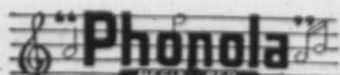




IT doesn't need any argument to prove to you the advantage of owning a sound-producing machine which plays any style or make of disc record. The Phonola not only does this, but it does more: it plays them with an absence of blurring and scratching to irritate your nerves and spoil your enjoyment. The Phonola is a purely Canadian product, made in a wide range of styles and sizes, and priced from \$15 to \$250.

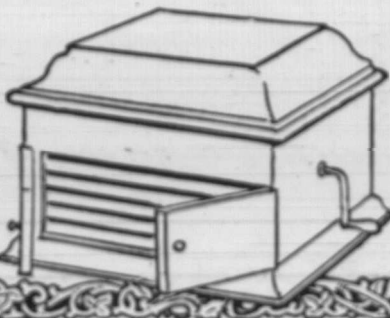


Model B \$45

Plays all disc records. Send for free illustrated catalogue, and receive also a copy of our new catalogue of records.

Agents wanted in unrepresented towns. Our sales-promoting plans offer a splendid opportunity to responsible dealers. Write for details.

The Pollock Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Kitchener, Ontario



ESTABLISHED 1810.

Gifts for Overseas

If you are sending Gifts to anyone in the Canadian Contingent Overseas, or to friends in England, select the presents from the Mappin & Webb Catalogues early and let Mappin & Webb be responsible for the safe delivery in ample time for Christmas.

Selected gifts will be delivered from our London or Paris establishments. Whether your boy is "somewhere in France or Belgium"—or at one of the great English training camps, we will deliver whatever you select, carriage paid and duty free.

This relieves you of all responsibility in the matter, and insures Christmas Gifts being received promptly and without any charge for carriage. Full allowance made from the catalogue prices for Canadian duty which will not have to be paid on any English-made article.

Write for the beautiful new Mappin & Webb Catalogue of Christmas Gifts, particularly of articles eminently suited for those at the front. Mailed free on request.

Mappin & Webb

CANADA LIMITED

353 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST, MONTREAL 10

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE GUIDE

Co-operation

THIS is the age of co-operative buying. Send us your address and let us tell you how to buy by this plan. The Flour that is always good.

Daily
Capacity
300 Barrels

ECHO MILLING COMPANY,
GLADSTONE, MAN.



Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

A BIG COMPETITION

Such piles of stories have come in for the new contest, "Nature's Freaks," that there should be some extra good ones among them. It will take quite a time to read them all over, but I will try to announce the prize winners at the earliest possible date.

In the meantime you will have to try to be as patient as possible and just watch the paper each week so that you will be sure not to miss the names when they are published, for you never know but yours may be among them.

I hope none of you have forgotten to give your ages or addresses or to have your stories certified or to do any of the many other things little people are so apt to forget.

DIXIE PATTON.

WHY I LIKE SCHOOL

Because I can improve myself by having a good education and enjoy myself by learning my lessons. I like reading and spelling best. I can have a good time playing with my playmates. I can pull weeds in my garden and also have the fun of planting the seeds and watching them grow. We can play on the blackboard any time we like or read library books.

PERCY MARTIN.

THE BADGER

When my father went to town he saw a badger on the road so he jumped off the wagon and stuck the whip in his mouth so that he could not bite. He then put the line around him and brought him home. We then put him in a barrel so that we could show him to the neighbors, but next day he got out. I do not know how he got out, for we had one stone and ten bricks on the top. I wish to receive a membership pin.

HERBERT WILLOCK,

Marcelin, Sask. Age 12 years.

CAN GET GOOD POSITION

I love to go to school very much. I like to go to school because when I grow up I can get a job in the office or anywhere. If I would not like to go I would have to do hard work. I like to learn much too. I did not play truant yet and won't play either.

FRED BOEHM,

Runnydale, Sask. Age 12 years.

LIKES TOWN SCHOOL

I have read the letters in The Guide and enjoyed them very much so I thought I should like to write to your club. I will write on why I like to go to school. I like to go for one thing because we have a nice teacher. She gives us stars for our work and we all like that very well. I like to study history, grammar and geography. They are all very easy for me. We have only a half a mile to walk to school. Our school is in town and I like that better than I would a country school. My chums and I go down town at recess so that is why I like school in town. It snowed Sunday and on Monday we walked to school, but I did not like that very well. At recess we play lots of games and we are never satisfied with enough play when recess is over. But you know we could not play all the time.

EDYTHE MILLER,

Age 12.

LIVES NEAR THE SCHOOL

As I have read your page for a long time I thought I would try and see if I could write a letter that would be fit to put in print. I live on a farm about a half a mile from town. I walk to school in the summer and come back home for dinner. Then we have an hour and a half at noon, but in the winter, when it is cold, I take my dinner as I would not have time to come home in an hour.

I am in the eighth grade, but I am only twelve years old. I like riding horse-back, but cannot do much of it yet. I have a horse of my own, but cannot ride her because she would buck me off. I think, editor, this will only take a small space of your page, but I will try next time to write a longer and better story.

SIBYL RICHARDSON,

Age 12.

THE TOAD

There is a good little American who cannot speak for himself nor explain his habits, his needs nor his usefulness; his name is Toad. Perhaps he wouldn't say a word if he could because he works hard all summer and sleeps all winter, which leaves him no time for gossip.

People who have considered toads worth studying tell us that Mr. American Toad cannot drink water with his mouth. All the water he gets into his system is absorbed thru his skin. Therefore, if you ever see a toad in your garden sometime when it hasn't rained for ever so long, if you see a dry-skinned toad looking shriveled up and wretched, run quick for some water, pour it over him and see him sprawl out and grow plump as the water soaks thru his skin. You better not delay a minute, because if you do, and that toad dies, as he surely will die if he can't get water, why, you have lost one of the most faithful servants that ever worked in a garden. Since water is a sick toad's medicine, don't fail to give him all he needs. Mr. Toad must eat, and as his food is crawling old caterpillars, grasshoppers, crickets, slugs, flies, ants and similar dainties, you may see that his life is worth saving.

It may seem amusing on first thought that toads always try to get worms and insects down their throats head first, but if they didn't they might have much trouble swallowing their dinner. Living creatures object to going down toads' throats, and unless they are taken in head first, they pull and jerk and struggle to keep in the daylight. If they go to dinner head first, the toad has a great advantage because all the worms and caterpillars can do then is to try to back up. They tell us that an angleworm is hard to swallow. He is so long and so squirmy he can back up and back up almost as fast as the toad can swallow. After a toad has finally managed to get an angleworm out of sight he can't be induced to eat another even if he is hungry.

The reason a toad catches flies so easily is because he has a sticky tongue which is fastened in the front of his mouth instead of the back.

Toads are obliged to fill and empty their stomachs four times every twenty-four hours. Daytimes they usually back into their burrows and watch for flies; and the fly that travels near Mr. Toad's nose is seen never more. Late every afternoon Mr. Toad leaves home and goes hopping across the lawn on a hunting expedition. He works all night, this friend of ours, chasing enemies of the trees and garden. He may begin on plain food like grasshoppers and molasses, but tussled moths are ice cream to him.

As for clothes, Mr. Toad never wastes any time at the tailors, nor does Mrs. Toad ever consult a dressmaker. At least four times every year the toad seeks a dressing-room under a cabbage-leaf or the doorstep or anywhere safe from interruption, and there he splits his skin down the middle of the back. He wears sort of a union suit; cap, coat, trousers, shoes and stockings all in one piece. After splitting his coat, Mr. Toad pulls out his hind legs, then his arms, draws the garment over his head, the way the boys pull off their sweaters, but instead of leaving his old suit around for someone to pick up the neat and tidy toad makes a great effort and swallows his clothes, warts—no, buttons and all.

It must be fun to shake off a suit in that fashion and then find yourself so easily arrayed in bright, new garments.

Baby toads play dead when they fall into the hands of an enemy, and they soon learn to hide from reptiles, crows, hawks, owls and even ducks and hens. Many baby toads die from cold the first winter. Perhaps as they grow older toads know better where to make their beds in which they sleep until springtime.

If you have a toad in your garden, treat him kindly; if you haven't, go out in the country and bring one home. He may live to be thirty years old—that hungry, harmless, useful toad. And he'll work for you every summer.

—By Frances Margaret Fox,
in The Mothers' Magazine.