



Boys and Girls!

Who is going to find the Biggest Potato in Western Canada?



Every boy and girl in Western Canada who want to win the first prize. Potato digging time is only a few weeks away—proper cultivation now means big potatoes then. Plan TODAY to send a potato.

THE CONTEST:

The Guide Boys' and Girls' Grain and Potato Contest will be held in Winnipeg in October. Then all the big potatoes will be gathered together. Four Cash Prizes are to be awarded. (1) \$10.00; (2) \$5.00; (3) \$4.00; (4) \$2.00.

Prizes will be offered too, for the best Wheat, Oats, Barley, Flax, Corn, Peas, Beans and Potatoes collected by Western Canadian boys and girls. Prizes will be awarded on the graduated plan, just like the prizes are given at the big fairs. The more entries the more prizes. Mail your entry TODAY, on the last day he made up. It will cost you nothing. Exhibits made at the Boys' and Girls' Club Shows and local fairs may be entered in the Guide contest. Never mind a letter—use the coupon. But get it into the mail at once.

The Manager, Boys' and Girls' Contest,
The Grain Growers' Guide,
Winnipeg, Man.

Please send me full particulars of The Guide Boys' and Girls' Grain and Potato Contest.

I wish to enter the following classes: (Mark X opposite the classes which you wish to enter.)

Wheat	Flax	Corn
Oats	Potatoes	Peas
Barley	Big Potatoes	Beans

Name _____

Post Office _____

Age _____ Province _____

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

MORE PRIZES TO WIN

Three delightful story books will be given as prizes to the three boys and girls sending in the best stories on the subject, "What Happened in the Garden at Night." But, says some little person, "I don't know what happened." Well, neither do I, but I think I could make up half a dozen stories, maybe a dozen, about what might have happened. It might be about a little girl or an animal or a bird or a fairy, or an ant or a plant. Gracious, just think of all the funny things that might go on among the garden folk under cover of the darkness.

All stories must be written in pen and ink, on only one side of the paper, and a teacher, parent or guardian must certify that the story was written without assistance. If the writer is not a member of the club and will enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope with their story they will be sent one of the maple leaf membership pins.

All stories should be clearly addressed to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man., and mailed so as to reach The Guide office not later than June 15. Any boy or girl under 17 years of age may compete for these prizes.

DIXIE PATTON

JACK FROST AT HOME

One morning as a little boy was going to school, he met Jack Frost. Although Jack is a very busy fellow, he always has time to stop and pinch little folk's fingers and toes. This morning he stopped to invite the little boy, whose name was Buster, to go with him and see his palace. Buster did not think he wanted to go and said that he believed he had met Mr. Jack Frost before, and that he had very sore fingers next day. Now as Buster was a very inquisitive boy and Jack promised to show him some pretty things, he consented to go. On the way Buster noticed some of the things Jack Frost had decorated in the night. Bare little trees were covered with a thick coat of sparkling white frost, which made them look like fairy Christmas trees. The fence wires and telephone wires looked like heavy white ropes. The little pools were covered with ice, smooth and clear as glass. The smooth, hard crust of snow on the hillside made Buster wish for his sled. The little boy was so taken up with the many different lace patterns Jack Frost had painted on the windows of the houses they passed that he was quite startled to hear Jack Frost say, "Here we are!" "Where?" asked Buster. "At my palace, of course," said Jack. Buster looked about. He saw three tiny steps leading down and under a small waterfall, which was almost frozen over. Jack Frost ran down and Buster followed him under the waterfall and through a dark, cold passage. Jack Frost opened a door at the end of the passage letting such a bitter cold wind out that Buster's teeth chattered and he shivered so hard that he awoke and found the covers off, and his mamma loudly calling, "Buster, it is nearly school time."

AGNES SIEBERT

Siebertville, Alta. Age 14.

A CHRISTMAS MESSENGER

Once upon a time there was a Christmas messenger sent to find out all the good children. In one house there were three children, Helen, Marjorie and Harry. It was Christmas eve and all the children had their stockings hung up. They were put to bed early, but as soon as everyone was in bed the three children sat up in bed waiting for Santa to come. They waited and waited and at last a little man hopped upon their bed. He was dressed so funny that the children had to laugh at him. At first they thought he had come to tell them that Santa Claus could not come out as he was too old, but they soon found out differently, for he started singing them what sort of kindness they had done in the old year. Helen said she had helped an old woman home with some parcels. Harry said he had run some errands for his mother. Next came little Marjorie, but they decided not to ask her for she was so small. So the little Santa told them to go to sleep again and he hopped away, and as he was going downstairs little Marjorie jumped up and ran after him. She touched him on the shoulder and said, "Please tell Santa to put my present into that little girl's

stocking who lives across the road. Her name is Stella and she will have no Christmas presents this year." Santa did not say anything, but hurried on. He went on over to Stella's house and told her about this little girl. Stella said, "Oh, I cannot thank that little girl enough. How shall I?" The little fellow told Stella to write a little letter and put that in Marjorie's stocking. So she did.

On Christmas morning Helen had a doll and Harry had a drum, but Marjorie only found the little letter and Stella got a beautiful set of dishes.

When Marjorie's mother saw her letter she put her arms around her neck and kissed her. "I think after all, said her mother, Marjorie has the best present," and Marjorie thought so too.

MARJORIE DOUGLAS

Dauphin, Man. Age 12.

A BROTHERLY FAIRY

Once upon a time Jack Frost sat in his castle of ice, when he remembered he had not done his winter's work yet, so he sent his winter fairies to make the leaves fall to the ground and to paint pretty pictures on the windows.

There were only two fairies, and one of them was to make the leaves fall off the trees and the other one was to make pretty pictures on the windows. The fairy that was to paint pictures on the windows got along alright. He painted pictures of trees and flowers and was very proud of his work. Then he went to see how the other fairy was getting along and found him lying on the ground crying. He had fallen from a tree and hurt himself so much that he could not finish his work. The other fairy said "Never mind, I will finish your work." He then went up in all the trees and shook them till the leaves all came off. Then the two fairies went home and told Jack Frost what had happened. He said that the one fairy was kind to help the other one.

CHARLES MOE

Craik, Sask. Age 10.

THE FAIRIES' DANCE

It was one fine winter evening, the snow was glittering in the moonlight. Here and there a rabbit was making its way along a small path. Old Jack Cracker was sitting on a branch of a big tree watching the peaceful scene. All at once he heard a noise above his head. Looking up he saw a great multitude of fairies coming down to the ground near the tree where he was sitting. They were singing gaily as they came down, clad in all the colors of the rainbow. They looked so bright and gay that Jack could hardly withhold a cry of admiration.

The fairies all arranged in a row joining their hands. In front of them stood another fairy holding a violin in her hands. When all was ready she began to play and as soon as the first note was struck all the other fairies began to swing around in the most charming manner.

Jack was so delighted that he started to jump around and tried to sing too. But as soon as he made a noise the fairies rose into the air as if on command and were gone before old Jack Cracker had time to think.

HENRY S. SHELLENBERG

Herbert, Sask. Age 16.

THE PEAT GATHERER

Once upon a time there was an old woman. She was on her way for a basket of peat. On her way home she heard the sweet music she had ever heard, so she stopped and listened, and listened. After a while she saw it was coming from the ground at her feet. The ground opened and she fell in. There she saw before her eyes a wonderful sight. It was a crowd of little fairies all dancing and singing. So she commenced dancing too. After a day or two her husband began to wonder where she was, so he looked everywhere and she was nowhere to be found.

He knew about this place, and a year after she went in there he went to this place. So the ground opened a little and he stuck his knife in the ground at that spot. They all stopped dancing and she came out just the same as she went in, with the peats on her back. She and her husband walked home together and lived happily the rest of their lives.

MARGARET McDONALD

Moose Jaw, Sask. Age 15.



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