

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

ABOUT THE CAMERA COMPETITION

I am expecting some very quaint pictures of the oldest inhabitant, by which I mean almost any person or object in your district that has numbered a good many years. I want you to send me as clever a picture as you can.

For example, once upon a time a girl was asked to take a picture of "At the Gate," and what do you suppose she took? It was the picture of a man and a woman and a little girl who had just come to this country from a foreign land. The man and the little girl were carrying bundles and the woman had in her arms a little baby. In the background you could see the big ship on which they came. Do you see the point? These people were "At the Gate" of a new country. Now, wasn't that clever?

But I believe we have Young Canadians who are just as clever as any little girls anywhere, and I am, as I said before, looking for some splendid pictures.

Please send them to me just as soon as you get them developed so that if they go astray in the mail they will have time to find their way back again.

Any boy or girl under seventeen may send us photographs.

You must get your teacher or one of your parents to certify that you took the picture yourself and that the age given is correct.

All photographs must be on my desk not later than November 15.

GETTING READY FOR THE WINTER

Some flowers, when the wind whispers to them that Winter is coming, open the shells where they keep their seeds and give them to the wind to scatter about. They do this because they know that they themselves are going to die and they want their children to live after them. Other plants when they hear that Winter is coming drop their seeds down on the ground and cover them with leaves so that Winter cannot find them.

The squirrel family, when they hear that King Winter is on the way, get very busy. They go out and gather nuts and pile them away in hollows of the trees so that they will have plenty to eat during the long, hungry days when Winter rules the land.

Now, I want you to tell me what you know about the way some animal or plant or bird prepares for winter. I will give three good story books for the three best stories received.

Any boy or girl of seventeen years or under may send us a story, but the story must be true.

All must get the signature of teacher or parent to show that the story is their own work and that the age given is correct.

All stories must be on my desk by November 30.

DIXIE PATTON.

Address all letters to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

MY UNLUCKY DAY A Prize Story

I arose early one morning about five o'clock planning to take a trip to the lake, which was about twenty-three miles away, along with several others. The first unlucky event of this particular morning was that it was raining. This was very disappointing, as I had been looking forward with great anticipations of pleasure to this eventful day. The carriage had been cleanly washed for the occasion and would be splashed with mud in a very short time on account of the extremely wet and muddy condition of the roads. The lunch had been prepared the evening before and therefore we were not delayed by making it up. But bad luck

never comes singly and so it happened this morning. We intended to leave about six o'clock in the morning, but things do not always turn out as we would like them to, and it was almost seven before we managed to get started on our journey, and we somehow contrived to forget nearly half of the articles we had intended to take, including the butter and jelly, which we were going to take with us.

Although the rain had ceased there were still threatening indications of more, which we viewed with concern. When we had travelled about half of our journey we called at a town to procure a few oranges, lemons and bananas, the last of which were almost half rotten. When we arrived at our destination we went directly down to the beach, forgetting to hire bathing suits in our hurry. When at last the shore was reached we took a stroll along the beach admiring the great heaving billows, as they chased each other in ceaseless succession reaching their white crested arms toward the pebbly beach. We stood in silent contemplation for some moments, until suddenly a member of our party informed us in a rather startling manner that her feet were getting wet. We discovered this fact in time to save ourselves from being completely enveloped in a huge wave which seemed bound to reach its prey. We passed a pleasant ten minutes in which no catastrophe occurred worth relating. A boat was hired for our accommodation. We clambered into the boat, wetting our feet in the process and splashing our dresses with mud.

When we had proceeded about ten feet from the shore one of the occupants of the boat became very nervous, and swaying unsteadily in the boat, we were all carried into the water, the only lucky thing about it being that we had by this time procured our bathing suits and we were able to swim to shore with the aid of some others who seeing our plight promptly employed themselves in rescuing us.

We got into dry clothing again, and taking our lunch we wandered about until we found a favorable place to eat our lunch. There was a large river flowing into the lake, which we at once made for. Having two boats we started for a row down the river. We had been on about half an hour when the party in the foremost boat, of which I was a member, struck a large stone about midway in the river. The boat swung to it like a brother and it was a very difficult task to loosen its hold. With the aid of all hands it was at last safely launched again into the river, and it continued smoothly on its course for a time. We had traversed a considerable distance when suddenly a squall arose, nearly upsetting our boat again. We quickly made for land and when climbing the slippery banks of the river I fell, leaving a muddy streak from my fingers to my shoes. We then went and got our lunch, spread it out under a tree and were just going to commence when it started to rain—bad luck again. We quickly gathered up our lunch and made haste to get under cover of the carriage, to continue our interrupted meal. It was about six o'clock when we at last concluded our repast, and everyone was preparing to take their departure for home and we did likewise. The male members of the party got the horses out of the stables, hitched up and brought the carriage. We managed to get our shoes full of sand in our efforts to reach the carriage and our feet were very uncomfortable. It rained all the way home. One of the horses lost a shoe and limped along, and the other got a large stone in its hoof and limped also. At last we reached home in this sorry plight with our limping steeds presenting a very forlorn spectacle. It was almost ten o'clock when we at last retired to bed, to dream of being drowned, falling over dizzy heights and other things called nightmares. So ended my unlucky day.

MABEL NEIL, Age 13 years.

Please send me your address. I sent the prize you won to what I thought was your address, but a letter addressed to you there later on was returned.—Dixie Patton.



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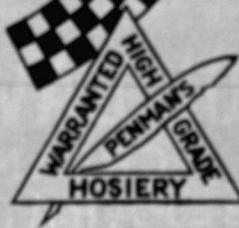
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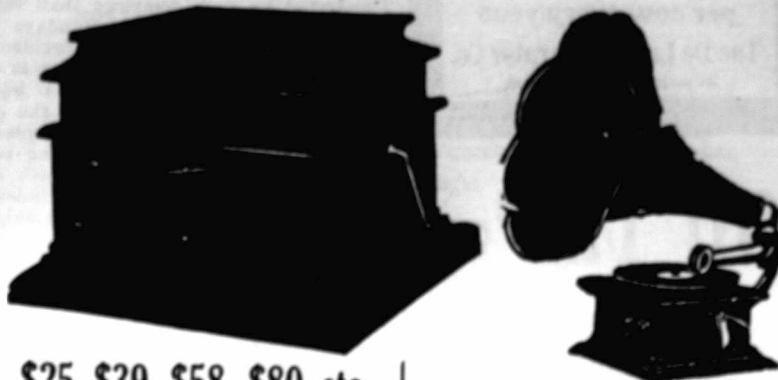
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