



Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON



NEW CONTEST

It was more difficult than usual to find a subject for your next contest, since you all did so splendidly on the last one. I didn't tell you last week how hard it was for me to judge your stories. They were all so splendid that I am sure there are some of you who will think some others of the stories should have received prizes. I think the difficulty is that they were all prize-winners and we did not have enough prizes for them all.

This month I want you to tell me what time of the year you would like your school holidays and why. You must give me at least three reasons for wishing your holidays at the time of year you state. This is the busy time of year for farm boys and girls, so if your story is in my office before May 31 it will be entered in the contest. Remember what I said some time ago about the necessity of doing your best and neatest writing. I get scores of letters and when they are poorly written I have no end of trouble in reading and marking them. Now send us your stories telling us about your vacation.

Only five boys and girls contributed to the Blue Cross this week, but those five sent us \$1.75. That is fine, but we want more boys and girls to have a share in this good work even if they only send us five cents. Did you read the story a couple of weeks ago entitled, "Our Humblest Allies." If you didn't, look up that number of The Guide and read it. Then you will see what a deserving cause the Blue Cross is. Contributions:—
Minnie MacDonald, Fertile, Sask. .25
Alice Blondin, Harris, Sask. .25
Hilda Ward, Kestnes, Sask. .50
Janet Sheppard, Leney, Sask. .25
Tommy Shepherd, Senate, Sask. .50
Dixie Patton.

AN ONTARIO WRITER

One great call of the present day is for soldiers to enlist to go overseas, but there is also another call, a very urgent call, for the boys and girls of Canada

to enlist as Soldiers of the Soil. We can't go and face the bullets as our fathers and our big brothers did, but we can give them strength to face the bullets by producing food for them. There are a great many ways we can "do our bit." Planting a garden is one very great help to our country. It is very interesting work too, when you have a nice mixture of vegetables and plenty of room for them to grow in. Hoeing in the root field is another job we can do to help our country out of her trouble, and it really isn't such a hard job either; it makes you enjoy your dinner alright. When beef and pork are so scarce we should raise more chickens. They will be of great value in making up for shortage of other meat and it is very interesting work too, the little downy chickens running along beside their proud mother makes a very pretty picture. We must also raise more pigs, now that pork is so much in demand. They're nice little

fellows too and will eat almost anything.

Just to do chores, either at the barn or at the house is a great help; it is very necessary and the women need help as well as the men. The girls can be of great help in the house, while the boys are out doing the chores in the barn. After the boys and girls have been out on the farm for so long, there will surely be a great many first-class farmers when this war is over.

We cannot face the battle
Like the young men that have gone;
But we can feed the pigs and cattle,
And help the soldiers to fight on.

We can do the chores and feeding
And help to make the hay;
We can do the hoeing and the weeding
For our boys so far away.

And when peace reigns o'er our land
We'll cheer the ones that faced the fray;

But we'll not forget the ones that lent a willing hand

When our own dear boys were far away.
—Marguerite Bowman, R. R. No. 7,
Guelph, Ont.

EVERY LITTLE HELPS

One day in one of the cold storms we had a little pig which got covered over in a snow-bank, by the straw stack, and could not get out, as he was just a young pig. Papa heard him grunting, so he dug around in the snow till he found him, but he was nearly dead from hunger and cold. Papa was trying to feed him some grain, but he would not eat it at all. So I asked him if I might take him and try to bring him around, he said, "Yes."

So first I made a little pen for him in the corner of the stable. Then I carried him over and put him in it. I fed him milk with a little chop in it for nearly three weeks, but now he is able to eat grain like the other pigs—and is growing too.

Now if we had left him there till he died, it would have made that much less meat for the soldiers and the ones at home too.—Marion Jamieson, Delburne, Alberta.

A RISKY SAIL

One Sunday last spring I went out for a sail with my brothers and some friends. We brought the boat into a pond. Six of us went into the boat, of whom I was one. We rowed out into the middle and began to rock the boat. After a while it was half filled with water. Now we had to stand on the seats and take the oars and push towards land. It was shallow water by the land, so that we had to seek our landing by a fence. When we were on the fence we had to empty the water out of the boat some kind of way. Some walked to land in the water because it was not very deep by the fence. When we had the boat emptied we rowed to land and went home.—Jack Norlander, Strassburg, Sask.

DO YOU WANT TO SEE THE LADY DOO DADS?

ARE there any lady Doo Dads in the Wonderland of Doo? That is what is puzzling lots of boys and girls who look forward to the visit of the Doo Dads each week. Many of them have written to the Artist asking why it is that he never draws any girl Doo Dad and wondering if he has ever seen them. In all his trips to the wonderful land where the Doo Dads live he has never seen any, or he would surely have drawn some of them. But there may be some of them there. He has noticed that every time he paid his weekly visit to the Wonderland of Doo the little fellows were very anxious that he would not wander around too much. Once when he took a new path he caught a glimpse of a big pleasant valley. But as soon as he peered over the hill there was a great scampering and he could not see just who was living there. May be that is where the Lady Doo Dads live. He was just going down to investigate when Flannelfeet the Cop rushed out waving his big stick and ordering him back. All the other Doo Dads that you know so well also gathered around him and tried to pull him away. He did not want to offend them for fear they would not let him draw them any more. He knew what a disappointment that would be each week to thousands of boys and girls so he withdrew. However, he is going to try and persuade the Doo Dads to let him visit the hidden valley. Here he is pinning up a letter that he received from a little girl. He is sure that they will grant her request. The Doo Dads are very proud of having their picture in the paper each week. He has told them of all the nice things that the boys and girls have said about them and of how they love to see them every week. And so the Doo Dads have learned to like the boys and girls. You know that if you love and appreciate people they will soon feel the same toward you. Here are the Doo Dads reading Gladys Hope's letter. Some are into mischief, of course, for that is their nature. Others, including Roly and Poly and Percy Haw Haw the Dude, who is a great lady's man, are trying to decide whether they will let the artist visit the hidden valley or not. He is holding up Flannelfeet the Cop, who sees his name in the letter and is so pleased that he will probably not prevent the Artist from visiting the valley. If he is successful in persuading the Doo Dads to let him wander all over the Wonderland of Doo he will probably find the Lady Doo Dads and will draw some of them for next week.

