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Lea & Perrins'
The Original
Worcestershire Sauce

The addition of a few drops of this most economical, zest-imparting relish to your foods will work marvels in flavor.

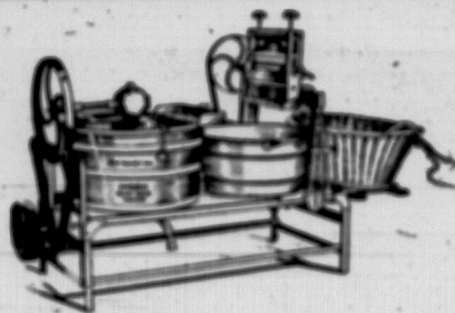
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THE Maxwell Power Bench Washer is a wonderful boon to your wife when washday comes round. It can be operated equally as well by gas engine or electric power. It is made in one, two or three tub machines. Easy to operate. Simple but strong in construction and the mechanism is as perfect as science can invent.

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Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

OUR ORPHAN COLT

Last fall my father went down to the Milk River Ranch to buy a team. He was gone three days and when he came back he had an iron-grey team. We named them "Peg" and "Polly." We had not had them very long when Peg had a little colt and we named it "Glory." It was very cute. Polly had a little colt too, and it was bigger than Glory, but it died.

Then a little while afterwards Peg got the colic and she died. She was the nicest of the two and we were all very sorry.

We had to feed the little colt out of a pail, but at first it did not want to eat. We still have it and it is a great pet. It follows papa all around the yard and he talks to it and calls it "Baby." It chases our old red cow all around the place and it runs after the pig and the cat. Sometimes it comes up to us and will let us pet it and play with it then it will turn around and kick at us, but it doesn't hit us.

I think it is pretty foxy. My brother Dick made it a little rope harness and hooked it to his sled and it went all right until my sister Dorothy started to get on the sled. Then it kicked and wouldn't behave.

When papa is out working in the fields it follows him all day long, and when it comes home it tries to come into the house. Tonight it was on the porch and when we opened the door it tried to come in and we had to chase it back to the barn. I brush it down every time I think of it.

RUTH MARIE CARR,
Birdsboro, Alta. Age 11 years.

A BABY RABBIT'S CART

One day Mother Jack Rabbit said to her children, "The cabbages and lettuce in Grey's garden are lovely now and tonight we will ask Mrs. Bush Rabbit and her children to the garden with us."

So the mother wrote a note on a leaf and sent Johnny Rabbit to the post office with it and so that night they all met under the big fir tree at the side of the garden.

"Now," said Mother Jack Rabbit, "you are all to run for shelter if you hear Mother Bush Rabbit or me give two long calls and a short one, and to stay there till you hear us give a long, a short and a long cry."

Annie and Susie Rabbit got a big cabbage leaf, a carrot and some of the green part of onions. Then they nibbled some of the carrots in the shape of wheels and fastened those wheels on the cabbage leaf to make a cart and then they made a rope out of the onions and got the baby rabbit in the cart and went along eating cabbages as they went. At four o'clock they went home.

MYRA SERVISS,
Warman, Sask. Age 11.

IN THE WATERMELON PATCH

It was night in the garden as well as in all the rest of North Carolina, and everyone was asleep at the big house except Oh, I forgot, that comes afterwards. Now comes the big house. Dick and Phil were asleep, or rather supposed to be asleep in their beds. The truth was they were wide awake.

"Dick," whispered Phil, "lets go down to the lower garden. I'll bet something is happening there."

"I'm game," answered Dick. Out of bed they crept, quietly dressed, and went downstairs. There was a gate between the garden around the big house and the lower, or vegetable garden, along the edge of which the negroes' houses were. This garden stretched past these houses down to the bank of a creek.

Down to the stream the boys ran, but stopped quickly for they saw flickering lights near there, but on becoming bolder they soon discovered the cause of the light.

The water melons were growing all about this part of the garden, so the negroes of a neighboring plantation had fired the negroes of this one and were having a gay time. They were forbidden to do this, but as everyone was thought to be asleep the feast went on.

"Say, we won't peach on them, will we?" asked Dick in a whisper.

No, it would be mean; besides we are

doing wrong ourselves to be alone outside at night.

Back they ran to the house and went quickly to sleep. That night they dreamed that the water melons were alive, and were dancing "Pickaninny Shuffles" with the negroes. They might have been, who knows?

MARJORY THOMAS,
Durban, Man. Age 11.

SWAT THE CROW

The crow is one of the worst enemies of the other birds and few are safe from this egg-eating thief. He pillages the nests of game birds such as the wild duck and the prairie chicken as well as that of the smaller birds, and does untold damage to the grain stooks in the fall before they are threshed. What farmer's child has not seen flocks of them eating from the top of stooks?

Now let me cite several cases where he has done damage to the eggs and nests of game birds.

I found a prairie chicken's nest in some grass that we were going to burn. I removed the nest to the plowing until the burning was over and then replaced them. There were six eggs. Next morning when I went to plow, I saw a crow standing beside the nest, so I went over. The crow had eaten four and was at the fifth when I came along.

My brother found a duck's nest when plowing a field, so he moved the nest to the plowing and marked the place with a piece of stick a few feet long. The duck returned and continued setting and one day we saw a crow sitting on the stick. Then he hopped down and tried to persuade the duck to get off and let him have a meal. Needless to say, the duck would not.

Yesterday I found the duck's nest all pillaged and what other thing would do it but a crow.

Now, you boys who are fond of birds, and girls too, get after the crows. There is a bounty of ten cents on each crow and three cents on each crow's egg, so there is money in it as well. See if you can't help protect the birds that are useful and by doing so, earn some pocket money. Let us all try and "Swat the Crow" until he is glad to get out and mind his own business. I will sign myself,

A FRIEND OF THE BIRDS.

THE DARLING BABY

Last night a lady came into our garden with a baby. She laid the baby on a shawl in the long ears of corn in the garden. It was almost hidden in the corn. This morning I went out in the garden. I happened to be walking through the corn and stepped on the baby's finger. She began to cry.

When I heard her cry I looked all around and at last hearing where the cry came from I saw the dear little baby. I picked her up and carried her into the house. Mother took off her coat and cap. She had on a white silk dress and white stockings with white slippers on her feet. She had a white ribbon on her hair. On her dress there was worked in blue her name. It was Gladys Edith White. She appeared to be about 10 months old.

She had a fair face and light hair. On the under-side of the back of her dress was pinned a piece of paper and on it these words, "Take care of this darling baby. I will come for her in two years and if you have taken good care of her I will give you a present. The first one that finds her will have the present. I am a very rich widow. If you don't take her in I will punish you." Last of all right next to her skin was a locket and inside of it was a picture of her sweet mother.

Her mother was right. In two years she came for the baby, who was now two years old and 10 months. Her mother said, "Did you take good care of my darling?" And we said, "We took good care of her." So she said, "I will give you a present. Who found the baby?" We told her who it was, and it was I, so she gave me a wand. When I wanted anything I could have it. She gave my mother one too, because she had to help me take care of the baby. We asked the lady and her baby to stay with us and so they did.

MARJORIE TANTON,
Wilcox, Sask. Age 9.