

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

QUEER HAPPENINGS OF CHILDHOOD

I want each of you to tell me about the thing in your experience that stands out most clearly in your memory. It may be an unjust whipping, a quarrel at school, a holiday, a journey, a pleasant surprise, or an accident; and please tell me the whole truth about it; if necessary you may use a pen name.

Please also make the telling as bright and interesting as you can, for I am going to give three splendid books as prizes for the three best stories that come to me, subject to the following conditions:

All stories must reach me not later than March 1. They must be written in pen and ink and on one side of the paper only, and you must get your teacher or one of your parents to certify that the story is original and that the age given is correct. As the stories are judged not only by merit, but according to age, no one will be granted a prize, no matter how good the story, who neglects to give the age and have it certified as stated above. Anyone under seventeen years of age, either boy or girl, may contribute, but you must not think from this that all the prizes go to the older ones, for little folk of eight and ten years have been among the prize winners.

So brush up your memories, little folk, and put a new point in your pen and see what you can do about it.

DIXIE PATTON.

THE THREE CATS

Once there were three cats and this is their colors—white and black and yellow.

And they all had bonnets on and the yellow cat had a brown bonnet on and the white cat had a pink bonnet on and the black cat had a purple bonnet on.

When they got pretty far from home they met a dog and the dog did not know what they were until he heard them spit and make all kinds of noises. Then he started to chase them up a tree. After he went away they went off and they came to where the people were having a picnic and they had a lot of bread and cake, but they did not have any tea, but they had milk instead and they could not eat any more when they got home.

DOROTHY COATES,

Kawende, Man.

Age 8 years.

A RACE WITH A LYNX

One day as I was walking in the woods to find flowers and leaves I suddenly looked up and what did I see but a wild cat or lynx. It didn't see me at first, but as I tried to get away it saw me and ran after me. I was very much afraid as I was nearly three miles from home. I ran and ran. Still it ran after me. At last I came to a barn which used to be our neighbor's, but as there was neither windows or doors in it and one side out, it was not much shelter for me as the lynx came after me. I was then two and a half miles from home.

I ran thru wheat fields and crops of oats hoping to get somewhere I could hide, but the lynx kept up with me. At last in despair I could see our house in the distance and I ran quicker and quicker. When I got up to the house it was not far behind so my father came out and shot it. I was quite out of breath with running and could not have run much longer. I shall never forget that day.

PHYLLIS WAINWRIGHT

Borden, Sask.

A PRINCESS' MISFORTUNE

The first thing I can remember is that I was in a prison. I became very thirsty and hungry. Of a sudden the prison door flew open. As soon as I saw that the door was open I hurried out.

All that I could see when I got out was wild beasts. I made up my mind that I would start out on my journey; just as well to be killed by the wild beasts as to suffer with hunger and thirst. When I had walked about half a mile I found a well trodden path. I had not walked far till a lion stood in my way. I said, "Please let me go on my way." He said, "I don't like to see you go on your way yourself; I will go with you." We walked thru the forest and by the time we got thru it was dark and I lay down and went to sleep. In the morning we started out and about noon we reached the city gates. Then the lion said, "I can't go any farther for if the people see

me they will kill me." Then I said that I was a Princess. I was stolen away from my father's palace by robbers.

Then the lion said, "Come and see me tomorrow at noon." Then I went home. In the morning I went to see the lion, but instead of seeing a lion I saw a prince. Then we went and told my father and we were married and lived a happy life.

ANNIE MATHESON,

Lang, Sask., Canada.

Age 13.

JANE, THE WOLF AND MYSELF

I am a little dog named Rex. I have a little mistress called Jane. One day her mother said we could go for a walk in the woods and pick berries. We started off in high glee; Jane was singing and I was frolicking after birds.

Jane got nicely started picking berries when we heard a rustling among the bushes. Out came a big wolf. Of all things I was afraid of a wolf. If I had been a big dog I would not have been afraid. Jane looked around and was so frightened she dropped her berries. The wolf came nearer and we started to fight. Jane was crying for help. I was bleeding in several places and almost exhausted when a man came by.

He shot the wolf, then looked at me. He saw I was hurt and he picked me up and took Jane by the hand and took us home. We never went picking berries again unless we had somebody older with us.

CATHERINE M. KIRKLAND.

Age 13.

THE RABBITS

The first thing I remember was lying very close to my mother in a small hole in the ground. When I looked around me I saw four more small rabbits like myself. We had long flapping ears, but we had no tail.

Some days later our mother went to the top of our den and called us to follow her. We were glad to get out of our dark hole into the pure air. We had great times. We ran about and chased each other around the hole. Our parents kept watch that Mr. Wolf or Mr. Fox did not come on the scene while we were enjoying ourselves.

A while later our parents called us back into our den. Then father went to get us some food. Soon he came home with some ears of wheat and a nice fat mouse, which we ate heartily. When we were half grown rabbits our parents took us for a romp across the prairie. When we got about half a mile from home we heard the branches cracking and before we knew how to act Mr. Wolf was on us. He killed my two brothers, but my parents, my sister and myself managed to escape home. We felt very sorry for our dear brothers, whom we should never see again. After that we did not go so far from home. When we wanted anything to eat father would go to the nearest wheat field for some wheat and sometimes we got a few berries.

But one day a sad thing happened. Father had gone to get some food. He stayed longer than usual and mother went to look for him, but neither of them came home. This was sad for my sister and myself, but we just had to get over it. Then we had to earn our own living, but it was not very nice.

MAGGIE PATTERSON,

Copeland, Sask.

Age 11.

HALLOWE'EN

One evening around the last of October, which is generally called Hallowe'en, a bunch of school boys secured some pumpkins which they made into Jack-o-lanterns. They got some sheets and after fastening them on they resembled ghosts very much.

Then they visited a neighbor's house, but finding them in bed they hastened on. In the next house they found them awake. It happened that the people were all reading and this gave them a chance to get to their places around the house. They then showed themselves. As soon as those inside saw them they were frightened and hid their faces. The next day all the talk was about ghosts and witches.

CLYDE HITCHCOCK,

Trossachs, Sask.

Age 12

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