# Young Canada Club

By Dixie Patton

### Bed-Time Stories

I KNOW that some of the boys and girls are able to tell some good stories. Do you ever tell stories to each other in the long winter evenings? I can remember some lovely stories we used to tell each other just before bed-time. I would like to have some of those stories that you tell to your little brothers and sisters sent in to the Young Canada Club. Will you not try and write one good story for us?

The contributors to the Blue Cross fund this week are:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Wilfred Gotten, Waskada, Man. | $ .25 |
| Lester and Henry McLeod, Luella, Sask. | .25 |
| Jennie Fraser, Elva, Man. | .15 |
| Bessie M. Currie, Perdue, Sask | .10 |
| Lucia Huntingdon, Bluesky, Alta. | .10 |
| Myrtle Olson, Iddesleigh, Alta. | .05 |

—Dixie Patton.

### Doo Dad Rhymes

Will someone, please just get in touch
With Mr. Dale, the artist gent,
And tell him that his time's well spent,
In drawing queer and quaint Doo Dads;
So that the little farm lads
And lassies, in this busy West,
Can be amused while taking rest
From arduous labors, which depress
Their little minds, and tire, I guess,
Their little bodies; so that they
Can not indulge in childish play
Like city children, who escape
The round of chores which go to shape
The farm lads for the work in hand,
When they shall own a strip of land.

—Author Unknown.

### A Stockman

I wish to become a member of your club. I go to school every day. I like my teacher very much. She is a minister's wife, her husband is at the war. I am in grade five. School closes in November.

We raised five calves this year. We have 14 head of horses and 17 head of cattle. I have two colts and one heifer. I call the colts "Jim" and "Sam." The mother of one of the colts died. We feed the colt on cows milk, it is doing fine. The crops were very poor this year. We only had one rain this summer.—Eric Condie, Buffalo Horn, Sask.

### Still Rides "Billy"

I am going to tell you how I broke my arm. One day papa and my brother went for some coal. The teacher was at our house. I was going to take her home. We were both going to ride the same horse. We got on the horse at the house. The horse's name was "Billy." "Billy" did not want to go. We started him out, and when he got to the corner of the house he started out on the gallop around the house. He threw both of us off. The teacher had a can of yeast which went all over her dress. I got my arm broke in two places, at the wrist and at the elbow. The teacher was not hurt bad. The teacher and mamma and a carpenter who was building a barn for us, hitched "Billy" and another horse and took me to a doctor. He set my wrist, but not my elbow. Then Sunday noon we went to another doctor. He set my elbow. I hope I will not get hurt again. I still ride "Billy."—Lester McLeod, Luella, Sask.

### A Long Trip

I have always been real interested in the stories and I thought I would write. I was born in Minnesota, and when I was a baby we moved to Macoun, Sask. We lived there for four years and then papa got a section of land 150 miles west of Macoun.

We started on our trip west on the 10th of September, 1910. It was beautiful weather all the time. When we got as far as Holbrite, we camped there over night. In the morning there were some of the horses gone. Papa hired a horse and buggy and went back to Macoun to see if the horses were there but they were not. On the way back papa found the horses down by a river and he brought them back. On Sunday we camped at a big lake. Monday we shot ducks on the lake and went swimming. It took us ten days to go to our new home in the West. Wishing the club much success.—Henry McLeod, Luella, Sask.

### A Good Helper

I am going to tell what I did this fall. I helped stook for a week or two, and then I herded the cattle for two weeks before threshing. I helped with threshing, and then I herded for one week more. I am going to school now, I am in grade five. Wishing the Young Canada Club success.—Bruce Harden, Okotoks, Alta.

### Lives on the Prairie

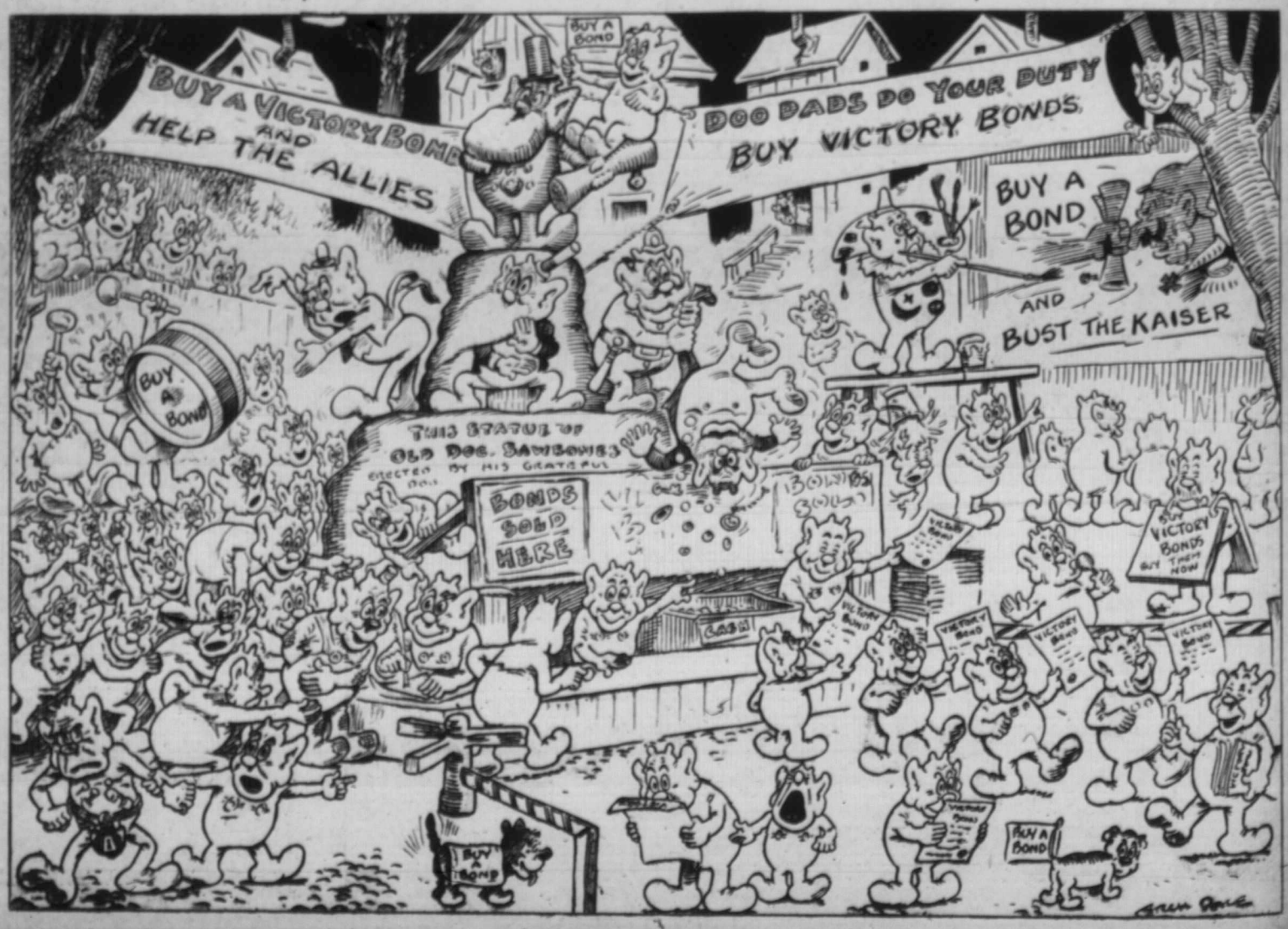
I live out on the prairie, 22 miles from Gull Lake. We drive to school as we live a mile-and-a-half from school. We milk eight cows. I milk two or three cows every night and morning. My papa and my brother-in-law went out hunting one day, and they got 18 ducks. —Freada Becker, Hazlet, Sask.

### A Good Jumper

This is my second letter to the club. I received my pin and like it very much. We have lots of fun at school playing. We have long recesses some times. We have jumping. The farthest I have ever jumped is three feet and two inches high, and eleven feet four inches in long jump, and twenty in hop-step-and-a-jump.—Raymond Frame, Moose Jaw, Sask.

### Tibby's Brother

I live on a farm and I have a pet cat. His name is "Tibby." When I call him he will run to me as fast as he can. I like to play with him. He is very pretty when he is cleaned up. "Tibby" has a brother cat, only he is gray. "Tibby" does not like him at all for he bites him and scratches him. —Helena Little, Esquith, Sask.

### THE DOO DADS INVEST THEIR SAVINGS IN VICTORY BONDS

THE Doo Dads are patriotic little fellows. After their big fight with the Hun Dads they found that their government had a big war debt. There was no way of borrowing the money, for our coins would be as big as wagon wheels in the Wonderland of Doo. They were wondering what in the world they could do to get the money to pay off their debt, so the artist explained how to raise it by selling Victory Bonds. The very next time he visited Wonderland this is what he saw, for once the Doo Dads get an idea into their heads they lose no time in putting it into operation. They went right to work and built a booth in front of the statue of old Doc Sawbones. Percy Haw Haw, the Dude, who is a very clever little public speaker, is urging everyone to save their money and invest it in Victory Bonds. The Doo Dads are all anxious to help except this stingy old fellow down in the corner who has his pockets fastened with safety pins and padlocks. Even Sleepy Sam, the Hobo, is trying to dig up the price of a bond. That poor little fellow who is crying as if his heart will break would buy a bond too if he had the money. He thinks that that old Doo Dad should give him his. Smiles, the Clown, is painting a wonderful poster, showing how the Victory Bonds will bust the Kaiser Dad. Flannel Feet, the Cop, has arrested somebody at last. He found a Kaiser Dad hiding in a big hollow tree. The Doo Dads decided to spare his life, but the Cop is shaking the money all out of his pockets. They will see to it that he doesn't get a Victory Bond either. Old Doc Sawbones is chairman, and as soon as Percy Haw Haw gets through he will get up and make a big speech to the Doo Dads.