

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

LAST CALL FOR STORIES

If you haven't yet written your winter fairy story for the Young Canada Club's latest contest you will need to scurry about and do it, for the contest closes January 31.

Three jolly story books will be given as prizes for the three best stories received, and those who are new writers to the club and remember to send self-addressed and stamped envelopes with their stories will be given the club's pretty membership pin.

The story is to be a fairy tale with a winter setting or about something which is peculiar to the winter season. It won't be difficult for you to think of a subject in a country like this where the winter is so different from the summer.

Remember to have your teacher or one of your parents certify that you made the story up yourself without help from people or books, and that you have given your correct age.

All stories should be clearly addressed to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

DIXIE PATTON.

AN UNNATURAL MOTHER

One summer we had a black hen that had nine chickens. Three were yellow and the rest were black.

One day when mother went to feed them she found one of the yellow ones dead. It had been picked on the head and we thought the turkey had done it, as it sometimes picked the hens. Next day when mother went down to the shed she found another yellow one dead and the other was crouched up in a corner. Mother put it back with the hen and as she did not take any notice of it, mother left. She went back not long after and the hen was pecking the little chick, so she brought it up to the house. We knew that the hen must have killed the other two yellow ones. I thought it very funny for her to kill them and not touch the black ones. We brought the little chick up by hand and by the winter it was a fine big chick.

AUDREY WILLIAMS,
Holmfild, Man. Age 13.

A "MAKE-BELIEVE" DUCK

One day when we were out for a drive we saw a duck that seemed to be lame. My uncle said "Let's shoot it," but daddy said, "No; let the poor thing go, she is lame."

After we drove on a little way, I looked back and saw the old duck flying over our heads, so she must have had a nest near by and just was trying to "Make-Believe."

Another day when I was going to school I saw an old duck that pretended she was trying to fly, but couldn't. After a while I saw her flying away. She too, must have been a "Make-Believe Duck."

VIOLA HERZOG,
Age 12.

THE WAYS OF WILD THINGS

We had a buffalo head hanging up on a wall and some wrens built their nest in it this summer. They had some young ones in it.

One day my mother saw them with flies in their mouths. One of them went in and the other stayed out. Then the other one came out and took the fly out of the other one's mouth and took it to the little birds.

Once I was coming home from the post office and I found a nest of killdeer eggs. The mother bird did not want me near, so it lay down on the grass as if it was hurt, and then I went away.

I was at a neighbor's house one day and they had a little kitten and a hen was sitting on it. We drove the hen away, but the kitten went with it.

There is a maple tree in front of our house and a robin built its nest in it for two years.

One day, with another girl I went picking berries. The other girl was going up to some trees when she saw something sleeping in one of the trees. It was a bat. It is a very queer creature. It looks like a mouse in one way, and it is like a bird when it is flying.

Another day we saw a wolf and we yelled at it, and it ran away as fast as it could.

One day my brother and I were picking

strawberries and he saw a partridge with a bunch of young ones. It began to fly at him and he was very frightened.

To-night I was going to the post office when I heard someone knocking, and it was a woodpecker.

MARY WATSON.

THANKS AND A STORY

Dear Dixie Patton:—I got the book you sent me, but have been so busy. I have never read the book before, so enjoyed it very much. I learned several things. One was how the toad is always seen as soon as it starts to rain in summer. Some people say the toad really comes down in the rain. They say they have really seen them come down. I never believed that myself, but wondered where they came from when it rained. I thank you very much for the book. I shall try to tell you a "Freak Nature Story."

When my brother Giles was about two years old, he was walking along when he fell into a cellar. He had his dog Flossie with him. When Flossie heard Giles crying she went up to the house where mamma was. Flossie whined, then ran back a piece, came back and whined again, till mamma wondered what was the matter. She thought she would follow Flossie and see where she went. Flossie went to the cellar where Giles was. Mamma was able to get Giles out. She was very proud of Flossie. How do you like my writing, I do it all with my left hand?

FRANCES PRATT.

Your writing is very good indeed little lady, so you had better continue to use your left hand.—D. P.

THE ANT HILL

The most pleasant season in the year for me is spring. I always like spring to come because everything seems so fresh, and I would rather be outside roaming among the wild grass and flowers than anywhere else.

One place where I liked to roam in the spring was a meadow, in which grew all kinds of pretty flowers and grass.

One bright morning in the spring as the grass was peeping thru the soil and the flowers blooming, I decided to take a walk around the meadow. As I walked along thinking of the wonder of Mother Nature, I ran across an ant hill. I watched the busy little workers for awhile, picked a few flowers and then went home.

The next day I thought I would learn some more about the ants. So taking a long stick, I went up to the ant hill and started to dig the ants and their home up, when to my surprise I found a lot of little white objects much larger than the ants. I learned these were the ant's eggs. I went home feeling sorry because I had ruined the ants' home, but the next morning I found the hill just the same as I had discovered it at first. I destroyed the ant home again and sat down to watch them build it up again. First they carried in the eggs. This was done by putting the egg between the fore feet, and merely dragging it along the ground until the egg was in its place. Then the house was repaired.

When the home was completed again, once more I stirred up the hill, altho I knew it was wicked to do so, but I wanted to see what the ants would do at last.

But, however, they started to work harder and harder to get the eggs in. And at last it was all complete again. The next day I continued the same thing, thinking the ants would go and build somewhere else, but they did not. They had worked so hard to get a place, they wouldn't leave the place to start up a new one. A few days afterwards I dug up the same hill again, but there were no eggs. They had all hatched into little ants ready to continue the same work the next spring.

Now we know that every animal, bird and insect has its own way of defending and saving its young, but as for the ant, it is the best worker known.

BERTHA LARSEN.

Stirling, Alta. Age 13.

I am sorry to have to say that I think your treatment of the ants exceedingly cruel. How would you like to have your home destroyed by a cyclone or six times in succession?—D. P.



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