

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

ANOTHER COMPETITION ENDED

You sent me in some splendid stories about animals and birds for our second story competition, but a few of you forgot that I asked you to tell me some incident showing the cleverness of an animal or bird, and so while they were very good they could not win a prize.

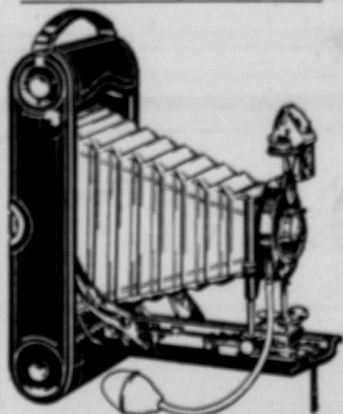
One of the prize stories, which was written by Eileen Gillies, is printed in this issue. This same little girl won a prize for a picture she sent us so you must waken up little people and see to it that she does not carry off all the prizes.

The names and compositions of the other prize winners will be given at a later date. And now I have splendid news for you.

MORE PRIZES COMING

Do you think you could write me an interesting story about My Unlucky Day? If your days have all turned out well make up a story for us out of your heads. You can make them as long or as short as you like only they must be written in pen and ink and on one side of the paper only.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS
PLEASE MENTION THE GUIDE

I want at least a hundred boys and girls to send me in stories before the Thirtieth of September. Don't be afraid to try because you think you are too young. For one little girl nine years old won a prize and a little boy who is just ten. I will like your stories anyway, whether the rest of the people do or not because I do like little boys and girls.

Now young Canadians, don't put off starting these stories until tomorrow or the next day but get out your pen and ink and begin right away and you will stand as good a chance as anyone of winning a prize.

As before, we are giving three story books for the three best compositions sent in. Please don't forget to have your teacher or parents certify that the story is your own work and that the age given is correct. I have had letters from some of you about the camera work but I want all of our readers to write and say whether they think they would like to take pictures and if they would be willing to work to earn a camera.

DIXIE PATTON.

Address your letters to Dixie Patton,
Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

AMUSING STORY OF A CAT AND A BABY SQUIRREL

A Prize Story

A lady friend, living in England, once had a cat who never was happy unless she had a family, if not kittens, whatever else she could adopt.

I remember once, she mothered a squirrel and she had a family of her own at the time, but she adopted the squirrel with high glee and after a time she thought more of it than of her own kittens. She would sit for an hour at a time licking it.

What troubled her most was that it would cock its tail up over its head. She would hold it down with one paw and lick it for some time, but when she let go of it it would stick it up again and we have heard her cry and box its ears. Then she would start all over again, trying to get its tail to behave like a kitten's tail should and the poor little squirrel wouldn't know what to do.

EILEEN GILLIES.

Age 13 years.

NIGHT HAWK

The Night Hawk is a little bird which has neither gay plumage nor sweet song to recommend it and is, therefore, often passed by unnoticed. It is a much smaller bird than the day hawk. It is of a dull, brownish gray color. Like many other birds it migrates in the winter. But it is one of the last birds to go. Its food consists chiefly of worms, berries and insects.

We can hear it coming some distance by the noise of its wings. It is a cunning little bird.

One bird especially attracted my notice. One day, while I was berrying, I was startled by a rushing noise close by my side and looking up I saw one of these queer little birds. I naturally thought it would be an easy matter to find its nest, but this was not as easy a matter as I supposed, for one reason, as I afterwards learned, their eggs are the same color as the earth, and for the nest they use a shallow place in the ground. The bird, when it saw I had detected it, displayed some very cunning tricks by which it meant to allure me from its home. It flew in a circle around my head thinking, I suppose, to frighten me. When it saw this was of no use it flew away a short distance but it came back soon. This it continued some time. I had my dog with me and when the bird saw he was going to find its nest it flew around his head and flapped its wings at him. I began to feel sorry for the poor little thing so came away. I have heard it would have stayed till it died if I had not come away.

My father once tamed a mother and her little ones by throwing crumbs for them to eat. They would let him pick them up. When they could fly, the mother took them away and we have never seen them since.

ELSIE RANDALL.

Age 13.

THE CANADIAN SONG SPARROW

The Canadian Song Sparrow is a small grey bird, it is a little larger than the common house wren.

The song sparrow builds its nest in a low willow bush, it is made of old grass and lined with horse hair. When it is finished the female lays four small eggs which are of a sky blue color with brown spots at one end.

The Canadian song sparrow has a very sweet little song which sounds very much like "sweet, sweet, very merry cheer."

It comes North about April and goes South about September.

It is a very tame bird and will let anyone come quite close to it.

FLORENCE GARLICK.

Age 11 years.

THE MEADOW LARK

Honorable Mention

The Meadow Lark, more commonly known as the Lark, is found in almost every part of North America and the central portion more especially. In the same family are found the oriole, bobolink and blackbird, all differing very much in form, plumage and habits.

The Lark is a good sized bird, as large as any Robin. Its upper parts are brown, barred with black, its head is brown and black striped also, and the breast is rich yellow in color. The outer tail feathers of the bird are broad and white and very noticeable in flight. The head of the Lark is always observed first as it holds it very erect and high in the air, both when it walks and flies.

The nest is always built on the ground amid the taller grasses and often in a small depression in the earth, thus making it difficult to find. In fact it is often so covered as to allow the bird to enter by a hidden passage. The nest is composed of dried grass and softer material for the lining. The eggs, ranging from four to six in number, are white, speckled with reddish brown spots.

The Meadow Lark possesses many habits, both intelligent and interesting to watch. It sings a gay little song, often expressed by the phrase, "I was here a year ago." But if the bird is alarmed or wishes to give a signal he simply jerks his tail and says, "A pent, a pent." The flight of the Lark closely resembles that of the prairie chicken, and he may be recognized at some distance by this fact. Although he is a very timid bird, yet if you approach him quietly he will watch you until you are very near and will then fly to some neighboring fence-post. The male and female Larks always work together in nest building time; but the male always supplies his cheerful mate with food when she is hatching her eggs. There are many enemies to the Lark, such as the hawk and crow, but he keeps pretty well on guard and generally has the cheerful aid of the pugnacious kingbird, who always helps the song birds.

The food of the Lark is, of course, chiefly insects, although he does relish some ripe seeds of some weeds. In both cases he is doing great service to the farmer. He wages a constant war on the grasshopper, killing not only what he eats, but many more besides. Such are a few of the characteristics of the Meadow Lark, the bird most welcomed in the spring time. When he returns to his summer home in the south, about the middle of September, so as to escape those chilling breezes characteristic of Manitoba autumns, we are all sorry to see him go, but we look forward to the coming spring and the arrival again of our old friend, the Meadow Lark.

Contributed by

E. MacPHAIL

(Age 16 years).

This story was left from our last competition, having been crowded out by other copy.

CHANGELINGS

We had a very nice white and grey cat. We had her nearly five years. About a month ago she had three pretty little kittens, at the same time a hen had chickens. One of the chickens took sick, we gave it to the cat and she looked after it like she did her kittens. When they were two weeks old the cat went away and the little chicken fretted for the cat and died. The next day another cat had kittens and they died. We gave the other kittens to the cat and she is bringing them up like she would her own. They are doing fine now. Their mother has been away two weeks and hasn't come back yet.

ADA FARROW.

Age 13 years.

A WARM ROOM WHEN YOU WANT IT



THE very sight of this cheery little heater brings to mind the many comforts that attend its use. Who doesn't want a warm room—often? For bathing baby or dressing on chilly mornings—for cool evenings in the Fall and for Sunday afternoons before the coal stove is put up? And surely at the EATON price no home need lack this comfort.

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The body is made of smooth blue steel, and the trimmings are nickel-plated. This heater is fitted with patent top, that will open and close, allowing you to heat a dish of water. When closed it acts as a deflector throwing the heat toward the floor. The Alaska handle on this Heater will not get hot. The fount is made of brass, and is fitted with an automatic indicator which will tell you how full it is. The upper part of body tips back for lighting. This heater will throw a cheerful reflection when the room is dark.

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