

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

PARTNER TAG

Here's a jolly game for a schoolful of children to play out doors. All the children but two lock arms in couples. Of the two who are left, one is "It" and the other the runner. "It" takes after the runner and tries to catch him. When the runner gets tired he may link his arm in that of any of the other players, when the third person in that group has to become runner. I wonder if that is quite clear. You see it's this way. Suppose Jack and Tom are arm in arm and the runner coming up links his arm in Jack's other one, Tom becomes the runner and is chased by "It."

I would be glad to hear from any of our boys and girls who have put these games into practice as to how they have enjoyed them.

DIXIE PATTON.

WABH

He was born over a score of years ago, away up in the wildest part of the wild west, on the head of the Little Piney, above where the Palette Ranch is now.

His mother was just an ordinary silver-tip, living the quiet life that all bears prefer, minding her own business and doing her duty by her family, asking no favors of any one excepting to let her alone.

It was July before she took her remarkable family down to the Little Piney to the Isaybull and showed them what strawberries were and where to find them.

Notwithstanding their mother's deep, deep conviction, the cubs were not remarkably big or bright, yet they were a remarkable family, for there were four of them, and it is not often a grizzly mother can boast of more than two.

The woolly-coated little creatures were having a fine time and reveling in the lovely mountain summer and the abundance of good things. The mother turned over each log or flat stone they came to, and the moment it was lifted they all rushed under it like a lot of little pigs to lick up the ants and grubs there hidden.

It never once occurred to them that mammy's strength might fail sometime and let the great rock drop just as they got under it; nor would any one have thought so that might have chanced to see that huge arm and that shoulder sliding about under the great yellow robe she wore. No, no, that arm could never fail. The little ones were quite right. So they hustled and tumbled one another at each fresh log in their haste to be first, and squealed little squeals and growled little growls as if each were a pig, a pup and a kitten all rolled into one.

They were well acquainted with the common little brown ants that harbor under logs in the uplands, but now they came for the first time on one of the hills of the great, fat, luscious wood-ant, and they all crowded around to lick up those that ran out. But they soon found that they were licking up more cactus prickles and sand than ants, till their mother said in grizzly, "Let me show you how."

She knocked off the top of the hill then laid her great paw flat on it for a few moments, and as the angry ants swarmed on to it she licked them up with one lick and got a good, rich mouthful to crunch, without a grain of sand or a cactus stinger in it. The cubs soon learned. Each put up both his little brown paws so that there was a ring of paws all around the ant-hill, and there they sat, like children playing "hands," and each licked first the right and then the left paw, or one cuffed his brother's ears for licking a paw that was not his own, till the ant-hill was cleared out and they were ready for a change.

Ants are sour food and made the bears thirsty, so the old one led the way down to the river. After they had drunk as much as they wanted and dabbled their feet they walked down to the bank to a pool, where the old one's keen eye caught sight of a number of buffalo-fish basking on the bottom. The water was very low, mere pebbly rapids between these deep holes, so mammy said to the little ones: "Now you sit there on the bank and learn something new."

First she went to the lower end of the pool and stirred up a pool of mud which hung in the clear water and sent a long tail floating like a curtain over the rapids just below. Then she went quietly round by land and sprang into the upper end

of the pool with all the noise she could. The fish had crowded to that end, but this sudden attack sent them off in a panic and they dashed blindly into the mud-cloud. But of fifty fish there is always a chance of some being fools, and half a dozen of these dashed thru the darkened water into the current and before they knew it they were struggling over the shingly shallow. The old grizzly jerked them out to the bank and the little ones rushed noisily on these funny short snakes that could not get away and gobbled and gorged until their little bellies looked like balloons.

They had eaten so much now and the sun was so hot that all were quite sleepy. So the mother-bear led them to a quiet little nook, and as soon as she lay down, tho they were puffing with heat, they all snuggled around her and went to sleep, with their little brown paws curled up and their little black noses tucked into their wool as tho it was a very cold day.

IRENE STEELE.

If this story is entirely original it is very clever indeed.

D. P.

WILL BE TRUE TEACHER

My idea of a happy life is to be a good teacher. I think to be a teacher is the greatest calling anyone can have.

Some teachers do not seem to realize how much they may influence their pupils.

Some teachers just seem to be teaching for the sake of a high salary and an easy life.

I do not think a teacher's life is a very easy life if the teacher does his or her duty. I would not want my pupils to be afraid of me, or to expect

that if they do not do certain things in a given time they will be kept in at recess or after four.

I would not want my pupils to be afraid of asking for a little help over some small matter (which perhaps they ought to know, but have forgotten) for fear of being told "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for not knowing that; why, little So-and-So could tell you that."

This will silence the enquirer and he will plod along by himself. Consequently he wastes time, gets behind with his lessons and when his class is called he is probably made fun of by the others for not knowing his lesson. Perhaps the teacher tells him to stay in at recess or after four. The youngster becomes discouraged and thinks his teacher does not care whether he learns or not. He falls behind his class and at last finds himself alone, with his class away ahead of him.

If the teacher had given a little aid, the pupil would have known his lesson and would have looked upon his teacher as someone who would help him and sympathize with him.

The teacher who is kind and sympathetic, ready to suggest a game and take part in it, will be liked by his or her pupils. The teacher holds in his hand the futures of his pupils and he can mould them as he will. He can influence them either for good or for evil, just like the piece of hot iron in the blacksmith's hands he can do with it what he will.

It must be a pleasure to those who really love to do so to impart knowledge to eager little minds and make learning a pleasure, not a toil.

As the boys and girls are, so will the men and women be. The boys and girls of today will be the men and women of tomorrow. They will make the laws, govern the country and help the world to prosper. They will be the

lawyers, preachers, teachers, nurses, doctors and many other things.

If they are not properly trained they will not be fitted for the work that awaits them and the teacher can do a great deal towards making them fit. If ever I am a teacher I will try and train the boys and girls to be good men and women who will leave the world better than they found it.

BETSY A. H. THOMPSON.

Age 13.

PLANNING TO TEACH SCHOOL

When I grow up I intend to be a school-teacher. I'd like to live close to the school so I could go home for dinner.

I wouldn't like to have very many pupils, for then I could spend most of my time in teaching them. And another thing I wouldn't like to have, any high grades.

I would keep the school as neat and clean as possible and in the summer I would have them make gardens and clean up the yard and teach them many new games and many songs.

I am a new writer to The Guide, so will be pleased to receive a Maple Leaf pin.

RUTH PEHRSON.

Duhamel, Alta.

A FOX FARM

Dear Dixie Patton:—My father has a fox ranch and last summer we had a silver fox. One day papa went out and she had some little puppies. No one could go near her for a while. Then one day papa went down and she was carrying one of the puppies in her mouth hunting a place to bury it, so papa got the gun and shot a rabbit for her and she forgot about her puppy. Papa found a little black fox with its head in the wire. Now we have Fluffy, the mother, and two of the young ones, the black and a cross silver also. This is a true story.

MARY A. FORGE.

Portage la Prairie, Man., age 10.

The Range
that Lasts
a Lifetime

Kootenay Steel Range

The Range
that Lasts
a Lifetime

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This is the Range with a Dust-Proof Washable Oven

Invariably you dust your oven before baking. Isn't this the case? If you are a KOOTENAY user this duty is unnecessary—with old-style ranges it is almost essential. Did you ever wonder where this dust came from? Ovens that need constant dusting are made with seams and rivets in the top—over which smoke and ash-dust pass—heat loosens the rivets, and dust drops through whenever the stove is shaken. THE KOOTENAY OVEN HAS A SEAMLESS TOP. This is not all—THE KOOTENAY OVEN CAN BE WASHED LIKE A CHINA DISH.

This Oven is made of Nickelled American Ingot Iron, that may be easily and thoroughly washed with soap and water WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST DANGER OF RUST. The VENTILATED OVEN carries off all odors that arise from cooking or baking. The KOOTENAY OVEN is SQUARE, DEEP AND ROOMY. The Aluminized CENTRE RACK adds greatly to baking space, as the baking is done equally as well on the rack as on the oven bottom. This BOTTOM IS REINFORCED to prevent buckling, and protected by asbestos. So the KOOTENAY Oven will wear easily five times as long as the incorrectly designed one of ordinary iron. THE NICKEL PLATED OVEN MEANS GREATEST RADIATION; therefore is most economical and radiation is even, thus giving best baking results.

You might easily overlook all these good points in the KOOTENAY Oven, because there are so many others in the rest of this range.

The FIRE BOX linings are made in nine pieces of heavy-weight Semi-Steel, which is practically indestructible. The HEAVY DUPLEX ROLLER GRATES have two faces—one for wood, one for coal—instantly interchangeable.

The KOOTENAY has a DUPLEX DRAFT that ENSURES AN EVEN FIRE.

The POLISHED TOP is a bright, smooth, easily cleaned surface (no black lead necessary).

And there is NO REACHING for Dampers, because the DAMPERS ARE IN THEIR PROPER PLACE.

Look at the picture and note the general "dress" of the KOOTENAY. Then ask your dealer to "show" you and tell you the rest. You'll soon be as great a KOOTENAY enthusiast as we are.

Remember—The KOOTENAY is guaranteed 2

McClary's

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