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Boot No. 1051.—Splendid quality selected Box Calf Derby pattern, unbreakable backstrap, straight toecap as illustrated, leather lined throughout, specially selected hard-wearing solid leather soles, 1 inch in thickness, sewn and stitched. Best make and finish throughout.

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Boots are made in eight different sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (size 12 25c. extra). Each size in four different widths: No. 3 width (for slender feet); No. 4 (medium); No. 5 (wide); No. 6 (extra wide).

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No. 1051

**PRICE OF BOOTS \$2.75**

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For which I enclose Postal Order value .....

Name .....

Address .....

Box Calf, \$ 3.25.

# Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

## STORIES ARE VERY INTERESTING

I have been having such a good time lately reading the fairy and adventure stories. Some of them are splendid, but there is one thing that makes me feel very sorry. In spite of the fact that I said most emphatically that no one was to send me a story they had read in a book, I am very much afraid that some of you have done just that very thing.

It isn't very pleasant to think that boys and girls would try to get credit and even a prize for a story that was not their own work. I would much rather have a poor story written by the sender than a good one copied from a book.

However, I have many good stories written by the young folk who read this page and you must know that one who is familiar with children's work can generally see signs of the copied story, though of course not always.

Some weeks ago I printed a story which I knew that little girl had re-told and expected that every one would know that it was not original.

It was not sent in for a contest and was not certified. I don't think the little girl who sent it meant to pretend that she had written it all herself, but I received a very indignant letter from a reader saying that it was copied. Now that story was printed merely because it was a pretty little fable, and whether it was original did not matter.

But in this contest it is different. I asked for original stories and those that are known to be copied will not receive any notice.

DIXIE PATTON.

## A NIGHT IN THE BARN

The boys at Evenlode Farm were very excited, for Uncle Harry had come to visit them, Tom, Charlie and Len Arkell. They had other uncles, those quiet stay at home people who came for tea or for one day, as Charlie said. They never did anything particular, were nothing to Uncle Harry, who had been all over the world either doing or seeing wonderful things.

This time he had just returned from British Columbia, full of praises of shooting, fishing, hunting and with plenty of stories to tell his nephews.

"Where did you sleep when you were in the wild country you were talking about?" asked Len.

"Out in the open," replied Uncle Harry, "or in a barn, if I was lucky enough to be near one."

"We have a barn," shouted Len.

"Well, what about it?" asked their uncle.

"Why, we can sleep in it to-night," answered Len.

"Mother," he said, as Mrs. Arkell came by, "may we sleep in the barn to-night. Uncle, Charlie, Tom and I? We can have no adventures in the house all the time."

"Well of all the unreasonable children! Just as if your poor Uncle hasn't had enough of roughing it."

"Oh, mother," cried Len. Then he turned to Uncle Harry. "Uncle, may we? Oh say yes, just for this one night."

"Yes, Ellen, let them do it if they want to."

So that night the four went out to the barn loaded with rugs and pillows and a big lantern. When they got out there they went to bed.

In the night Len heard a scratching noise. He shouted to Uncle Harry, who said it was only the rats hunting for grain, but Len was afraid still. Just as they were asleep Charlie shouted that there was a monster there. Uncle Harry said it was nothing but the harmless old cow. Next Tom heard a stealthy step and grabbed and caught hold of something. He kept hold and called for help. Uncle Harry jumped up and lit the lantern and found it was a tramp trying to hide in the straw and burn the ricks in the morning.

In the morning Uncle Harry asked the boys which they liked best, home comforts or to sleep in the barn? They said they would rather have home comforts.

VIOLA SLUGGETT,

Ardsley, Sask. Age 10 years.

## MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

My first recollections date back to one day some years ago when I found myself in a sort of big square box with my mother standing beside me, with her head bent proudly over me.

I tried hard to get up, but my wavering little legs were not strong enough to support my body, so I sank back on my soft bed of straw again. I made several unsuccessful attempts before I managed to get up, but when I did accomplish it, I fancy you will easily guess the first thing I did; of course it was to get my breakfast.

I began to look around me to see what my home was like. I went from one corner of my house to the other on my wobbly legs.

Very soon, however, the door of our stall was opened and the farmer came in to see me. He patted me and smoothed my mane, and seemed very pleased with my general appearance.

He got my mother some oats and gave her some hay and then went to attend to the other horses, who were making funny noises.

Nothing ever happened worth relating till I was a little over a week old, and then the farmer harnessed my mother and took her out to work with the other horses in the fields.

I fretted for my mother a great deal and thought she was never coming back. I was very hungry, too, when she got in, and, oh! she was so pleased to see me. But I soon got accustomed to that.

Nothing much happened only when the halter was put on me and I was trained to lead. One day the farmer's son came in beside me and put a nasty big round steel bar in my mouth, which went on top of my tongue, and I did not like it at all. This was called a bit.

And then he very gently put the harness on me and got it all buckled up. Then he took me outside and led me around to get me used to it, I suppose.

But one day he put my mother beside me and took us outside. Then hitched us up to a wagon and started to lead us around.

But I did not like pulling the heavy wagon around and I'm sorry to say I reared up and got a little balky and tried hard to have my own way. He was very nice, however, and with a little coaxing and patting I soon trotted along quite contentedly. Presently he got into the wagon and drove us about a little, calling me by the name of "Dandy" till I got quite familiar with it.

Then there were the "Haws" and the "Gees" and "Whoas" and several other words I had to learn the meanings of, until very soon I was working on the land with the rest of the horses.

At the present moment I hear the farmer getting the other horses ready for work, so I fancy I had better finish my chatter, as well as this nice bundle of hay, and get ready to earn my food at least, or my master may be selling his "Dandy" to some one who may be less kind and gentle.

ANNIE G. STEPHEN,

Heron P.O., Sask. Age 14 years.

## THE GOPHER

I am a small animal, about six inches long, people call me a gopher. My coat is a light brown and I have a short tail. My home is a hole in the ground, where I store my food for winter, which consists of grain, grasses and roots. I am very happy when spring comes and when I am able to get out in the warm spring air and get something to eat, for I am very hungry after being in the ground all winter. I come out very early in the spring, as soon as the snow is off the ground.

One spring day I was getting some food to put in my store house. I saw a collie dog creeping up on me. I was very far away from my hole and was beginning to get very frightened. I started to run to my home, but the dog ran after me and was only a few feet behind me. I saw a hole some yards away and was running towards it. After a while I reached my home tired and out of breath. When I got there I told my friends what a narrow escape I had from being caught by a dog.

One of my worst enemies is the badger, an animal almost as large as a dog, whose chief food is gophers and other small animals.

Many of my friends are killed by poison, which is put out by farmers, who think we are very destructive to grain. Besides poisoning us they set traps for us and make the life of a gopher very dangerous.

JAMES McMAHON, Age 12

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