

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

HERO AND HEROINE STORIES ARE COMING IN

I should not be a mite surprised if this were to be the biggest contest of all and I look forward to a perfectly glorious time wading through stories of brave men and women. Come all you boys and girls, little and big, polish up your stories of heroes and heroines and send them to The Guide right away so that they will be sure to be in time for the competition.

Yes, I know it seems a long time until February 15, but how do you know that father and brother Ned won't take the gripp so that you won't be able to send to town for two or three weeks, and then the trains are always being blocked up. So it isn't safe to put off until the last minute.

You are not going to give up because you wrote before and didn't get a prize? No, of course not. Boys and girls who are going to grow up into successful men and women don't give up so easily. If you have won prizes you can still try again, though I don't promise that you will get a prize again.

I am printing in each issue now stories written by boys and girls for other contests, showing what young people can do and I don't want you to let any boy or girl on the continent beat you at story writing.

Get your teacher or one of your parents to certify that the story is your own work and that the age given is correct.

All stories must be on my desk not later than February 15.

Three splendid story books will be given as prizes for the three best stories received and all the next best will be printed.

DIXIE PATTON.

Address all letters to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

THE LITTLE FIELD MOUSE

The field mice sometimes gnaw old bags to pieces and make nests in straw piles or some old root pile or building of some kind.

Sometimes they take paper and straw or old hay to use for their nest. They make their nest in a big ball nearly the size of a common football and a hole in one side to go in and out and a cosy little hole inside. Some have feathers inside so it will be nice and soft for their winter bed.

They stow away a good supply of nuts and grain for winter use.

They hide it under a stump or in a hollow log, and on the prairie they hide it under the sod close to their home.

You will often find little paths through the snow going from their food to their cosy little home.

The Saucy Little Brown Squirrel

The saucy little squirrel is a very busy little fellow. He stows away more food for winter than you can imagine.

Have you ever seen one of their nests? If you haven't you have missed quite a bit. In the fall they gather up great bunches of moss, leaves and bark and make big bundles of it in a tree. I don't know what they do it for if it is not to make a warm nest for winter.

They are very saucy little things. They will get up in a tree and chatter with all their might when the dog is after them.

Then when we start after them for a little fun they will run up the tree a little farther and chatter more than ever. Then if you will shake the tree they will jump from one tree to the other.

They also eat the most of your garden peas and beans. Sometimes they eat them after they are planted and sprouted.

Last summer I found a double handful of beans in the pod under the cucumber vines, and often see them run from the garden whenever we go near.

I think they are a very cute little animal for one so small.

EUNICE THOMAS.

South Junction, Man.

HOW THE RABBIT PREPARES FOR WINTER

I am writing a few lines how the rabbit prepares for winter. The rabbit is a reddish brown in summer, with a white line under the belly, and a very white color in winter. Its nest is a hole dug in the snow. It likes to live in the thick willows. It lives on green bark. Around Easter time we children build nests and the rabbits lay us eggs. The eggs are very beautiful. Some are red, yellow, green, purple, striped and orange.

WILLIAM S. JOHNSTONE.

Ochre River, Man.

GETTING READY FOR WINTER

One animal I have noticed getting ready for winter is the gopher. He bores himself a new hole late in summer. Then you see him carrying hay down his hole to make a bed. He has two pouches in his mouth for carrying grain to his hole.

This keeps him busy till winter. You will often see him around behind the barn, or where there has been some grain spilt, getting his mouth full of grain. Then he scampers away to his hole and takes it out with his paw.

In the fall the gopher's fur turns grey and in the summer it is brown. After all this is over he goes away for his long winter sleep under the snow, ice and the frozen ground.

C. W. KEER,
Age 11 years.

MY FAVORITE RECREATION—AND WHY

By Clarence Hatch (Age 15)

(Copied from St. Nicholas Magazine)
The work is done, and now for a tramp in the woods!
For a beginning, I start through the alder swamp.

There is not a bird in sight, but I stand still and whistle two high, clear notes, "Phee-bee." Soon I am answered by a few tiny whistles, or a plainer "tsic a dee dee." Then the bird appears, curious to see who is calling him, but determined to keep on eating, for all that. "Phee-bee," I whistle again, and more chickadees appear, one of them "Phee-bees," and in a few minutes a whole flock is around me, whistling earnestly and sweetly, till they or I get tired of it.

Leaving the chickadees, I go through the swamp and up the hill. Thump! thump! A rabbit jumps from under a hemlock, stands staring at me for a moment with his bright, frightened eyes, and lopes out of sight.

Farther on, I reach a great, irregular pile of boulders that form an ideal den for a family of porcupines, whose well-beaten path leads on up to their feeding ground, a hemlock grove.

If I sit still here for a while, a little house-wren comes hopping around with his tail in the air, looking me over critically; a red squirrel, another tenant in the porcupines' mansion, yelps and chirrs impudently; a blue-jay catches sight of me, and with his comical, impish face peering through the branches, works up within a few feet of me. Then, away he rushes, as if to make up for lost time.

Next, perhaps, a new bird-call must be followed till its author is learned; and wherever I go, something new is seen or heard.

And this, wandering through the woods with eyes and ears open, is, in summer or winter, my favorite recreation. Why? Because I love Nature and am interested in all her ways. Could I have a better reason?

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