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Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

WILL YOU PROMISE?

I was just wondering the other day how many of our boys and girls in the Young Canada Club and those out of it who read the letters but have not yet joined the club, will enter into a pact with me to find out all they possibly can during the coming spring and summer about the birds in the neighborhood where they live without stealing an egg or touching a single poor defenceless little bird.

It is really, of course, the only way to find out anything about birds that is worth knowing, for when one has taken a gun and shot the bird it is all over, and when it has been taken home and caged up it has no way of showing you all the clever tricks it has learned from its mother, and which she learned from her mother and so on thru years and years of bird life.

I should be glad to have any boys and girls who feel like making this agreement drop me a card or a little note to tell me about it. I may not be able to answer each one personally, but I shall be glad to print their names in the Young Canada Club.

DIXIE PATTON.

THE LOST PIG

One day Uncle John gave Warren a little sow. He kept it for a long time. When she grew up she had some little pigs.

A little boy friend came over to see him. He gave him one of the little pigs. The little boy was very proud of it. He took it home with him, then he put it in a shed and shut the door, thinking it could not get out. But it got out and it tried to find its way home. It heard a wolf howling. It got in a stook and stayed there, but the wolf got it. The people looked everywhere but could not find it.

NELLIE M. BISHOP,
Age 11.

THE GREY TITS

In the spring my brother found a nest of eggs. It was a Grey Tits' nest, and there were eight eggs in it. They were white and reddish brown. They all hatched out. My brother and I went to see them every day. They soon flew away. This winter they came around the house.

I hung a piece of fat up, and the little Tits came and hung on it and pecked at it. In the spring my brother is going to make a little square box and have a little hole for the little birds to fly in and out, and we hope they will nest in it.

We hear the little birds chirp when they come to hang on the fat. They do not go away in the winter time. These little birds are easily caught.

In England, where I was born, there were many kinds of Tits. Tom Tit, Gray Tit, Blue Tit and Long-tailed Tit. I have only noticed two kinds in Canada. The Tom Tit and Grey Tit. The Tom Tit is not so brilliant in colors as in England.

KATHARINE M. WILLOUGHY,
Hill Drop, Sask. Age 13.

ANOTHER LOST PIG

We once had three little pigs, and one day one of them was lost. We hunted all over the place, but we did not find it. Three days later I looked down to where a lot of crows were sitting on the fence posts, and saw a white animal running around. I went to the house and told papa and he went down to it, and there was the little pig with a syrup pail on its head and it could not see where it was going and ran all over. We took the pail off its head.

HELGI SVEINBJORNSON,
Elfros, Sask. Age 13.

HOW I WON MY PET SHEEP

My father has got four hundred sheep and sometimes I have to go out and herd them. He said he would give me a sheep if I would herd them while he was busy at some other work. They are not very much bother, as I have got two good sheep dogs, named Teddy and Hemp. The sheep I picked out is a pet and follows me all over. She had a little lamb and I also made a pet out of her.

One day while I was herding them a wolf came running over the hill, and I did not see him, as I was sitting down beside a little bluff. He went right thru the flock and caught hold of a sheep and tore a piece of skin off her back. I had my rifle and shot at him twice; but I guess I was too excited and did not hit him, but he certainly ran for his life and the dogs chased after him. I am sending a stamped envelope for a pin.

LENA KLIMM,
Age 15. Millwood, Man.

THE GHOST

The other day a boy was going to a party. On his way he had to pass a house where no one lived. While he was passing this house he saw something moving back and forth. He thought it was a ghost, so he ran home as fast as he could.

The next day he and another boy went to the house to see whether it was a ghost or not. When they got there they found that it was only an old white shirt hanging on a line. The boy was very sorry that he had missed the party for the sake of the old white shirt.

ELLEN BENNETT,
Fine Creek Station, Man. Age 11.

THE SQUIRRELS' WINTER HOME

My mother and her five children went down camping this summer to a lake that is ten miles away. We took down two tents and a threshing caboose. After we had been down there two or three weeks, a couple of red squirrels began to build their winter home on a shelf in the corner of the caboose between two tins. They came thru a slit in the bottom of the shack and crawled up the wall. They took up a great amount of hay and straw and anything else comfortable they could find. They began to take up my brother's bathing suit and got it thru the slit in the floor underneath the nest, but found it too heavy to take any further, so they left it on the floor. They then took a stocking of my little brother's and a good many rags and handkerchiefs. After they had made the nest complete they began to steal our food. My mother had left some buns on the table one morning, and when she came back there were only three left, and she found out the squirrels had taken them. The squirrels were very tame. They would run up and down the wall while we were having our meals.

Soon they made another entrance to their home. They began gnawing a hole thru the wall of the caboose at the top, so they could crawl down outside instead of inside, but they hadn't it thru when we left. My mother had to pull down the nest a little to see if they had taken anything valuable, and that is how she found the things that she had lost. When the squirrels found out that the nest was touched they sat in the tree and scolded us, but they soon began to build it up again.

As there were very few nuts this year, I think the squirrels have the best way of getting food, making their home comfortable and keeping out of reach of their enemies, for they can spring from tree to tree very easily. Our dog was very keen on catching them, but he never could succeed.

DOREEN FITZGERALD,
Grenfell, Sask. Age 11 years.

THE HUNGRY WOODPECKER

Every day a lovely woodpecker comes to our house. Outside, on the kitchen wall, we have some meat hanging. He comes every day regularly for his meals. We hear him the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night just before dark. We have tried many times to catch him, but he is too quick for us. One day I heard him out on the meat, then I went out to try and catch him. I was right up to him before he saw me, but just as I reached out my fingers for him, away he flew. He is getting very fat since he started to eat the meat, so I think he ought to make good soup. I can hear him now at the meat.

GERTRUDE LEMLEY,
Age 10 years.