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Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

THREE ATTRACTIVE PRIZES

Three prizes of rollicking good story books will be given for the three best stories of "A Good Citizen." I wonder if it has been made quite clear that the story must tell some particular happening in the life of the hero or heroine which shows that he or she was a good citizen. You all know, for example the story of the little Dutch boy who stopped the hole in the dike with his hand until help came. That little laddie was a very good citizen indeed. The other day Mr. Maharg, president of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association, told the story of a local Grain Growers' Association which put in the crop of a poor Austrian woman whose husband had been sent away to the asylum. Those men were good citizens, because they were showing good will and kindness to a stranger in our land. There are ever and ever so many ways of showing oneself to be a good citizen, and I want you to tell me of one of these in the form of a story. You may manufacture the story out of your own head, or it may be something you have heard about or that you have known to happen to some person, but it must not be a story that you have read or have had told to you from books.

For the three best stories prizes of interesting books will be given, and anyone who is not already a member of the club, but who sends a story good enough to print, and encloses a stamped and addressed envelope will be sent one of our pretty maple leaf pins and the membership card of The Young Canada Club.

These stories must reach me not later than March 7. They must be written in pen and ink, and on only one side of the paper. The writer's teacher or parent must certify that the story is original, and that the age given is correct. Letters should be clearly addressed to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man. The contest is open to any boy or girl of seven years or under who sees this announcement.

DIXIE PATTON.

DEXTER

I have been reading the letters in your club and find them interesting. So I thought I'd try my luck and send a story about my pony. His name is Dexter. He is such a very gentle animal any small child can handle him. His color is roan, and he is a half pacer. I like to ride him very much. We drove to school with him this summer.

He likes sugar and will shake hands for some. Sometimes I fall off his back when I ride him, but he won't run away. He will stand still and let me get on his back again. I wouldn't sell him for any price.

I don't expect a prize this time, but if I see this letter in print I will try my best next time.

ALVERA NELSON.

Age 9.

WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY

About three years ago when I was living in Ontario, mother and I went out to pick berries. When we had picked for about an hour we said we had better go home. So we started home. When we were nearly there we stopped for a minute and looked back at the place where we had been picking, and right beside a little pond we saw a big bear. I was scared for a few minutes, but mother said he wouldn't hurt us, for he only went there to get a drink.

RUBY R. HAWKINS.

Age 11.

Summerberry, Sask.

A HAPPENING OF YESTERDAY

When I was a boy of five years I was sent to the barn, one cold winter's day, to tell the men to come to dinner. I got muffled up and started off.

When I reached the barn door, I found a lot of two-year old colts. Two of them, the largest, a black and a bay, stood before the door. I shouted at them. Then the black rushed at me. She knocked me down and stepped on my right leg. I shouted my brother's name. He came to the door and said,

"What are you doing there?" "I am tied down with ropes or something," I answered, not knowing that my leg was broken. I then seemed to go into a kind of sleep.

When I opened my eyes I felt something on my head. I asked what it was, and was shown my toque, which was wet with blood. Then I knew that I had cut my head when I fell.

Then for twenty-one days I lay still. At last I was able to walk. Soon I was well again.

My leg was broken at the thigh, but now there are no marks, my leg is not crooked, and I don't limp.

JAMES BURKE.

THE THREE RABBITS

One day in the summer holidays my little friend and I went out to the field. While we were there we saw three little rabbits. We caught them and took them home. My friend caught two and I caught one. They were quite frightened at first when we would go to pick them up. We got milk and fed them with a spoon. After we had had them for a little while my friend took her two out and put them on the ground. One got away, but she caught the other one.

One morning when we went out to feed our rabbits we found that they were both gone. We looked all around the box to see where they could have got out, but could not see a hole anywhere, and the sides of the box were high. So that was the last seen of our rabbits.

Age 11.

KATHLEEN HARRIS.

WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY

One night, just after supper, my mother looking out, saw that the straw banking had caught on fire. Father helped to get the heavy things out. Then they put snow on the fire to keep it down, while mother got the small furniture out.

The fire soon got the start of father, and he carried out the most of the remaining things. I was sorry most about my toys, being only two years old.

After the house was almost burnt my mother and brother went to a neighbor's to sleep. My father slept in a granary so that he could watch the remains of the fire.

Age 10.

CLIFFORD HAW.

THE PRAIRIE CHICKENS

The prairie chicken is one of the good birds of Manitoba. It belongs to the grouse family, and it is often called the sharp-tailed or pin-tailed grouse, from the two long soft feathers which project beyond the stiff tail feathers. Its plumage is of a dull color, which prevents it being easily seen by its enemies. The male bird is somewhat ornamented by a bright yellow patch of bare skin above and behind the eye, and a bluish spot on the neck which he can puff out or inflate with air.

Like all wild creatures, the prairie chicken is well fitted for living in its native haunts. Its legs are protected from the cold by a thick growth of feathers, so long it almost covers its toes. The toes themselves are curiously adapted in winter for walking on snow. We might almost say that the bird wears snow shoes.

In autumn a row of scales begin to grow out along the sides of each toe, and by the time it snows the scales appear. When warm weather comes the scales fall off, as they are no longer needed.

In spring the birds leave the shelter of the bush and spread over the prairies. When the snow is nearly melted food is scarce; but they find a good friend in the wild rose, whose red berries or hips form their chief diet at this season. The fruit of the purple sunflower is also eaten by them as well as many more dwellers on the prairie. When warm weather has fairly set in groups of prairie chickens meet in the early morning on some mound or hillock and go thru some curious movements which we call the dance.

ORIN SHARRATT.