

Young Canada Club

By Dixie Patton

SOME of the members of the Young Canada Club are sending in real good verses. Some have good ideas for verses but spoil them by using slang. Remember boys and girls that our words are the clothes of our thoughts and we should keep them as neat and as beautiful as possible. These are beautiful days of sunshine and autumn color and I am hoping to receive some pretty verses very soon. The boys will be writing long stories of the busy harvest time. Don't forget that this page is your very own and it depends on you to keep it up. The contributions for the Blue Cross Fund this week are:

Beatrice Anderson, Blucher, Sask. \$.25
 Archie Peacock, Lander, Sask. .25
 Jessie L. Taylor, Forrest Bank, Sask. .50
 Ross L. Hinde, Waseca, Sask. .25
 —Dixie Patton.

Wolf Hunters

One time when we went to town we saw a young coyote. The old ones were around there. The little coyote ran in a culvert under the road. We stopped the car and ran to it. So we made a smudge at one end and we watched at the other end. Then it ran out. We looked in the culvert and two more were in it. We could not get them, so we went on to town. When we came back they were still there. I said, "we will go home and get a stick or something." We went again with a long iron. This time it came out far enough so we shot it. We went to town and showed a man the coyote and we got one dollar for it, and the old one was in the culvert with the other little ones. —Lawrence Kaufmann, age 9, Cavell, Sask.

A Way to Help the Red Cross

I am a little girl, age seven. I live a long way from school, but I drive with the teacher in the summer. We have a Red Cross box at school and we put our pennies in it. I earn my money

for the Red Cross by carrying wood and I would like to help the Blue Cross a little too. A few years ago my sister and I bought six sheep with our own money. We have 11 sheep and 14 lambs now and the lambs are ready to sell. We share the money we make on them. I have one named Shaggy because her wool is so shaggy. She is a great pet. My sister had one which was a great pet also, but she died. The young ones are not very tame. —Beatrice Anderson, Blucher, Sask.

Mighty Deeds of the Doo Dads

I have written before, but did not

see my letter in print, and thought I would try my luck again. So the artist has got tired painting the Doo Dads. Well, I would think so, for they surely have been getting into some scrapes. They punished Sleepy Sam enough for going to sleep on duty. It's a wonder they didn't shoot him. The poor Kaiser met an awful doom didn't he? I shouldn't like to be killed that way. Isn't it about time the Doo Dads got up a concert or something in honor of the mighty deeds the Doo Dads have done to defend their country? They'd feel proud then, wouldn't they? I wonder are they ever going to harvest their crop or did it ever grow? I hope it did,

THRESHING ON OLD DOC SAWBONES' FARM

THE Doo Dads had a busy day of it as pictured in The Guide last week, when they were cutting the wheat on Old Doc Sawbones' farm. Here we see them having a much busier day at the threshing. When they were cutting, Old Doc Sawbones was content to sit down at his front door reading The Guide and looking up occasionally to see how the operations were going on. But there is so much more bustle and excitement at the threshing that he cannot keep quiet, and is walking around trying to boss the job. We see him in the middle of the busy scene, pulling at his long whiskers and staring at the mouse hitched to the wagon into which the wheat is coming from the threshing machine. Sandy, the Piper, is enlivening the harvesters' labors by his soul-stirring strains on his bagpipes. Perry Haw Haw, however, down in the right-hand corner, is quite overcome by his exertions. He is able to gather up only a few wisps on his fork, and is tottering over to a corner of the field to sit down and take a rest. One of the Doo Dads is making fun of him. Just behind him another Doo Dad, who is vigorously thrusting his fork into a stack, is about to harpoon Sleepy Sam, the loaded wagon on its way to the machine. On the other side of Sleepy Sam, the loaded wagon on its way to the machine, is also going to interfere very soon with the labors of the Doo Dad Hobo. Observe the harvest hand in the left-hand corner who is pausing to take a chew from a plug of a well-known brand of tobacco, with a tin heart on it; meanwhile he had better move his fork, or the Doo Dad who is falling off the load will be stuck on it. In fact there are several Doo Dads in the picture who are in great danger of having the prongs of other Doo Dads' forks jabbed into them. If they don't look out. Note the Doo Dad on the top of the machine; he is throwing a monkey-wrench into the works. Evidently he thinks it is time that all hands had a rest from their too strenuous labors and he wants to stop operations by jamming up the machine. But it looks as if the Doo Dad who is about to cut the belt with his knife in order to save the life of the other Doo Dad, who has crawled under the belt, may get ahead of him in stopping the machinery. Old Doc Sawbones should turn around and look in the opposite direction and see the Doo Dad who is on top of the engine and isn't looking where he is pouring the oil out of his oil can. Machinery in order to run properly must be kept well-oiled, but there is not much sense in pouring the oil down on top of the head of the Doo Dad who is sound asleep against the wheel of the engine, is there? But most of the Doo Dads, it must be admitted, are working as hard as bees. Look at the one over at the right-hand side, under Sandy, the Piper, who is hawling at the other Doo Dad that has stopped to roll a cigarette and telling him that he should get busy. When the monkey wrench falls into the machinery and the belt from the engine gets cut at the same time and the threshing stops. Old Doc Sawbones, who are afraid, will be in a terrible state.

for their sakes.—Winnifred Travis, Muhlback, Alta.

Happy Farmerettes

We are sending a song that we have made up while stooking. We have two brothers in the Canadian army. We are left on the farm to take their place. Our father owns a section of land. He runs the binder and we have stooked up with it ever since we started, and are going to all the way through. —Mary and Martha Mills, age 13 and 15, Togo, Sask.

Latest Stooking Song

Oh, farmer J., be on your way, the time is going fast;
 For all the Togo farmers are a-cutting grain at last.
 The Union Jack has called away our two brothers, dear,
 And left their sisters stooking grain away out here.

Chorus:—
 So long, now Frost and Wood binder busy back,
 For we are still stooking on the same old track.
 Come, let us stook this all up while Dad is gone.
 Say, it's a good job we are brave and strong,
 Harry up, for there's three,
 Two for you, one for me.
 Oh! I'm tired, but we beat the binder, see!

Oh, farmer J., each boy and girl, must stook the grain today.
 Some leave a stack that may fall down, when they have gone away;
 But we leave stacks that won't fall down,
 That's why we are so glad.
 For we're some of the best stookers that anyone has had.

Note: I'd like to hear you singing while you are busy stooking. Will you write and tell us what tune the song is set to?—D.P.

Member of Many Clubs

I am a member of the Maple Leaf Club and the Pathfinder Club. I enjoy the Doo Dads very much, and think they are very funny. I have one uncle in the war. He got his foot badly hurt. The horses on a water wagon got scared and the wagon ran over his foot. Now he is training soldiers. —Jean Travis, Muhlback, Alta.



WHILE on the west Allied armies a to work out so plans of Marsha have already be

so far as to secure to the control of the initial say, of the power to the future course of the dictate when and where shall be carried on—the been begun new offensiv and in Macedonia, in ar what is known to be the Marshal Foch's strategy while the war must be western front, it must t the other fronts.

The British forces in F General Allenby, have successes against the Tur whelming surprise attac ward drive through Paleste pletely routed the Turke prisoners and capturing less than four days the forward in the centre be Jordan and the sea, taki places, Nazareth, whil closed round in a sw movement surrounded a forces in the coastal sect the plain of Sharon and is the centre, as well valley. Meanwhile, to the Arab forces co-oper British, have cut all th communications. The Briti fore taking Nazareth, a famous field of Armagedd

In Macedonia the I operating with the I Serbian and Greek troop ing the Bulgarians an troops as are with them.

On the western front of the continuous All greater strength than counted upon; both th dias, French and A west of Verdun and American forces east c stronghold continuing smashing their way to and driving the German

The best proof of success of the Allies is which Berlin has ord start a peace offensiv parent move has not, b say of the Allied nati The Allied nations are determined not to be l an abortive ending of advantage of an unre repentant Germany st its military autocracy.

The Mai

Continued from

Permit me to point farmers that in case vasion the bootmaker could pick up their to to another country. a half-section of land his land with him. I the slave of the ener outfit" over "his half sole benefit of his lor Hun, as the poor Roum today. Your can hi bootmaker and the ta fence of your half-sec you are enjoying th times.

While I understand Class I" is anxious t he does not catch on of the government, be pardoned, as the ernment are not as el be. Canada has, he of old men and maide land if they are give The writer has seen 18 summers driving their younger brother their sisters of ten ye are rounding up the hours. Have no fe Young Canada is co If "Farmer in Cla the intention of the g