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Delco-Light will give you all the light you need for your home and outbuildings. It is cool, clear, safe. No smelly, dirty lamps or lanterns. Less housework. No fire danger. Better light for chores—no lantern to hold.

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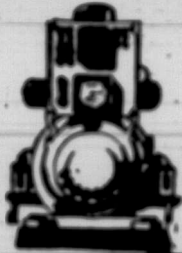
and ironing. Saves time and money indoors and out.

Delco-Light is a simple, economical, easily operated plant. Comes complete, ready to use. A child can operate it. Full information and free literature by writing your nearest distributor. Price, No. 208—\$485 and No. 216—\$585.

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By DIXIE PATTON

PETER RABBIT'S ESCAPE

One night Peter Rabbit said to his little ones in the hollow stump tree: "I'll go and see if I can get something good for tomorrow's dinner, I'll soon be home again."

And off he started. He went looking around but found nothing good, so he thought of Mr. Jones's garden. He knew it was risky, but there were so many nice things to eat there.

On his way he came across Mr. Fox, whom he was sure was sleeping, so he crept softly by so he should not wake him. The moon was shining brightly and he could easily find the way, but he was afraid Mr. Fox had seen him. So when he got there he crouched under the cabbage and started to eat.

But Mr. Fox had not been asleep. He had seen Peter Rabbit go past and had been following him close behind and had hidden in the bushes when Peter went into the garden.

Now Peter Rabbit thought he scented Mr. Fox, so he looked up from the cabbage he was eating and saw Mr. Fox ready to spring upon him. He quickly jumped to the side just in time to get out of Mr. Fox's clutches. Off started Peter Rabbit as fast as he could go and never looked behind. Mr. Fox, sure he saw Peter Rabbit go the other way, started off in the opposite direction. When Peter Rabbit got home he threw himself on the sand floor and never said a word.

Bunny Boy, his only son, came in and asked his father: "What is the matter, has Mr. Moon scared you?" But his father only said: "Don't you ever go to Mr. Jones's garden, for I nearly became Mr. Fox's dinner instead of bringing home dinner for you and your sisters." And Bunny Boy said he would not.

As this is my first story I am sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a membership pin.

RUTH FREED.

Duluth, Sask.

Age 15.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE GARDEN AT NIGHT

Once there lived a poor boy. He lived with his mother in a small cottage.

Now, as they were poor and his mother was ill, they could not afford to have a big garden. So the little boy put in a few seeds in the ground and took care of them.

One night, as he lay on his bed, thinking of what he would do the next day, a funny noise was heard outside. The boy thought it was a rabbit out destroying his garden, so he got up and went out to see what it was.

When he went to the garden he saw that it was not a rabbit but a beautiful fairy. It spoke to him in a kindly tone and said: "What do you most wish for?" Then he said: "If you will make my garden grow, I will be quite pleased." "Your wish shall be granted," said the fairy, and she bade the boy good bye.

As the morning the boy went to see his garden. To his surprise he saw that it was full of vegetables. The boy thanked the fairy very much, and the fairy said that if he was good to his mother she would give him a much better garden next year.

EDWARD M'CAULEY.

Barnwood, Man.

Age 11.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE GARDEN AT NIGHT

Once upon a time there were a lot of fairies who lived together. They used always to go into a garden at night and dance with some little brownies. They had a great time.

They would be glad when it got moonlight because they would go to the garden to dance.

But one night when they were going one of the other fairies said: "I fear something is going to happen tonight."

But the other fairies told them they were afraid of nothing.

They got to the garden and started to dance and had a lot of fun. While

they were dancing along came a pack of hounds, barking and making a terrible noise. That frightened the fairies so badly that they ran away and never came back again. Now old Mr. Moon did not know where the fairies had gone and so he sent the silent searchers to search for them.

Those silent searchers are what we call fire flies, and in the summer nights you will see little flashes of light. Those you will know are the silent searchers searching for the fairies that got such a terrible fright in the garden at night.

JESSIE M. ASHAM

Kinross, P.O., Man.

Age 14.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE GARDEN LAST NIGHT

Last summer, as I was sitting by the window, I saw some little fairies out in the garden and they were as busy as bees.

Some of these fairies had knives, axes, chisels and saws. They were all walking along behind each other till at last one of them spied a big tree. There they began to cut into the tree, as I suppose they were going to make a home.

After they had been there for a long time an old man came up to their door and asked for something to eat. He told them that he had some children and they were all starving. Then the queen of the fairies said that she would come that night and bring him a loaf of bread. That night as the man was going to bed the fairy came and gave him the loaf of bread and said: "Take one crumb of this in your hand and it will become a big loaf of bread." After that day the miller and his children lived happily until one day the man thought he would like to finish up the bread, so he and his children ate it all, and when the man became hungry again he went to the fairies for help but he did not get anything. So he and his children went hungry.

FLORA AITCHESON.

Green Lawn, Alberta.

Age 13.

THE FAIRY THIEVES

Once upon a time there was an old farmer who was sorely bothered by the unsettling of his barn. However straight he laid his sheaves over-night on the threshing floor for the morning's flail, when morning came all was topsy-turvy, higgledy-piggledy, though the door remained locked. Resolved to find out who played him these pranks, he crouched himself one night deeply among the sheaves and watched for the enemy. At length midnight arrived, the barn was lit up as if by moonbeams of wonderful brightness and through the keyhole came thousands of elves, the tiniest that could be imagined. They immediately began their gambols among the straw, which was soon in wild disorder. He wondered, but interfered not, and at last the fairy thieves began to busy themselves in a new way, for each elf set about conveying the crop away, a straw at a time, with astonishing activity, through the keyhole, which resembled the door of a beehive on a sunny day in June. The good man was already in a rage at seeing his corn vanish in this fashion, when one of the fairies said to another in the tiniest voice that ever was heard: "I eat, you eat?" He could contain himself then no longer. He leaped out crying:

"The foul fiend eat ye,

Let me get at ye!"

With that they all flew away, so frightened that they never disturbed him or his barn any more.

JOHN MYHR.

Amazon, Sask.

Age 8.

Said the teacher to the little Hebrew boy: "Ikey, is the world flat or round?"

"It ain't needer vin, teacher," said Ikey.

"But what is it, Ikey," asked the teacher in surprise, "if it is neither round nor flat?"

"Well," said Ikey with conviction, "unise fader he says it vas crooked."

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