

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

THE STORY CONTEST

The subject of this new story contest is "A Family Tradition," and if you don't know what that means, take this copy of The Guide to school and ask your teacher to explain to the class the meaning of tradition and to allow you and your school mates to write stories on this subject for the Young Canada Club.

Already a few excellent ones have come in, but we want the shelf that holds them to be piled high. As the merit of each one is judged according to the age of the writer, no boy or girl, however young, need be afraid to try for one of the prizes to be awarded to the writers of the three best stories.

There are only a few conditions to remember: The stories must be written in pen and ink and on only one side of the paper.

They should be certified by a teacher or parent as evidence that the age-given is correct and that the work is original.

Those who compete for prizes must be under seventeen years of age.

The stories must be addressed to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

Remember that three story books, rollicking, jolly tales will be given as prizes and that no story can be counted which arrives later than October 15.

DIXIE PATTON.

THE BIRD'S NEST

One day when I was at school our teacher wanted us to get all the birds' nests we could so we could draw them. As we were running about looking for them I saw one and ran to it. When I got there I saw how the bird had built its nest. A string was woven into the straw of the nest and hung on a limb. When I showed it to the teacher and told her how it was done, she said the bird was very intelligent.

LUCY LEWIS, Age 10.

A SMASH-UP

One day in October we were moving from Alsask to Ridpath. My father had been down there for a long time. My mother was very scared on the train. When we were going around a curve we ran into a pile of logs on the track. The train was wrecked. My mother and two sisters got out, but my two brothers and I could not.

It was about six o'clock when we got out. My mother and two sisters had gone with a wagon. My two brothers and I waited for the next freight that came, but it did not stop, so we set up our tent for the night. Next morning we started for Kindersley. We got home in three days, but were very tired.

HENDRY FRASER.

Ridpath, Sask., age 10.

THE ROBIN'S LIFE STORY

I am writing again, as I thought the other stories were too hard. I am going to write about one interesting thing in nature and that is how the mother robin bird cares for her young.

At this time of the year the robins have laid their eggs and have their young birds hatched out. They build their nests from twelve to fifteen feet from the ground, in the branch of a tree, and generally in maple or poplar trees. They lay five little brown spotted eggs. When the young birds first come out the mother and father go out and gather worms for them to eat. When the mother and father come home, the young birds open their mouths for something to eat and then they drop in the worms.

When the young birds get their feathers on so they can fly they hop down onto the ground and fly away. Then they have to find their own food themselves.

HAZEL PECK, Age 10.

A ROBIN'S NEST

The other day, when I was down for the eggs, my brothers showed me a cute little robin's nest with four eggs in it. After two or three weeks there were four little birds in the nest.

Soon the mother began to teach the little ones to fly, but they came back to the nest at night to sleep.

One day my brother found the nest down on the ground and one of the

little birds dead. The other three were alive. So he put the nest back, and the other three birds in the nest. It was a few days later that the little birds flew away. I have never seen them since, but I think they will not come back.

JANE CHAPPLE.

Shoal Lake, Man., age 10.

THE CROW

One day, while I was out at a picnic, we found a crow in a nest. I went up to get it, but it flew on to the ground. Then I got the crow and fed it crumbs. One of the other children got hold of it and he let the crow eat crumbs from the ground. The boy's father took the crow and threw it into the willows. I went to get it but could not find it anywhere. I went outside the willows and found it running to its nest. We let it go, but when we came back from the baseball-ground we found it eating a biscuit.

I guess I will have to stop my story and chase the crow from the biscuits.

WILLIE CHICKEN, Age 10.

FRED JOHNS

There once lived a poor boy who had no parents. His name was Fred Johns. He was sixteen years old. Fred lived in a shaky old house. His stove was old and rusty. His table was what we could hardly call a table, it was a wooden box. In one corner stood an old bed, which looked as if it might have been in the ark. On the bed was a coat to lie on. There was also a fur coat to cover him. He had a bag of leaves for a pillow. In another corner there was a cupboard. It contained two cracked plates, a cup, a teapot, a cooking pan and a knife and spoon. On one of the plates there was a loaf of bread.

Fred worked hard every day, but made little money. He ran a taxicab, which had been his father's.

But on this certain night Fred was not as cheerful as usual. Tonight he only brought home some potatoes. Always before he brought home something else. But Fred was not one to grumble. He ate his supper, washed the dishes and went to bed.

When he awoke in the morning it was raining very hard. "Ah!" he said, "I shall make money today." "Those other fellows are afraid that rain will soil their cabs, but I'm not afraid of rain." He soon dressed, and ate his breakfast, and was at work. And it was true, he did make money. He brought home five dollars.

This rain kept up for a week and at the end of the week Fred had thirty dollars. He knew the best thing for him to do was to go to a large city near by and work there. He took out two dollars for fare and bought clothes with the rest, and left on the evening train.

As soon as he landed, he got a boarding place. Then he set out to look for a job. He soon got one. He then went back to his room, got his supper and went to bed.

When he awoke he jumped out of bed and dressed, then went downstairs and got his breakfast and went to work.

One night after he had been there many years, his fellow companions took him to a party. There he was introduced to Miss Nellie White. Of course he took her home. In about four months the engagement of Miss White and Mr. Johns was given out. It was not long before they were married.

They now live in a large house by the lake. They have three children. Mr. Johns is one of the richest men in the city.

HELEN SWANK, Age 9.

CATCHING GOPHERS

One day a little girl came to visit me. I asked her what we would play. She said we would catch gophers, so I got the gopher trap and two snares, one for her and one for myself, and we went over to the big slough in our pasture field, where I knew that there were lots of them.

As soon as we got there I saw one just ready to go into a hole. I chased it down and set my trap.

We caught nine that day, eight with the trap and one with the snare.

MABEL BOOKWALTER.

Success, Sask., age 9.

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