

"Young Folks Circle"

During this coming winter we are going to have a corner of The Guide for our young folks for their very own. Into this corner the older folks will not be allowed to come. In this corner our boys and girls are going to meet with each other and have a real good time. They may never see each other but they will enjoy writing letters not only to this page but to each other. We will tell each other about our school, about our home, our holidays, our pleasures and our friends. Then every week when The Guide comes and father and mother have finished reading it we will sit down and read what our friends are doing. We are going to talk about the things we are doing now and the things we hope to do when we grow up. We can help each other to be better boys and girls and tell stories that will make each other feel a lot better. We are going to start off with a letter on "When I grow up." We want to know what our boys and girls under 15 years of age are planning for the future. Are they going to be farmers and try to make the farm life the most pleasant in the world? Are they going to be lawyers, doctors or storekeepers, dress-makers, milliners, teachers or something else? What are they going to try to do to make the world better and happier? Tell us what you want to do and how you are trying to do it. Every boy and girl likes to know what other boys and girls are going to do. Here are some of the very best books that boys and girls ever read. They are interesting stories of other boys and girls and of horses and dogs.

Black Beauty—a talking horse.

Beautiful Joe—a talking dog.

Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Robinson Crusoe.

Swiss Family Robinson.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.

Gulliver's Travels.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.

For the best letter we get from a boy entitled "When I Grow Up" we will give any three of these books he selects as a prize. For the second best we will give any two books and for the third best one book. For the best letter on the same subject from a girl we will let her choose any three of these books; for the second best two books and for the third best one book. Here are six prizes for our boys and girls. Don't make your letter more than 200 words long nor less than 150 words. We have decided to extend the time for receiving these letters till Nov. 15. Address your letters, "Young Folks Corner, The Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg."

COUSIN ALICE'S GAME

By Willametta Preston

"No, I don't want to."

"You never want to do anything I want to."

Back and forth it went, Daisy and Ruth and Alfred "spatting" as they had a bad habit of doing.

"Let's try a new game," called Cousin Alice, from the "sky parlor," as they called the upper porch.

Up they ran, all differences forgotten. Cousin Alice knew just the nicest things to do!

"This is a game that will take a whole week to play," laughed Cousin Alice, making room for them in the hammock beside her. Part of it is to be a secret just between you and me. Ruth and Alfred, you run to the other side until I say 'three,' then your turn will come."

That the secret was a fine one was shown in the bright faces. Then Cousin Alice proposed that they play "travelers." To-day they would go down the lane and see the little calf. The next day they would go to the garden, then to the pasture and the berry field and the road to grandma's, and the very last day Cousin Alice would take them to the woods. At the end of each day they were to write all they had seen.

Was there ever such a nice game to play? Cousin Alice did think of the nicest kind of games.

Down the lane were flowers, lots of them, and a hollow log that they rolled over to find a colony of ants underneath, and a vacant bird's nest. They found a woodchuck hole in the pasture, and picked a whole pail of berries, and picked the sage in the garden, and—such a lot of things—besides the little calf.

Then, in the woods, eating their picnic dinner, they asked Cousin Alice if the good times or the secret had been her new game.

"What was the secret?" she asked, smiling.

"Do something nice for somebody, and do it quick!" they chorused.

A CRITIQUE

Emma and Rachel (two blind children), going home from Summit, N.J., where they had witnessed the burning of the mortgage papers on the Arthur Home for the Blind, were commenting upon what they had seen and heard.

Emma said, "I can't see why they always speak of the blind as if there was no pleasure in life for us. I am sure I have lots of fun. I wish they wouldn't say you poor child! It makes me feel queer all over."

"Oh," said Rachel, "what they said at Summit was not half so bad as what they said at our Annual at Plymouth Church. Why one minister got up and preached, 'You poor little blind wafers.' That's the worstest name, I think, we ever got."

"—Mamma, I'm sorry I dis'beyed you!"

"I'm glad to know it, Flossie."

"Mamma, I'm drefful sorry."

"Yes, little dear."

"Mamma, I'm just as sorry as I can be."

"That's enough of 'sorry,' dear. You needn't heap it up."

"Well, mamma, maybe some of it will do for next time I dis'bey."

WHICH ARE YOU?

"I love you, mother," said little Will, Then off he ran to slide down hill, Forgetting there were errands to do, And coal to bring, and water too.

"I love you, mother," said little Nell, "Let me dust—I'll do it well, And then I'll make the beds for you, And set the dinner table too."

A little boy had lived for some time with a penurious old uncle, who took good care that the child's health should not be injured by over-feeding. The uncle was one day walking out, the child at his side, when a friend accosted him, accompanied by a greyhound. While the elders were talking, the little fellow, never having seen a dog of so slim and slight a texture, clasped the creature around the neck with the impassioned cry, "Oh, doggie, and did ye live wi' your uncle too, that ye are so thin?"

DRESS

"I like those little plain collars and bows you wear; they seem just right for a school girl," said an elderly friend to Helen, noting the neat, pretty dress and lack of all showy ornament.

The girl smiled. "Our school seemed all running to dress for a while," she



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said, "and the girls—a good many of them—wore too many rings and bracelets and things of that sort. I don't think the teachers liked it, but they couldn't just interfere about dress, you know. Then, too, there were some of the girls, good students and nice to have in the societies, who couldn't keep up with the style of the others, and it made them uncomfortable. So some of us just stopped it, and—with a little laugh—"the new fashion is spreading. It is more sensible and pleasanter all around."

AN EARLY FROST

In this North Country we are pretty sure to get a frost early in the fall. Some clear night in October the temperature creeps down below freezing point and the frost king marches through the land. We awake in the morning to find ice particles glistening in the sunlight like purest diamonds. What havoc it makes among the leaves and flowers which have been

so attractive and beautiful during the summer months. The geraniums, asters, dahlias, and balsams are cut down in a night, and the fronded ferns shrivelled and withered as if a poisonous breath had passed over them. The more tender, delicate and beautiful things are, the greater their susceptibility to adverse influences which mar and destroy them. Sometimes the bloom and beauty of a young life is blasted and destroyed by a single transgression. Health, vigor, and happiness abound and there is every promise of a useful and beautiful life, but in an unguarded moment, led by wicked companions, a sin is committed which mars the beauty of the character and shadows the whole life.—Selected.

An old lady, travelling on the train for the first time, was upset in a collision. As she crawled out of the window she asked innocently, "Do you always stop this way?"