

# Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

## A FAMILY TRADITION

Have you been inquiring into your family tradition? You know that that is to be the subject of the new story contest, and by a family tradition, as I explained last week, is meant any story that is told in your family of some adventure of your relatives or of some custom that is followed by your family.

Sometimes a family superstition might be called a tradition. In one place where I boarded the children rose at sunrise every Easter morning to see the sun dance, and they firmly believed that they saw our dignified friend Old Sol capering about.

So I think that if you ask your parents about it you will find that your family, in common with most others, has a tradition. Dig it up and dress it in your best language and send it to The Guide.

You know the conditions of the contest. You must write your story in pen and ink and on one side of the paper only.

You must get one of your parents or your teacher to certify that the story is your own work and that the age given is correct.

Any boy or girl under seventeen may compete for a prize, even those who have won prizes in previous contests.

The rewards are, as usual, three story books of the sort that boys and girls like to read over and over again.

The contest closes October 15 and all stories must be on my desk by the evening of that date.

Address your letters to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man. Be careful to address them exactly as instructed or they may go astray.

DIXIE PATTON.

## A DISAPPOINTED HEN

My father once found a nest with wild duck eggs in it. He brought them home and set them under a hen. In a few days they hatched and the hen started to kill the young ducks. The rest were taken away; four of them grew up and were black mallard ducks.

We used to let them out every day; they would circle around a couple of times and then light down in the yard and father would drive them into their coop.

Once we gave them to a man who showed different varieties of tame ducks at the fairs and he showed them with a number of other ducks. After he showed them he kept them. One day he let them go to the creek and they never came back.

A Mr. Tisdale of our neighborhood, who goes to France every year after Percheron horses, brought home a very large and odd-looking pair of ducks; they are called turkey ducks. Their bodies are nearly black, the heads are half bare of feathers and the skin a bright red, like that of the turkey gobbler. They don't always stay on the ground, but will fly up onto the fences or farm buildings whenever they take the notion.

MARY WINDATT.

Beaverton, Ont. Age 10 years.

## DANDY

Dandy was a fox-terrier, who had a nice little sister named "Lady." They were trained for two years for hunting and learned all kinds of useful tricks, such as to pick up gloves, hats, caps or handkerchiefs and to get the mail.

Dandy wouldn't let Lady carry any mail and teased her unmercifully, so badly that poor Lady had to seek another home.

Dandy used to run away every chance he got and ride on trains. First he rode seventy-one miles, second time from Chicago to St. Paul, and his folks had to telegraph to all stations to find him. He belonged to a young lady named Miss Gowrie.

Miss Gowrie used to take him nearly every place she went. When she was sewing on the machine he would sit on the end of it. If she let anything fall he would jump down and pick it up.

Dandy loved to be in the country, where he could chase gophers, rabbits and squirrels and roll around on the sand.

He was jealous of a sparrow. One day he killed it and then looked so sorry because it wouldn't move any more.

Dandy loved to tease the children, but he would not take teasing from strangers. One day he was in his carriage when some

boys came up and thought they would wheel him around, but he would not let them touch the carriage.

When Miss Gowrie left him for the last time he sat in the old window where she used to sew and looked and looked for her. For three or four weeks he was nearly dead, but the folks Miss Gowrie left him with were kind to him.

I could write lots of stories about Dandy.

MARJORIE ADAIR, Age 12 years.  
Scott, Sask.

## THE BLUEBIRD

One day while I was sitting on a wagon I heard a sweet song. On looking around I saw a bluebird sitting by the fence. I went up to it and it went into a hole in an old stove. I put my hand into the hole and pulled out eight little white eggs. Every day I go to look at them and they are just beginning to chip the shells. Every day I feed the parent birds crumbs and flies. The old birds thank me by singing a song.

I am the only one who knows about the nest, because if I told my little brother he would break the eggs. The birds are wanting me to feed them so I guess I will close my story.

WILLIAM CHICKEN, Age 10 years.  
Culross, Man.

## PARROT INTELLIGENCE

A friend was at our place one day and he told us this:

A family had a parrot and one day when he was in they began talking about London, saying what a splendid place it was and how a lot of people he knew wanted to go there. The next day the parrot began saying, "I want to go to London," "I want to go to London," and would not leave off. At last the master of the house got disgusted and said to the parrot, "You shall go to London." So he pulled down all the blinds in his kitchen, shut the door and it was as black as night. Then he brought the parrot out there and left him alone in the darkness.

Very soon the people in the other room heard a voice saying, "I don't like London, I want to come home, I don't like London." So the master of the house took him from the kitchen and the parrot never again said that he wanted to go to London.

JENNIE HICKS, Age 10.  
Balgonie, Sask.

## JENNY WREN

Papa put his binder in under some maple trees. He had a ball of twine in it.

One day papa sent me for some twine. I put my hand in and brought the ball out.

I saw some twigs in it so I put it back and went and got some twine off another ball.

A couple of weeks later I went to see if the nest was built. Yes, the nest was built and four eggs in it.

When I saw how much the mother bird seemed to be pleading for me not to touch the nest I went away and left the nest untouched.

Three or four weeks afterwards I went out to where the nest was and there were four little Jenny Wrens in the nest.

Now they are quite big.  
MARY ADA GREENAWAY, Age 10.  
Totanka P.O., Man.

## BENJAMIN BUNNY'S LIFE

I am a rabbit two years old. I will start where I first remember of my life. I was one of a family of eight. We lived in a hole in the field. One day, when we were out playing, some children came along and our mother called us and we all ran towards our hole, but as I was small and could not run very fast, one of the children caught me and took me home. They named me Benjamin Bunny.

I was very much frightened at first, but I soon became quite used to my new home. They made a little pen for me outside. They gave me grass and cabbage leaves to eat. After I grew up they let me out of the pen. When I first got out the dog would chase me, but he is very good friends with me now.

JEAN DANDY, Age 9.  
Pierson, Man.

## A Vision of Happiness



The BIGGEST five cents' worth of refreshing, beneficial enjoyment to be found. It satisfies the desire for sweets, without burdening the stomach. It helps teeth, breath, appetite and digestion.

Be sure it's WRIGLEY'S

Every package tightly sealed

**Chew it after every meal**

MADE IN CANADA, Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., Ltd., 7 Scott Street, TORONTO

## Co-operation

THIS is the age of co-operative buying. Send us your address and let us tell you how to buy by this plan. The Flour that is always good.

Daily Capacity 300 Barrels

ECHO MILLING COMPANY GLADSTONE, MAN.



## LUMBER:

We have Branches and distributing Yards in most of the important towns in Alberta and Saskatchewan. We can furnish Lumber and other Building Material cheaper than any one else—quality and prompt service being considered.

Write us when you want Lumber and Building Material

**Revelstoke Sawmill Company Limited, Calgary, Alta.**