

HONEY

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTIGERS PLEASE MENTION THE GUIDE



Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

* THE PRIZE WINNERS

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So here, then, are the names of the prize winners in the new story contest, "Nature's Freaks":—Edna M. Harcus, age 12, Delia, Alta.; Henrietta Wendt, age 14, Strome, Alta.; Lionel Gervais, age 15, Danisville, Alta.

Marguerité Buchanan, Justice, Man, would certainly have won a prize with her splendid story about the ants if she had not forgotten to have it certified. She did exactly the sort of thing I am trying so hard to teach the readers of the Young Canada Club to do, stood by and watched closely what was going on without interfering. I am so sorry I cannot give her a prize.

Special mention is also due to the work of the following writers:—Lora Hill, Lavoy, Alta.; Erna Humbke, Duhamel, Alta.; Martha Humbke, Duhamel, Alta.; Ellen Bennett, Pine Creek, Man.; Jean Rankin, Oakner, Man.; Helen Mary Welta, Griffin, Sask.; Allan M. Diehl, Calendula, Alta.; Ethel Harrison, Laurier, Man.; Mary Smithenry, Sunny Nook, Alta.; Ellen Mafley, Elk Point, Alta.; Flørence McGibney, Welwyn, Sask.; Linden Bolton, Bellhampton, Man.; Eva Brownridge, Grand View, Man.; Alice Lindgren, Biggar, Sask.; Vivian Bond, Truax, Sask.; Jessie M. Sparrow, Kisbey, Sask.

DIXIE PATTON.

A HUMMINGBIRD

(A Prize Story)

The the front yard of my aunt's home there grew a large caragana tree, which in the summertime was covered with yellow blossoms. One summer my auntsaw a tiny ruby-throated hummingbird come to the tree and dart swiftly from one blossom to another, pushing its long bill into the heart of the flower to sip the nectar from it. My auntie wondered if music would have any charm for that tiny, beautiful creature, so she went into the house and played a tune on the organ. The little thing then lighted on a branch and sat still while the music continued (a thing which a hummingbird very, very rarely is known to do).

The birdie would stay humming around the tree for about ten minutes at a time and then dart quickly away to the neighboring woods to return in about twenty minutes. This was done again and again until one would think the little thing was feeding a brood. Day after day while the blossoms on the tree lasted, and even after they began to fade, the feathered particle returned to the tree. On one of its visits my aunt crept cautiously toward the tree, very careful not to frighten the little beauty away. She got so close that it hung just about a foot from her face and she could distinctly see its tiny feet drawn up into its feathers. It seemed to be so intent on it work that it did not notice her presence. Another surprising thing was, that it would linger some evenings about the favored tree until after dusk.

One day a little sombre-colored female hummingbird came to the tree while the ruby-throated one immediately chased her away as tho he thought she should go home to the nest (if they had one) and leave the honey for him. He also angrily chased bumblebees, seeming to think he was proprietor and had supreme control of that tree and its weetness.

At least four years in succession it returned and the last summer it was seen (after the house had been vacant for several years) auntie placed a large hox about eight feet from the tree that she might rest a camera on it to take the d

Another one was found by her chilled to death in a pump house. Its plumage was

death in a pump house. Its plumage was green.

Hummingbirds' wings appear transparent which makes their movements difficult to follow with the eye.

My great uncle, who was something of a hunter, once found a hummingbird's nest. It looked like a knot or small bunch of moss projecting from the trunk of the tree and was adorned with lichens. In June two tiny white eggs about the size of a bean are laid. My mother once saw a little hummingbird come to the outside of our window trying to get at the geranium blooms within. Flowers always attract a hummingbird. the geranium blooms within always attract a hummingbird.
EDNA M. HARCUS,
Age 12.

A FREAK OF NATURE

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One day last summer my sister and I took a walk, way down in our pasture. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. As we neared a big bush we heard something say softly, "Cluck, cluck, cluck." I said, "I wonder what that is? It can't be one of our hens for they wouldn't come way down here." We were half a mile from home.

My sister said, "Erna, you stand still here and I'll go and see what it is."

So off she went and I kept quiet and stayed, where I was.

Again I heard something say, "Cluck, cluck." This time it seemed to be nearer than before, so I parted the bushes a little and peeped thru. Again I heard it much nearer.

The next moment I saw a partridge with nine little ones pass the bushes where I was hidden.

How funny the little ones looked. They seemed to be little bits of down and not real chickens.

Just at that moment Elsie (my sister) stepped on a dry stick. It went, "Crack." Instantly the partridge cried in a low quick voice, "Krrr, krrr." At once the bits of down scattered and hid themselves. One ran into a little hole, another crept under a bunch of grass, a third ran behind a tree and so on till all were hidden, except one who could find no cover. So he squatted down on a chip and closed his eyes, lying quite still. I laughed to think that he thought himself out of sight, but when I looked away for a moment and then looked back I could not see him any more.

Then a strange thing happened. She

moment and then looked back I could not see him any more.

Then a strange thing happened. She (the mother) flew straight at my sister, who by this time was in plain view. Then she trailed one wing on the ground and limped. And she cried so pitifully too. She dragged herself along slowly and as if in great pain. "Aha," thought Elsie, "here is a lame partridge, I'll catch it for supper."

too. She dragged herself along slowly and as if in great pain. "Aha," thought Elsie, "here is a lame partridge, I'll catch it for supper."

She bent down to catch it, but the bird dragged herself just in time behind a tree. Again Elsie nearly had her, but she gave an awkward flop and tumbled down a bank. She was nearly caught again, but this time she clumsily crawled under a log. But the "funny" thing was that she was limping and tumbling away from the place where her chickens were hidden. Elsie just had her hands on her, but the partridge flopped just a few yards farther. By this time they were out of my sight so I waited impatiently for the end. Pretty soon there was a whirr of wings and back came the partridge. She was quite well now. She alighted on the very spot where she and her chickens had stood last. Then she called, "Kreet, kreet," and out of their hiding places came all the thimblefuls of down and they all went on their way.

I stood and waited for my sister and after about a quarter of an hour back came that person, very cross and out of breath. I demanded an explanation and when she got her breath back she told me. She said that the farther away from the little ones they got the less lame the partridge got till after about a half a mile she suddenly got quite well and flew away with a whirr of wings that nearly knocked Elsie over.

So you see that the limping business was only a ruse of the partridge's to get Elsie away from her young ones. But how did she know that that scheme would work?

ERNA HUMBKE,
Duhamel, Alta. Age 13.

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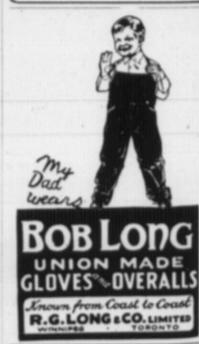
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