Young Canada Club

By Dixie Patton

The contributions to the Blue Cross fund for this week are:—

Margaret Wright, Carmangay, Alta.	.25
James Flashdale, R.R. No. 1, Red Deer, Alta.	.05
Leo N. King, Bagend, Sask.	.10
Richard, Ritchie, Sask.	.10
Winnie Fisher, Hazelridge, Man.	.25
Rebecca Wilson, Calandale P.O., Alta.	.10

—Dixie Patton.

Splendid Gardeners

This is my first letter to the Young Canada Club. I am 11 years old, and am in grade four. We have some neighbors about one mile from our place, and last winter they solved the problem of going to school, by covering their cutter with oilcloth. They have four miles to go to school. They had a slit in the front of the cutter for the lines, and a sheet of mica to look through. They could go to school in comfort even on the coldest day. My sister and I walked to school and sometimes we got a ride with them. Last year we had a garden and my potatoes come up fine, I saved all the potatoes that I had last year. They made ten rows. My sister's flowers came up beautifully. She saved a lot of the seeds for this year. My sister and I have got a nice garden this year. We got the seed from the seedsman at the school. Seeds were given around at every school in the country. I guess I will close for this time, or there won't be enough room for the other letters. —Ralph Gould, Islay P.O., Alta.

A Fine Family

This is my first letter to the Young Canada Club, I wish to be a member of the club. I would like to have a membership pin. I read the Doo Dads, they are very interesting. I have five sisters and five brothers, two of them are going to school. I go to school and I am in grade four. I like to go to school very much. I am ten years of age. We keep chickens, geese, turkeys and ducks. I like to help feed them, we haven't got any little turkeys yet. I hope to see my letter in print. I wish the club much success.—Ethel Pye, Penhold, Alta.

Sunset

When the big red sun goes down,
And the golden sands turn brown;
To the waves we say good-night,
Homeward turn our footsteps light.

Still, dear sun, we are not sad,
For a long bright day we've had;
And we know in far off lands,
You are shining on the sands.
—Wallace W. Black, Gull Lake, Sask.

Has Many Pets

This is my first letter to the Young Canada Club. I would like to be a member if there is any room for me on your happy page. I am an English girl, 12 years old. We came to Canada when I was five years old. I would like to go back to "the old county" when the war is over. I am a member of the Maple Leaf Club. I have not written to them for a long time so I guess that will be my next job. I am trying to do my "bit" to help win the war. I knit and help to sew for the Red Cross, and at Christmas when parcels are sent away I put some little thing in. I think people should give for the Red and Blue Cross. I am sending a dollar to the Blue Cross hoping it will get there. I have a pony, a dog, a cat and a little pig. I have found two bird's nests and two duck's nests. I go to school every day. We live a little over two miles from school. Our teacher has been sick so we have had nearly a month's holiday. Well, this will be enough for the first time, hoping I will escape the W.P.B.—Josephine Storrow, Killam, Alta.

A New Member

This is my first letter to the Young Canada Club. I would like very much to become a member of this club. I read the letters of the club every week. I like looking at the Doo Dads. I think they are funny little fellows. I go to school every day. I am in grade six. I am 11 years old. We have two little colts. They are both about the same size. I am sending 10 cents to the Blue Cross Fund. I hope to see my letter in print. I am sending a self-addressed envelope for a membership pin. Wishing the club much success. —Alice McGowan, Pilot Mound, Man.

The Queer Grain People

One day as Jimmie was walking down the alley with his little cart full of grain he met Miss Gopher on the road. She said, "Please little boy won't you give me some of your grain to eat."

"Oh, no," said Jimmie, "That grain is not for you."

"Please give me just a grain or two," said she.

"No, I cannot give you even a grain," said Jimmie, and on he went.

In a few minutes Miss Gopher saw coming down the road, what do you think? Why the grain people, and who are they? They are the people who are tall and slim with large heads, dressed in green.

Now thought Miss Gopher, "I'll get some grain after all."

The people were in a cart drawn by city mice who had never tasted grain.

When they saw the gopher they ran just as hard as they could right by the gopher and around the corner with the gopher behind them. They went into a large hole on the street and then turned down a smaller one branching from the big one, but the gopher lady went on down the big one.

The grain people now were in so small a hole they had to lie down, and that was very crushing. They went along this hole a way and then turned out in to the street once more. On they went until they came to the corner and then they turned the corner and Jimmie jumped up, and the mice, the grain people and the gopher were nowhere to be found. So Jimmie went into the house and told his mother about the dream.—Beth Howes, Millet, Alta.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH IN THE WONDERLAND OF DOO

Of course you have heard of the village blacksmith whose smithy stood beneath the spreading chestnut tree. And do you remember what the poet said about the little boys and girls. Wasn't it something like this?

"The children coming home from school, look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge, and hear the bellows roar;
Or catch the shining sparks that fly like chaff from a threshing floor."

Well, there is a village blacksmith in the Wonderland of Doo and his forge is under a big chestnut tree too. Do you see its dark spreading branches? And there are the Doo Dads acting just like the boys and girls in the poem. They are just out of school and have their little books and slates along with them. It is great fun for them to try and catch the sparks that fly from the old Doo Dad's hammer. One naughty little fellow has caught his playmate's nose with a pair of pinchers, while there is that little rogue with catapult aiming at the old blacksmith's beard. And here are all our old friends. Sleepy Sam is snoring away, but when he feels that bug on his nose he will wake up in a hurry. Percy Haw Haw is trying to persuade the clown to ride on the little fellow's hobby horse. Smiles might, too, if it hadn't a broken leg. The young Doo Dad has brought it to old Doc. Sawbones to fix but he is telling him to take it over to the blacksmith. Flannelfeet, the Cop, has his eye on that boy with the pinchers and has just about decided to pinch him. Roly and Poly are always helping somebody, aren't they? Here they are giving the old blacksmith a hand. Poly is shoeing the mouse. It doesn't seem to like the operation for see how it is jabbing him in the eye with its tail. The old blacksmith doesn't seem to notice the hub-bub that is going on around him. He keeps working away and can't hear a thing but the clanging of his hammer and anvil.