

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

HAVE YOU FOUND YOUR HERO OR HEROINE?

Now, then, all you small folk who call yourselves Young Canadians, what do you know about heroes or heroines? Think or read up all the interesting stories you can and write us the one you like the very best of all. I don't care a mite how old or how new the story is so long as you write it nicely. It doesn't have to be a book story at all for the matter of that. If you know of anything brave or splendid that a man or woman or boy or girl has done, just take pen and paper and write Dixie Patton about it today. It won't take a minute longer to write your story right away and then it will be sure not to miss the competition.

Tell all the boys and girls in the club and out of it about this competition, so that we will have a great pile of stories. I suppose I don't need to tell you that I will give three jolly books as prizes for the best three stories received and will print all the next best. If you have tried before and didn't get a prize or didn't even get into print, don't give up. I would like every boy or girl who has sent us a story for any of our competitions to send me a hero or heroine story.

All the stories must be in The Guide office not later than February 15.

Please don't forget to have your teacher or one of your parents certify that the story is your own work and that the age given is correct.

DIXIE PATTON.

Address all letters to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

THE TAME GOPHER

When we first moved into Alberta we set up a tent, and around it we had sacks of grain.

A gopher lived under the tent and ate little holes in the sacks and was storing food in the holes under the tent. This gopher was a fat and playful little fellow.

He would run up to us and whistle. My brother said he was talking to us and then he would scamper away.

When mamma threw scraps out for the chickens the gopher would run to get them.

When mamma fed the chickens he would eat the feed, till one day she put a pail over him. He jumped and knocked the pail over.

That fall we moved into a new house on the farm and did not see him any more.

COUNNE L. HAECKER.

Age 12, Edgerton, Alta.

THE SQUIRREL

When the leaves turn yellow, and the nuts begin to fall, the squirrel knows that winter is coming. He begins to gather nuts to keep him from getting hungry during the winter. He carries them to his nest, which is generally in a hollow tree.

This is all I know about squirrels, so I will close.

CYPRIAN LENHARD.

Age 11 years.

THREE KINDS OF GOPHERS

Dear Sir:—I will write and tell how the gopher, a very well-known little animal, prepares for winter. The gopher is in some ways like a squirrel. There are three varieties of gophers here. The bush gophers are deep grey, with a very bushy tail. The other two kinds are: one is of a sandy color and lives in sandy earth; the other is the prettiest of all, being beautifully striped with brown and yellow. They all live in holes in the ground. In the spring I have caught them with their mouths full of green leaves and grass. When the grain is ripe and standing, they cut it off at the bottom and then carry the grain away to their holes. I have often seen the tops of the holes covered with wheat straw they had carried away, and after taking the grain out had left. After the wheat is threshed and in the granary, they make holes in the plaster and then go in and take all in their mouths they can.

My brother and I, one fall, caught often twelve a day. We had over seventy altogether. In the late summer they gather dry grass in great quantities, carrying it in enormous mouthfuls, that

stick out on each side like huge whiskers, right down their holes. When winter comes they are all ready and then we never see any more gophers until the snow is off the ground, in spring. I suppose they sleep all winter.

HENRY SHERLAW.

Age 14.

PREPARING FOR WINTER

As the beavers are favorite animals in Canada I thought I would try and tell about how they prepare for winter. First they find a brook with a gravelly bottom. Then they cut down brush and let it float down the brook until it is caught in some brush that grows in the brook. Next they cut down larger brush and logs with their teeth, until they have a bank from one side of the brook to the other. Upon this they pile sticks and stones and mud, and then

still more sticks and stones and mud until the dam is so high and solid that the water cannot flow through or over it.

After the dam is made, they make houses in the same way, with sticks and stones and mud. They then make two tunnels from the bottom of the pond up through the earth to the floor of their house. One tunnel is used to go in and out of, the other tunnel leads to the pantry.

The pantry is a pile of trees with the juiciest bark on them. And thus, with their houses made and a nice bed of leaves and grass in their houses, and a large pile of juicy barked trees for their food, the little beavers are ready for the long cold winter.

LILLIAN MERSEY, Age 15.

Springfield P.O.

A SEASIDE ADVENTURE

By Josephine R. Carter (age 10)

(Written by a Little Girl not of our Club)

One morning I was playing with a friend in the sand at a little place on Long Island. Not very far away, we saw a life-boat lying on the beach; we thought

it would be fun to play in it, so we got in, and were rocking and trying to make it sail (on sand), when a big wave came up and lifted it a little.

We were delighted with this, and rocked it some more. Soon a bigger wave came, and this time it lifted the boat off the sand and carried it out.

When I realized this, I screamed for help. My little friend's mother was sitting on the beach, and when she saw us going, she screamed too.

A life-saver happened to be fussing with a boat near by. He caught the situation at a glance, and, dropping everything, rushed after our boat, which was going quickly out into deep water.

We were terribly frightened when we saw the big waves almost on top of us, and I do not know what would have happened if he had not caught our boat just when he did.

He watched his chance, and when the next wave came, rushed us with it to the shore. In a few moments we were safe and sound on the beach.

I tell you, I was never so glad to get back to the land in my life, and thus end my first "seaside adventure."



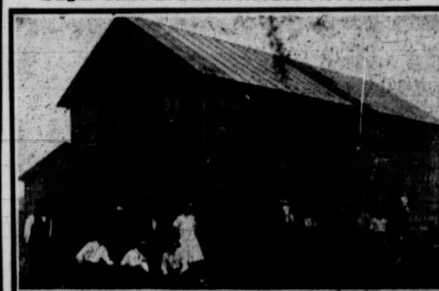
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