. John's." It was inevitable that Hopkins would then focus on Newfoundland, the island that he holds so dear. Now, finally, to finish the series, "Jesse and the Seven Wonders of Canada."

Hopkins lives in St. John's with his beautiful wife, Jane, and their one-eyed mutt, Pirate (aka Pilot).

Visit him at www.wordsandwood.ca and www.jesseandthesevenwonders.com.



Corey Majeau

Corey Majeau is an author, illustrator, and cartoonist born in Edson, Alberta. After falling in love with the rocky shores of Newfoundland, he decided to make it his home. Corey has been a cartoonist and graphic designer for over a decade, with his work spread across multiple platforms and small presses. His cover designs have been nominated for several awards and featured in numerous bestselling titles. He resides in Gander, NL, with his wife and best friend, Candace, their son Jack, and daughter Charlie.

