

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE CAMERA FOLK?

We have had very little response to the camera competition and we want to know what is the matter. Is it that too few of you have cameras or that you don't want to be bothered?

We have been thinking of extending the time but we want first of all to find out how many of you are interested. Won't you sit right down and write Dixie Patton a letter to say whether or not you want to enter the photographic competition or what is the trouble and whether you would like the time extended?

We have a money making club which will help boys and girls to earn the money to buy cameras and we will gladly send particulars to anyone who cares to write us and if you will really take the competition up seriously we will have the first ten rolls of films sent in developed free of cost.

I know that as yet you have no idea of the fun you can get out of a camera. You can catch the old grey cat playing with her kittens and while poor old pussy is purring in the sunshine you can transfer an excellent likeness of her to your film. When baby sister stretches out ten little pink toes and crows for joy there isn't a thing on earth that makes a prettier picture. Or you can take this camera to school and take snaps of your playmates and be the most popular young person in the district. If two or three children in the neighborhood secured

partridge can be seen when before there were quite a number. The mother partridge will then sit still and you'll think, "Well I can catch her," but you will be disappointed for she will make believe she is crippled and run ahead of you just so you can't catch her till the little partridges are at a safe distance. They would be all hid in the grass.

She is very clever in hiding her children, but of course everything has a way of defense.

Partridges are very good to eat but there is a law that they cannot be shot only when the law is open which is in October. They are very good then.

ESTELLA LITTLE.

Age 14.

Dixie Patton wishes to compliment Estella on her beautiful writing. She almost won a prize and perhaps will next time.

D. P.

THE DEAR LITTLE ROBIN

I am now going to tell you all I know about the robin. He is not a very big bird, he is a dark color on his back with a red breast. He isn't as tame as crows and some other birds. He sings a pretty song. He builds his nest in thick brush generally near a slough, with four to eight pretty little blue eggs in it.

The mother robin sits on her nest all day long until the little ones come out. The father bird is very happy, then he sings all day long.

When the little ones hatch out there

HURRY WITH YOUR STORIES

Don't forget that the second story competition closes August 27 and that I want a great pile of stories in my office before that date. The stories are to be about animals or birds giving some incident to show their cleverness or intelligence—and this is where I think the boys ought to excel. There are so many funny things that the animals in the farmyard do.

We had a colt once upon a time who was as cute as he could be. He would pick up the little pigs by one leg and stand there apparently half asleep while they kicked and squealed and kicked. He just did it to tease them and we could never find as much as a trace of a tooth mark on the little pigs when he let them go. Another colt was even a worse tease and gave the pigs such a miserable time of it that I am sure they must have been glad when he was out working. He would chase them around and around the farm yard tapping them gently with his hoofs every time they slackened their speed.

Now I am sure that we did not have the only clever animals that ever lived on the farm, so please let me hear about yours and as soon as you can, chick-abiddies.

Three story books will be given as prizes for the three best stories submitted. All contributors should be careful to give age, name and address.

Address correspondence to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

cameras they could go out on camera hunts together and have splendid times. If you take up the work you will find it great fun I know, but it remains with you to say whether we will go on with the camera part or give it up.

I would like all the readers of the Young Canada Club to write and tell us what they think of the photographic competition and whether they have or can earn a camera.

Address all letters to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

THE PARTRIDGE

Honorable Mention

A partridge is quite a large bird of Northern Alberta. It is brown, a little darker than the grass in the fall when the frost has killed it. It has a little bunch of feathers on its head and its tail is very large and bushy. It stays the year around and never flies south.

In the evening, until about nine o'clock, is when it feeds in the summer but in the winter it feeds until about six o'clock. In the summer it eats grains and grasses and in the winter it eats the buds from the trees. It sleeps in the trees in the winter. When it sees any one coming it will be right quiet, thinking it won't be seen. The male partridge drums and in the evening it can be heard a long distance. The female partridge chirps to her mate.

In the months of May and June is when the female partridge builds its nest and hatches its young. It builds its nest in the grass among little bushes. It has from ten to fifteen eggs at a sitting. It takes three weeks for the eggs to hatch. When the partridges are only a day old they can run around and are very hard to catch, for they hide in the grass.

When any one is near the nest the mother makes a queer noise and not a

is such a lot of work for the poor old robins gathering worms all day long for the hungry brood.

The little robins when first hatched out are very ugly. They have no feathers but just a little down.

Little robins are always very hungry, they open their big wide mouths for worms when the old ones go to them.

They soon get big and then they have to learn to fly. They find it hard at first but they soon learn.

There is a robin by our house. Often in the early morning, before I am up, I can hear him singing so gaily in the poplar tree.

And he is cheeky enough to come and eat our strawberries.

They do not stay here all winter, they go away in the autumn and come back again in the spring.

ELSIE PIERCE.

Age 15.

THE BLACKBIRD

Honorable Mention

The Blackbird is a delightful songster, whose jetty and orange-tawny hue are well known. It is a very shy bird, and if disturbed when at its nest darts off and utters a sharp cry of alarm. The male is a shiny black color, and the female a dark brown. Some have red, white and black eyes. It builds its nest in a swamp, hedge or a holly bush. They are like the thrush, they eat all kinds of insects. They eat cherries and berries. Their nest is made of grass and weeds. The nest contains five eggs of bluish-green color spotted with brown.

I wish the club success and think it was a good idea that the name was changed, and kite flying is great sport.

EDWIN TIDRICK.

Age 15.



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