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for Breads-Cakes
Puddings-Pastries



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Nutritious : Wholesome
Keeps Well

THESE FACTS SPEAK :

for themselves. A Garbutt Graduate is now champion typist of Canada. The only school in the province with a court reporter and a chartered accountant on its staff, the only school in Alberta that is a member of the Association of Accredited Commercial Schools is the Garbutt School. Our students won first prize for penmanship at the Calgary Exposition and forty-two diplomas for penmanship from the American Penman Magazine of New York. More successful students on the Chartered Accountancy examinations this year than all competitors have had in five years. Our system of individual instruction permits students to enter at any time. Write today.

Garbutt Business College, Calgary, Alberta



STRETCH the fabric of a Watson Spring Needle Ribbed garment. Now release it. Notice how it springs back into shape instantly. It's due to the spring needle ribbed machine which produces an elasticity in the fabric, possible in no other way.

Sold by the better class of shops in all popular styles, fabrics and sizes for men, women and children.

Watson's SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED
UNDERWEAR

The Watson Manufacturing Company, Limited, Bradford, Ontario 1011

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE GUIDE

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

ROADS

Many, many roads there are, warm and dusty brown,
Some go running to the hills, some turn into town;
Some lead far and far away—where nobody knows;
How I'd like to follow them, finding where each goes!

Once I found a pretty road, leading up a hill,
It ran beside a daisy field, and on it wandered still;
And down it went across a bridge, all tumbled and forlorn,
Then straight behind a farmer's barn, where ducks were eating corn!

Many, many roads there are, warm and dusty brown,
Some go running to the hills, some turn into town;
Each and every one of them, I choose it as my friend,
For sure surprise is waiting me, if I could find the end!

—Miriam Clark Potter, in
St. Nicholas Magazine.

LAST CHANCE TO ENTER CONTEST

This is the very last chance to enter the story contest, in which you are to tell about Nature's Freaks, which means anything very surprising you have known a plant, insect, bird or animal to do.

Tell this story just as brightly as you possibly can, writing it out carefully in pen and ink, and on only one side of the paper. Then address your envelope clearly to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

As usual the three best stories will bring the writers prizes of story books that they will enjoy reading, and all the little or big new writers who remember to send a self-addressed and stamped envelope with their stories will receive membership cards and pins.

Any boy or girl under seventeen years of age may enter the contest, but the letter must be posted in time to reach me not later than October 31.

DIXIE PATTON.

Note—Don't fail to look up this department next week. There is a pleasant surprise in store.

D. P.

WHY I LIKE SCHOOL

I go to school regularly and I take a great liking to my studies. They seem to interest me if I have a good teacher who explains hard things. There is another attraction in going to school and that is the gardens, baseball and many other games.

I think education is very important as it fits a boy or girl for their future life. An educated man will get a job quicker than an uneducated man would, for the educated man's intellect is sharpened up by his education. Another reason why I like school is the physical drill exercises. These exercises are good for a person both mentally and physically.

I am not as yet a member of the "Young Canada Club," but I am sending a stamped and addressed envelope and hope to be enrolled as a member of your club.

MERVIN PATTON,

Margaret, Man. Age 12.

FEATHERED FOLKS

This morning when I looked at The Guide I saw that there was a new contest and I got to work and thought until I remembered I could tell something I had really seen about feathered folks. One morning when I was on my Shetland pony's back I was going thru a slough when all at once I heard a splash. I looked around to see what was the matter and I saw our dog chasing a lot of wild ducks. The father and mother were ahead and about seven little ones behind. After awhile the little ones seemed to glide to one side and hide in the long grass and the dog chased the big ones until they flew away. I turned back to see if I could find the little ones' hiding place. I looked around for quite a long while when I saw what I thought were shadows but on looking closer I found that they were the little ducks. They glided along in and out of the weeds so quietly that

no one would notice them. The father and mother came back after awhile.

MARJORIE PATMORE,

Pipestone, Man. Age 10.

A TRUE STORY

Three days ago when I was going for the mail I saw a badger coming up to our house and I called the dogs and they came and barked at it until my sister came with a club and we went over to the badger. It could not fight her because the two dogs kept it busy watching them, and when she got a chance she hit him on the nose and stunned him. Then she hit him again and his nose began to bleed. Then they brought him to the house and our dog Judy lay beside him all the time and if anything came around it he would growl and snap at it.

MYRTHA ANITA JACOBS,

Ranching, Alta. Age 10 years.

WHY I LIKE SCHOOL

My three greatest reasons for liking school are as follows: First, by going to school I am enabled to mix daily with my companions and friends. Secondly, by being constantly occupied at school I thus escape all home and farm work which I certainly would not be able to do if my time was not otherwise employed. Thirdly, and lastly, by going to school I am gradually acquiring knowledge which will be useful to me in later life. I am just writing my first time and hope to get a prize for writing why I do like school.

LAURA HOLSTEIN,

Wauchope, Sask. Age 11.

WHY I LIKE SCHOOL

I liked going to school last year, because I knew the teacher loved me and I loved her. She was my mamma. She tried very hard to teach us well. She praised us when we did things right and I tried very hard to do better. I think mothers know how to sympathize with the children and know how to treat them. I have never played truant because I want to go to college like my auntie is doing in Winnipeg. My mamma, when coming home from school, told us stories and helped us with our memorizing. When mamma was teaching I was not afraid to ask her any questions I did not know. I liked weekly examinations because I tried to beat the others and they tried to beat me and that made us all work better. When we had our lessons perfect mamma let us read a library book. She explained everything to us on the blackboard and I could understand it better than if I had read it. I don't like making gardens at school. I hope I will get a book because I am fond of reading.

FRANCES E. PRATT,

Bengough, Sask. Age 8 years.

WHY I LIKE SCHOOL

I like to go to school because my teacher is good and I like to read and study. When I study hard the teacher lets me out for recess to play. I like to go to school because I like to study all day long. I like to write. I hope that I'll never have to stay home from school because I want to be a teacher as my sister is.

VIOLA LUCILE

Age 7.

THE WRONG TRACK

Once upon a time a man was going to his uncle's farm. He was walking on a main road when suddenly he came to a track leading into a bush. He thought it was the track going to his uncle's farm, but it was the wrong track. He came to an old house and this house was haunted. He did not know that it was haunted, so as it was near evening he thought he would go and sleep there. When he was asleep he heard strange noises and then he saw something white. It was a ghost. Then it disappeared. When morning came he started for his uncle's farm. He did not have any breakfast. When he got to his uncle's home he told his uncle about the house and his uncle said there was a man killed there and that must be his image. The man did not go alone after that.

BERTHA HELPS,

Manitou, Man.

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