

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

WATCH FOR PRIZE WINNERS

By the time this number of the paper reaches you the story contest will have closed "for keeps," as we used to say when we were kiddies, and I will have gathered in such a company of splendid nature stories as would do credit to any children's department, however brilliant its members.

Watch the paper very carefully for the announcement of the prize winners, for who knows but your name may be among them, if you happened to be a contributor to the contest.

You will like the stories, I know, for when our young folk write about life out-of-doors they are at their best, and if you are not amused by the tale of the cat who adopted the chickens, or the sparrow which was so set upon having her nest under the eaves of the church, you are very queer little people indeed.

DIXIE PATTON.

THE SCHOOL PICNIC

The picnic was held at a lake about five miles away. As it was too far to walk, papa let me have a horse and buggy. There were six of us in the rig, my sister and brother, three of my school-mates and myself. We got along fine going down to the lake. When we got there we fed the horse. The teacher and girls got dinner while we boys went around the lake paddling. When dinner was over, we went to the lake again for a swim. After that we played ball. Then about four o'clock we started for home. The horse was a big fellow and when we got about half way home he began to run. As he was hitched a little short, he kept striking his heels on the buggy. The harder he ran the harder I pulled on the lines and steered him for a man's stable, the door of which was open. He was part way in the stable when we got him stopped. When we got him started again he ran to the man's house and upset the coal oil can. We then let the traces out and got home safe and I was very glad.

MELVIN GROVES.

Age 11.

THE KING AND THE MONEY BAGS

Mr. and Mrs. Brook were very poor indeed and so had a hard time to get their living. Little Frankie and Jean were hungry very often and thought they would grow up beggars and people would not like them.

One day they had to go on a long journey and had but little clothing. They were taking a note to the king for help and money.

The day was very hot and the sun very high in the sky and when at sunset they retired to rest under a pine tree, their little feet were very tired. They slept very soundly and they did not waken till the sun was very high. Their journey was about ten miles and they had seven miles to go yet. Poor Jean could hardly stand on her feet and so Frankie, strong as he was, carried her about a mile then they sat down to rest.

About four o'clock on the third day they reached the king's palace and the king came down and gave them many greetings. He gave them bread and food; after that he gave them bags of gold and clothing. They left the palace with happy hearts and after going about three miles they saw that it was getting near the close of day, so the weary couple lay down under a pine tree. In the night a light snow had fallen, but they knew nothing about it. Next morning Jean was ready for a good tramp home and they put on extra speed and so reached home in good time.

When they got home their legs were aching and so they had to stay in bed two or three days. After very good nursing they recovered from their illness.

WILHELMINA MARTIN.

Shoal Lake, Man., Age 10.

AN ADVENTURE WITH AN INDIAN

This is a true story from my childhood. When I was eight years old I helped to work on a farm that was about five miles from my home. I used to pay a visit to my home every Sunday. Well, one certain Sunday, late in the fall, I left

the farm in the morning to go home and spend the day. It was very late in the evening when I left home to go back to the farm and very dark and the road was very muddy because of the rain that had fallen that day.

About two miles from the farm, on the left side of the road where I was walking, a hole had been dug into the ground and in this hole a family of Indians had encamped. These Indians picked berries and sold them.

Just as I was passing the place where the Indians lived I heard some children shouting and then I saw some boys running down the road. I asked one of them what was the matter and he said that he and his companions had been breaking the rails that the Indians used for picking berries and now an Indian boy, about fifteen years old, was chasing them with an axe in his hand. The boys still kept on running, but I stopped, and the Indian boy, thinking that I was one of them, dashed at me with his axe. I took to my heels and ran as fast as I could. In my way was a low fence which I leaped over. The Indian boy was still chasing me. I stumbled on something and fell to the ground. The boy was very near now and I hurried up and jumped behind a large tree. He could not see me now, but a branch cracked underneath me and he ran to the place where I was hidden. Just as I dashed on to the road he got there and chased after me again. He kept it up for about five minutes longer, but I managed to get away from him at last and I did not see him any more. I arrived at the farm about half an hour later, where I related my adventure to the people there, who were very much amused to hear it.

ERICK PEARSON.

Menisno, Man., Age 13.

TIMOTHY

Here I am lying in the ground. One stormy day the wind blew me out of my house in which I grew and carried me into this dry hole where I get no water to drink. But I hear it thundering and see it lightning and the clouds are so blue and look like full of rain and I'll get a nice drink and I'll grow again. I'll grow so big that some one will see me and love me and pick me, but my roots will not grow longer than two feet. Oh, now it begins to rain and fast will I grow, but will I look like my mother or not?

Oh, I forgot to ask mother what my name is, but if some lady will ask me I'll say Timothy and if they will ask me how old I am I'll say I don't know. Oh, what a great big cherry tree beside me grows, so large as I'd like to be. But never will I be so big and have such nice leaves and berries on me as the cherry has. One thing is certain, that I would not want to be a cherry tree because somebody would see me and cut me off and break my nice branches off and burn me to pieces in the red-hot fire. And I am so small that nobody would see me and nobody would kill me. So small as I am and so pretty as I am, when an old cow comes along she will see me and will pick me too.

Oh, how nice the rain is—so soft and cool—it is not too cold and not too warm, but nice and cool. Oh, there I see the sun so pretty as it can be. I am an inch taller already because it rained so nice and the sun shines so nice and that makes me grow. The sun goes down and night is coming and I'll have to go to sleep, so good-bye my friends.

HEDWIG KOCHN, Age 13.

THE BLACK GALLOWAY

I have a black cow which is three years old, coming four next June. She had a calf last summer. I milked her a little. I use to let her run with the band of cattle in the pasture. I used to go after her on a little white pony. The pony is my brother's. I can ride her nicely.

My calf was a black Galloway. Daddy sold it to a neighbor who was going to start ranching. I did not like parting with it, so daddy gave me another little heifer in its place. I will name her Jinny.

DOROTHY LANGLEY.

Sidney, Man., Age 11 years.

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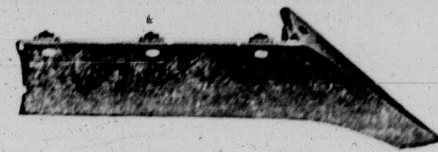
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