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CONTINUOUS OPERATION FOR 54 YEARS

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AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE—This policy covers against loss or damage by fire and/or explosion and self-ignition to the body, machinery and equipment of automobile while in the Dominion of Canada. Insurance covers cars while en route or while kept in Private garage, barn or stable. Permission given to keep automobile in any Public garage for a stated period free of charge.

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Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

MR. CANARY'S CAPTURE

The sun peeked over the tree-tops into the nest of Mr. and Mrs. Canary, or he would have peeked into the nest if Mrs. Canary had not been sitting so tightly over her little brood that not a flicker of light could reach them.

Father Canary awakened slowly from his slumber and stretched first one yellow wing and then the other and then each yellow leg in turn. Mother Canary, whose sleep had been broken by the restless moving and cheeping of her two small babies, smiled up sleepily at Father Canary when he asked her, in bird language if she would come and gather worms for little Dickey and Jenny.

She ruffled her mother wings, stretched, gave a great yawn and flew down from the tree to the ground and began the business of gathering worms.

"Look Wife, look at this pretty little nest," cried Father Canary, hopping excitedly around a wee house of slats which had suddenly appeared from nowhere in the night.

"Better leave it alone," said Mrs. Canary, being, like most mothers, suspicious of the unknown.

So Father Canary returned to his worm-getting, but with many a backward glance at the funny little house. Once or twice, as the hungry young ones in the nest began to cheep less noisily, he gave an eager little hop in that direction, but each time Mother Canary looked up sternly and said, "Where are you going, Dick?" and he came back to work, pretending he had only been looking for a worm.

But alas and alack! that afternoon, when the babies were having a sleep, Mother Canary went over for a little gossip with a neighbor in a near-by elm and Father Canary, left alone, flew as straight as an arrow to the tiny house and dropped down softly beside it. It had an open door and just inside the door was a tempting little pile of grain, so in he hopped and bang went the door.

Father Canary was very much surprised and a little frightened, so without waiting to eat the grain, he began to look for the way out, but look as he would he could not find one. Then he began to beat his poor little wings against the bars and shriek and cry until Mrs. Canary, hearing him, dropped her knitting and flew homewards with a great fluttering of her shining wings and a frightened beating of her loving little heart. But just as she had almost reached home, a terrible thing happened. The funny little house was picked up bodily and carried off by two great boys, who did not heed Father Canary's pitiful, frightened little cries for release nor Mother Canary's weeping.

I only hope that it was not any of you little boys who helped to break up this happy family.

DIXIE PATTON.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE WREN

I am a little wren, a grey bird with a few white feathers in my tail and wings.

I came out of a shell and the first I remember I was lying in a little nest in the pocket of an old scare-crow. It was very warm under my mother's wings. When my mother flew away to get food, I lay there in our nest, enjoying the warm sunlight and the fresh air.

I was the largest bird in our little family. Our mother fed us on worms or anything good she could find and we grew like weeds, but of course we did not know how to fly.

One day our mother called us and told us she was going to teach us how to fly. There hung a nice limb beside our nest. We stepped upon the limb; mother then jumped from one branch to another and kept coaxing us to follow, but we were frightened, so we chirped and told her we were afraid to try. She then told us to jump. I jumped and after many attempts I succeeded in jumping to a big branch just below. The

others followed. We flew to the ground and so we knew how to fly.

We flew about with our mother for about two weeks, gathering food for ourselves. Autumn was drawing near and the leaves were putting on their autumn dresses of yellow, red and brown. By this time we were also thinking of starting on our journey to the South. Many birds had gone, among these were the crows, sparrows and a few robins.

We left Saskatchewan and before long we were touring the orange groves of sunny Florida. I am very happy here. This is the story of my life so far. So goodbye till I come again.

—Flurry Wren.
WILLIAM C. HAACKE.

Age 14 years.

A LONESOME NIGHT JOURNEY

Once on a time this country did not have any white men. One time a white man with his wife and two children came to live in this lonely and wild country. They had a yoke of oxen, some chickens, furniture and dishes.

They came to a beautiful place and made their camp in the woods. The first thing they did was to build a house; so the father started to cut down trees and the boy chopped the branches off. Sometimes the mother and girl helped too. The Indians also did, but they were not good workers. At last the house was finished and was strong.

One night the Indians came and told the white people that they were going away, as the fierce Indians were coming. They came one night and took the chickens and oxen. When the white people got up their animals were all gone. The father began to make bullets and had powder.

One day when the father had gone to town three Indians came in and took the powder and flour and meat. The mother was so frightened that she fainted when the father came home and she fell ill afterwards. The father could not leave the mother to go for food and they nearly starved.

William and Mary had gone to their beds and the father and mother were talking. The mother was crying as she could not let the father go.

A ship was coming in from England in a few days with help and provisions, but the father was sick also and could not meet it.

The boy and girl put their heads together and planned. In the night, when the father and mother were sleeping they dressed themselves and left a note on the kitchen table and went out in the cold and stormy night. The cold seemed to cut their faces as they were not used to it, being in the house for some time. They followed the oxen's foot prints and once in a while a dead tree would drop to the ground and their hearts seemed to be in their months.

They thought as it was stormy the Indians would be around their fires.

At last they saw Charlestown and went to it as fast as they could. They were nearly half frozen.

They came to the church and went in. They fell down and the people came to them, gave them all they could eat, and put them to bed after awhile.

There was one man they were looking at all the time and he came up and asked the girl her name. She said it was Mary Redfield, and then he went to the boy and asked his name, he told him William Redfield, and this man was their uncle James Redfield, but they did not know it.

In the morning their uncle and some men with a lot of boxes, hens, oxen and cattle started for home.

In the morning when the mother and father got up they found no children in their beds and they were very frightened, but when they found the note they were not so bad.

The mother went to the door and looked down the road and saw a black thing moving and it came closer and at last she saw it was a sleigh and her two dear children in it.

When the mother went to the door the next time the rig was at the house. The mother was glad to see her dear children and her brother-in-law.

They put the chickens and cattle in the barn and took the boxes into the house. Then the father thanked God for saving the children's lives and them for risking their own lives to save the lives of their mother and father.

ALMA YANT, Age 13

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