

Young Canada Club

By Dixie Patton

Blue Cross Fund

The contributions for the Blue Cross Fund this week are:

Lindsay Garrison, Jenner, Alta. \$ 15
Kathleen Taylor, Vermont, Sask. 10
Charlie Goddington, Carleton Place, Ont. 25
Clarence G. Grant, Box 140, Ansonia, Conn. 100

Dixie Patton.

Three Reasons

I think summer the nicest time for holidays, starting the first of June, because there is so much to do at home and we can feed the little chicks and water them and help in the garden. The garden requires a lot of weeding and we children can do that as well as mother. Then second there are gophers to catch by putting out poison and traps. It is a big help to save the wheat, which is badly needed, to feed our Allies and help win the war. Then the third reason I have, it is much easier to study in the winter when it is cold than during the hot summer months. It is hard sometimes to get to school in the winter, but for me it is harder to go in the warm weather, because I like to play in the sun and piles. — Ruth McGowan, Eyrfold, Sask.

A Very Queer Pet

This is my first letter to your most interesting club. Although six years have passed since first I read the letters and stories written to the club I never thought of writing myself. But I am writing now and would like very much to become a member and I am enclosing an addressed envelope. Would you please send me a membership pin. I will describe myself, I am a girl 14 years old and have blue eyes and light brown hair. I weight 115 pounds and am 5 feet 4 inches tall. I live on a farm in the foothills in southern Alberta. I like farm life very much. I have four brothers and two sisters, and my oldest brother is doing his bit to help win the war, and what an awful war this is.

I sincerely hope it will soon be over. I see all the members are sending money to the Blue Cross fund. I don't think I will try it this time but when I write again I will.

I suppose you all have your pets. I have four cats, but of all the queer pets I ever heard of a porcupine is the queerest. My brothers and sisters and I had one once. We had it so tame that when we came near it it would turn around and sit up. We went out and found it sleeping one morning and it was as round as a ball. We could not see anything but quills. They hid their head and tail so that is why a dog or a cat can not hurt them.

I would tell the whole story about our pet but it would take too much room, so wishing the club and members every success I will close. — Laura E. Rowland, Warner, Alta.

A Hero Brother

On account of not having much work these long hot days I thought I would like to write a letter to the Young Can-

ada Club. We get the Grain Growers' Guide once a week, and think it is a fine paper in every respect. I am a lover of books, and generally put in my spare time reading. I had one brother who lost his life fighting for our rights in the battle of Vimy Ridge. He went with the 20th battalion.

My mother knits socks for the boys at the front. She knits an average of two pairs of socks a week. We send out many boxes to soldiers, most of them to friendly ones. Mother has had answers from most of them, so we know they get most of the socks. We gave a piano to the Red Cross this spring. I am sending one dollar for the Blue Cross fund. Hoping to receive a membership pin and badge. — Clarence Grant, Box 140, Ansonia, Conn.

A Runaway

I like to look at the Doo Dads. I think they are funny little fellows. I would like to join the Young Canada Club. I am going to tell you about a runaway my mamma, papa and my little

THE DOO DADS DISPOSE OF THE KAISER

Well, the supreme court of the Wonderland of Doo, after a long session, finally decided what to do with the Kaiser. Here the Doo Dads are carrying out their orders, of course, they have some funny notions, and do not always do what we would think right and proper, and after all, they were only playing at war, and so they decided to run the image of the Kaiser, which the artist made for them, through a sausage mill. Then they thought it would be a good plan to play a trick on a dachshund which had wandered into the wonderland of Doo. The dachshund is a breed of dogs which the Germans have. The name simply means badger dog. Since the image of the Kaiser was only made of cloth stuffed with sawdust, the dachshund was greatly mistaken when he thought that these were real sausages. Poor Sleepy Sam, the Hoho, is having a hard time of it. He is still being punished for going to sleep on duty. See how the young rascals with the sharp sticks are making him turn the sausage mill with all his might, while Flannel Feet, the Cop, stands by with his baton to see that he stays with the job until it is finished. Perry Haw Haw, the Dude, is in uniform again. He has his company lined up to see that the Kaiser will not make a last effort to escape. Smiles, the Clown, has his hands full tugging at the dachshund. The Doo Dads have not omitted any of the verminous. Two of them are hoisting the black flag, while two others are ringing the bell to announce that the Kaiser has met his doom. Old Doc Haskins is also present with his watch in hand to tell when the invader of the Wonderland of Doo breathes his last. The old lady Doo Dad and some of the Doo Dads are looking on at a safe distance. Aren't they horrified looking? After all, they think, it is a horrible fate for the Kaiser to meet. These have been stirring times for the Doo Dads. It was the first time in all its history that the wonderland was invaded and the stirring deeds of the brave little defenders will be told and retold for many a day.

sister had. Once in Qu'Appelle they were going around the corner of a street when a car came around the street at the same time. The horse started to run and they ran and ran until they came to a house. They went right through the fence and stuck the neck yoke through the window and scared the people all out of the house. I hope to see my letter in print. — Clarence Grant, Box 140, Ansonia, Conn.

The Needed Rain

The Lord of Love looked down from above.

And He saw that we needed rain.

And He said to the clouds, "Now send down your rain."

That is the request of the grain."

So the Lord of Love sent forth the rain.

Which came from heaven to earth,

Onto the great fields of grain.

Which received it with happy mirth.

—Curtis.

Going to Pick Berries

I have more than one reason for wanting the summer holidays to come. The first is that I want to go out and help with the haying and harvest the year and help take care of the cattle and horses, for I think every boy and girl should help all they can to win the war, and every little bit helps. I will have more time to help in the garden and potato patches, and the berries will be ripe and I will be able to help pick them. I will have more time to ride horse back. We will not have to do home work at nights after supper. We can lie in the bed till noon every morning and do not have to go to school on rainy days. Then another reason is we would have more time to go fishing or swimming and boating. Oh, say, and there is another reason, we can have good times at picnics and ball games. — Chester A. Henry, Box 242, Gadsby, Alta.

Taxation

Revenue raised the H

I DESIRE to make a statement in regard to the revenue raised by the Association in the past year. The Guide of late appeared recently in Free Press. I would deal in detail with the contained therein. I am of the opinion that that part is very good, but I certainly with the main issue of the war. I believe most "interested in, a taking care of the rebuilding up after the ending of the war. I think that protection is of course they call it to same they mean protection to show in the best. protection is the most most unreasonable, and means that could pose for the reason that means of making all means their fair share after debt of the war. If protection is a country, then trade is the country, and we all is a real necessity and not proper without restrictions we put up prosperous we will be means to compel the to buy home-made goods than they can't buy while it was not for could buy them for means a direct tax on do not buy in the place nothing in the therefore protection is point to hang their as the employment of a better market for the farm. This point a little later on.

Protection Means

Protection means a It protects the foreign competition may get a higher price than he can obtain or thus compelling the to pay more for their can buy them for it. If we can improve by any such protection we make get the necessities they will be, surely. For nations to ref each other surely friendly feelings a for one neighbor with another. To re our next door neighbor brotherly love or Protection is opposi will be so bold as to is not the direct cause of labor, of all class pression we have to settled condition of Canada, that is exist speaking country in after 40 years of high England with 60 up to the war per satisfactory labor co on the European co highest wages, whi other nations have a live walls. Free Tr to all people who we will prevent any c immense fortunes a labor such as exists The United States for sixty years an suffered thereby, an amassed fortunes ti of in any other part protection in the hot affect that count that protection affe the United States trade country, as b between all the Stat merical standpoint, is almost as great as

