

# Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

## NATURE'S TOOLS

Did you ever think how well Mother Nature fits her feathered children for getting a living? Look at the bill of the crow and observe how perfectly Nature has shaped it for gathering the newly sprouted grain out of the ground, for cracking acorns or picking up a meal of birds' eggs. It is also built strong and shaped properly for carrying the heavy sticks with which they build their nests.

The dear little humming-bird has a long slender bill made especially for sucking the honey out of the hearts of flowers. There is a bird called the oyster catcher which lives principally on oysters. When the oyster is lying on the beach breathing gently with its shell a little open, this bird comes along and darts its flat bill into the opening and pries it apart.

The bills of the owls are hooked and sharp along the edges so that they can easily tear small animals apart. The woodcock has a small straight bill used to probe the earth for worms. Perhaps you have seen him doing it.

So I think that if you look at any of these little feathered folk you will find that Nature has sent them each into the world with the tools best fitted to help them secure their favorite kind of food. Look for yourself and see if it is not true.

DIXIE PATTON

## BUNNY'S OWN STORY—TOLD BY HIMSELF

### A Prize Story

I wakened up in a little hole in the ground, covered with leaves and grass, in the edge of a bush. Then, after a while, there came something and dug away the grass and leaves, then she told us to follow her, so we did and found some fresh grass and bark, which we ate. Then we heard something crackling through the brush and when I looked I saw that it was something pointed at me. There was a bang and something went whizzing beside me. Mamma rabbit told us that it was a boy shooting a rifle at me and that if that whizzing thing ever hit me it would kill me. These words frightened me, so we all ran back to our hole, where we were safe.

It happened in the fall that I saw a carrot in a funny red box. I was hungry for a carrot, but I did not know how it could have got in such a curious place as that, so I sat down to think about it. It looked so sweet and fresh and, as I thought about it, my mouth watered, so I stepped in and had hardly begun to eat when there was another bang and I thought that it was the boy again, but I did not know what made it so dark. Then I looked at the little door where I had come in and found that it was shut.

At first I did not know what to do. I hunted all around to see if I could find a hole big enough to get out, but I could not. Just then I heard footsteps and oh! how frightened I was. I thought sure it was the boy whom my dear mother had told me about. Oh, how I wished I was once more with her. All at once something knocked the box over and over and I got out and ran to my hole so fast that I did not know what had upset the box, but I thought that it was a cow.

### WALLACE SHOWMAN.

Leopoldville, Alta., age 9 years.

## THE MOUSE AND THE TRAP

I am a little grey mouse. My home is under a large cupboard in an old log house. I have two little brother mice and at night, when everybody else is in bed, we go through a hole which we have gnawed in one side of the cupboard and get our fill of pie, cake, cookies and all kinds of nice sweets. "Oh, my," but they are good.

One day our mother said to us, "Now if you get hungry during the day don't be afraid to go into the cupboard and get what you want, but remember not to make the least bit of noise or those great big people may hear you and perhaps you may get caught."

We all gave a little squeak of joy and off we ran into the cupboard, for we were all very hungry.

In one corner of the cupboard my brothers were eating a cookie, and in the opposite corner was a nice big minced-meat pie.

I started to eat a cookie, but I thought the pie was more tempting, so away I scampered to the corner where the pie was, and I smelled something good. It was not the pie, no, it was cheese.

I went a little closer to see where it was. It was on a little square board thing, with a spring and a square shaped wire fastened to the spring. The cheese smelled so good that I went right up to it and began to nibble, when "snap" I gave a little jerk, but I was hardly quick enough. The square shaped wire had caught my leg. I pulled and tugged, but it was of no use. I gave a sharp squeal; my brothers stopped eating and looked around. They gave a squeak then ran toward me.

"Gnaw this board in two quick, gnaw this board in two," I cried.

My leg ached so I could scarcely move and oh, I felt so faint.

My brothers set to work to set me free. They gnawed and gnawed and at last, yes at last, I am free once more and I was glad too, but oh how my leg ached.

We went home and told the story to my mother. She asked us which we would do, go and hunt our food some place else or risk our lives and still get it in the old cupboard?

We all said we would get our food somewhere else or die before we would go into that cupboard again.

MAE DAVIS.

Age 11 years.

I sent you a button, Mae, to Marquis, Sask., but it was returned. Where shall I address it now?

D. P.

## BUNNY'S LIFE HISTORY

I am a black-and-white spotted rabbit. The first thing I remember was lying close to my mother and being very snug and warm. When I became a little older my mother took my four sisters and three brothers and myself out in the sunshine.

One day when we were six weeks old two ladies came and looked at us. Presently one of them took me and one of my brothers and put us in a box.

The box had something soft and some grass in it. We ate some of the grass, but the lady was carrying us and we slid from one end of the box to the other.

At last she stopped, set the box in a window and got us some fresh grass. The next morning she again took the box and started out.

She took us to something very long and unpleasant looking and then walked in a door with us. Just then the thing we were in gave a terrible whistle and started. It was not long before we reached the end of our journey.

Then she took us to a farm. Two children, a boy and a girl, put us in a large box. One day I got out and ran under a stake pile, so they let my brother out.

We lived here for about a month and then moved under the granary, as there was plenty of wheat, oats and barley under it.

One Sunday some people were visiting the folks on this farm. They had a large coyote hound with them. The hound seized my brother and ran for the woods with him, where it ate him.

After having lost the only comrade I had, I was very lonesome. One day the same lady who brought us here brought up a black and a grey rabbit.

I did not like them at first, but after a while we became great chums. The grey one and I lived under the granary. One morning he was awakened by me calling proudly to come and see my young ones.

I had three black ones and four grey ones, but only one spotted one. I always liked the spotted one best, but one day the cat and pup killed and ate it.

One day in summer holidays some people were visiting my mistress's parents. The children were trying to catch me when the hound happened to see me. I ran as fast as I could, but he caught me in his mouth.

He started to jump the fence with me, when I got away. That was my last narrow escape.

FLORENCE JONES.

Lacombe, R.R. No. 2, Alta. Age 14 years.

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