



A LAST REMINDER

Just a few days longer for the competition on My Funniest Experience and for the photographs. We are getting some very amusing photographs and hope that many more will come yet. The experiences that have come in are certainly amusing. Just wait until you read them too.

The acknowledgments for the Blue Cross are as follows:

Freddie Vane, Pine Creek, Alta... 25c
Everett D. Vane, Pine Creek, Alta... 25c
Inger Brocke... 10c
Arthur R. Hockins, Summerberry, Sask... 15c

Cuba Isaacs, Buffalo Horn, Sask... 25c

I am sure that after reading Mrs. Lewis' letter and learning how much your little gifts are appreciated and needed that you will do even better than you have. A few cents are not so much for us to give but they carry great blessings to those suffering 'over there.' Make your New Year's resolution that you will give twice as much this year to the Blue Cross as you did last.

—DIXIE PATTON.

THE ORIGIN OF ST. NICHOLAS

Christmas is here once more. Many a little boy and girl look forward to the days when old Santa will visit them again. Though again thousands of homeless, forlorn little children may hardly know it to be Christmas, we hope that generous old Santa will not forget them this year, but let them enjoy a merry Christmas as well.

A little story of the birth of St. Nicholas is the item of my writing.

Once three little boys, Peter, Rob and Mick were out sleighing on one of the neighboring hills and had enjoyed themselves all day. They decided it was time to start for home as it was a good long mile walk. As they were chatting away Rob saw a snow-ball in the road which seemed to keep rolling and rolling all the time. This queer

object soon drew the attention of the other two boys as well. Peter picked it up, put it in his pocket and started for home. They had come home, put the queer snowball on the table, and it seemed to gradually melt away. The boys could hardly believe their own eyes, but out of the queer snowball came a tiny baby not over six inches in length. Their mother took great care of the dwarf baby. Every day he grew a little more. Finally it grew large enough to be baptized. A great many neighbors and friends met together one evening to decide what to call him. Many different names were suggested, but none were quite suitable. But the three boys had not yet given their opinion. "Let us call him St. Nicholas," Peter exclaimed. Everybody agreed. Then he was taken to the town hall, in which a great assemblage gathered, and he was named St. Nicholas.

St. Nicholas grew to be a man. In the summer he built a little log hut on the edge of a great forest and started to make toys of wood. While in the winter he bought two reindeer and a sleigh and his different objects of wood and went around filling many a little stocking and still does so to this day.

INGER BROCKE.

SPLENDID CONCERT

I have been an interested reader of the Young Canada Club for some time and at last I thought I would write something.

THE DOO DADS' NEW YEAR'S DINNER

Plum pudding!—Is there anyone who does not like plum pudding? Certainly not among the Doo Dads. Flannelfoot, the cop, cannot keep them away from it. Sleepy Sam, the hobo, has gotten too close to the bullfrog with dire results. Percy Haw Haw, the Doo Dad is not striking a polite attitude this time. A piece of the pudding is striking him in the ear. Smiles, the Clown, is not smiling now either. He's losing his share of the pudding. Holy and Poly, the Twins are energetically sawing off huge slices and everyone would get his fair share if he only had patience. But on one seems to have patience. The Doo Dads are all trying to get some of the pudding and sad to relate most of them seem to be after the plums. Isn't that selfish of them? One poor little fellow has already eaten too much and has an awful stomach ache. But here comes old Doc, Sawbones hoping that he will have to perform an operation on him. By the size of the pudding and the way everyone is gorging he will have his medical skill taxed to the limit before the feast is over.

I will write you about the concert we had this fall at our school in aid of the Red Cross. We had drawn programs for it and sold them on the night. They brought over \$11. Our first song on the program was "Good Luck to the Boys of the Allies." We had patriotic songs, some dialogues, a drill and some tableaux. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. We sang "God Save the King" and the "Women's National Anthem" at the end of it. We made over \$40 from it, which went to the Red Cross. Our school room was full and some who came had to go home because the room was so crowded they couldn't get in. I enclose a self-addressed envelope for one of your pins and 25 cents for the Blue Cross, so I hope to get a pin for it too. Wishing the club every success,

CUBA ISAACS.

Buffalo Horn, Sask.

LIKES THE DOO DADS

I like the Doo Dads very much, especially the one on top of the stovepipe trying to warm himself. The little fellow with the jug is a gay one. I think those going into the ice would be pretty cold. The old elf ringing the bell is just as happy as any. The little Doo Dads that are skating can skate pretty well. I guess the old Doo Dad is quite angry at the one on his stovepipe. The poor little fellows with the pipe are quite sick. It must be hard to light a match with a sledge hammer. The Doo Dads are welcome to come in

every week because I enjoy them.

FRED HARVEY.

Expanse, Sask.

WHEN THE CLOTHES PINS WENT ON STRIKE

On a happy, windy morning, when the sun was shining bright,
Little Irene hung her washing on the line.

There were garments white and flowered, dainty pink and blue and red,
All her dollies' dress-up clothes so clean and fine.

Now it may have been the wind that went a-piping shrill and sweet,
Or it may have been the red-bird in the tree;

But something seemed to whisper, until it was a fact,

Those clothes pins were as naughty as could be.

They just took a sudden notion they would all go on a strike;

Down from the line they quickly hopped from sight.

They scrambled and they tumbled down among the clover leaves,

And they laughed to see the clothes in such a plight.

For the jolly breeze it picked them up, those garments fresh and clean,

It played with them and shoved them everywhere;

Till they pattered through the dust, or caught upon the thorns,

Or flew like butterflies up through the air.

And Irene, little Irene, who had worked so very hard,

She sat down and cried with might and main;

Then those clothes pins were ashamed, and they wished they had been good,

But they couldn't make those dresses clean again.

LETTIE SIM,
Age 13.

Grenfell, Sask.



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