

# Young Canada Club

## Write a Christmas Story

I WONDER if some of the Young Canada Club readers would not like to write some good Christmas stories. They must come into the office very soon if we want them saved for the very important Christmas issue of The Guide. See if you can't write a Christmas story. It may be something about fairies, or a pleasant Christmas that you have spent, a Christmas party, or a Christmas that you imagine some one else has had. Think about it and send one in to The Young Canada Page. Everyone is free to try this, but of course only the neatest and the most carefully written stories can be printed.

The contributions for the Blue Cross fund this week are:—  
Edith Woodcock, Nasby, Sask. \$ .06  
Phyllis Ewen, Bethany, Man. .150  
Annie Coldwell, Cornucopia, Alta. 1.00  
Frederick Becker, Hazlet, Sask. .25  
Alberta Yeomans, Lanigan, Sask. .10  
—Dixie Patton.

## A Helpful Farmer

I am a farmer boy, and will tell you how I am going to help on the farm this year. This spring I harrowed 120 acres, with two horses. My father plowed with four horses. I have one colt, five sheep, and one calf. My father has 30 pigs and about 40 cattle. The pigs will be food for our Allies, and some of our cattle too. Of course all the cattle we hope will help to keep some poor soldier from starving.

I would like any boy who is interested in farming or sheep raising to write to me.—Jessie Welte, Wadena, Sask.

## How I Won a Prize

I am a little red calf. When I was about three weeks old I was taken away from my mother, and I was taken for a long ride in a wagon. After a long time the wagon stopped and I was taken into a big strange barn with a lot of other cows. After a little while a lot of girls crowded around me, talking about and petting me. Every morning my master came and fed me. I liked

to see him coming because he always spoke to me and petted me. After I had my breakfast he always carried and brushed me. I liked that, but I did not like being washed in something he called, "buttermilk." After I was washed I was put out in the nice sunshine to dry. After I was a lot larger and fatter I was put in a wagon again and taken a different direction. After I travelled a long time I was taken into a large building with a lot of other horses and cattle. Soon I was given something to eat and began to look around me. I saw a little calf in the next stall and I asked him, why we were here. He said, "This is the fair and we are going to be judged." Soon a man came, he looked at me and pinned a red card on me. When my master came he said I had taken first prize. I was very proud of myself.—Charlie Mayhew, Wawanesa, Man.

## A Red Cross Worker

I live on a farm three-and-a-half miles from school, and four miles from town. I like going to school as we ride in a buggy and drive a pony called "Toby." My brother generally drives

but sometimes my sister Ella and I take turns. There are four of us going to school. We used to go to another school which was only a mile-and-a-half. We often walked. But we shifted to our Homestead. I like it better than our other farm. My sister and I are twins. We are the only girls in a family of eight. Last year I went out to work in the harvest time. I spent half my money for the Red Cross Fund.

I am a member of the Junior Red Cross Club, and we got up a bazaar and concert and made over \$60. There was only 13 members, five adults and the rest small members. We are going to have another concert soon. If my letter is printed I shall make an effort to write a better one. I feed my pony, half a tin of oats when he comes home from school. Wishing the club every success. I will sign myself—English Pansy.

## Three Soldier Brothers

I live on a farm 15 miles from town. I think horse-back riding is jolly fun. I have three brothers in the army. Two of them are in France, fighting "For God, for King and for Country." The

other one is in England. He was taken ill on the ship and went to a hospital as soon as he landed.

Both the boys in France have been wounded, but they are back at their posts again. When they come back, if they do, they will be able to tell a lot about the war. This war is a terrible thing.—Annie Coldwell, Cornucopia, Alta.

## Autumn

The leaves are yellow and brown,  
And will soon be fluttering down  
To have a long, long, sleep,  
Before the frost will creep.

The flowers too are dying,  
And their little seeds are flying  
To find a place to hide  
Under the white blankets wide.

The birdies too are going,  
To a place where there is no snowing,  
And we will not hear their song  
Till the dreary winter's gone.

—Helen Huggard, age 12,  
Strassburg, Sask.

## Every Few Cents Helps

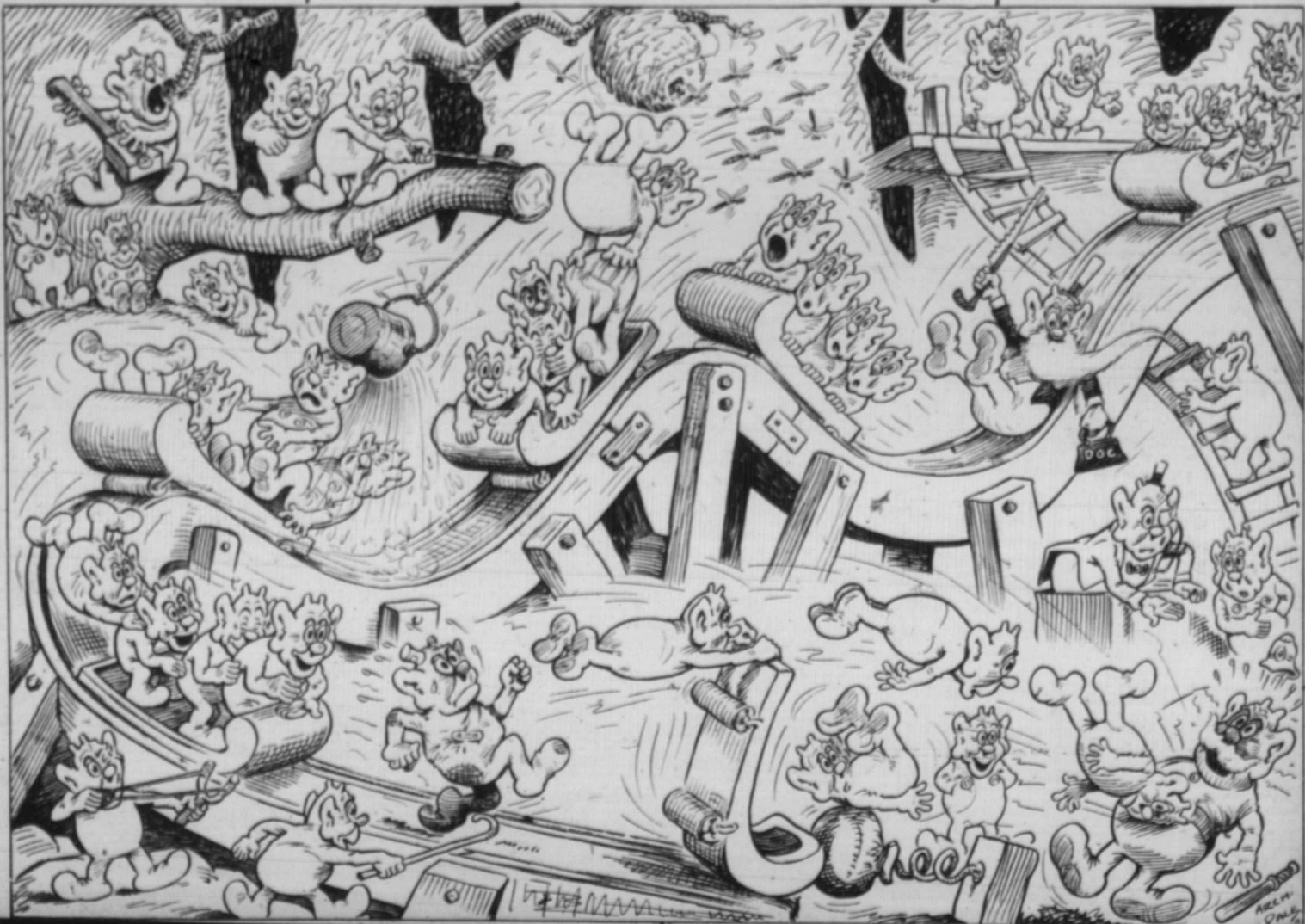
I read the letters every week, and find that they are well composed. So I am trying my best with my letter. I have two uncles and a cousin over in France doing their share, and I feel quite proud of them. The three of them have been in some terrible fighting. But I hope the war will soon be over. I am sending ten cents for the Blue Cross Fund, as every few cents help. Hoping to receive a Blue Cross button.—Alberta L. Yeomans, Lanigan, Sask.

## Making Money for Blue Cross

We have taken The Guide for a very long time and I think it an interesting paper. I had a small booth in the summer in which I sold oranges, bananas, lemonade and chocolate bars. I cleared \$1.50 and I am sending it to you for the Blue Cross Fund. I have sent money for a long time to it in England.—Phyllis Ewens, Bethany, Man.

## THE DOO DADS AND THEIR ROLLER COASTER

THE Doo Dads are having an exciting time of it as usual. Now that they are free from any danger from the Hun Dads they have doffed their uniforms and seem bent on nothing else than breaking each other's necks. One day the Artist told them of a Roller Coaster that he had once seen in a big city and what merry times the people had on it. The very next time he visited the Wonderland of Doo this is what he saw. The clever little fellows had fixed up a Roller Coaster of their own and were just starting to put it in operation. First they climbed up that long crooked ladder and then they crowded into the funny looking boats. As soon as each boat was full away it went rolling down the long track. But they made one awful mistake in making their Roller Coaster. They put nothing but a big spring bumper to stop the boats. See what has happened to the first boat when it hit the bumper. It shot the poor little Doo Dads right through the air. One of them flew head first against Flannel Feet, the Cop, and knocked the wind out of him. Old Doc Sawbones, who was climbing up the ladder, started out to give him first aid but slipped on the track and down he comes sliding on his back. If that next boat runs over him he will have to give himself first aid before he can attend to the cop. Poor old Sleepy Sam, the Hobo, got on the track and his running for his life to keep out of the way. And what is that up in the tree? If it isn't a hornet's nest. The hornets will make it warm for the merry-makers. It is to be hoped the old Doc will not be badly hurt for it looks as if they may be some broken bones before the Doo Dads are through with their Roller Coaster.



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