

# Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

## THE DELIVERY HORSE

Talk about the wisdom of animals. I often wonder if there is in the whole animal kingdom any wiser or more patient creature than our milkman's delivery horse.

He is a shabby old horse, who wouldn't take a prize at a fair if he were the only horse in the ring, but there seems to be a perfect understanding between him and his master. He knows exactly which houses his master delivers at, and starts and stops and crosses the street with no more instruction than an occasional "Come on," which is almost never needed, for as soon as the man comes down the walk from the house the old horse starts up slowly and jogs along quietly until he comes to the next house where his master calls, when he stops and waits very quietly and patiently until it is time to move on again.

I fancy this horse is pleased and proud at being allowed to help in the day's work, and that he has learned to do his part without having to be told and guided continually. What a lot of good horse-help those people lose who slash their animals about and jerk them by the mouth until they feel nasty and ugly, and are ready to dash off and upset the waggon at the first opportunity.

DIXIE PATTON.

## LOST IN A BOAT

"Charlie, dear, take Mamie out to play, and take care of her until mother calls you," said Mrs. Forsythe to her ten-year-old son, who had been standing in the doorway watching some little goldfish in the window nearby.

"Alright, mother," he said, and, taking his little sister by the hand, he went out. Near-by was a pretty lake. Charlie had often wished he could sail across it, and had many a time sat in the little boat that floated idly on its surface dreaming of the time when he could go across.

"Let us sit in the boat, Mamie," said he, "and I can be the captain and you can be a passenger. Won't that be fun?"

"Fun!" lisped three-year-old Mamie. And so it was settled.

Lifting her into the boat, Charlie got in himself. They played there for a while contented.

But at last an idea popped into Charlie's curly head. "Say, Mamie, I'm going to untie the rope and I can hang onto it and keep us from going out too far. We'll have a fine ride."

"Fine wide," repeated Mamie, her little face dimpling with delight.

The rope was thick and hard to undo, but at last it came undone, and, to his great joy, he felt the boat sliding out. Just then something bright in the water attracted Charlie's attention, and in his eagerness to see what it was he let go of the rope, and the boat started out—free.

"Oh! Mamie, Mamie, the rope is gone!" cried Charlie, in a distressed voice, and tears came into his blue eyes.

"Charlie cwy; baby cwy, too," sobbed little Mamie, and large tears rolled down her little face. Choking the sobs back bravely he tried to appear cheerful, and at last Mamie was as merry as before.

It grew dusk, and still no boat was in sight except the one with the two forlorn children in it.

"Charlie, I'm so sleepy," murmured Mamie drowsily, and almost in a minute Mamie's little eyes closed and she was fast asleep. Taking his coat off he wrapped it around her, even tho his own shoulders were shaking with the cold wind that had risen. The little lake had grown rougher, and the boat rocked like a cork.

Almost every ray of hope had gone when all at once a boat came in sight. "Oh! if they only see us!" thought Charlie to himself. And, seizing his coat, he waved it frantically. After what seemed to him a lifetime a white thing fluttered at the side of the boat, and it started toward them. In about ten minutes it was beside them, and

the occupants of the boat proved to be neighbors, Mr. Burr and his son.

Throwing out a line with a large hook on it, the man drew the boat toward him, and in a few minutes Charlie and Mamie were in the other boat, safe, and sobbing their story out to the surprised men.

"Poor little uns, they are tuckered clean out, an' no wonder," exclaimed the burly fisherman, as he tucked them safe at the back of the boat and covered them with his raincoat.

An hour later found them in their home, where their anxious mother had searched for hours.

"I don't want to be captain again," murmured Charlie sleepily as he cuddled down in his little bed.

And he never did.

ETHEL STURDY,  
Age 13. Norwood, Ontario, Can.

## WHAT ROBBIE DID

Once there was a boy who was very poor. He had a mother, but his father was dead. He sat outside on the steps thinking of what he could do to help his mother. At last he thought of a plan, and went in and told his mother that he would make lemonade and doughnuts to sell at the picnic that was going to be held in a few days. His mother said he could do that if he wanted to. Rob waited and waited until at last the day came.

It was a nice bright day. Robbie was there at an early hour and got ready. He had doughnuts and lemonade on one side, and candy and cookies on the other side. He sold all the lemonade and the rest in a little while, and gave his mother the money. It was ten dollars. He asked his mother if that would help her any. She said it would, but it helped her more that she had such a thoughtful boy.

I will close with three riddles. Name me and you break me. Answer: Silence. Why is an egg like a colt? Answer: Because it is of no use till it is broken. What do many give but few take? Answer: Advice.

HAROLD JOHNSON,  
Brooking, Sask.

## THE WILD PONY

There was a wild pony which used to go running and jumping about on the prairie.

A man was going through the woods one day and he saw this pony. He went and got a rope and tried to lasso it. But he could not. So he got five men with himself to try and catch it.

So they tried and tried till at last they got it. And they tried to get it to the stable. They got it into the stable at last.

When they got him in his stall he kicked till he got it broken into pieces. Next thing they tried harness on him, and he did not care much about that. And they tried everything on him. He was scared first time, but after he got used to them he was alright. He would go in the buggy, wagon, harrow or plow, seeder or binder. That is my fairy tale I told.

MARY I. KROUSE.

## HOW TO GET A BUTTON

Dear Dixie Patton:—I have read with interest the many letters and stories written by the members, but have never gathered enough courage to write myself until now. Our ink got frozen and is spoiled, so I am writing with pencil.

How can I get one of your buttons? Can members send continued stories to your club? I should like to correspond with Wallace Showman. I think his letters are very interesting. Will he please write to me, giving his address? I will answer all letters. Hoping to see my letter in The Guide, and wishing the club every success, I will sign myself "LITTLE SCOUT."

I am afraid we have not room enough, Little Scout, for continued letters. The way to get a button is to write a story for this page.

DIXIE PATTON.



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