

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

LAST CHANCE IN STORY CONTEST

Today there came to my office a letter addressed to Dixie Patton, Editor of Canada Club, Winnipeg, Man. The post office folk sent it first of all to the Canadian Club, then to The Farmers' Advocate, next to The Stovel Publishing Co. and finally to The Grain Growers' Guide. That meant that four different postmen had been bothered with this letter, because the little girl who wrote it had not taken the trouble to read the instructions given in the page for addressing letters.

All letters for the Young Canada Club should be addressed to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man. Please do not put any more or less than this on the envelopes.

The new story subject is harder than any we have ever given before and as a result we have had fewer sent in. Those that have come, however, have been splendid and up to date the best was written by a little girl of eight.

I know, of course, that there are scores of other little boys and girls who could write a fine story about A Family Tradition.

A family tradition is any unusual happening in a family that is told about from one generation to another, some experience of your mother, grandmother or great-grandmother, father, grandfather or great-grandfather, uncle or aunt. Or a family tradition may be a custom that is always observed in a family.

If you know of any such story or custom write it out as prettily as possible and send it to me post haste, only remember to get your teacher or parent to certify that it is your own work and that the age is correct.

All stories must be in before October 15; they must be written in pen and ink and on only one side of the paper, and the writer must be under seventeen years of age.

Everyone, who has not previously joined the club, and who sends a story to this contest, will receive one of the pretty maple leaf buttons, and all alike stand a chance of winning one of the three story books offered as prizes. Write today.

DIXIE PATTON.

THE WREN

The wren is a very cute bird. He builds in posts or in barns. Once my mother was house-cleaning and she put a pair of my grandfather's pants out on the clothes-line, and at evening when he went to get them, one leg was half full of twigs, where the wrens had started their future home.

They are bigger than a humming bird, but they have not such a long tail. They build their nests with twigs and line the inside with horse-hair. Their eggs are a light brown color. They lay seven eggs. The wren likes to be where people are living because there is lots to eat there.

I have watched and studied the wren so as to write and try to get a button if I could. My brother got a button and likes it very much. I read the Young Canada Club. My father takes the Grain Growers' Guide.

JACK BALLANCE.

Kalejda, Man., age 10.

WHAT HE FOUND

One night, when I was outside after a rainstorm, I found a young wren which had got wet and could not fly.

I gave it some crumbs, but it would not eat them. Now, there was a wren's nest in the twine box of the binder and it had seven eggs in it and I put it on them. The next evening when I went to see it it was still there and I took it out and let it fly away. I have never seen it since.

HARRY M. CHAPPLE.

Shoal Lake, Man. Age 8.

THE YOUNG CROWS

One evening as I was walking thru the bush near my home I saw, up in a tree, a crow's nest. I started to climb the tree when the mother crow flew out. I climbed the rest of the way and looked in. There were four baby crows. I watched them for a time and then went down.

The next day I went out with the gun to shoot the mother crow, because we

were afraid that the crows would pull the corn out. So I could shoot as many as I liked.

I went out and when I got there the mother was on the nest. I shot at the nest and got the crow.

I went home and the next day I went out to the nest, but the baby crows were dead, because there was nobody to look after them.

I guess that is all just now.

VICTOR ANDERSON.

Age 13.

Victor, did you stop to think what a cruel thing it is to kill the mother of little baby birds or how many worms that mother crow would have used to feed her little ones. I hope neither you nor any other member of our club will ever kill a nesting bird again.

DIXIE PATTON.

BUSTER SUSPECTED

Dear Dixie Patton:—I thank you very much for my pretty pin. I wear it every day now, and I like it very much.

I live in the country where there is no church or school and the time seems long. There are foxes around here by the dozens and they are stealing our neighbor's chickens. A friend of ours has one and when I saw him I was greatly surprised. He had a long thin body with a tail the length of himself. His head was large and his little sharp eyes looked out of place. His nose was long and pointed, his ears always cocked up. He slunk along the ground in a way which seemed as tho he feared no one and was prepared to spring at them without a moment's notice. His coat was red and shaggy, therefore he was not very valuable. He was only a young one, but bright and cunning.

My friend also had a small rabbit, which he gave to my sister Ella, but two mornings after it was gone. Our pup, Buster, was suspected as he had blood on his feet, but he did look innocent when I told him about it.

HELEN AULD.

Rosetown, Sask.

QUEER LITTLE RABBITS

Once our teacher caught some little rabbits. The teacher had a cat too. This cat had little kittens. When the little kittens fed, the little rabbits fed with them. The old cat thought this was very strange. She would pat them with her paw, but they would not play like her own kittens.

The little rabbits did not stay all the time. When they grew up they went away.

BESSIE McLACHLAN.

Age 11 years.

A WOLF'S DEN

When my father was summerfallowing he saw a wolf's den by a slough. When the dog would go down to the water to get a drink the old wolves would chase him away. One day at noon my father went down to their hole and dug them out and got three little ones, and the old one stood away off watching him. There were other holes around with young ones in them.

GEORGE KURTZ.

Goodwater, Sask. Age 10.

THE LITTLE LAME SNIPE

I was just hatched out of my shell and I ran about quite happily. One day it rained with an east wind. I shivered and shook. I lay down beside a stone.

Next day a girl picked me up and took me home. She wrapped me up and got me warm. I got better and the girl let me go. I flew away and have been free a whole year.

EDNA DEVLIN.

Horizon, Sask. Age 12.

THE SWALLOWS

Last spring there were some swallows built a nest in the corner of our barn. They worked on, day by day, until it was finished. And when it was finished they were very happy. They flew all around.

One day we got a great rainstorm and the nest got soaked and fell down. I think they were sorry, and so was I, and after that I never saw them again.

ALFRED A. BRANDT.

Age 10 years.

Dingwall's Jewellery Catalogue

And obtain
Good Value

It will ensure you choosing Anniversary, Wedding, Birthday or Christmas Gifts in a most satisfactory and pleasant manner.

Illustrated throughout its pages are hundreds of articles of fine Jewellery, Silverware, Cut Glass, Watches, Clocks, Brass and Leather Goods, offering you as fine values as can possibly be obtained.

If you have not a copy of this book, write and we will mail you one by return mail, post paid and free of charge.

D. R. DINGWALL, LIMITED

JEWELLERS :: WINNIPEG

NAME

ADDRESS

For Your Boy or Girl:

The boys and girls of today will be the men and women of tomorrow. Give your young folks an opportunity to acquire thrifty and business-like habits early in life and you will not need to worry about their future. School work, as well as the ordinary chores around home, for a boy or girl twelve years of age should be supplemented by some special training. This is necessary to give the boy or girl some idea of what life really is, before he or she finally leaves school to enter the work-a-day world. How can your boy or girl now obtain a practical business experience under home influences? The booklet entitled, "Canadians in the Making," will give you the answer. It is an interesting and nicely-illustrated little book and will prove a real help to parents having a boy or girl problem to solve.

We will be glad to send this little book to any parent. A post card will bring it. ADDRESS:

Circulation Dept., The Grain Growers' Guide

WINNIPEG :: MANITOBA

