



Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON



GOOD GIRLS AND BOYS

Our Blue Cross contributions are keeping up as well as ever. The Guide is very proud of its girls and boys and appreciates what they are doing for the wounded animals at the front. Next week the prize-winners in the latest competition, "How girls and boys may help in the greater production campaign," will be announced. Many good stories have come in.

Blue Cross

Minnie Stewart, Cullerton, Sask.	\$0.10
Edith Simpkinson, Hyde, Sask.	.25
Neva Delany, Wrightville, Sask.	.10
Walter Delany, Wrightville, Sask.	.10
Carl Morey, Amelia, Sask.	.10
Margaret Bowyer, Maple Creek, Sask.	.50
Frank Bowyer, Maple Creek, Sask.	.50
Annie Patton, Brooks Stn., Sask.	.25
Elizabeth Thompson, Fielding, Sask.	.50
Stanley Law, Maple Creek, Sask.	.25
Nora Cowan, Cytosay, Sask.	.10
Orval Van Norwick, Kinley, Sask.	.25
Allan McCodnell, Birnie, Man.	.50
Violet Hall, Erafold, Sask.	.25
Ione Pearson, Keeler, Sask.	.25
Ruby Fergusson, Cross	.25
Alies Topping, Jenner, Alta.	.10
Irene Jamieson, Delburne, Alta.	.25
Marion Jamieson, Delburne, Alta.	.25
Ove, Kristina, Maria and Ernest Hansen, Cavell, Sask.	.60
Helen Ellwood, Goodwater, Sask.	.25
Tommy Pendlebury, Otan, Sask.	.60
Edith Groves, Major, Sask.	.25
Peter Rowley, Naseby, Sask.	.50

DIXIE PATTON.

MY HORSE

I have a horse and his name is Gordon. In the winter my sister and I drive him to school. One day, when we were driving to school the horse ran away. The tugs came undone and the shafts also. The next day, when we were coming home from school, he upset the cutter, but he did not run away. When the cutter upset my sister fell into a snow bank and she could not get out, so I had to pull her out. We

were always very careful after that, and we did not get upset again.

MATTHEW CAMPBELL.
Pine Creek Station, Man.

NEARLY AN ACCIDENT

I am very glad that you have started a fund for the wounded horses at the front, as I am a great lover of horses and like to see them well cared for. My brother and I were out riding after cattle one day when he roped a steer and tied it to the horn of his saddle. The cinch broke and the steer ran into the bush with the rope and saddle, which caught against a tree and held him there until we were able to catch him. My niece, Margaret Bowyer, and myself are showing our sympathy for the wounded horses by giving 50 cents each.

FRANK BOWYER.
Maple Creek, Sask.

THE DISOBEDIENT BUNNY

This is my first letter to the Young Canada Club. I am nine years old and in grade four at school. I am going to tell you a story of a bunny. There was once a bunny who was very disobedient. On his birthday his mother

had given him a ski-cycle. He soon learned to ride it, and next morning he started on his way to school. Now before he started he promised his mother he would be careful. But alas! He was not, for he ran right into a pile of stones and upset himself. His mother came and carried him home and he said: "I never had such a hard fall in my life." "That fall has saved you many accidents," said his mother. The bunny said that he deserved it too. Wishing your club every success.

ANNIE PATTON.
Brooks Station, Alberta.

OUR CHRISTMAS TREE

Once upon a time there was a Christmas tree. It was a fir tree and lived in the woods. One day a man came with a sleigh and horses and cut down the tree. Then he put it on the sleigh and took it to the city of Winnipeg. But the tree did not see what he was doing, for the man wrapped it in paper and ropes and another man bought it. Then it was carried to a train. It felt itself thrown in a corner. The train started and went a long way. The conductor called to the driver, "Fortier," and then the door was opened

and the tree was taken out and the train went on. The tree was put in a sleigh and taken to a house. The man cut the ropes and took off the paper and the tree saw three children dancing about it. Then they put it in a box and stood it up in the corner. There was a big star and three Christmas bells and a large light. It heard the children say: "It is Christmas Eve." A lady hung the tree with tinsel balls and candles.

The children were gone to bed and everything was dark and still. After a long time the tree heard something coming down the chimney. Pretty soon a funny old man looked out and said: "Ho, ho, and here is a Christmas tree." And he put presents on the tree and around it and then went up the chimney. In the morning the lady lit the candles and the children came scampering, saying: "See what Santa has brought. Oh, what has he sent us!" "This is the happiest day I ever had," said the Christmas tree.

BERTIE DAVIS.
Fortier, Man.

A FARMER'S GIRL

I live on a farm five miles from town. I like living on a farm. We have been having very cold weather. Daddy has had to haul hay all winter for the cattle. We have got quite a lot of cattle and 20 horses. I like the animals very much. I like reading and music. I have been to school quite a lot. School stops through the winter because it is too cold. We are going to start school on the 18th of March. I am 11 years old and I am in the fifth grade. I am sending 25 cents for the Blue Cross, wishing you much success. I have two brothers; one is just a baby, the other is seven years old. He goes to school with me. He does not go out much in the winter. This week I have been helping Daddy haul hay. We had six stacks of hay this year, and we have only one left. I hope to see this letter in print as it is my first letter.

HILDA FOOTE.
Lloydminster, Sask.

THE DOO DADS GO IN FOR GREATER PRODUCTION

The Doo Dads are great mimics. They have heard so much about greater production that they have decided to try their hand at farming. Doesn't Poly make a great playman? He couldn't get his mice to pull until he got one of the Doo Dads to coax them along with some cheese. The cheese must be pretty strong for the little fellow is holding his nose. They are making the mice work so hard that Flannelfoot, the Cop, is wondering if he should arrest them for cruelty to animals. Back in the field some more are busy with the seed but the crows seem to be eating it as fast as they can get it into the ground. Poly is chopping the wood for the kitchen fire. A chip from his axe has struck his little helper right on the nose. Here are Perry Haw Haw, the Dads, and Smiles, the Clown. Perry is all dressed up like a country gentleman. Smiles is boasting to him about the big fat frogs which he has in the pen. He thinks he is doing his share in greater production. The Doo Dads, like some people, like to eat frog's legs. You wouldn't like to eat them, would you? What in the world have those Doo Dads got in the pen? One is tugging on the rope; another is prodding it along from behind while the Doo Dad on the roof is ready to launch it when it gets its head out. Sleepy Sam, the Hobo, thinks he is in for a big feed. He is trying to steal that big juicy pie, but he is going to be disappointed for that little Doo Dad with the fork will jab him in the back. See that cross looking old fellow doing his washing. He has washed the Baby Doo Dad and put him out on the line to dry. Isn't that a funny thing to do! The soap suds are flying in every direction. Old Doo Sawbones who has charge of the Doo Dads' farm, noticed them falling, and he thinks it is raining. To tell the truth the Doo Dads don't like work very well, but it is to be hoped they have a big crop to repay them for their labor.



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