

# Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

## WINTER FAIRY STORIES

Apparently there is no scarcity of winter fairies in this country, judging by the large number of letters that have come in answer to the fairy story contest.

I haven't read them yet, but I am sure that in so large a number there will be many that are well worth reading. I sometimes wish I had made a collection of the best stories of each contest, and indeed it isn't too late to do it yet. Perhaps in a special number some time we will reprint a very choice collection of them.

I fancy everyone would be surprised to find what excellent stories have appeared in the Young Canada Club from time to time, and nearly all of them written by little country boys and girls.

DIXIE PATTON.

## A RUNAWAY

I am a new writer and would like to win one of your maple leaf pins. About three years ago my father and I were bucking hay about a mile away from home. About three o'clock in the afternoon I put my team on the rake and began to rake up the loose hay that had fallen from the bucking pole. I had been raking for about half an hour when one of the horses stepped in a badger hole and pulled one rein out of my hand. I held on to the other rein and that pulled the team around in a circle. My father was stacking about three rods away, but the team was going the wrong way for him to stop them. After they had gone around about four times the tongue dropped down and they broke loose from the rake. I fell off the seat but did not get hurt much. The team went thru quite a few fences, but did not get cut badly. We have the same team yet and they have run away twice since then.

RAYMOND KEMMIS, Grainland, Alta. Age 14.

## THE HORNE EAGLES

One day when my brother and I were coming home thru the wood, I found an egg-shell on the ground. I thought it was a partridge egg and we looked around for the nest. At last I discovered in the top of a tree a very large nest. I thought the nest was deserted and decided to climb up to it. When I was about three feet from the nest, I was attacked by a very large bird with fierce beak and talons. I grabbed a limb of the tree and beat him off.

I wasn't long getting down and running home to tell mother the story. After dinner we took an axe and went up to see the nest. The bird wasn't in sight and we thought the nest was deserted. So we went to work and cut down the tree. In the meantime the bird came back. He swooped down at a puppy we had with us and picked him up by the back, carried him three or four feet in the air and let him drop. Just as the tree was falling the female bird flew out. In the nest we found two young eagles, one dead, the other alive. For food they had five rabbits, three mice and some gophers. We took the live one home and put him in a box. He was covered with down, all but his wings. He was as big as a good sized rooster, but was very light. He also had two horns just above his eyes. These horns were stiff feathers. I had him more than two weeks and one night the old eagle came and took it away. I was sorry from that day forth for disturbing the poor eagle family. As this is my first letter to your club, I am in hopes to receive a button.

ROGER RAY, Tofield, Alta. Age 13.

## SNOWBALL'S FAMILY

Once upon a time there was a family of kittens. Their mother was Snowball, a big white pussy. The kittens' names were; Tabby, Bessy, Blacky and Muff. They lived up in the hay loft where they could see the cattle eating the hay.

They had a very dear young mistress who came and fed them every day. One day Muff fell down from the loft and nearly got trampled on by the horses. Her mother dashed down after her and picked her up. She was not let out to play for three days. Then she was very

careful not to fall down again. They all grew up and were given away to other children.

BINA LILLIAN BROWN, Invermay, Sask. Age 12.

## A PET CANARY

Once we had a pet canary and it was very tame. He would sit on the table and eat bread-crumbs, but would not go into the butter. At night he would sit in the flower-pot. We did not have any wall-paper on the wall yet. There was only cheese-cloth. He would catch all the flies in the house. One day mamma left the door open and he flew out. He flew down to the barn, but he came back into the house. He would perch on the back of the chair and sing. One day our cat came into the house and caught the bird. Then I dug a little grave for it.

ELLA B. HAMANN, Craik, Sask. Age 9.

## BOB AND I

I am going to tell you some of the good times my little chum and I have. His name is Bobbie and he is a day older than I am. We live just across the road from each other, we play horse and have teams of light and heavy horses. When I go to see him I take one of my teams and help plow and harrow, and he brings his team back. We have saddle horses too and hunt and go for the cattle on horseback. We have some empty stables to play in and we build all kinds of buildings for our horses. Now if any of you little boys want to know what to get for a good horse, ask your mamma for an old broomstick.

When my grandpa lived on the farm he had a very knowing old horse called Clyde. He would go to the granary and knock on a loose board and eat the oats as they fell out, and when he would see grandpa coming he would run away. I would like a button if you give buttons.

RAYMOND MENEER, Age 6.

## A COYOTE

One day my brother was away. When he came home he had a coyote. We put it in a small box at first, then after a while we made a pen for it and put it in that. We gave it gophers to eat and milk to drink and it seemed to be quite content. My brother and I went out one day to get some rabbits for it. We had the luck of getting two. When we brought them home we hung them up in a tree close beside the pen. The coyote could not get at them without jumping, so he jumped up and pulled them both down and took them in his pen.

After a while my brother shot it, skinned it and gave the money to the Red Cross Fund.

RUSSEL WINDRUM, Prosperity, Sask. Age 11.

## A YOUNG BIRD

My youngest sister and I used to take turn in riding after the cattle at night. One night I went after the cattle. When I was going along the road with the cattle I saw a hollow tree in the bush. I thought there might be a bird's nest in it so I went into the bush. I tapped the tree with a stick and I heard a hissing noise inside. I stayed there for quite a while trying to make the bird fly out so I could see it, but it stayed in. After a while I made up my mind to go home and get my sister to go out with me, so I went on home.

After I got home we went out and tried to push the tree over and make it land on the ground in a way that wouldn't disturb the nest, but it didn't land that way. The old bird flew out and it looked like a meadow-lark. When we looked in the nest we saw a young bird almost as big as the old one and four or five little white eggs. We thought the old bird would be apt to neglect the young one after its nest was broken down so we took it home. My pigeons had a nest and I gave it to them. They claimed it, but it knew that they weren't its parents and it wouldn't take food from them. When we came home from school one day it was out of the nest and nearly dead. We got worms and fed it, but it died in a day or two.

IRENE STEELE.



## A Wild Animal Menagerie

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There will be in all eighteen cages and exhibits, made up as follows:

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Cage containing 5 Lions</li> <li>Cage containing African Lioness</li> <li>Cage containing Tiger</li> <li>Cage containing Leopard</li> <li>Cage containing Leopardess</li> <li>Cage containing Jaguar</li> <li>Cage containing White-tailed Deer</li> <li>Cage containing Zebra</li> <li>Cage containing Black Fallow Deer</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Cage containing Rhesus</li> <li>Cage containing White Fallow Deer</li> <li>Cage containing One Brown Bear</li> <li>Cage containing Sable Deer or Avard</li> <li>Cage containing Wild Boar</li> <li>Also Pit containing Llama</li> <li>Pit containing Kangaroo</li> <li>Pit containing 3 Cub Bears</li> <li>Pit containing Ornamental Fowls</li> </ul>
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This menagerie will be located on the Sixth Floor. Visitors from out of town will be welcome to see it—and as often as they desire. No charge will be made.

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