



Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON



BLUE CROSS FUND

This week I have 12 contributors to announce who helped the Blue Cross. Mrs. Lewis, the Winnipeg treasurer, told me the other day that she was more pleased every month with what our boys and girls are doing for the Blue Cross. She is proud of those who are willing to deny themselves the pleasure the money might bring to themselves and instead send it to help the wounded horses and dogs. Don't forget the dumb Allies who are suffering and giving their lives to help win the war.

Next week I shall announce the prize winners in the latest contest. It is going to be a real competition and the one who gets the prize against scores of others has reason to be proud of his or her poetry. Next week there will be a new contest.

This week's contributors to the Blue Cross Fund are:

Freddy Edmundson, Siltou, Sask.	\$.50
June Edmundson, Siltou, Sask.	.25
Edith and Lottie Lowe, Duval, Sask.	2.00
Edna Howarth, Glen Adelaide, Sask.	.25
Helen Stewart, Cairns, Alta.	.25
Hilda Ward, Kristnes P.O., Sask.	.25
Muriel Willis, Innisfree, Alta.	.67
Joseph Kompan, Nashlyn, Sask.	.25
John Harold Eastcott, Shoal Lake, Man.	.25
Gladys Smith, Entwistle, Alta.	.25
Catherine Cookey, MacDonald, Man.	.25
"Mischievous Monkey"	.10

DIXIE PATTON.

TINY CONTRIBUTORS

I am sending you 50 cents from myself and 25 cents from my little sister June, who is two-and-a-half years old, to help to get bandages for the poor wounded horses. I like the Young Canada Club page very much, especially the Doo Dads. I have two more paper quarters left for another time.

FREDDY EDMUNDSON, Siltou, Sask. Age 5.

DAVID AND TURNER

I have many times wished to write a letter in the Young Canada Club, but I've been afraid I couldn't write it correctly. But I'll try for the first time.

Once upon a time there lived two boys named David and Turner. They lived alone in the woods with their father. Their mother was dead. One day David and Turner went out fishing. Turner didn't catch any fish, but David had good luck. Turner got angry and took all the fish from him, and then they went home. When their father saw David had no fish at all his father turned him out to find some fish before he got any dinner. So David took his own boat and went out fishing. Near night David had his boat full. David thought the best thing to do was to sell his fish, so he sold the fish, and that brought him lots of money. So the next day David sailed home and he gave the money to his father, and they lived happily ever afterwards, but Turner felt sorry for what he had done to David.

ALFRED C. EKDAHL, Vanguard, Sask.

HELPS TO READ STORIES

I have read the stories in The Guide and take great interest in reading them. I also like the Doo Dads. Poor fellows, they sure do have some hard times once in a while. I am in Grade III, and it helps me a great deal to read the stories of the Young Canada Club.

THE DOO DADS MAKE A TANK

HERE is a commotion. The Doo Dads found a toy steam engine that some little boy had lost and see what they have done with it. They have made a tank such as the soldiers use in France. Poly is fireman and Smiles, the Clown, is at the Steering wheel. The tank is certainly doing lots of damage. It is pushing over the trees in which some of the Doo Dads have their houses. The house holders are very angry and no wonder. They called on Flannelfest, the Cop, who tried to stop the tank, but the Doo Dad in front aimed at him with his catapult and biffed him right on the nose. Poly, at the side, is also aiming a ball at him. Sleepy Sam, the Hobo, is snoozing peacefully away right in front of the tank. That Doo Dad is trying to wake him up before he is run over. The big wheel at the back has run right over Percy Haw Haw's foot and the wagon drawn by the frog has been smashed to pieces. Old Doc Sawbones has heard about the trouble. Here he comes on the run, perfectly sure that he will have some bones to set this time. If Sleepy Sam doesn't wake up soon it will tax old Doc's skill to make a healthy hobo out of him again.

I am enclosing 25 cents for the Blue Cross Fund. I hope it will do some good towards helping the poor wounded horses.

Wishing your club every success.
HILDA WARD.

Kristnes P.O. Sask.

PLENTY OF FUN

This is my first letter to your club. I like to look at the Doo Dads every week. I am nine years old. I am going to tell you about sleigh riding. I like to sleigh ride very much. We have quite a lot of trees and pretty thick together. The snow has drifted right over the top of them and there is a dandy place to sleigh ride. I got a hand sleigh for Christmas, and I like to go down the snow banks on my sleigh. In some places at the foot of the bank the snow is soft and you go right down. I like to stand on the sleigh and go down. In the spring there will be lots of puddles around here as there is lots of snow. I have a pony and a cutter and a buggy and harness. I like to ride around in the cutter in the winter and in the buggy in the summer. There is no school now as it is too cold. I like to go to school.

ROY GRENNIE.

Landis, Sask.

A CUT HAND

I am sending my first letter to the Young Canada Club. One day a friend came up to our place to stay for supper. My brother said he was going to the lake to have a row in somebody's

boat with his friend. I wanted to go with them but they would not let me at first. They had to stop to open a gate where they got off their horses, then they said I could go with them, so on I got on my brother's horse and went too. When we got to the lake we could not see the boat. But my brother went to the man who owned the boat. The man said that it leaked. So my brother and his friend went to a house that was empty. We saw some pigeons there so we tried to catch them but we could not. The pigeons went to a barn and we caught one there. Then the others flew away. One of them got on the house and our friend climbed up to get it, but he fell on some glass and cut his hand very badly. I had a white overall on. I took that off and wrapped it around his hand. It was such a bad cut that the blood dropped all the way home and it was a long time before it healed.

ISABEL EYER.

Freshfield, Alta.

KNITS SOLDIERS' SOCKS

I would like to become a member of the Young Canada Club. I like to read the interesting stories on your page. There are two Red Cross Societies in this community. I am a member of the one which is called "The Merry Workers." We have socials and concerts in the winter and picnics and basket ball in the summer. The funds which are obtained after paying expenses are sent to the Red Cross. We also do as much knitting as we can find time to do. I have knit several pairs of socks for the soldiers and so has my sister. At Christmas time we packed a large box which was to be divided among the boys at the front who have no friends to send them any. I am enclosing 25 cents for the Blue Cross which I hope will help to save some poor horse's life. Wishing the Blue Cross continued success.

EDNA HOWARTH, Glen Adelaide, Sask.

