

Young Canada Club

BY DIXIE PATTON

Have You a Dog?

I KNOW that some of the Young Canada people have a dog that they are very fond of. I would like some of the readers to write a story about "My Favorite Dog." Tell why you liked him so well and what particularly cute tricks that dog had. The Christmas Stories for the Special Christmas issue are beginning to pour in. They should not be too long and should be written on only one side of the page. I am sure that you will all be pleased this week with the long list of contributions to the Blue Cross Fund. They are as follows:

Cameron Carpender, Ingebright, Sask.	\$3.50
Lois H. Sylvester, Warner, Alta.	.25
Josie E. Hubka, Carmangay, Alta.	.25
Erma Kirkpatrick, Laura, Sask.	.25
Otto Friessen, Laird, Sask.	.05
Ada Duke, Basswood, Man.	.25
Ivan Fawkes, Oak Lake, Man.	.05
James Quinn, Bowell, Alta.	.25
May Jeffrey, Lanigan, Sask.	.10

—Dixie Patton.

How Rabbit Fooled Mr. Bear

One day while Mr. Fox was looking at his cabbage patch, he noticed some of his cabbage gone. He wondered who could have been taking them.

After a few days had gone past he saw a hole dug under his fence and he said, "Now I will catch that thief."

So he made a trap. He took a rope and tied it on one of the limbs of a tree and then he bent the limb down and made a snare on the end of the rope. He tied a stone to it so as to hold down the limb.

Early in the morning Peter Rabbit went to the Fox's garden to get some nice cabbages. He went to the hole and stuck his foot through the snare. The stone came untied and the limb went up in its proper place again, and there was poor Peter dangling in the air. Not long after Mr. Bear came along. The bear asked him why he was hanging up there.

"I am getting a dollar a minute to keep the thieves out of Mr. Fox's garden," said Peter. "Wouldn't you like to have the job?"

"I certainly would like it," said Mr. Bear.

So Mr. Bear got Peter out of the snare and got in there himself. Pretty soon Mr. Fox came out and gave Mr. Bear the thrashing that Peter Rabbit should have got.—Orolin Hunt, Young, Sask.

A Good Way to Help Blue Cross

I had a nice flower garden this year. My flowers seemed to grow when nothing else did. Our Homemakers' Club was having a sale for the Red Cross so I picked my flowers and sold them for the Blue Cross. I got \$3.50 which I am sending to the Young Canada Club for the Blue Cross Fund. The next day Jack Frost came and froze all my flowers. Wasn't I lucky to have sold them before the frost came?

I have six pets: a horse, a dog, two cats, a calf, and a pigeon. The horse is very gentle. Her name is "Nancy" and she is brown; the dog is brown too. His name is "Shep." On his tail he has a big black spot. The calf is black

and white. Her name is "Pepper." I feed her every day. I give her hay, oats and water. The pigeon's name is "Baby." She is blue with a purple neck. The cats names are "Snookums" and "Tiddley-winks."

We have a croquet set and I play on Saturdays. The teacher boards at our place. She and I play.—Cameron Carpender, Ingebright, Sask.

A Puzzle for Young Canadians

This influenza is in Shaunavon, my mother goes wherever help is needed and helps. I do the house-work alone at home.

I am going to give the Young Canadians a puzzle, see who can mix the letters up and get groceries as are in the kitchen, such as sugar, etc.: rufol, tanoosmt, atla, ssoosami, elcoef, schrat, semen-rraatt, poccoa, ggnire, rruccnats, shaking-werpdo, ate.—Dorothy Richardson, Shaunavon, Sask.

A Way to Pay for a Pig

I am only nine years old, and I help mamma in the house quite a lot. I sweep the floors and dry dishes and sometimes wash them and make the beds up. Papa gave me ten cents a sack for

digging potatoes and I dug three sacks, and papa gave me ten cents for helping him pick some of his. So I made 30 cents altogether. I am sending 25 cents to Blue Cross. This summer papa gave me a pig and my two brothers each one too. I have to help mamma with things in the house for keeping the pig. I am sewing the edge of a quilt for mamma.

I don't go to school now on account of influenza and our school is closed. I am in grade four now and I like to go to school very much.—Josie E. Hubka, Carmangay, Alta.

The Coming of Winter

The leaves are turning yellow, The grass is turning brown, The flowers are fading and dying, Winter is coming now.

The days are getting shorter, The summer has passed away; The lakes are freezing hard, Winter is coming now.

The snow will soon be on the ground, The boys and girls will get their sleighs And they will have jolly fun, For winter is coming now. —Wallace Black, age 9, Gull Lake, Sask.

A Boat Ride

One day last spring, two of my friends and I went out in a boat. One of the girls had a large collie dog. He was out swimming around. One of the girls called to him. He came to the boat and then started to climb in. We both tried to keep him out, and the water began to run in the boat. We tried to keep the dog out but it was of no use. The boat sank. It was lucky for us the water was not very deep.—Lucia Huntington, Bluesky, Alta.

Will Someone Write?

I enjoy reading the children's page. Although the Doo Dads work very hard, they always have a mishap. I ride a pony to school. I have no sisters and I am very lonely. Would any boy or girl write to a lonely lass, age 11.—Rose Drewery, Parkbeg, Sask.

THE DOO DADS REPAIR THEIR DAMAGED VILLAGE

THE Doo Dads are busy at work repairing their houses after the great disaster that visited their village last week. When the hurricane had passed they found that hardly a building remained which had not been wrecked by the fearful storm. But they did not stand around bemoaning their fate like some people do when a calamity overtakes them. They started right in to work to fix everything up again. See what a wonderful contrivance they have rigged up to lift the top story back on to that house. They are having a terrible time getting their bawky horse to go. Smiles, the Clown, is giving it a dose of pepper while another little fellow is lighting a fire cracker to see if it can't get him to budge. Old Sleepy Sam, who slept right through the big storm is still snoring away peacefully and doesn't even know about it yet. Perry Haw Haw and Flannelfoot, the Cop, have each been bashed in the head in the excitement. It really serves them right for they weren't doing their share of the work. Everybody else seems to be busy except the little fellows who were hurt in the storm. They are flocking to Old Doc Sawbones' office to get their poor bruised little bodies attended to. Old Doc has lots of plasters and poultices but he will need them all before his patients are all looked after. He is all ready for action and is not even waiting until the carpenters get the roof on his office. He will have still another patient if that silly Doo Dad saws off the board that he is standing on and comes tumbling to the ground.



THE Christmas legend, and calling orders according to not more than farming. narrative we that the Lord G that the first man "a sim into the Gar Eden to dress it keep it."

An occupation directly appointed by God must be: ral and wholesome altogether legitimate, a sam what all kinds o should be.

It would seem, ingly, worth w try to discover w the characteristic make the tilling soil a sort of me upation.

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One of the m lies before us is the land specula rapid transporta of factories into it possible for e thing of what with nature.

I have no dou environment for 16 years of age. The health is l faculties of ob fully developed, much more prob

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