

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

WAR AND TOYS

Do you think, little chickabiddies, that because you are young and far away from the seat of war that it is not going to make any difference to you?

It seems that one can't be too young or too far away to be interfered with by this terrible thing called war; and I don't suppose you would ever guess the trouble it is going to make for Santa Claus this winter.

You see it is from Germany that Santa Claus gets nearly all the toys that he does not make up in his own little factory at the North Pole, and this war is going to interfere seriously with the making of them, in the first place, and with the transportation of them across the sea in the second place, since reindeer can't travel on water very well.

So if Santa Claus is rather skimpy with his presents this winter you will have to say to yourselves that it is the part of the war that you little folk have to bear and be very brave about it. Whatever you do, don't blame poor old Santa, who is probably worrying himself into his grave over it.

DIXIE PATTON.

POISONED HER YOUNG

For several weeks some of our hens were carried away every night. I determined to find out what was taking them. One day I went into the woods for a stroll, and while there I saw two old foxes with a family of five young ones. Around their home I discovered parts of birds, sometimes almost a whole fowl. I climbed up into a tree, and from there I could see the little fellows come out and play. Once they heard a slight noise. They thought it was danger, so ran back into their home as quickly as possible, but they were soon out again, called by Vic, their mother. She held for them one of our nice fat hens, half dead. At once the little fellows all rushed out and tussled and growled until they had finished it. The old fox, all the time, kept watch for the woodchucks and other enemies.

When the young foxes were strong enough to stand on their hind legs the parents taught them how to catch mice, by standing up on their hind legs, then springing upon the innocent little mice thru the grass.

They were taught how to scent a man and warned to keep out of his way. Then they learned the cunning way of catching a woodchuck.

I learned to like these animals and did not wish to see them killed, so did not tell anyone. But in a short time others found out, and one day a couple of men went back to dig out their den. They were going to kill them all, but I begged them to give me a little one for a pet. I took it home and tied it by a chain. That night the mother came with a big fat hen for it. She tried to break the chain with her teeth, so as to let her baby loose. She tried the second night, but it was all in vain. The third night she came and brought poison for the little fellow. Then she went away and was never seen afterwards. It is thought she poisoned herself, also.

TERESSA LEE.

Markdale, Ont. Age 14.

OLD WHITE JACK

One bright afternoon, in the latter part of October, mother, sister and I went to the river-bottom to gather bullberries. We went in a single buggy with our old pet horse, Jack.

When we arrived there we unharassed the horse because the bank was so steep we could not go down in the buggy. Then we led him down and tied him to a tree. Soon we busied ourselves in picking berries, while Jack seemed to enjoy himself eating the grass and dozing in the sunshine. In a little while we had cleared that patch of berries and had moved on to another, taking Jack with us. Here he became restless. He snorted, pawed around the tree and peered into the bushes with an anxious eye. We did not feel alarmed and thought that he

scented a coyote, which was likely sneaking along on our trail.

To quiet his nervousness we took him out in the open and trotted him around for a while. Then he seemed to be all right and we went back into the bushes again, taking him with us. But he seemed to be just as nervous as before. So we chatted and laughed at his fears, stopping once in a while to pat his neck and talk to him, never dreaming of the danger which lay so near us.

We spent at least two happy hours enjoying the fresh air and sunshine. At last our pails were filled and we led Jack out of the brush where he had continued in a state of fear. He soon regained his composure when we led him up the bank.

When we returned home we were telling of our outing. After we had told the men of Jack's strange actions they told us that we had had a very narrow escape, as it was a well known fact that there had been a cougar in the same bottom for a number of years.

LUELLA JOHNSON.

Macleod, Alta. Age 15.

A PET GOPHER

One day my brother and I were walking along the trail and I saw a young gopher and caught it. We took it home and put it in a large box with wire netting over it. That night we could not sleep; it was squeaking so. The next morning we put it on the table and it was very fond of milk and would eat cake and bread crumbs. Then we put him back in his box. A little while after we put a sod in for him; he liked that. Then he began to burrow holes in it.

One day we thought we would put him in the porch. Of course the dog did not like this, so she scratched at the box till she hurt it so much we had to kill it.

Our friends around us laughed at us for having a pet gopher.

HAROLD SPOONER.

Age 10.

THE FATE OF A BUG

Once there was a big bug. I do not know the name of it, but its color was brown all over the top of it and red underneath. It was going along a sandy road. It fell on its back and there were some brown ants there, and they tried to pull this bug away. They pulled and pulled till they got it a little distance and then they started to eat it. It died after the ants had eaten a little of it. They kept eating and more ants kept coming, until there was an awful lot of ants. They stayed till they had it all eaten up.

I am ten years of age, and I hope to have success.

LILA OSBORNE.

THE FIRE

I remember about four years ago when our barn burnt down. It was a very stormy day and papa had gone to Saskatchewan and there was no one at home. Mamma and my two sisters and I were the only ones at home. Mamma was sewing.

My oldest sister looked out of the window and saw the flames creeping over the barn. There was a strawshed behind the barn.

My sisters ran down to our nearest neighbor's and got some men. Mamma went down to the barn and cut a rope from a horse. Three horses were burnt, all the harness and our rubber-tired carriage.

Mamma and I went down to the cave with blankets. The wind was so strong that I had to hold on to the blankets. The wind blew the wheel off of our windmill.

When the men came they piled snow between the haystacks. There were three haystacks there, but it didn't do any good, it burnt them all down.

When papa came home the first thing he missed was the shed. I never will forget how frightened I was that day. We have a nice new lumber barn now.

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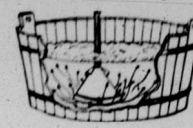
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