

Young Canada Club

BY DIXIE PATTON

THE BLUE CROSS

To those who pause to think what war means to the horses, the Blue Cross Fund will specially appeal. Very few people are aware that the Blue Cross was established in 1912 and is not a new venture inspired by the present war. Its object is to give aid to war horses at any time in any part of the world. It is really the foundation of an international organization for army horses on the same lines as the Red Cross.

A surgeon's report shows that numerous horses have had bullets and pieces of shrapnel successfully extracted, cuts and sores treated and wounds healed by the most humane and scientific methods. We know the facts of previous wars, of horses with gaping, unhealed wounds, until overcome with exhaustion, they sank to a slow death. Does not such work as this render the Blue Cross worthy of support? There could be no better appeal for this work than is found in a letter written by an officer at the front to a friend in London. He says, "There is a fund called the Blue Cross, which is well worth your while to send a bob to, as every little helps. It is for the benefit of the sick and wounded horses. The poor dumb brutes suffer a lot in war time, and if you tell all your friends to send a little, you can assure them that they are doing good to those who cannot speak for themselves."

All boys and girls who wish to help the wounded horses may send their contributions to me in care of The Guide, and I will forward them to the treasurer, or you may send them direct to Mrs. Lewis, Women's Exchange, 272 Carlton Street, Winnipeg. All money sent to me to be forwarded to Mrs. Lewis will be acknowledged in The Guide. As soon as you send a contribution you will receive a membership pin, which is a button with a blue cross on a white ground, and the inscription, "The Blue Cross, Help Our Wounded Horses." To wear this pin shows that you have done something to help the wounded horses.

I want to remind you of the contest in poetry writing. Already I have a few poems and they are excellent. But I want a great many more before I decide who shall get the prizes. You may write your story in poetry about anything at all, and be sure you send it to me in time. Several stories of "My Happiest Day" came in after the judging of stories was completed.

DIXIE PATTON.

THEIR HAPPIEST DAY

The sun was sinking slowly in the west as two boys were walking their homeward path. They were engrossed in a very deep conversation. The question was, how should they spend their holiday which was to be on the morrow. Their names were Eugene and Arnold Lambert. Eugene was a lad of 17 and Arnold two years younger. They had been working in a factory in the neighboring city and had for their attentiveness to their labor been given a holiday. They were at a loss to decide how to spend it. At last they decided to spend it in the woods which were a few miles off.

They were up bright and early the next morning. Mrs. Lambert, their mother, and their sister Sylvie, aged 13, prepared an appetizing lunch for them to take along. They decided to go on horseback and strap the lunch around one of their waists. So when their horses were bridled and saddled, they said good-bye and started off.

After riding several miles they came to the edge of the woods. They then rode on to a very dense part and there they decided to tether their horses. The two boys then took their rifles, each went a different direction, and both were determined to find something.

Eugene had not gone a very great distance when he heard the drumming of what he supposed to be a partridge. He got down on his knees and crept towards the place from where the sound came. Then he looked up. He was right. There on a great hollow log, not far from him, a large male partridge was loudly drumming. His beautiful ruff was spread out like a fan and the lovely bronze feathers were glistening in the sun.

Eugene's gaze never left the bird.

"If I could only get him," he whispered under his breath. He determined to try at least. He raised a rifle, aimed, shot, and the partridge being shot by the discharge of Eugene's rifle, fluttered to the ground. The boy sprang forward and picked it up. He saw it was quite dead so he took it by the feet and carried it to the place where they had left their horses. Arnold was already there and when he saw the bird he admired it immensely.

"But see what I found," he said and turned to where they had left their coats. His was wrapped up like a bundle and when he had it unwrapped he held up a tiny grey rabbit he had hidden in his coat.

"Isn't it cute?" he said, "I found it sitting by a little bush. It seemed to be deserted, so I thought I would take it home with me."

"If we feed and take care of it right, we can make a fine pet of it," said Eugene.

The boys were both getting hungry, so they spread out the lunch and ate with a hearty appetite. They spent the rest of the day in shooting squirrels and wandering around through the trees and bushes.

Towards evening they decided to go home. When they arrived home it was quite dark, but nobody had yet gone to bed. They put their horses in the stable, took the bridles and saddles off them, fed them, and then went to the house. They were at once obliged to show what they had got. The smaller children, Genevra and Eunice, were quite delighted with the little rabbit. Mr. Lambert thought both boys had got nice prizes, but he liked the partridge in particular, saying, "It will be nice mounted."

"Well," said Arnold, as he went to bed that night, "I believe this has been my happiest day."

"Mine too," agreed Eugene.

And now if you were to visit at Arnold and Eugene's home and peep into the sitting room you would see, sitting upon a perch, a lovely mounted partridge with its now fixed glass eyes and its beautiful ruff glistening in the sunlight.

If you would also go around to the garden you would see a rabbit cage with a large grey rabbit creeping softly about, leaving remnants of cabbage leaves and carrots.

WAVA ALICE RUTH DUTCH.

Sask. Age 13.

A TRIP TO TOWN

One day in the early part of August, my mother, father, brother and I went to Calgary. In the morning we went out to the park. I saw small statues and one large one of a man on horseback. It was made of bronze. There were morning glories, four o'clocks, pansies and a great many other flowers besides. There were plants too.

When we got back we did our trading. At one o'clock the stores closed. Then we went out to Sarcee camp to see the soldiers. We went on a street car. We saw the soldiers march. We saw the soldiers learning to shoot and heard them playing in the band. In front of the soldiers' tents there were stones painted white. After a while we came back to town.

Father and I went to a picture show. At the picture show I saw a man that went into a grocery store. The clerk didn't want him in there so he chased him out, then threw a can of beans at him. The man took the beans home. He poured them out into a pie plate, held it up to the lamp to get warm, while doing this he burned his fingers and dropped the pie plate. He dropped the beans on a nankin, then started to eat them. When about half finished some one knocked at the door. When he opened the door he saw a man and began to talk. While they were talking, a cat came in and began to eat the beans, pretty soon one man saw the cat eating beans. The visitor went away and the man took the cat by the neck and shook the beans out of the cat. Then we went home. When we got home I was very tired. I hope to see my story in print this time.

BERTRAM M. NEWTON.

Alta. Age 10.

Proper Feeding Pays

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