

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

NO MONEY TO JOIN

One little lassie, Cecilia Larsen, writes this week to ask how much it costs to join the Young Canada Club, and I am glad to be able to inform her that it doesn't cost a cent—not a single, solitary cent.

The only requirement for joining this Club is that one write a story good enough to print. The subject we are writing on just now is "The Country I Like Best to Hear and Read About."

You may get help for this story from your geography or history, from any library book you have concerning it, or from any person who has ever lived there.

You are to write the story as if you had made the visit yourself and you may choose your own time of year and mode of locomotion. The stories must be in my office not later than December 20. You should have your teacher or one of your parents certify that the story is your own work and the age given is correct.

Any boy or girl under seventeen may compete for a prize and all new contributors will at least get one of the little Maple leaf pins.

Remember to address your letters to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

Please remember also, that all contributions must be written in pen and ink and on only one side of the paper.

DIXIE PATTON.

LOST IN THE WOODS

Once when my mother was a little girl of about 12 years of age, she was sent out to the field, where the men were having, with the lunch. Grandma told her to come right back. They had to go thru the woods, and the way the people had of telling the road was by boughs bent forward all the way thru. When she got there grandma told her where there was a nice patch of gooseberries. She went and filled her pockets, but when she looked around she saw that she was lost. She kept on in the way she thought she should go, but was going farther from home. Once she came to a tree lying down, so she sat on it and tried to make a map, with a stick, of the way she was sure she should go. She started out, but came to the tree again. She did this several times, but at last managed to get away from the dreaded spot. The next thing she came across was a herd of cattle. If she had stayed with them she would have been all right, for they would have gone home at night. But they all got their heads up and looked at her so that she got afraid and ran the opposite way. At night she came to a lake. She could hear some children yelling on the other side, so mamma called to them. The children went into the house and told their father somebody was drowning. He came out, and when he came to the edge, mamma called again; but a loon called right after her, so the father said it was two loons calling. Then he sent the children to bed. There was nothing for mamma to do but stay there over night, so she made a bed of bent-down boughs. Then she took off some of her clothes and put them around her face, for she was afraid of snakes. She woke up between seven and eight o'clock and started off. She kept wandering till about ten o'clock, when she heard a lumber wagon, so she headed the way the sound came from. She got out in the clearing and the man spied her, but she knew she was an awful sight. She was going into the woods again, but instead, she sat down on a stone. A young girl came up and took her into a house close by. She made such a fuss over her, mamma felt ashamed. She got ready some breakfast, saying all the time: "Oh, my child, you must be hungry." After she ate her breakfast the man hitched up and took her within a mile and a-half of home. All the neighbors for miles around had been out hunting for her. The man that found her was to fire three shots with his gun, as that was the signal. Mamma told them all about queer tracks she had seen (which the

men knew to be bears') and all her story from beginning to end. Her father took her home and she was very careful never to wander very far into the woods again.

JESSIE ELLIOTT.

Age 12 years.

A GRASSHOPPER SCOURGE

In the year of 1869, when my grandparents were moving from McGregor, Wisconsin, to Lac Que Parle County, Minnesota, there were many Indians in Minnesota and they were living around the place where grandpa and grandma made their home.

There were quite a few people moving in at the same time. They used caravans or covered wagons, and there were nine or ten covered wagons after each other. Grandma called it a train of wagons. On the way grandma got a son, who is now my father, and she named him Abraham after Lincoln. Every night the Indians used to come around their homes or up to their tents in which they lived, because they did not have their houses built. When grandpa was out he saw something going over to the barn. He got his gun and was going to fire, but he stopped a moment to see what it was, and he saw it was their little black colt, so he did not shoot.

About five or six years afterwards the grasshoppers were awfully bad. They ate the people's crops, and the hens ate so many grasshoppers that they could not sell or eat the eggs because they had a grasshopper flavor. Sometimes they could not see the sun, and the cows could not eat; they only ran around the pasture and bellowed.

MYRTLE HANSON.

Midale, Sask., age 13 years.

THE IRISH REBELLION

A long time ago, after the rebellion in Ireland, when the Catholic soldiers were returning home from war, they did some very cruel things, of which I am going to tell you.

The story I am going to tell you happened near a little village by the name of Saintfield.

The soldiers called at my mother's great-grandmother's house, where she was alone with eight small children. When the soldiers went in they made her give them a lunch. She gave them a lunch, and when they were going out, one of the soldiers lifted a hot piece of coal off the fire and was going to set fire to the house, but one of the soldiers said to him: "Do not set fire to her house for she has been very kind to us, and she has a lot of small children to care for."

Then the soldier put the hot coal into the fire again, and they went on their way. They called at my grandmother's great-uncle, and ordered them to give up their firearms, but they refused to do so. They then set fire to the house and burned them all but one, who tried to make his escape thru a window, but the soldiers saw him and killed him.

After the soldiers went away some of the neighbors came over and lifted the dead body on a board and buried him. The board the dead body was lifted on is kept in the McRae family up to this day, in remembrance of the cruel deeds of the soldiers.

SARAH S. CAMPBELL.
Rutherford, Man., age 13.

GREAT GRANDFATHER AND THE BEAR

In the time my story happened people lived in log cabins and bears used to come around the farms and carry off the sheep and cattle. One night my great grandfather was coming home from a neighbor's after dark. He climbed over a fence to make a short cut when he met a bear. He was afraid to climb over the fence and go back by the road so he put his hands in his pockets and drew his coat over his head and made a rush at the bear. The bear took one look at him and fled and my great grandfather was saved.

DOROTHY E. JOHNSTON,
Stranraer, Sask. Age 8 years.

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