

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

MORE PRIZES COMING

Do you think you could imagine yourself a bird, animal or plant for one short while and write me a story of your life. To show you what I mean I am going to pretend that I am a sweet pea and tell you my life story.

"When I waken up from my long sleep in a little brown case I feel very warm and stuffy. I try to straighten my neck, which is quite bent over, but the lid, or should I say the roof, of the little brown house won't give even a fraction of an inch. Then I try to stretch my arms, but there is no room and so I lie still until I begin to think that I am going to die of the heat. As a last resort I gather all my little strength together and give one mighty shove against the roof and it gives way just the littlest bit. It is enough to give me a breath of air, which revives me so much that I spread myself out until I have split my house quite in two. Then it is almost no time until I am out in a wonderful world of sunshine and fresh air and have two little green wings, which humans call leaves, fluttering in the wind.

"I grow as fast as ever I can until I get so tall and slender that I can't stand up on my feet though I try my very best. While I am still worrying over this I see a woman come out and stick some stakes in the ground beside me. I lie awake most of the night wondering what they are for and then suddenly I remember dimly the vine on which I grew last summer and I begin right away to grow a hook on the end of the vine with which to hang onto the stake. When I have climbed hand over hand, or rather hook over hook, to the top of the stake they stretch strings above it and away I go again growing like mad.

"About this time I am a bit worried by something which I see growing on my side which does not look exactly like a leaf or a branch. One day it unfolds into a wonderful pink and white flower and in a day or two I am just covered with these pretty colored things. This keeps up all summer long until there comes a clear cold night when I catch my death of cold and wither away."

Do you think that you could write me a story something like that. It must be a story of something you have seen yourself and it must be written in your own words. As usual I am going to ask you to have your parents or teacher certify that the story is your own work and that the age given is correct.

The stories must be written in pen and ink and on one side of the paper only.

For the three best stories I am going to give prizes of three interesting story books.

I want all the stories to be on my desk not later than May 31. Now then, little folk, sharpen up your wits and see how good a story you can write.

Anyone under seventeen years of age may send in a story.

DIXIE PATTON.

Address all letters to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

ROBIN RED-BREAST

I am sure that you all know this bird. The robin is one of the most common. His coat is not of a striking color, but he is, after all, quite a handsome fellow. His back is a sort of olive-grey, that is, a sort of greenish-grey or brownish-grey color. His head is almost black and he holds it up as if to say, "I'm a bold fellow. I never do wrong. I am not afraid of anybody." His throat is white, streaked with tiny black feathers. There are also white feathers around his eyes. We call him robin red-breast, but he has no truly red feathers on him. His breast and belly are of a chestnut brown color. The robin has dark brown wings, but some of the wing-feathers are edged with a lighter tint. His tail is black above, but there are white feathers under the rump. The robin's tail is not square; it is slightly rounded. The outside tail-feathers are also tipped with white. But Master Robin has a very showy mouth. We do not say that a bird has a mouth. We call such a mouth a bill. The robin's bill is yellow, both outside and in, and when a young robin stretches up in the nest and opens his big yellow bill it is indeed a very funny sight. The robin has dark legs and feet. Can you tell how

many toes he has? Oh, you know, do you? He has four toes, but three extend forwards and the other one backwards to take the place of a heel. Master Robin is not a large bird; he measures only ten inches from the tip of his bill to the tip of his tail.

Can you remember all I have told you of the robin? Try to see if it is not all true when next you see one. Do not scare the robin away; just sit quietly and watch him as he hops along, and study him when he pauses to look around.

What does Master Robin eat? His food is bugs, worms, snails and other small living things. But this is not all his food, for he is very fond of fruit. The young rascal! He comes into the strawberry bed and eats his fill. Then when strawberries are gone what does he do but fly up into the cherry tree and help himself to the sweet, juicy cherries. He seems never so happy as when he is stealing fruit. Then he flies about and sings as joyously as he can.

But, after all, the robin is not so bad as some think, for he eats more insects which would injure the fruit than the fruit itself. If he only would, he could tell us a wonderful story. Robin is a great traveller. He could teach us much geography if he would, but he cannot talk to us. He can only sing. Robin comes to us in early spring. We always know that spring is here when we see the robins coming again. In the fall he flies off to a warmer land, far away to the south. But when spring comes again, Master Robin comes also with his glad, hearty song, and his brave joyous ways, and makes all the day bright with his song. This is all I know about Robin Red-Breast.

MARY H. TIESZEN.
Age 11.

KING ALFRED THE GREAT

My favorite hero is King Alfred the Great of England. He was born when continual fighting was going on between the Danes and the English people. From the time he was three years old till he died he studied hard and he went to Rome twice where he learned much that was useful to him afterwards.

When he was four his mother called him and his brothers and showed them a book and told them that the first one who learned it could have it. Alfred's brothers did not care about studying, but Alfred learned it and won the book. Alfred was chosen king when he was twenty-two. As soon as he became king he had to fight against the Danes. After seven years fighting he was defeated and he had to fly to the marshes in disguise. He took refuge in a herder's hut, where the woman set him one day to watch a cake in the oven. He was thinking how to save his people and he forgot the cake, which burnt. The woman did not know he was the king and she scolded him.

He collected an army of trusty men and defeated the Danes and made their leader swear to stay in a district Alfred set for them. The leader became a Christian and the Danes settled down with the English. Alfred then made good laws for his people and built schools so that every one could study. He translated some books into English and so became the father of the English literature. He built the first English navy. He is my favorite hero because he was so industrious and sturdy and so kind to his enemies.

WILFRID EGGLESTON.
Age 11.

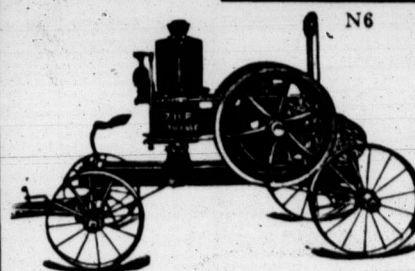
TECUMSEH

Tecumseh was a very brave Indian. He lived many years ago. He led an army of five hundred Indians in the war of eighteen and twelve.

Tecumseh and his men went with an army of Canadians to stop the Americans. When they met the Americans, who were a far larger force than the Canadians, they started fighting. The Canadians were getting beaten, so the commander took his men and retreated and left Tecumseh and his men alone. They fought bravely on, but at last the Americans overpowered them and Tecumseh and his men fell fighting on the field, where the Canadians retreated.

CLIVE LEFLAR.
Dropmore, Man.
Age 11

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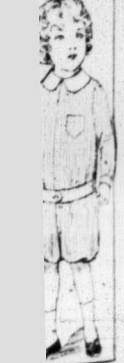
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