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Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

A LONG LIVED TURTLE

The tale is told in St. Nicholas this month of a turtle who is supposed to be seven hundred years old and who in spite of his many years is still hale and hearty.

Perhaps you have never seen a turtle and do not know that it is a large flat animal with short scaly legs, which with its head it can draw in under the hard shell on its back.

This ancient turtle lives at a place with a very funny name, Waikiki Beach, Honolulu, on the grounds of Prince Kalaniana'ole. You will notice what nice easy names they have in that part of the world.

He is very tame and allows the little Prince and Princesses to ride on his back if they do not want to be carried too far. He has seen kings and princes come and go and could tell many wonderful tales of the changes in his country in the past hundreds of years.

And by the way, where is his country? If you do not know get your geography or atlas and look it up. If you were to do that with every place you read about you would soon get to know your geography well. Try it.

DIXIE PATTON.

FROM THE GRANARY TO THE TABLE

Once upon a time I was a little baby seed. I lived in a large home called a granary. In this home were many other baby seeds just like me. No one could tell one from the other as we all belonged to the same family and looked so much alike. We lived there very quietly until one day my sister cried, "Hark! do you hear that noise? The mice are coming." Then she told us the mice were fond of little grains of wheat and that if they were to eat us we would never grow to be like our mother. We heard them many times after that, but we never saw them.

One day a farmer came and put us into a large sack. It was so dark in the sack and we lay so very near together that I thought we should smother. Soon I felt myself sliding. I tried to cling to the sack, but the other grains in their rush to the sunlight took me along with them. In our wild race we ran into a tube, and, going faster and faster, we soon fell into the seed-drill. Then I felt myself sliding again, for the seed-drill was moving forward. I could hear the driver call out in loud tones to the horses, "Get up!" and round and round went the big wheels of the drill. All at once I went under cover in the rich ground. At first I did not like to be shut in from the sunlight. But one day when I heard the crows I was glad that I was under the coverlet of the ground. I heard their cry of "caw, caw," and how frightened I was! I knew that the crows were near and that they liked the little baby wheat grains. This made me thank the farmer and Mother Nature for giving me such a good home. The crows could not find me and by and by they flew away.

Mother Nature now warmed me and the rains fed me. I went to sleep, but one bright morning I awoke. The rain had been tapping on our great brown house, telling us to awake from our naps. I had grown so large while sleeping that my brown coat burst open. The sun had warmed my bed. I put a little white rootlet out and sent it down into the ground. The gentle spring breeze and the warm days brought my first blade into the sunlight above the ground, and peeping out I was glad to see everything growing fresh and green. I could see the tender sprouting grass and the opening buds. I could hear the bluebird's song and the robin's warble. I could smell the balmy airs of spring.

Mother Nature sent her children every day to help me. The rain came through the soil and brought me food and drink. The sun fairies warmed my sprouting leaves, and the wind brought me fresh air. In June I wore a dainty green dress of slender, graceful leaves. As my sisters and I stood in the great field on the plain, and were wafted to and fro by the winds, we looked like the waves of the rolling deep.

So I grew and grew, and one morning after the dew had given me my cool bath and the sun fairies had dried my leaves, the south wind whispered her song to me and I found myself a full-grown plant. I was proud of my spikelets of flower

and now could wave with my sisters in the rolling seas of wheat. Down at the base of our spikelets were seed cups in which slept the little baby seeds. The wind rocked them to sleep and, sleeping, they grew to the full-sized wheat grain.

By and by we became tall stalks of golden wheat and the farmer was glad to look at us. When we were fully ripe the great reaping-machine, drawn by a number of horses, came along and cut us down. Then we were picked up and sent whirling through the buzzing jaws of the thresher. Our grains of wheat were screened from the chaff and straw and fell into sacks. Then we were put on trains and transported to the mammoth granaries to be stored away until the flour mills wanted us.

At last we reached the mills. There we were turned into beautiful white flour and shipped to the market. So we, as flour, reached the housewife's or baker's well-stocked kitchen, where we were put into trays, and, being mixed with a little salt, yeast and some water, were kneaded into loaves of bread and baked. This is the story of my life from a little grain of wheat until I became the crust of bread that you eat.

HELEN K. RASMUSSEN.
Standard, Alta. Age 12.

A DOG'S LIFE

I am a big collie dog. My color is black and I have a stub tail. I am quick in catching gophers. I pitch them up in the air and when they are coming down I catch them. In this way I kill them. My size is about two feet and a half long and two feet high. I am so big I cannot run very fast.

My best sport is for some girl or boy to throw sticks into the water and then I'll swim in and fetch it out. Girls and boys are my best playmates. My master is very kind to me and he plays with me too.

I do not like any music, or I do not like a gun in sight, and I let people know this by whining and they always see me when I whine. I am not very friendly with strangers that come to my master's place after night unless I know they are not going to harm anything.

I do not run after cattle when I am not told to go, but often see other dogs do it. I fight with some other dogs that go snuffing around the place and I generally win. I have a comfortable home and I hope I never leave the master I am with now.

COLLIE.
SOFFA BEST.
Laura, Sask. Age 14.
A splendid story, Sofa. Write again.

THE LIFE OF AN ONION

I am a very small black seed and I was planted in the ground. I thought it was dark and dreary in the ground. At last I woke up to find myself growing in a lovely bed side by side with brothers and sisters like myself.

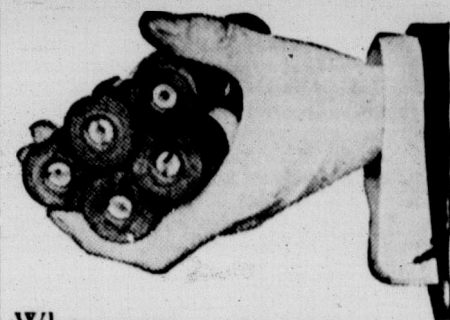
I found myself with two beautiful green stems in the glorious sunshine. But I still kept on growing and began to find myself growing a lovely snow white ball. This ball kept on growing all through the warm summer months. In the early fall as the frost was approaching I found myself quite a large ball, or as the old farmer called me, a large onion.

One warm day in the fall the farmer's boys and girls came out and pulled me up and put me in a big basket along with lots of others like myself. I was quite proud when they took me to the house and the old farmer said as he picked me up, "Oh, what a lovely onion!" Some days later on the farmer took me and the rest for a long drive and at last we reached a place called a town. We stopped at a grocery store where the farmer sold us all for a high price. We stayed in our new home quite a while.

One day a richly dressed lady came in the store and when she spied me she said, "Oh, what a lovely onion!" and she decided to take me home. When we reached there the lady gave me to a maid who peeled me and washed and sliced me up into a beautiful dish which was decorated with pretty green leaves, and then was put on to a table with other vegetables. Then there were some strange people came and my life was ended.

NEOMA HAWKINS.
Age 12.

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Pursuant to the resolution of the Directors of The Grain Growers' Grain Company Limited, at a meeting held in Winnipeg, April 3rd, 1913, Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the said Company will be held in the Assembly Hall in the Industrial Bureau (corner Main and Water streets), in the City of Winnipeg, in the Province of Manitoba, on Tuesday, November 11th, A.D. 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock a.m.

WM. MOFFAT, Secretary.

Winnipeg,
Sept. 25th, A.D. 1913.

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