

# Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

## THE WAR AND GEOGRAPHY

Never was there such a chance to study geography in a fascinating and exciting way as there is this year.

The papers are full of the most thrilling war news, beside which the most exciting adventure story is tame, and in these war despatches the names of the rivers and cities of France, Belgium, Germany and Austria are repeated over and over again.

If you will look up the places on the war maps or in your school geographies, you will find it impossible to keep from learning their location. I hope that all of you are doing this and that when the war is over you will know this part of Europe like a first primer.

Of course nobody expects you to be able to pronounce the names. Very few grown folks can. If you can spell them it will be greatly to your credit.

Anyway it is the best, quickest and easiest way of learning geography that you will ever find.

DIXIE PATTON

## MY GREAT-GRANDPARENTS AND THE DEVIL

### A Prize Story

My great-grandparents lived in the woods, in a log cabin with a large open fireplace. It was in the early days of Ontario.

In the days when my story happened people believed in ghosts and spirits.

One Fast day, in the evening, my great-grandparents were sitting in their house by the fireplace with the door partly open. A terrible looking creature came into the room. He was the shape of a man, with horns and a tail. My great-grandfather ran upstairs for safety, but my great-grandmother stayed downstairs.

She took a long iron poker and stepped up to the terrible creature and said: "Man or devil, speak!" It did not speak, so she hit it with the poker several times. It said: "Tom Johnston, come down and take this wife of yours off, before she kills me!"

The terrible creature was one of the neighbors who had dressed up and come over to frighten them.

FREDERICK JOHNSTON.  
Stranraer, Sask., age 10 years.

## THE FAMILY TRADITION

Philip Rossiter had heard the story many times from his grandfather or his father. He didn't think much of it himself. He declared it was only a fairy tale that girls believe; men didn't. He was nine years old. The story or tradition ran—that if a raven was found dead in the grounds of Rossleigh Manor, where he lived, someone in the family would die or be killed before a week of that date.

When he asked his grandfather if he believed it, the reply was: "It is a tradition, my lad, and you must think of it as such, not as a fairy tale. Our grandfathers believed it; why shouldn't we?"

As old Mr. Rossiter was apt to use high-sounding phrases, which meant nothing particular, Philip didn't take much notice of it, but asked his father.

"Well, I believed it when I was your age, my boy, but (abruptly changing the subject) come and see the new picture I bought." And by that Philip knew he must not ask his father again.

It was about a week later that Mrs. Rossiter complained of a bad headache, and went to her room. She had promised to play checkers with Philip, but now he must wait until she felt better. He walked moodily into the garden kicking up the gravel on the path. It was too bad. He didn't want to play by himself. Ah! good idea, he would go to the stables and see if he could get a ride on one of the horses.

There was Thomas, the head groom beckoning to him, so he quickened his pace. "Well, Thomas, what is it?"

"Ah, now, Master Philip, you've just come at the right time."

"Yes?" asked Philip looking curious. Thomas led the way to a small shed and opened the door. "There, young sir," said he.

The boy gave a cry of delight, for

there lay his fox-terrier, Nella, with four little puppies at her side.

"Why, Nell, old girl, what beauties, arn't they?" After looking at them, feeling them and lifting them up, Philip thought he would carry the news to his parents. He stumbled over something on the way and fell sprawling, and looking back to see what he had tripped over, he saw a heap of black feathers.

"A raven," he said aloud, and immediately his thoughts flew back to the tradition: If a dead raven be found—

"Bah! rubbish!" he tried to say, but somehow he couldn't get it out. He remembered that Jakes, the gardener, had found a dead raven three days before his aunt Letitia died. Merely a coincidence he tried to convince himself.

But Philip felt very unhappy; his mother not being well—the raven—someone to die—these things seemed to join together to the fact that his mother was ill.

"No, no, she couldn't be going to die," he cried wildly, "what would I do without her?"

"Oh, if I could kill a rat," he cried with a gleam of hope.

The tradition said if someone be killed or die—someone in the family.

"Oh dear, it would be no use, then, for a rat certainly isn't in the family."

Should he ask his father's advice? No, he might laugh or say it was only nonsense and Philip could not bear to be laughed at.

Suddenly he thought of Nella. Mr. Rossiter had once said, "No, we won't sell Nella, she's one of the family now." So her pups would be the same.

Perhaps she had lain on one—oh, if she only had—one would have been given away anyhow, perhaps the whole four, for the Rossiters had two greyhounds besides Nella.

Philip ran back to see if they were all alive and found they were. He held one up. There was a short piece of stick handy and it would be the easiest thing in the world to tap it on the head—a little tap would do. The puppy squirmed and wriggled and gave a feeble whine. The boy put it back to its anxious mother.

"No, I can't do it," he whispered and, getting up, ran back to the house.

Old Mrs. Rossiter was sitting just outside on the verandah, knitting.

"How's mother?" he questioned eagerly.

"No better, a little worse in fact, dear, so don't go in and disturb her, there's a good boy, she said."

Philip went back to Nella and lifted up the puppy.

"It's you or mother," he whispered, and reluctantly picked up the stick.

"Philip," said his father, as they were sitting down to supper, "Thomas has just told me he's afraid Nell has killed one of the puppies; it was lying dead beside her."

"Was it?" was all Philip said.

Mrs. Rossiter was well the next day, and as nobody in the family died that week, Philip firmly believes that the puppy saved its mistress' life.

MARIE BRAILS福德.

Aged 13.

## TAME RABBITS

My brother and I have a pair of tame rabbits. His is white and he calls it "Captain Kid." Mine is black and white and I call it "Pollyanna." They are very pretty.

We feed them on all kinds of green feed and they are very fond of bread and milk.

One day when I went out to feed them I saw a little white rabbit with a black stripe down its back and black eyes and ears. It was exactly like its mother. I was very surprised and delighted. I discovered that there were six other rabbits, some grey, brown, black and white, and brown and white. They must have been a week old. The reason that we did not see them before was because the old rabbit had burrowed down under the pen and made a fine nest lined with fur. We did not see the young rabbits until they were old enough to follow their mother out. Rabbits are nice pets.

ELEANOR VOSPER.

St. Louis, Man. Age 13.

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