

\$150 CASH PRIZES

Boys' and Girls' Seed Selection Competition

The Grain Growers' Guide wants to find out where the best wheat and oats are grown in the Prairie Provinces. In order to discover this The Guide is going to pay \$150 in cash prizes to boys and girls who will assist in this work. Any boy or girl between 10 and 18 years of age (inclusive) living on a farm in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta may enter the competition. Each contestant may enter the competition for wheat and for oats, and any number may enter from the same family, provided only that no one person may win more than one prize.

The method of selecting the seed will be to go out into your father's grain where the crop is best, just before the binder starts, and select enough of the choicest heads of wheat or oats to thresh out two pounds of clean seed. On this page will be seen illustrations to help in selecting the best heads. Put these heads into a sack and pound them until the seed is threshed out. Then winnow it on a windy day, put it into a sack and mail it to The Guide.

The Guide will pay the postage on one sack for each contestant, so that they will be under no expense whatever. The competition will close on September 15, and all sacks of grain must be in The Guide office by that date. They will then be judged by an expert grain inspector, who has no connection with The Guide whatever, and will be entirely disinterested.

The prizes will consist of \$150 in cash, and will be divided as follows:—

PRIZES FOR WHEAT

1st Prize	\$25.00	6th Prize	\$7.00
2nd Prize	20.00	7th Prize	6.00
3rd Prize	15.00	8th Prize	5.00
4th Prize	10.00	9th Prize	4.00
5th Prize	8.00		

PRIZES FOR OATS

1st Prize	\$20.00	3rd Prize	\$10.00
2nd Prize	15.00	4th Prize	5.00

RURAL IMPROVEMENT LEAGUE

This competition is being conducted by the Rural Improvement League organized by The Grain Growers' Guide. We are anxious to build up a large membership for the Rural Improvement League as we have a number of interesting plans for the League, and expect to distribute a considerable number of prizes to League members during the winter after this competition is over. We cannot give away these valuable cash prizes to the boys and girls who join the Rural Improvement League unless they are willing to help us by doing a little work in their own community. All that it is necessary to do in order to become a member of the Rural Improvement League is to pick up one subscription to The Guide, either new or renewal, at \$1.50 per year. You may get your father's renewal or any other renewal in the neighborhood, keep 25 cents out of it to pay for mailing your sack of grain and send in the \$1.25 to The Guide at once. In return we will send you Certificate of Membership in the Rural Improvement League and further instructions on how to send in your sack of grain.

Already a large number of boys and girls have become members of the Rural Improvement League and have entered the \$150 cash prize competition for seed selection. These boys and girls have already made their plans to select the best wheat and oats from their father's field, and some of them are going to win these very large cash prizes. There is no restriction whatever and these prizes will be paid out within a few weeks after the competition closes on September 15.

Do not delay. You will find it an easy matter to pick up a subscription. Any farmer will be glad to help you enter the competition by giving you his subscription and it will cost you nothing as you will keep out 25 cents to pay your postage.

NOW IS THE TIME

As soon as you have collected the \$1.50, mail us \$1.25 at once. Give us the name of the subscriber, post office address and province, together with your own full name, post office address, province, your age and your father's name. Do not put this matter off until the grain is ripe because it will then be too late. Now is the time to get ready and become a member of the Rural Improvement League by sending in a subscription; you can then take your time and get whatever assistance you like in selecting the seed, so as to be sure it is the very best possible.

Address all your letters to

The Secretary, Rural Improvement League
The Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

MORE ABOUT THE CONTEST

Last week a new contest was mentioned. It will be very easy for most of you to tell why you do like school or why you do not like school. Three prizes will be given for the three best letters on this subject. Do not forget that you will be just as likely to get a prize for telling why you do not like school as for telling why you do like school. We just want to know why you feel as you do.

There are hundreds of little school houses all over the prairie and thousands of children every morning trudge over the trails to those little schools. Sometimes the mother has to call the children a dozen times before they will get up and dress, and then often she has to keep urging them to hurry to get there in time.

I remember one mother whose boy always got up in time, but day after day he claimed that he was sick. At first his mother let him stay at home without any question, but after a time she noticed that he seemed to recover very shortly after the other children went to school. So the next time he said he was sick she made him go to bed and stay there all day. My! how hard he found it! But it cured him. He said he would rather go to school than stay in bed all day.

Another mother told me how her little girl got up the first in the house during the cold winter weather and put on the fire and made the others get up, so that she could get to school in time. It was a cold house and she had to drive a long way to school. Just tell us why you are anxious to get away in time for school every day, or why you are glad when you find that you can stay away. Don't say you like it because you know it will be good for you. We all take medicine sometimes, because we know it will be good for us, but that does not make us like it.

DIXIE PATTON.

THE SORROWFUL WREN

One time a man in Winnipeg noticed some wrens building a nest at the back of his kitchen. He watched the little homemakers from day to day, as they worked from early until late carrying straw and grass, and weaving it into a nest for the eggs, and later the little family they expected. But, like many others who plan a home, their plans were not fulfilled.

One evening when the gentleman went home he heard one of the wrens making a strange noise, and he went out to see what was the matter. He was surprised and sorry to see the male wren lying dead beside the nest. The female was mourning for him, but he was dead and nothing could be done. There was nothing to show how he had met his death, and there was no sign of a struggle, so it seemed likely that he had been hurt when away from home, but had managed to get home to die.

For three or four days the female wren was a sorry sight. She sat around, her head down, and her feathers drooping. She was too sorrowful to go to get food. She was lonely and disappointed and nothing would comfort her.

But about the fourth morning after, when the gentleman went to the garden to see how she was, he found her sitting on a twig, looking as happy as possible. She had washed her feathers and had a good meal, and her head was up and she was singing just as hard as she could. When he came home at night she was singing still, but she was all alone. The next morning it was the same, and so for several days. She sat all alone in the spring sunshine and sang while birds all around her were making their nests and preparing for the children that were to come later.

But finally one evening the gentleman saw that the wee lonely wren was lonely no longer. She had another mate, and at once they went to work and cleaned out the old nest and put a new lining in it. The wren laid her eggs in it, and with her new mate raised a family.

A LITTLE BROWN RABBIT

Dear Dixie Patton:—One day last spring I was sent to a neighbor's house and when I was coming away they gave me a little brown rabbit which they had caught while working in the field. I was very proud of it and got it home safely. We kept it all summer and it became quite tame. It seemed to like to be petted and played with, but one

morning when I went out to feed it I found the door partly open and the rabbit gone. I was very sorry to lose it. I suppose it was glad to be free again. I have never had a little rabbit since.

ANDY HAMILTON,

McTaggart, Sask. Age 9.

FOUR SKUNKS

Dear Dixie Patton:—This is the second letter I wrote to you. I saw my other letter printed and I wrote it when I was six years old.

Our adventure with four skunks. When my cousin Hazel was down staying with me we had an adventure. We were taking the mail over to Uncle John's and were returning home and we saw a skunk. We both started to run and when we got a little farther we saw three more, one old one and two little ones. I ran out in the field and Hazel kept to the path. When she was running by she touched an old one. It ran up against her legs. She had a rose in her hand and it smelled worse than she did. All her clothes smelled about as bad as the rose. We found a good name for the clothes she had on; we called them the skunk suit.

DOROTHY STEVENSON,

Morris, Man. Age 9.

MY BEST SUMMER HOLIDAY

By Kathryn Lyman, in St. Nicholas

We left our mountain home, Ka Hale Olm, or "The House in the Mists," for a five-and-a-half-mile walk to the largest active volcano in the world. Two miles along a beautiful road led us to the edge of the crater. We descended the steep, winding trail to the rough, barren, lava floor. On the way down we picked and ate ohelo berries, formerly considered sacred to Pele, goddess of the volcano.

Starting along the trail we crossed over a bridge spanning a lava crack which was opened by an earthquake in 1887. Two miles beyond this we visited the Devil's Picture Frame, and still farther on we descended into a cave known as Pele's Reception Room, where we left our cards.

After we reached the pit, we watched the molten lava rushing and roaring, and the fountains spouting. It was so hot that we had to protect our faces with masks, and then burned our hands holding them up.

At supper time we walked over to a hot crack near the pit, and lowered down a wire basket filled with potatoes and bananas, a can of sausages, and a pail of coffee. In twenty minutes the coffee was boiling and the food cooked. It all tasted much better than if it had been cooked over a kitchen stove.

We went back to the pit and watched the boiling lava for another hour. While we were there a party of Hawaiians came to watch the fire, and we saw one large native woman throw an offering to Pele of a red silk handkerchief, a whisky flask and some silver, into the lake of fire.

We started on our homeward tramp at seven, and reached Ka Hale Olm tired but happy at ten.

SHE DID NOT KNOW

One day a little girl was standing at a window. She had been there so long that her mother went to see what she was doing. The window was in a sunny corner and many flies had gathered there. The mother was horrified to see that her little girl had caught a lot of the flies and had pulled off the wings of some, and the wings and some legs of others, and the poor things were crawling around in all stages of deformity and pain. The little girl was laughing at their awkward attempts to get away.

Her mother felt very badly, and she took the little girl on her knee and explained to her that the flies were suffering, and asked her how she would like it if some big monster came and pulled her legs off, and maybe an arm, and left her to suffer.

The child began to cry and said she did not know that it hurt the flies, and she would never do it again. Her mother killed the flies to put them out of pain, and she tried to make her child understand that the insects that crawl and fly do suffer, and it is the business of those who are strong to kill them outright if necessary, but never to cause any living thing pain if it can be avoided.

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