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When Old Sol gets to sizzling—just then's the time to tear open a sweet, cool, clean and refreshing package of—



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it's good!

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Gloss"**

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Makers of "Crown Brand" and
"Lily White" Corn Syrup, and
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Skirts—more Table Linen—
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starched with "Silver Gloss",
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Canada. Your grocer has it.

**Laundry
Starch**

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Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

MORE PRIZES COMING

Let me see what splendid stories you can write on this subject—"The Wrong Track." I can think of a thousand people and things which might get on "the wrong track," and of the very queerest things that might happen to them, but I'm not going to tell you about them. That's the whole point of the thing.

I expect we shall have some splendid stories on this subject, indeed they ought to be the very best you've ever written. In order that we shall have a goodly number I want you to take this paper to school and ask your teacher to read the prize offer to the class.

For the three best stories, prizes of story books will be given and every new writer sending a story and enclosing a self-addressed and stamped envelope will be given one of the new maple leaf membership pins.

The contest is open to any boy or girl under seventeen years, on the following conditions:—The stories must be written in pen and ink and on only one side of the paper; they must be clearly addressed to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man., and a parent or teacher must certify that the story is original and that the age given is correct.

DIXIE PATTON

A HALLOWEEN PARTY

Last year our teacher said that we could have a surprise party for Halloween. She said she would have a surprise for us, and we could have a concert to surprise her.

So we all commenced to learn our different parts for Friday, for that was the day before Halloween. At last Friday came. We all studied hard till noon, and after dinner we said our pieces. Three of us girls were going to have a Halloween dialogue. I was a sick girl, and one of the girls was to be dressed up like a ghost, and the other was the well girl. We also had a large cat named Tom. His name was printed on a paste-board around his neck, but just as we were going to have the dialogue the cat jumped out of the basket and ran home. We tried to get it again but it would not come out from under the house.

The teacher then gave us her surprise. She had a string stretched from one end of the room to the other, on which hung large red apples. Then we all had to take a bite out of our chosen apple before we got it. Easier said than done, but we all started in to do it. After that the teacher passed fudge candy around and while we were eating that, she went outdoors and hid some. It was great fun looking for the hidden candy. After we had found all the candy, we played games till five o'clock and then we went home.

GLADYS M. VOLDEN

Moosebank, Sask. Age 12

A COLD DUCKING

When I was seven years old I went to South Dakota with my aunt on a visit to see my grandma and grandpa, uncles, aunts and cousins. When I was at my aunt's, my cousins and I went to the artesian pond to skate, and the place where the water from the well ran into the pond did not freeze over very hard and I did not know it. They did not tell me not to go close to it. I was skating as fast as I could and went right into the hole head first and went clear over my head in the water. We had quite a distance to go to get to the house. I nearly froze to death before I got there and aunt had to put all dry clothes on me again. She was scared when she saw me. I was six hundred miles from where my mamma and papa lived and they didn't know it until we came home. On our way the train was stuck in the snow for over three hours but we got to grandma's safe and sound and had a fine time.

BEULAH CRIPPEN

Aylesbury, Sask. Age 14

THE SOCIAL

I am going to tell you about a children's social Mrs. Sanders held at the school-house. Mrs. Sanders is a Sunday school teacher.

We met at two o'clock. Then Mrs. Sanders wrote out the list of songs and recitations. Olive Palmer, (my school chum) and I sang two songs. I recited

a poem called, "The Tickler." As soon as every one had sung and recited, we passed lunch, such as cake, pie and sandwiches. Then Mrs. Sanders passed ice cream, (rather early for ice cream, isn't it?)

When lunch was finished we cleaned up the mess we had made and then we went home. Mrs. Sanders said that her class were to have a box social, (the limit being twenty-five cents) to raise money to buy a curtain to divide her class from the others.

LAURA HEBNER

Gilbert Plains Age 12

TWO STORIES

Last spring my cat brought in baby rabbits alive nearly every night for a week.

She must have thought they were kittens because she washed them and took them to bed.

A hunter lives near us who kills bears. Once he killed an old bear and brought home the three cubs which were about ten days old. They were like woolly black puppies.

DOROTHY PITFIELD

Walkerburn, Man. Age 8

MY UNLUCKY DAY

It happened three years ago last summer when we had been away all day. It had rained when we were away, so when I got home I took off my boots and stockings and went barefoot.

My sister Merna said that she was going out to the straw stack, so I said that I would go with her. When I got out there I thought I would run around it, but when I got half way around I stepped on a pitchfork which was lying on the ground. I ran a little piece further, dragging the fork with me. I sat down and jerked it out, and started to scream.

I could not walk, so father carried me to the house, which was about twenty rods. I could not sleep all night for the pain. Father got up in the middle of the night and put a poultice on it. I was in bed for about a week because I could not walk, and when I did get up I had to walk on tip-toe.

I will close now hoping to receive a membership pin.

EILEEN ELLIOT

Arlon, Man. Age 11

A BAD FIRE

One day when we were eating our dinner a great smoke arose. We thought it was a storm gathering up, so we took no notice. Dad was away. After dinner I went out and saw it was a fire. I ran at once and told mother. We could not hear each other speak for the noise it made. Mother got a wet sack and got ready to fight it. Fortunately for us it was on the other side of the road, so it did not harm us. It burnt down the fence, went across the field and over to a bush. Mother went over to see whether it had burnt the hay, and she just arrived in time to save it.

After the fire had passed dad came home. We told him about the fire. He said he thought it was on another place where no one lived. The next day dad went to see what damage it had done and found trees six inches thick and green, burnt thru. Next winter people drew a lot of wood it had burnt. It was one of the worst fires in the settlement. I am glad to say no house was burnt.

IRIS DIAMOND

Togo, Sask. No, little one, I prefer you to use your own name, rather than a pen name—D. P.

A STRANGER IN THE NEST

Last summer I found a canary's nest. It was on my way to school, a little way from the road. It had four little pinkish eggs in it at night and in the morning it had a bigger egg which was a cowbird's. I took it out thinking it would not make the little bird angry, but it moved its nest to a different place and there the little birds hatched and they began to get their feathers and began to grow. They were able to fly around from tree to tree singing to the little folks and making them cheerful.

JESSIE GRAHAM

Dry River, Man. Age 11