

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.



BOYS! LOOK!

Be the First Boy in your locality to get this League Size Baseball Outfit.

Any Boy with Vim in Him can Easily Get it in plenty of time for the First Game of the Season. Think how much better you'd be able to play if you had this league size outfit—Catcher's Mitt, Fielder's Glove and Superior League Baseball! Think of the fun you'd have if you owned it all yourself.

I want to see the finest boy in every locality get one of these fine big outfits. I have a plan that will easily bring it to him in lots of time for the opening of the season. You won't have to pay a cent for it either, I'll send it right to your house.

Fielder's Glove made of best often Canadian leather, strongly stitched, professional padding, protected thumb. A full size glove of excellent quality.

Write me today—a postal card will do—and tell me your name and address and let me show you how you can secure one of these outfits without a cent's cost to you. Be sure to send me the postal today.

R. G. TORIN, 1111 Mail Building, TORONTO, ONT.



FREE

and the pretty Queen Mary class for girls and ladies. These rings are lovely gold finished, set with each in a pretty ring and will positively delight you. Every person getting one can also get it.

ABSOLUTELY FREE THIS MAGNIFICENT PHONOGRAPH COMPLETE WITH 12 OF THE NEWEST RECORDS

There is a genuine high grade disc machine—playing any size collection of Victor Records. It has five wax backed discs, beautiful flower design and superb reproduction, playing and made of fine wood, rose, mahogany, or ebonized, etc., elegantly and beautifully. It will bring hours of entertainment to everyone in your home.

Here is Our Great Offer—We want every body in the land to try our new and delicious "Royal Japanese" tea. We will send you one of these tea bags and a small tin of tea. Write us to day and we will send you 25 Handwritten bottles at 10c. each to sell among your friends. This is our special introduction price. No money more.

Write them, Dept. E.P. Wood, 1000, Victoria, B.C. etc. No trouble at all to sell them. They go like hot cakes. Between our \$2.00 when the perfume is sold and we will promptly send you your choice of three lovely rings and the YUKON PHONOGRAPH you can also obtain without getting any more goods, by simply showing your beautiful presents to your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our five per cent commission. No Money In Advance. We trust you with our goods. If you cannot sell the perfume simply return it to us. We pay all delivery charges and post expenses. Take advantage of this great offer to day. Address: The Regal Manufacturing Co., Dept. R. 1 Toronto.



Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

EMPTY TROUBLES

Out of some sixty-three contributions in this contest only seven were correct, and the prize winner was chosen from these for the neatest work, according to age, the prize going to Edna Bond, age 9, Truax, Sask.

You would hardly believe, if I told you, how many of the mistakes were glaring ones, like leaving out a whole line, or changing a word, or mistakes in spelling, or starting a line without a capital letter. Mistakes in punctuation were common, and a great many started the lines all one under the other. Now I think you will see what I meant by saying that very few people, either children or grown-ups, can do exactly as they are told.

Those besides Edna who copied the stanza correctly were: Vivian E. Bond, Dolly Oberlin; Gertrude Moffat, Annie Girling and Keith Longeway.

Remember the Envelope

Where are your "Rememberers," as my little friend says. I thought I had said most firmly that no membership buttons would be sent out to new contributors to the last contest unless they enclosed a stamped and self-addressed envelope. It was really necessary to make this rule, and having made it it is really necessary to enforce it, so that some little people who sent quite good stories about a "Good Citizen" are going to be disappointed about getting a membership pin.

A good many also sent in stories on other subjects which were good enough to admit them to The Young Canada Club if they had but remembered to send the self-addressed and stamped envelope.

DIXIE PATTON.

MY RABBITS

One day when I was at the home of my friend, she gave me a pair of rabbits.

For some time I had them shut in a box, but after a while I let them out. They went to the granary every night. I shut them up. I was afraid they would run away or get killed. After a while I let them stay out. When winter came I fed them carrots, potatoes and cabbage, and gave them milk to drink.

One day when I went out to feed them I could only see one. The other had always come so I didn't bother looking for it, and the rats and dogs would not hurt them, but for a week it did not come, so I went to look for it, but all I could find was its front foot.

In the spring I bought another just like it. I had a hard time to catch the one I always had because it would not come out from under the granary. I made a pen for them and every month they had young ones. I gave some away and kept two myself, but some died. When they are small, just getting fur, they look like a little round ball of fur when they bunch up and lay down their ears.

I kept the young ones and gave away the old ones. Now I have fifteen young ones. They are black and white, like their mother, the fore part white and the rest black. This year I have not any vegetables for them. I guess I will have to give some away or they will eat papa's fruit trees.

HERTHA GRAHAM,

Bienfait, Sask. Age 12.

LOST IN THE BUSH

Two years ago last August my mother went to visit a friend three miles away. She intended to stay all night, but for some reason changed her mind. Just as she was coming away a thunder storm came up and she had to wait till it was over. As it made her late in starting it was getting dusk, and she took the wrong road within a mile of the house.

She went quite a piece before she found that she was wrong. She went back and tried to pick up the right road, but could not do so. She thought she would camp under a tree till daylight. Finding a nice big spruce tree she, and the two dogs that were with

her, laid down and tried to get warm, for by this time mother was wet thru and very cold. They had not been lying there long when the dogs bounded out and barked furiously. It was coyotes and they barked back at the dogs. Mother was so frightened and she climbed half-way up the tree and stayed there till daylight came. Then she got down and made her way home as quickly as possible. You can be sure we were all very much surprised to hear of her experience.

LOUISE KEEN,

Age 11 years.

THE FOXES

Once some people lived in a large painted house about half a mile from town. There were four people living in this house, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, their son John and his uncle, Jack.

They had one hundred chickens, forty geese, twenty-five ducks and seven guinea fowl. Each night they would miss a chicken. It was not the owls, for they were taken from the lowest pole that they roosted on. One morning John looked out of the window and he saw a fox carrying a nice fat chicken, so he at once went out with his gun and the dogs followed him. They tramped all day, but could not find her, so he went home.

The next day he went again to hunt the fox. At last he found her, sitting near her den watching the little ones tearing a nice fat hen to pieces. He thought it was so interesting that he would not shoot her.

Jack went the next day to hunt for her. He came to the den and the old fox was gone. The four little ones were sitting near the den watching for their mother to come back. He shot three of them, got the other one, tied it up with a chain, and then went to find the old fox.

The dogs chased her. She ran thru a herd of sheep, jumped on one's back and rode away so that the dogs could not find her scent. Jack could not find her, so he went home and never hunted for her any more. Every night the fox came and tried to get her young one free, but she could not, so she gave him some poison for she thought she would rather have him dead as he could not be with her.

They never found out what became of the fox, and they have never seen her since. Some people say she took poison and died.

EDNA McCLUER,

Choir, Sask. Age 11 years.

THE SWALLOWS' NEST

The story I am going to tell you is about a birds' nest. There was a swallows' nest in the beam of our stable. The mother bird laid four eggs in it. I looked in the nest one day and the little birds had come out of the shell. One day my brother took one little bird out. He put it on the ground and it flew away so we could not catch it, but I think the mother found it. The birds have now gone away south.

IRENE E. LEES,

Mather, Man. Age 10.

THE RABBIT AND THE DOG

Last spring our hired man was sowing oats and our dog was with him. He saw a wee little rabbit out on the land and he told the dog to go for it, but he just ran after it and played with it and wouldn't hurt it nor kill it. I saw him and went and caught it and put it in a pen and fed it all kinds of greens and gave it milk, and it soon grew into a big rabbit and was so fat and plump. I would bring it out of the pen and put it on a chair in the house and give it candy and apples. It liked sweet things as well as greens, and then I would put it back in the pen. This fall, when it was changing its color and getting white it seemed to get sick all at once, and one morning I found it dead. I was sorry, for it was a nice pet and so tame.

RUBY L. CAMERON,

Carlyle, Sask. Age 14.