

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

FAIRS AND PRIZE STORIES

Your editor was honored by being asked to help judge school work at a suburban fair this week. Fortune smiled on us and it was a beautiful afternoon to go car riding out between green trees and past sunny green slopes.

But to hurry along to the fair and the school work which was the object of our visit. You should have seen the hand work those children had done. There was knitting and basket weaving and a funny little plasticene donkey hitched to a paper wagon. bunches of plasticene grapes, calendars beautifully hand colored, the quaintest figures cut out of paper and pasted on cardboard, raffia shopping bags, a wooden book shelf and many more quaint and interesting things.

I wish, too, that you could have seen the writing done by one of the schools. It was perfectly beautiful. But I must say that with one exception our stories were better than theirs.

And Speaking of Stories

don't forget that we are offering three prizes for the three best adventure or fairy stories received before October 15.

In case you are a new reader we will explain the rules of the contest.

Any girl or boy under seventeen years may compete.

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

You must get your teacher or one of your parents to certify that the story is your own work and that the age given is correct and that the story is original. Something you may have read out of a book won't do.

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

A RHODE ISLAND RED

The very first thing that I can remember is that I was in a very small house. Every day I grew larger and larger, till at last, Oh! how tight it was. I made up my mind that I would get out of it and without losing any time. So I gave the house a good kick. After a while I gave it another and then another and I found that I had made a hole in it. Then I gave it another one and I knew that the hole was getting bigger. Before very long I had cut the top right off.

Then I crawled right out. "What a big world this is," I said to myself, "and how nice and warm it is." Then I looked about to see if there was anything worth looking at. There were an awful lot of eggs around me, and besides that I saw several little chickens. Oh! how ugly they were. Most of them were all wet, but two of them were nice and dry and clean, too.

I then looked up to see what there was and to my great surprise I saw a lot of wood. I think, but I am not sure, that the thing I was in was called an incubator.

After a little while it got darker and I looked towards the glass to see what was the matter and I saw the face of a pretty little girl. "Oh! Lil, do let me see," said a voice. "Oh! I see a little 'Whode' chickie," said the little girl. Then she tapped on the glass and I thought it was something good to eat. So I ran forward as fast as I could, but when I got quite near I stretched out my head and I felt myself falling. The next thing I knew was that I was on some soft rags at the bottom, but there was no one else there so I soon got lonesome, so I opened my mouth and said, "Peep! peep!" After a little while I was taken out and put under a hen and fed.

All summer long I grew and grew till I was a big hen.

I heard the woman that fed us say that I was a Rhode Island Red pullet. So now I know what the little girl meant when she said that I was a "Whode" chick. she meant that I was a Rhode Island chicken. There were a lot of hens the same color as I was where we lived, but I was different from them all. My tail all went to one side while theirs were straight. The little girl made me her pet as soon as she saw me and she named me "Crooked Tail." She would come out to the pen where I lived and take me in her arms. After a little while I laid an egg, then another and another till I had laid an awful lot.

Then I thought that I would like to sit, so I stayed on the nest all day. At night

a girl came in and took me by the legs. I did not like this at all, so I squalled and flapped my wings, but she would not let go. She carried me out of the pen and round past the house and then a long way. Dear me, how my legs ached. At last she put me in a pen in a house where a lot of brown and black hens were. She left me there for several days and then took me home. How nice to be at home again. I went into the house saying to myself, "There's no place like home."

MARGARET AVERILL,
Box 117,

Age 11 years. Clanwilliam, Man.

A PANSY GERANIUM

I was a little seed planted in an old tin can. I was in the dark for about three weeks. At the end of that time I put two little leaves up above the earth. I grew until I became a nice sized plant, I was about twelve or fifteen inches high, with large branches and green leaves.

It was nice to be in the light. In June I had some little buds come on me and in a week or so I had a dozen or more pink and red flowers. My flowers stayed on for six weeks or more. When my flowers died off they set me in the garden beside some other plants. They left me there until the frost came. It was nicer out in the cool air and sun than in the house. They left me till one day they came to bring me in to set me in the window again, but my leaves had fallen off and I was frozen.

PEARL ORRIS, Boissevain, Man.

A FAITHFUL DOG

In a little cottage by a big wood lived a wood-cutter and his wife. They were so poor that they both had to cut wood. They had a dog which took care of the baby. One day when the father and the mother were out cutting wood a great snake came in the house. The dog did not see the snake till it was in the cradle, then the dog sprang up and with a hard fight killed the snake. In the fight the cradle tipped over and the baby fell out, but did not get hurt. When the woodman came home and saw the baby on the floor he struck the dog a blow with his axe and killed the dog. When he picked up the baby he saw the dead snake, then he knew it all, but it was too late; the dog was dead.

JAMES McDONOUGH,

Age 10.



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