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Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

THE PRIZE WINNERS

The story contest, "Why I Do or Do Not Like to Go to School," brought many interesting letters which you will see published in this page from week to week.

The prize winners in the contest are Frank R. Leveridge, age 13, Devlin, Ont.; Helmy Ch. Silberman, age 8, Barons, Alta.; and Frances E. Pratt, age 8, Bengough, Sask.

Honorable mention should also be made of the work of Helen Auld, Rosetown, Sask.; Erna Humbke, Duhamel, Alta.; Valina S. Sigvaldason, Icelandic River, Man.; and Ethel Marion Bridge, Isabella, Man.

AN ALBERTA COUNTRY SCHOOL

I began school at the age of six and continued for four uninterrupted years, but in the fifth year I put away books and pencils and, with the rest of the family, joined dad in Saskatchewan, where he had gone two years before.

But those brief years of schooling had made me hate the very mention of school and the hatred, I am afraid, has grown with the years, not diminished. If you were to see the school and be taught by the teacher for one day you would readily agree with me.

The school-room was a box affair, square and low, with small, diamond-paned windows placed very high in the wall. That was, I suppose, to keep us from studying nature instead of our lessons. It was highly satisfactory to the teacher, but not so to the pupils. I have often longed for a glimpse of green trees or grain when studying a particularly hard lesson in arithmetic, but what was the use of longing? We were not allowed to put vases of flowers around on the desks or sills, for Miss Ryall did not want "such trash cluttered around," as she expressed it. Trash indeed!

Very many pictures were not allowed; "they take the mind off the lessons," our teacher was fond of saying, often with a scornful glance at me, for I was supposed to be her worst pupil. There were four pictures in all; one, a roughly painted basket of fruit, and another a kinked-necked robin, with a bright carmine breast and gout in one claw (at least it looked like it). The third picture was a sketch of a little log cabin with several piccaninies standing in front of it, looking very much like bean-poles. The picture was supposed to represent "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but since then I have read the story, and it is my private opinion that the illustration can be much improved upon. The fourth picture I very much admired, a huge, grey battleship, proudly flying the British flag, was bounding over the waves at a great pace. The waves were so blue and so shining that it did one good even to see it. It used to hang beside the north window where I could look at it at my leisure, but one day teacher saw that my thoughts were on it instead of my arithmetic, so down it came and up it went beside the back black-board.

I think that when the school was built, the men who had the job must have thought that they were constructing a combination between an open air camp and a rest room for runaway gophers and mice. The walls and floors were full of holes as big as my fist, and the roof only leaked in seven places. In the summer the rain sifted in, and in the winter the snow.

And the mice and gophers that lived in and under that building! Well, they were so bad that they scared three dogs away, and altho we had repeatedly brought cats enough to supply all Alberta, somehow or other they would come up missing when wanted, so we gave up keeping, or trying to keep, animals and set traps that caught nothing but peoples' fingers and feet in them. The only thing that we could do to kill them was to shoot them, and only the boys could do that.

Describing the school playground would not be hard, for it was just a dry hard-baked little cubby-hole, with not enough room in it to have a decent game of tag. When we wanted some fun we hopped over the fence, despite Miss Ryall and all her straps, and ran into the woods beyond.

I remember one afternoon when at

Johnny Nelson's suggestion we climbed over the fence and ran farther into the woods than we ever did before in school hours. "Let's run away," Pat Hamilton said excitedly. Without a moment's hesitation we all followed her and never stopped until we reached the creek, half a mile away. Clyde, Pat's brother, Pat, Isabel Granger and I all peeled off our shoes and stockings and waded in, while the more timid ones remained on the bank. Isabel struck out down the creek, but was stopped by falling into a deep hole, the water coming up to her armpits. She screamed for help, which we could not give her for laughing. Johnny was the first to recover himself and plunged in like a hero and rescued Isabel, who was shivering with cold and very indignant. Pat and I seized her and took her up to Hamilton's, which was half a mile away down the creek, for a dry change of clothing. We came back with two basketfuls of goodies, which were very welcome, much more welcome than we three girls. I cannot remember much what was in the baskets, but I can recollect two large jars of lemonade with a cupful of soda to make it "fizz," and a huge brown-iced cake which fell into the creek and was fished out by Clyde, very wet and very dirty, as well it might, but we set it in the sun to dry and promptly forgot it. But Sandy, Pat's dog, which had followed us back, did not, and when we remembered and came back for the cake both it and Sandy had disappeared.

When we got back to the school, Miss Ryall had gone, and not one of us cared a rap, but we paid dearly for our stolen picnic later, for we were given no recreation for two weeks and a strapping all around. I did not care for the strapping, because that was a daily occurrence for me, but to have my recreations taken away from me!

But, believe me, that was not half of what we got a few months later, and all thru fish, too, or the wanting for fish. Clyde and I are awfully fond of fresh fish, so we decided to take Pat and go fishing in Clyde's canoe.

One day Miss Ryall looked for us in vain, and invented fresh punishment for the three sinners, while we were hauling in big trout and enjoying every minute of it, more because we knew that it was wrong than anything else.

The night before Clyde and Pat had smuggled a can with four teaspoonfuls of tea in it (the can was to act as a teapot), a loaf of bread, a pound of butter, a chocolate box of sugar, an old tin salt cellar, a pie-pan (Pat didn't dare take a frying-pan), and cups, plates, knives and forks. In the excitement she forgot spoons, but we managed to stir our tea with the handles of our knives and enjoyed it all the more for the novelty of it.

Clyde made a fire, Pat fried the fish and I steeped the tea (I should have said boiled, for that is what it did), and we had, an altogether jolly time. I have never eaten a better supper than that one and I never wish to. We fried two trout, gave one to Sandy (who came tearing thru the trees and startled me so that I spilt my cup of tea and burnt my leg) and took four home to Mr. Hamilton and three to dad.

The next day—I laugh to think of it now—we went back to school, with a note signed by dad and Mr. Hamilton, saying that we got a ducking in the creek (I told them that fib, as the ducking only wet our feet), for after those fish they positively couldn't do anything but help us out of the fix we were in. (I have long ago found out that the way to a man's heart is thru his stomach). Miss Ryall hummed and hawed a bit, then told us point blank that we had told a lie. We three gasped and that gasp betrayed us. Altho we would not tell her anything more than that we got a ducking in the creek, she got mad as a hatter (she has an awful temper), and told us that we Canadians were not fit for Englishmen to wipe their feet on. Of course that riled me, as any slur on the Canadians always does, and I told her a thing or two that had better be left unwritten.

Oh! that was an awful school and an awful teacher! But still, of course, there are worse.

HELEN ISADORE AULD,
Rosetown, Sask.

Age 13.

September

GOWN FOR
The Patterns for
all Seams. (See
Show Diagrams)

9121 (With
Seam Allowance)
Collar

9116 (With
Seam Allowance)

This is a very gown, for the sides it is cut to be finished to fit snugly and neatly. The blouse is a fitting accompaniment to the gown. The blouse is made of very fine material and is made to the latest in dress. It can be worn with the gown or alone. The blouse is made of very fine material and is made to the latest in dress. It can be worn with the gown or alone. The blouse is made of very fine material and is made to the latest in dress. It can be worn with the gown or alone.

For the main 2 1/2 yards of material or 2 1/2 yards of 7 1/4 yards 27. 5 1/2 yards in width. The pattern is size from 34 to 44. The skirt is made of material. Address by the Editor on receipt of ten

AN 1
Check Effects.
The Pattern for
all Seams. (See
Diagram)

Such a loose will fill an improper measuring. It can be utilized for any work. It can be with a belt. The contrast is a beautiful, but it is in various material broadcloth or in a and attractive if perlage of linen.