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THE GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE

(927) 15

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

LITTLE LATE FOLK

"A dillar, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon."

Mary Brown came puffing along to school at a quarter to ten. She tipped into the porch and hung up her hat and dinner pail. Then she opened the door and gave a start of surprise as if she never even dreamed that lessons began at nine o'clock. Her entrance disturbed the whole class and caused a general shuffle. Miss Hazen looked up annoyed and waited patiently while Mary found her scribbling book and joined her arithmetic class on the floor. The class was nearly over and as the teacher did not have time to go over all the work of the morning for her sake, Mary had a very hazy idea of what it was all about.

When they took their seats Mary struggled along at the problems that had been set them, but having missed the teacher's explanations, she couldn't do them. She raised her hand, "Please teacher, I can't do these questions." Miss Hazen, who was busy with a junior class in number work, couldn't help her.

Then she poked Johnny Williams ahead of her. "Show me how to do these questions, Johnny," she asked. Johnny turned around and put his head close beside Mary's while he explained so that he would not disturb the rest of the class.

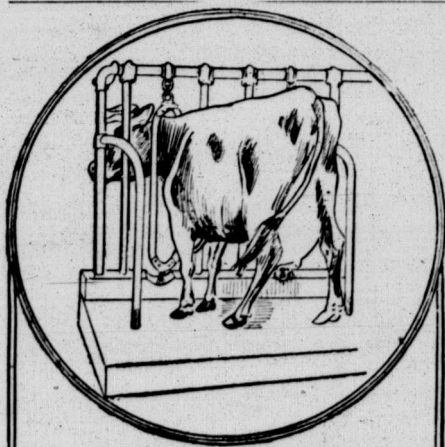
Norman Bradley, Johnny's seat-mate, kicked his foot and called him "Softy." Quick tempered, red-headed Johnny gave Norman a smart slap on the ear and the teacher made both stay in at recess.

All this happened in a single morning because Mary Brown came late to school. Do you know any Mary Browns? I do and they are not all girls.

DIXIE PATTON.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PANSY

When I awoke from my long sleep I began to feel so cramped in my house, or as humans call it, a seed, that I began to shove at the roof of my house and oh! what joy when at last I was free. Yet there was something above me and all was dark, but with my stem bent downwards I grew and grew until at last I was above the soil in the bright sunshine and the fresh vernal air. As I straighten myself up I find that on my stem are two little leaves, green in color. Now



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ARE your cows contented?
Are they profitable? If not, make them so by doing away with your old-time wooden stalls. They gather dirt, harbour disease germs, and prevent the free circulation of life-giving air and sunlight.

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Tubular Steel Stable Equipment is easily and quickly installed, and insures cleanliness and ventilation. Its use means comfort for your cows and profits for you.

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A Bigger Harvest—and Less Help To Handle It!

"Hired Men Are Not What They Used To Be"

You'll hear many of the older farmers say that. To a large extent they're right. Time was when the hired man was up before daylight and out to the barn. He took a personal interest in all the farm work. He sat at the farmer's table. As often as not, he eventually married into the farmer's family. He was much more than a laborer because he put his greatest personal interest into the work.

There possibly remain a few of such men today, but there has entered into farming a class of timeservers who need constant supervision, who work on shorter hours, know themselves to be indispensable, and act accordingly. They live apart from the farmer and his family, and take little interest in the successful operation of the farm. Their main concern is to receive the highest rate of wages per day for the short time they are employed. Whatever else they may do for a living in other seasons, they make a business of going out to the prairies at harvest time each year.

You can't bring the old-fashioned hired man back, but you can protect yourself from the demands of his less worthy successors by owning a Stewart Sheaf Loader. The time is short—ACT AT ONCE!

THAT'S the state of things that confronts the West this year and it must be faced and overcome as best we can. The labor shortage would be ended automatically if there were a sufficient number of Stewart Sheaf Loaders in use, according to those best qualified to give an opinion. As it is, only the farmer or thresherman who owns one of these machines can successfully cope with present-day conditions. Summed up briefly, this is the combined opinion of men who have used a

Stewart Sheaf Loader

1. It does away with all field pitchers.
2. Does away with many of the teams.
3. Shells less grain than by hand pitching.
4. Saves much money in men's board and feed of teams.
5. Saves from \$20 to \$35 a day.
6. Saves grain, leaving a cleaner field.
7. Works equally well in all grains, in stook or winrow.
8. Is durably built, and good for many seasons.

N.B.—We published a complete list of 1912 buyers of Stewart Sheaf Loaders in the "Farmer's Advocate" and "Grain Growers' Guide" of June 25th, 1913. Write any of these men for personal testimony. Also send for our free booklet giving letters from prominent farmers all over the West.

Stewart Sheaf Loader Co., Limited

804 TRUST AND LOAN BUILDING

WINNIPEG, MAN.

I grew taller and sent out leaves around my base until there was quite a number.

A few days later I was troubled by something which did not resemble a leaf at all and in a few days it bloomed into a lovely dark blue flower. Day after day fresh flowers appeared, each surpassing the other in beauty and splendor. A few weeks later a little insect called the bee came and took away my sweet nectar and as he was going away he brushed himself against the stigma and then I knew that I was doomed, so one by one my flowers faded away.

JESSE THACKER,

Dowd Hill, Sask.

Age 13.

THE DUCK

As my little white house, which is the egg, was getting too small for me and I didn't have any food left, I thought I would like to see some of the world. I then started picking open the shell and soon had my head out in the bright warm sun. Then to my surprise there was a big nest full of ducklings, which were my brothers and sisters, and my fine old mother sitting near by. We sat there in the bright warm sun until we were dry, then my mother said, "Quack! quack!" and we all jumped into the water hunting

for bugs, worms and mosquitoes. Every day we had our worms and grubs and we were growing like weeds and getting quite proud of ourselves.

Then mother taught us all to fly, which was not nice at first. One day my mother was out flying when we heard a loud bang! and my mother fell dead into the slough, which made us feel very bad. After that we always watched for men with guns to shoot us poor harmless ducks and whenever we saw one we always flew off away from the slough.

It was now getting late in the fall and the water used to freeze at nights, so we thought we would take our trip south for the winter. The next morning all the ducks, which made quite a flock, flew away to the south. On our way we went over villages, towns, cities, rivers and lakes. The time passed down south very quickly and we were glad to learn it was again spring in the north.

Then I was made leader of the flock and we were soon on our way to the north. When we arrived there we were surprised to see a lot of ducks and geese. We went and ate up lots of grubs and worms and other insects. Well, as you have the most of my life and I am now old, I will close and call myself, WILD DUCK.

BROTHER ROBIN'S LIFE

Last spring I came back from the south to find a mate and to build my house for the summer. I am a young male robin and many people say that I am pretty, but I don't think so. Well, I found a pretty little bride and together we selected a place to build a house. It was in a low leafy tree with grass under it and a very pretty place it was, and as Mrs. Robin was satisfied of course I was.

In about two weeks she had laid four eggs and then came the task of hatching them. About three weeks afterwards they were hatched and then we were kept very busy in keeping them clean and fed. Then after a long time they got quite strong and active, and got their feathers and we both thought that it was time to teach them to fly. But it was a long time before they would settle down to business and stop saying, "Oh, I can't. I just know that I can't."

About this time autumn came and it began to get cold and we took our children and then with many other birds we migrated again. And this is the story of my life during this summer and I am thoroughly satisfied with myself and every one else.

MARJORIE A. BENTEL,

Age 13.