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Young Canada Club

BY DIXIE PATTON

PRIZES FOR STORIES

Well, children, it's been a beautiful summer, has it not? And now you are all going back to school and it will seem, I know, just a little bit hard to fit into the harness at first, but after all it would be a very stupid world if there were nothing to do but play, early and late.

For my part, I am rather glad you are starting to school again, for I know I shall get much better stories for the new competition, for it is a very queer truth that idle people can never find time to do anything.

But, speaking of the new competition, perhaps some of you don't know what it is all about. I want you to write a bright little story telling me which, of the wild things you have watched, seems to be best fitted by nature to get its living easily, to hide from or defeat its enemies, and to make itself a comfortable home. Tell the story of this insect, bird or animal as brightly as you can, and mail it by first post to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man. The contest does not close until September 20, but it is better to be sure that it will arrive on time than sorry when it doesn't.

For the three best stories, three story books will be given as prizes, unless the prize winner prefers a nature book instead.

Any boy or girl under seventeen years of age may try for a prize, and every new contributor will at least receive a membership card and one of our pretty maple leaf pins. We are anxious to have all the children who see this write a story, only please remember to write in pen and ink and on only one side of the paper, and to have one of your parents or your teacher certify that the story is your own work and the age given is correct.

DIXIE PATTON

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SQUIRREL FAMILY

Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel and the little squirrels lived in a big hollow tree way out in the woods. Their front door opened right on the ground, which was very nice indeed, as the roots of the tree made the prettiest little porch, where Mrs. Squirrel could sit with the children.

One morning Mr. Squirrel said to Mrs. Squirrel:

"I believe I'll go and see how Mr. Owl is. He's been quite sick for the last few days."

"Yes, indeed! I certainly would," said Mrs. Squirrel. So Mr. Squirrel put on his hat, took his cane and started off.

Mrs. Squirrel sat on the porch a few minutes with the children after he'd gone. All of a sudden she looked up, and saw that the sky had become very black, and that the wind was beginning to blow.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Squirrel, "I believe there's going to be a storm. We'd better be going in. I do hope Mr. Squirrel won't get wet."

So Mrs. Squirrel and the children went inside and shut the door, and then pulled down all the windows.

The rain came down hard for a while, then stopped all at once. Mrs. Squirrel thought she'd go out and see if Mr. Squirrel was coming. But when she tried to open the door it wouldn't open! She ran to the window and looked out, and what do you suppose had happened? The wind had blown a great big broken branch right in front of the door!

Mrs. Squirrel sat down and began to cry.

"What shall I do? Mr. Squirrel can't get in, and I can't get out. Boo hoo! hoo! hoo! hoo!"

Then the little squirrels saw her crying, and they began to cry too.

Now when Mr. Squirrel had started off to Mr. Owl's, he hadn't gone very far when he noticed that big black cloud.

"That looks like a bad storm," said Mr. Squirrel to himself; "I think I'll stop at Mr. Sparrow's until it is over."

So he went to Mr. Sparrow's and knocked, and Mr. Sparrow was very glad to see him.

As soon as the storm was over, Mr. Squirrel hurried home instead of going to Mr. Owl's, as he was afraid Mrs. Squirrel might be worried. And then, when he got there, he found that great big branch right in front of his door! He heard Mrs. Squirrel crying, and called to her not to be frightened, as he'd get it away somehow. Mr. Squirrel pulled and pulled, but he was so small, and it was such a big branch that he couldn't pull it away. Just then Mr. Rabbit walked up.

"What's the matter, Mr. Squirrel?" "Oh, Mr. Rabbit!" said Mr. Squirrel, "this branch has fallen right in front of my door, and I can't get it away."

"Why, I'll help you," said Mr. Rabbit.

So Mr. Squirrel pulled, and Mr. Rabbit pulled, and they pulled, and pulled, and pulled, but they couldn't get that branch away.

"What's the matter?" said a voice behind them, and there stood Mr. Coon.

"Oh, Mr. Coon!" said Mr. Rabbit, "this branch has fallen right in front of Mr. Squirrel's door, and we can't get it away."

"Well, I'll help you," said Mr. Coon.

So Mr. Squirrel pulled, and Mr. Rabbit pulled, and Mr. Coon pulled, and they pulled, and pulled, and pulled, but they couldn't get that branch away.

"Dear me, what's the trouble?"

They turned around, and there stood Mr. Possum.

"Oh, Mr. Possum!" said Mr. Coon, "this branch has fallen right in front of Mr. Squirrel's door, and we can't get it away."

"I'll help, too," said Mr. Possum.

So Mr. Squirrel pulled, and Mr. Rabbit pulled, and Mr. Coon pulled, and Mr. Possum pulled, and they pulled, and pulled, and pulled so hard that the branch gave way, but it knocked them all over backward. Well, Mr. Squirrel picked himself up, and Mr. Rabbit picked himself up, and Mr. Coon picked himself up, but Mr. Possum was so fat he couldn't get up. The others stood around and laughed at him; then they all helped him up.

Mr. Squirrel invited them all into the house, and Mrs. Squirrel gave them the best nut pudding with chestnut sauce that they had ever eaten. Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel and the little squirrels thanked Mr. Rabbit, and Mr. Coon, and Mr. Possum again and again for helping to move the branch; and when their visitors left, the entire squirrel family stood on the porch to wave good-by to them.—By Julia Johnson in St. Nicholas Magazine.

THE SUMMER BATTLE

The tender vegetables cry,
"Alas! alas! what do we spy?
Armies of weeds our ranks assail,
Our courage is of no avail!"
Sir Beet so brave is faint of heart,
E'en stout Old Squash may give a start
When tough Lord Burdock joins the throng
And tall Sir Mullein strides along.
"Help! Help!" they call in voices loud,
"Some ally join us 'gainst this crowd!"
And at the cry there cometh, lo!
The Man, the great Man with the Hoe!
Now turns the tide of battle quick,
The weeds fly fast and dare not stick,
As all join in the charge so grand;
The cantaloupes now have some sand,
The merry corn its tassel waves,
And says, "We never shall be slaves";
And every little radish red,
Jumps up and dances in its bed.
St. Nicholas Magazine

NO WAVES FOR FATHER

A young mother who still considers marcel waves the most fashionable way of dressing the hair, was at work on the job.

The precocious child was crouched on its father's lap, the baby fingers now and then sliding over papa's smooth and glossy pate.

"No waves for you, father," remarked the little one. "You're all beach."