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Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

THE STORY CONTEST

How about that family tradition? Have you found one lying around anywhere in your family? If so, hustle about and dress it up in words and send it in to The Guide's story contest.

A family tradition may be a ceremony or festival that is always observed in the family, or it may be the story of the adventure of some ancestor. For example, I met, last winter, a gentleman in whose family there was a tradition of a great aunt who, during the siege of Londonderry, was obliged one day to take refuge in an oven which was being riddled with shot. The lady came thru it safely.

Your father and mother will help you to discover your family tradition. Consult them about it today.

Use pen and ink and write on one side of the paper only.

Have your age and the originality of your story certified by your teacher or one of your parents.

The only condition is that every contestant must be under seventeen years of age.

The rewards are, first a dainty maple leaf pin, which is given free to every boy or girl sending in an original story, and second, three prizes of story books for the three best stories submitted for the contest.

The contest closes October 15. Stories must be posted so as to reach The Guide office not later than the evening of that date.

All letters are to be addressed very clearly to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man. Be sure that your letter is addressed exactly that way or it may go wandering off to other papers.

DIXIE PATTON.

THE FAMILY TRADITION

By Elizabeth Diller (Age 11) in St. Nicholas

A long time ago, before the Revolutionary War, in a little clearing near the place where Lancaster, Pennsylvania, now stands, there stood a log cabin. In this humble home lived a family of German settlers. They had cut down trees and cleared enough of the land, so that now they had several nice fields under cultivation. The grass had been cut and heaped in piles in the sun. The field of corn was growing nicely when, one morning, the father and mother went into the field to cultivate the corn, taking their guns with them, and left the little girl to do the house work and mind her baby brother. After a while she heard guns, and, upon going to the door, the little girl saw a band of Indians firing upon her father and mother. She saw her father and mother slain. Then the Indians came toward the log cabin, and the little girl stole out a back way, carrying her brother in her arms. They hid under one of the piles of hay. The little girl had to put her hand over her brother's mouth to keep the sound of his cries from the hearing of the Indians. In the evening, she looked out and saw the house had been burned, but that the Indians had gone. She took her baby brother in her arms and went to her nearest neighbor, several miles away. When she got there, she was exhausted. The kind family cared for them until they were old enough to earn their own living.

This little girl I have spoken of was my father's great-grandmother. My father's grandmother said that she had often heard her mother cry out in her sleep, and that then she was dreaming over this scene I have told you about.

UNNATURAL CHILDREN

We have a hen with ducklings, and she thinks them very strange. Sometimes she scratches and knocks them a-flying. She also steps on them. Sometimes we put water in their yard for them to swim in. Then we get some bread crumbs and drops them in the water. The ducklings dive after them and look very strange to us, because we have never had ducks before this year. The hen will stand and watch her family, wondering why they get in

the water. The hen is getting disgusted with them, and I think she will leave them sooner than she would if they were chickens.

ALEX. MOFFAT,
Knee Hill Valley, Alta. Age 10.
A very good story for a ten-year-old man to write.—D.P.

A PARROQUET

We had a little parroquet about two or three years ago, now. He could not talk, but he used to scream and whistle. Every mealtime he used to come down from his perch onto the table and stand upon father's shoulder, or on mother's head and pull her hairpins out and throw them onto the floor.

We fed little Polly with bread or potato or anything at all. He took it with his claws and took a little piece at a time.

We made him a perch with string, but he chewed that thru and swung on it, so we made another perch with wire. A long while afterwards he broke it.

When we left the house one day he started to scream. While mother was working he used to stand on her shoulder and pull the thread out of her blouse and pull her ear and hair, lots of times.

First when he came into our house he flew on to the table. It was at supper time and he walked to father's cup of tea and drank some.

There was a broken window in our bedroom. Little Polly was walking about on the sitting room floor when the old cat got in and caught him.

He was a jolly little bird, and was all green with a red face. We had little parroquet for about two years.

NELLIE TURRELL,
Laidlaw, B.C. Age 15

A JACK RABBIT'S ADVENTURE

One fine morning a small jack rabbit came up to the barn. Just then I saw him and called for the dog, but the dog was outside of the fence and could not get in. The rabbit ran around to the henhouse, and then we all tried to catch him, but he got away.

He ran to a turnip patch and hid there. Then I went looking for him and the dog almost ran over him. Then he ran over to the wood pile and went in there, but we did not see him, so we went looking all over for him.

Then we found him in the wood pile. We caught him, and he squeaked just like a pig, so we put him in a box and left him there all night. In the morning we put him in a pen, and I went out to the field and when I came back he was gone.

J. H. FINLAYSON,
Box 60, North Battleford, Sask.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PETS

My auntie's grandmother was very fond of horses. She used to pet every horse on the farm. This story I am going to tell you is about one of her pet horses.

The horse's name was "Miser," and he was about the size of a small pony, and he was very fond of grandmother. She used to have him nice and fat, for she would feed him oats around the yard, and he always looked for grandmother to feed him.

Every time she would cough he would come to her, no matter if he was out at the stable. Every time he saw her out working in the yard he would come up to her, and she would pet him and give him an apple.

But one day a sad thing happened. "Miser" had been sick about a week, but this day he seemed to be a little better, so grandfather thought he would hitch him up and harrow with him.

But he was very weak, and grandfather had only harrowed for about an hour when the horse fell down, so grandfather made him get up and put him in the stable.

As soon as he was in the stable he fell down and stayed there till he died, which was about two hours later. Poor grandmother cried as tho her heart would break.

AGNES GILMORE,
Box 441, Portage la Prairie. Age 12.

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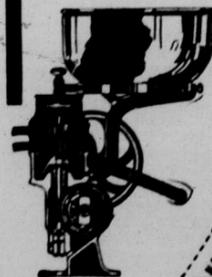
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