

# Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

## COUNTRY VISITING

Wish you could all have been along with me this week end, when I was visiting at one of the beaches on Lake Winnipeg—only, since the five boys who were about kept up a pretty steady whirlwind of excitement, it might have been a little bit distracting to the nerves to have had you all along.

But I can't help thinking how you would have loved it—the bathing on the sandy bar, the boating, the skipping of flat stones over the water, and the lazy lying about on the beach or in the hammock waiting for the meal time, that never seemed, to ravenous appetites, to come quickly enough.

But, after all, I am not sure that for real genuine good times I would trade a prairie farm for all the beaches in the province, and I have tried both, so, on second thought, I withdraw the wish that you might be any other place than on your own big, roomy farms.

DIXIE PATTON

## BIRD CAMPERS

Honorable Mention

Early this spring I put up some birdies' nests. I got two tin pails and an old tin teapot and fastened them securely to trees around our bluff. For some days the birds paid no attention to them, but presently an old red winged blackbird took it into her head that the teapot would be a good place for a summer resort in which to bring up her family.

She at once began to build. She carried hay from the stack yard and put a good layer of it in the bottom, then carried soft mud and manure to paste it tightly in. She kept on putting in layers of hay, then mud till the can was nearly full. Then she shaped the nest and lined it with hay, strings, down, etc. When the nest was complete she began to lay eggs. Each morning another egg was added to the nest until the nest contained five pale green eggs, mottled with dark brown.

After this the bird began to sit, and she sat continuously, only when she was off for food, for about fourteen days. Then the birdies began to hatch. There was still one egg in the nest when I looked, but I could not see if it was rotten or not, as the bird swooped down upon me. I had some bread in my hand, and as they seemed hungry I put some bread in their huge mouths. I say huge as the birdies were so small their mouths seemed made for a larger bird. When their mouths were so full I thought they would choke, they still continued to hold them open.

Another blackbird, seeing how comfortable Mrs. Blackie was, thought she would do the same. After laboring hard for many days the nest was completed, also five eggs laid, when a bad storm came up and she was drowned out. I lined the nest, also wiped the eggs after, but she did not come back. She had been forced to abandon the nest, but like King Bruce's spider did not give up, but has started her nest over again in the remaining pail.

JEAN L. EDIE

## PATIENCE

Honorable Mention

The Methodist Church is just next to our house. Many birds build on the small shelves around it. I noticed a certain sparrow one day with a small, white mark on its back, which looked rather queer. I watched it and saw it was building a nest. The nest was nearly completed next day when some men, who were going to paint the church, tore it down. The little sparrow was not to be beaten and in a few days another nest was completed. The men again tore it down, but the sparrow was still not to be beaten, and in a few days still another nest was made. The men now tore it down and painted the small shelf. The bird built again and this time some of the straws stuck to the shelf, but the boys who took it down did not notice them, and still another nest was built. The men gave me the nest next time and I placed it in the

tree, but the sparrow took no notice, but built in the same place.

This last nest is still up, and I think an egg is in it. But I do hope the little sparrow, who I named Patience, will have the nest until it has hatched its eggs. The sparrow built six times, and I think it has the most patience I have ever noticed in birds or animals.

MABEL PEACOCK

## A QUIANT HOUSE

Honorable Mention

When Mamma Wren went house hunting in the spring she discovered an old worn-out vest hanging from a nail in the tool house. She and Mr. Wren were both delighted. They lined the walls with thatch and covered the floor with soft green moss.

When four little eggs speckled with red lay in the nest, they were the happiest birds in the world. One day the eggs parted, and four little baby wrens appeared. They opened their mouths very wide and begged for food. Just at that moment a spider dropped from the rafter above. In less than an instant Mrs. Wren had seized him and given the baby wrens a good feast, which I am sure they enjoyed very much.

ANNA STEEL

## A DIP IN A GRAIN BARREL

I must tell you my first experience in childhood. It was certainly a surprise to me. When I was six years old, mamma was sewing, making a pair of pants for my Uncle Ed and of course she was not keeping a very close eye to me. There was a barrel of hog feed made of grain and seeds, which made it pretty thick. It was sitting out doors by the wall of the house. This day I got a chair and climbed up on it and began to dabble in it, and all of a sudden I tumbled into the barrel head first and came out head first by working pretty hard. With fright I got out and was trying to shake off the grain and seed and water, for I was as wet as could be and my mouth was full of seeds. I was busy at work when my mamma found me, and she certainly did laugh when she saw where I had been. She wondered how I had got out of this barrel myself, for it was a large coal oil barrel. I think this is as good a surprise as anyone in childhood ever had, and I am hoping to see it in The Grain Growers' Guide.

S. B.

## THE QUEER HOME OF THE ANTS

When ants first start to build a home there are millions of them go together. The queen ants lead the way. They fly till they find a good place on high ground; there they all unhook their wings, because they have found their home, and throw them away.

Then they all start to work digging. First they dig to get a canal big enough so that they can turn around in it and carry the dirt and pile it up around their hole. They keep on till they have their kitchen, pantry, dining room and parlor built, upstairs, then down stairs, they have bedrooms of all kinds and large halls.

Next they think about their food for winter. The working ants carry the food to their store rooms in their grand house. They eat any other small insect and berries, crumbs of bread and corn when they can get it, and for their milk to drink they catch a little green bug that lives on plants. When they have about twenty of these caught they take them to their home. Then they pet and stroke them to get honey dew from them.

The queen ants lay their eggs in the bedrooms. They lay thousands and thousands of them. After these hatch they are called larvae. The nurse ants carry these out every sunny day to the top of their mound. Then, when it gets damp they carry them back to their rooms, and a blanket is spun around them. Then in a few days they turn into ants and work their way out of their blankets.

ESTLE BASKINS, Age 15.

Naisberry, Sask.

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