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NOTICE

Pursuant to the resolution of the Directors of The Grain Growers' Grain Company Limited, at a meeting held in Winnipeg, April 3rd, 1913, Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the said Company will be held in the Assembly Hall in the Industrial Bureau (corner Main and Water streets), in the City of Winnipeg, in the Province of Manitoba, on Tuesday, November 11th, A.D. 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock a.m.

WM. MOFFAT, Secretary.
Winnipeg.
Sept. 25th, A.D. 1913.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS
PLEASE MENTION THE GUIDE

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

LAST CALL FOR STORIES

Any of you who have not already done so had best put on your thinking caps right away quick and send in a fairy or adventure story for our prize contest. Let it really be a make-up story and tell it as brightly as you can. Never mind if you have written before and have not seen your letter in print. There are dozens of good stories that I can't put in the paper for lack of space, so you must not think yours is the only one.

Every boy or girl under seventeen is invited to send a story. But it is necessary to get the signature of your teacher or one of your parents to show that the story is your own work and that the age given is correct. All stories must be written in pen and ink and on one side of the paper only.

As usual three splendid story books will be given as prizes for the three best stories received and I promise that they'll be the kind of story books that you will enjoy reading over and over again. But you'll have to hurry to have your stories in on time. Don't waste a minute, but sit down and write one now. Address all letters to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

DIXIE PATTON

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CANARY BIRD

The first thing I remember was sitting in a little nest with some other birds that I soon found out were my sisters and brothers. It was a warm country where a lot of fruit hung on the tree where the nest was. I did not look very pretty, neither did my brothers and sisters. But my mother often told us that we would soon look like her. My mother was very good to us. We would only have to open our mouth and a worm would drop into it.

One day we wondered why mother was flying and screaming, so we crawled up and looked out and saw a boy climbing up to the nest. We were very frightened, but he did not hurt us. He took us far away and the next thing I remember was sitting in a cage with many of my comrades. We could not get enough to eat so many of my brothers and sisters and comrades died. We were soon found among many other birds in cages and were sent over a great ocean. We did not feel happy and did not sing. We were then put in a market place and many of us were sold. I was sold to a little boy and carried to his home. He had many brothers and sisters, but they were not at all good to me. Sometimes I would not get any food. I was very lonesome. I did not sing very much because I always heard the people grumble at me. The children would often tease me.

At last I was sold to a young couple and there I met one of my comrades who was with me on the ship. We were very happy and kept on singing from morn till night. We always had enough to eat and drink and sunshine. We were placed near some flowers which looked almost the same as those in our own country. We were soon beginning to grow old, but we were taken care of just the same. I am still living here; often I am let out to fly around in a room with my friend, but we never try to fly away, because we hope to live here all our lives.

MISS VICTORIA M. HEDLUND.
Malmö, Alta.

PUSSY CAT

All I remember when I was young is that something carried me by my neck to a nice warm place and then would take me to another. Sometimes it was warm and sometimes it was cold.

I often wished I knew what it was. I tried to see if I could open my eyes and I found I could. Then I saw it was my mother. She was all white and I had a little white and black brother.

After a while we played and ran about and had great fun. My mother brought us some mice and gophers to eat and I can remember that we growled at each other when we ate them.

One day my brother and I went out and saw a mouse and ran after it and caught it. We caught some every day when we were hungry. One time I was locked up in a bag and was bumped about a lot, and when I was let out I found I was at a new place.

A lovely child carried me in her arms

to the house, where she gave me some warm milk and I have lived there ever since. One time I saw my mother and brother; he was as big as his mother.

GWYNETH WRIGHT.

Coblenz, Sask., Age 12.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MAPLE SEED

The first part of my life I can remember is of clinging to a twig of Mother Maple and being rocked by the breeze, while the birds sang me to sleep. There were many of my brothers all about me and they were dressed in the same way as myself, being in green with green wings. I was very proud of my own green wings and was anxious for the time to arrive when I might use them.

While we waited for our wings to grow strong, Mother Maple gave us much good advice as to our future life and in many ways trained us to go out into the big bright world. "Always be contented with your lot and put forth every effort to be a benefit to mankind," she would say, and I have always remembered her wise counsel and profited by it.

At last there came a day when Mother Maple said we might go out into the world and try our beautiful wings. With a joyous flutter I loosened my hold on the little twig and sprang into the air with my brothers. A little breeze caught us up and carried us up, up, up into the air towards the blue sky like so many birds.

When I came to earth I found myself lying among the thick grasses. Here I lay for a long time, shaded by the grass, until the soil, blown over me by the winds, shut out every vestige of light. Underneath the warm blanket thus formed I lay and slept for a long, long time.

When I awoke I found the soil around me warm and pleasant to lie in, but I was impatient to see the bright world again and felt very dissatisfied with the dark little nest where I had slept all winter. Therefore, when I sent out two little leaves into the warm sunshine, I was very pleased.

Now I remembered my mother's words and started to grow with all my might until when fall came again and it was time to sleep, I was quite three times as tall as the grasses that had surrounded me.

Thus I went on for many seasons, growing all summer and sleeping all winter, until now I am a large tree, sending out little seeds myself and training them as my mother trained me. On one of my large limbs hangs a swing in which children sit every day and swing to and fro and play and laugh, happy in the shade and pleasure which I give them. Tired travellers rest beneath my broad branches and little birds and squirrels build their nests in them from year to year. And so I have fulfilled my mother's wish in becoming a fine, large tree and in giving pleasure and shade to the human race.

GLADYS HAIGHT.

Marengo, Sask., Age 15.

SPORT

The first thing I rightly remember was my mother licking me. I looked up and saw her kind face looking at me.

There were six of us—little black curly pups, the very same color as my mother.

The next day I got up and toddled around and as I was admiring myself I saw a very strange creature looking at me. It was what mother called a man. I was very much afraid at first, but mother said he would not hurt me and I became very brave and walked right up to him. He patted me very gently, but so frightened me that I ran back to my mother.

And so things went on. As I grew older my master taught me to fetch sticks. But I loved most of all to go into the water. It was so cool and refreshing. He always called me Sport. By this time I had grown a large dog. All my brothers had been taken away, so my mother brought me up well and I was a very well behaved dog.

At last duck season came around and I loved it so much that when my master picked up his gun, I would frisk and bark around him as much as to say, "Come on, old boy, I'm ready."

JAMES McMASTER.

Winterburn, Edmonton, Alta.

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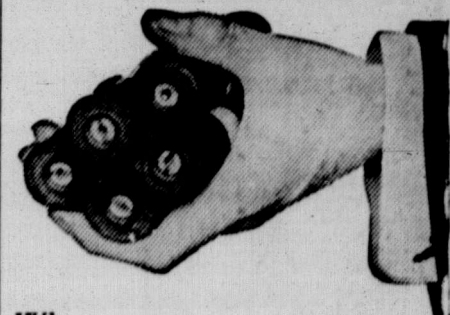
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