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—it actually works at
hundreds of tasks daily

"Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work" is much more than a popular phrase. It is based on truth, an actuality, for Gold Dust really works.



"Let the
GOLD DUST TWINS
do your work"

The millions of women who use it for dishwashing and scrubbing know this. But Gold Dust should be used for cleaning and brightening everything. It is the only washing and cleaning powder needed in any home.

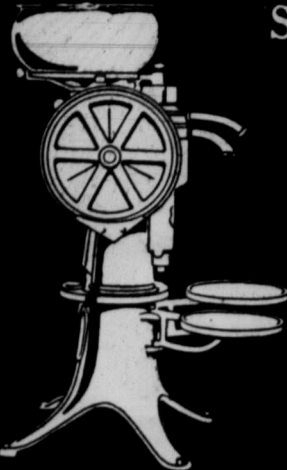
The small quantity required is quickly taken up by hot or cold, hard or soft water—forming a perfect cleaning solution. The valuable antiseptic cleansing agent it contains helps to make things sanitariously clean, as well as bright and new-looking.

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MONTREAL

SEPARATORS

Quickly Made
Sweet and
Sanitary
by this
Hygienic
Cleanser



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Sifter Can,
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Directions, 10c



USE
Blue Ribbon Coffee
AND
Baking Powder
You want THE BEST



Just the same care that goes into the preparation of every packet of "Blue Ribbon" Tea, Jelly Powder, and Spice, goes into every tin of "Blue Ribbon" Baking Powder and Coffee, and that means the utmost care, the highest quality that can be secured.

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Send 25c., with your name
and address, to Blue Ribbon,
Limited, Winnipeg, for the
Blue Ribbon Cook Book



Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

HER LESSON

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

Little Miss Frills and Furbelows,
Tripping to school one day,
Met, on the corner, the Gingham Girl,
And together they went their way;
With the yellow curls of the first small
maid,
A-bob by the second one's trim brown
braid.

"I mean to be head of the class today,"
Proudly spoke Curly-head.
"Maybe, but I shall try very hard, too,"
The girl with the brown braid said.
"Could a Gingham Girl get to be head,
do you s'pose?"
Thought vain little Frills and Furbelows.

Spelling-time came, but ruffles and frills
Attention must have, you see.
All of the studying time it took,
And she spelled comb without a b.
(If only that b could have buzzed about,
Perhaps she wouldn't have left it out!)

Down went Miss Frills and Furbelows
To the foot of the row of girls.
"Mother knew best," the sorrowful
thought,
Under the drooping curls.
And the very next day, in the morning
cool,
Two little Gingham Girls tripped to
school!
—St. Nicholas

KALEIDOSCOPE

No, it is not the name of a Russian fortress, but of a game, and it is played after this fashion: Four or six players stand up in front of the rest of the party and are given the names of colors, as red, violet, green, etc. The players who are seated then close their eyes and the colors change places. When the children open their eyes again they have to take turns in trying to name the colors in their new order. Names of statesmen, authors or birds may be substituted for colors.

This is a good game for training the memory and a quiet one which your teacher may be willing to let you play between classes.—DIXIE PATTON.

THE MORNING GLORY

The queerest plant I have ever seen or heard of is the Morning Glory. It has flowers of several colors. The thing that I think queer about this plant is that it only opens in the early morning about the time the sun comes up. It stays open until about twelve o'clock at noon. It begins to unwind itself as soon as the sun's rays fall upon it and opens until there is a beautiful flower in place of the bud. The only Morning Glory I have seen was purple. It was growing in a flower-pot at one of our neighbor's. The Morning Glory is the prettiest flower I have ever seen.

MARY OLSON,

Stavelly, Alta. Age 10 years.

A WISE CROW

One day I went out shooting with another boy and he shot at a crow while she was flying, but missed her. She flew over onto a bluff about two hundred yards away and sat on a branch, cawing and making a noise like a young crow, so we went over. She let us get right close to her, but as soon as my friend raised his gun to take aim she flew away, so we went away and she came back. Then we came back again and my friend was just raising his gun when she flew, so I went away, but she wouldn't come back, so then my friend went away and left his gun in the bush. Still the crow wouldn't go near it, so he took the gun away and she came back. We went back without the gun and she stayed there. Soon after we found the nest and killed the young ones.

HAROLD RANDALL,

Kelso, Sask., Age 14.

A NUMBER OF QUEER THINGS

One day mother hung a dress out on a line and when she fetched it in the wrens had begun to build a nest in it, but mother shook the sticks out of it. After a week she put the same dress on the line. The line was full of other clothes, too. The wrens came again and built a nest in the same dress.

I think that the wrens build nests in such funny places. One day a wren went and began to build a nest on one

of the horse collars. It got pulled down a few times, but every time the wrens would begin afresh, but at last they stopped.

Nearly two weeks ago mother hung a bonnet on a tree to dry, because there was not room for it on the line, and two or three days after we found a wren's nest in it, so we let it stay there and now there are seven eggs in it.

I will now tell you a little story about a hawk. My brother found a hawk's nest and when he got some chicken bands he put one of them on one of the young hawk's legs. This band had his name and address scratched on it. About a month after he received a letter from a man in Kansas, U.S., saying he had shot the hawk with the band on.

DORIS RANDALL,

Kelso, Sask., Age 11 years.

THE TURKEYS AND THE WOLVES

About seven or eight years ago, when we first came to this country, there were a great many wolves around here. Some mornings when my brothers went to the barn they would hide under the binder, drill, disk and other machinery. Some mornings there was one and other mornings two, but when they would take the gun out they were not there.

In front of our house there is a great big slough, about thirty feet wide and a lot longer. Around the slough there is generally quite a lot of grass, but hardly any bushes. The wolves would hide in the places where the grass was the thickest.

One year my mother had about six or seven old turkey-hens and about forty young ones. These turkeys would go away to the far side of the slough to hunt bugs and grasshoppers.

After living here for some time the wolves got more scarce and more frightened, so they did not come in the yard, they waited for the turkeys to come and hunt for their food. Every day there would be a few missing, but as we had so many we did not notice them so much.

But one day my mother and I were digging the potatoes and putting them in bags. When we had just nicely started at our work two of the old turkeys came with about fifteen young ones. They walked around where we were digging the potatoes and afterwards walked quite a distance from us. When we were at the end of the patch a wolf came running. He saw the turkeys and started after them. The turkeys got scared and started to fly, but before they had run away the old turkeys told the small ones to sit down in the grass and hide and that they were not to peep. This they said in their own language, which I could not understand.

Then the old turkeys swam across the slough and ran to the barn, making an awful noise.

When I saw the turkeys fly I ran and hollered at the wolf. He ran a little distance and sat down to look at me. As I was quite small I did not go very far as I was afraid of him.

After my mother and I were thru talking about it, we went to hunt the little turkeys. We hunted a few minutes and found very nearly them all. When we could not find any by walking we stood very still, then one would perhaps squeak and then we would find it. Then we would call them and find a few more. When we had them all but one or two we went to the barn and took them to the old turkeys, putting them all together in a coop.

When it got near suppertime and the men came in to eat, we told them about the turkeys and the wolf, but they only laughed.

A couple of months later, when the turkeys were on the far side of the slough, the wolf took them all but one old hen, a gobbler, and about eight or nine little ones. This time the young turkeys were too big to hide, so the wolf caught them.

The next year my mother did not raise so many turkeys, as she said the wolves would only get them. However, one old turkey went back of the house in the grain with a few young ones and the wolf took her and all the small ones, at least we thought he did because we found one little turkey, but that was all.

This is a true story.

GRACE KOECHINTZ,

Antler, Sask., Age 13.