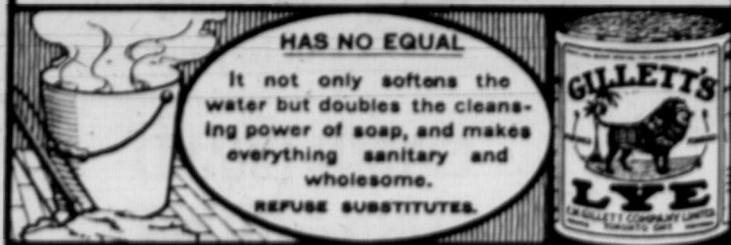


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Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

THE PROMISE

Every day I get a letter or a post card from some kind-hearted little boy or girl who is willing to promise to study the ways of the birds this summer without destroying one little bird, or one bird's egg, or taking a bird home to keep as a pet.

Mary M. Hay says that she joined the Audubon Society for the protection of birds, last summer, so of course she will be kind to the little feathered folk.

Margaret C. C. Farewell states, "I have never touched a bird or a bird's egg. My mother taught me that it was not right to do so."

Alberta Johnson says, "This winter I fed the chickadees, ground sparrows and other winter birds on the roof of the barn and they have never seemed so tame before."

Leslie Hopkins promises that we shall hear from him from time to time as he makes discoveries about birds.

Others who have agreed to the promise given above are Vivian, Evelyn and Edna Bond; Lila Osborne, Edith L. Zarn and Phoebe Bishop.

DIXIE PATTON.

GOOD CITIZENS

About eight years ago this March a man came out from the Old Country to Canada. As he hadn't much money he could only buy two horses to put in the grain crops. He also had enough to buy one cow.

The people lent him their seed drills, plow and other things he needed to put his crop in.

When he was in the middle of his sowing one of his horses got sick and died. Then the people met at the school and each gave from a dollar up to five to buy another horse for him. The people of this place have helped different other people when they were in trouble.

REGGIE A. MEEKS.

Manville, Alta.

Age 14.

DICKIE

A year ago last fall a neighbor of ours gave me two pigeons. They were just big enough to leave their mother. He brought them over in a box and I put them in a grain bin and fed and watered them till one day they found a window open and one flew out. I thought it would fly away, but it did not, so I let the other one out. In a few days one of the pigeons was drowned in a water barrel, but the other one is still living. We named him Dickie. He is a very dear pet. He comes to the house and in the house every chance he gets. Last summer when my little sister would be riding our little black horse it would come and fly on behind her and ride all around. We could catch it any place and any time. It would follow me to the garden when I went to work and when I would walk thru the flowers. It would follow when I went for the cows, and when it did not follow it came to meet me as I was coming back with the cows. Dickie was made happy this fall by two other pigeons coming to make their home here, so she has pigeon friends as well as children friends.

RALPH A. KUHLMAN.

Vanguard, Sask.

Age 9.

PLAYING WITH FIRE

I would like to tell you of an experience that happened to my brother and me. We thought we would clean up the rubbish lying round the yard.

So we lit a fire and were pleased by the way it burned. Suddenly a strong wind came up and blew a spark on to the dry grass and it started a prairie fire.

Luckily my father and uncle were able to put the fire out. We were very much scared and promised our parents never to play with fire again.

BILLY VALE.

Age 8.

A GENEROUS BEAST

The moon shone brightly out of the starry sky, lighting the snow-mantled earth below, where all people were fast asleep. No wind was blowing, but there

was a bitter sting in the air. In the shadow of a bush stood Mr. Coyote. A very imp of mockery dwelt in his small keen eyes. His glance met everything that stirred. He was very, very hungry. At last he turned and trotted off, towards a farm house. He went to the stables and around to the hen coop, sniffing everywhere, his bushy tail dragging along the ground and his legs weak for want of food. Just then a big dog leaped at him. Mr. Coyote started back and fled, his heart beating yet at the shock. He looked back and could see the dog right behind him, and a little farther off ran a man with a gun. Mr. Coyote ran at the top of his speed and left his pursuers far behind. He stopped and glanced around him. A hatred of human beings and dogs crept over him and it never left him. A white object that darted across the snow drew his attention. He leaped at it and nearly caught it; a second leap brought poor Mr. Rabbit between his jaws. He put Mr. Rabbit on the ground and stepped on him, while he howled long and loud. Far in the distance came an answer. He howled again and again, and everytime his comrades answered, each from a different direction. All the while poor Mr. Rabbit was struggling for life under the foot of his enemy. After a while came rushing a crowd of coyotes and each dashed their sharp teeth into the rabbit and pulled him to pieces alive. But there was another world for the innocent creature where lived all his kindred. That was the way Mr. Coyote shared his feast tho he was very hungry himself.

ALBERTA JOHNSON.

Bruce, Alta.

THE GOBLINS

Once upon a moonlight night a boy who had lost his way, and whose name was Willy, lay down on the soft moss to sleep. It was a warm night, only a cool breeze was stirring the tops of the tall green trees. Willy lay on a hill that was covered with daisies that swayed to and fro in the silvery light of the moon; he did not know that in that hill lived goblins, thousands of them. Soon the breeze chilled Willy, so he awoke and looked about him, but he saw nothing save the waving field of beautiful daisies. Suddenly he heard a noise and the ground opened and a thousand merry goblins danced out, all singing loudly like so many nightingales, then one of them came to Willy and told him to follow them, so he did. They all went to the other side of the hill and a glass door opened, showing a silver hammock into which they all jumped and it glided slowly down and stopped in a shining gold room. Then Willy and the goblins got out of the hammock and it vanished. A magnificent glass table decked with gold appeared with every dainty on it and all the chairs were of gold. They helped themselves to the fruits and rich goblin cake and delicious wine, Willy eating faster than the rest.

All of a sudden Willy heard these words, "Willy, wake up, don't you know it is morning." He looked up and was astonished to see he lay in his own bed and his mother by his side. Then he said, "Oh! I thought I had lost my way and I was eating of the goblins' food in a glass house. Why did you wake me up?"

EDITH JOHNSON.

Bruce, Alta.

A TAMED INDIAN PONY

I am going to tell you about an old horse that my father owns. She is nearly thirty years old and her name is Dolly. She is a small buckskin pony and her mother was a real wild Indian pony, and they often had a runaway when she was young. But now she is not afraid of anything except shots. My mother and I drive her every summer to town and any place we like. When I want to take a horseback ride I always take her, because she is so quiet. I like her very much and she often follows me to ask for food. She is now feeling very good because she never works in the winter time.

GUDNY S. JOHNSON.

Kandahar, Sask.

Age 13.