

LITERARY SOCIETY

THE FOURTH CONTEST

At an informal gathering of magazine writers not long ago, a journalist read for criticism a little sketch he had written, but had not yet submitted to a publisher. It was the story of an old man and his love and devotion to his sick wife. In the end, the wife dies, and a few weeks later, unable to live without her, the old man slips away to find her.

When the reader had finished the manuscript, half a dozen voices said, "Why didn't you give it a happy ending?" "Why didn't you let the wife get better?"

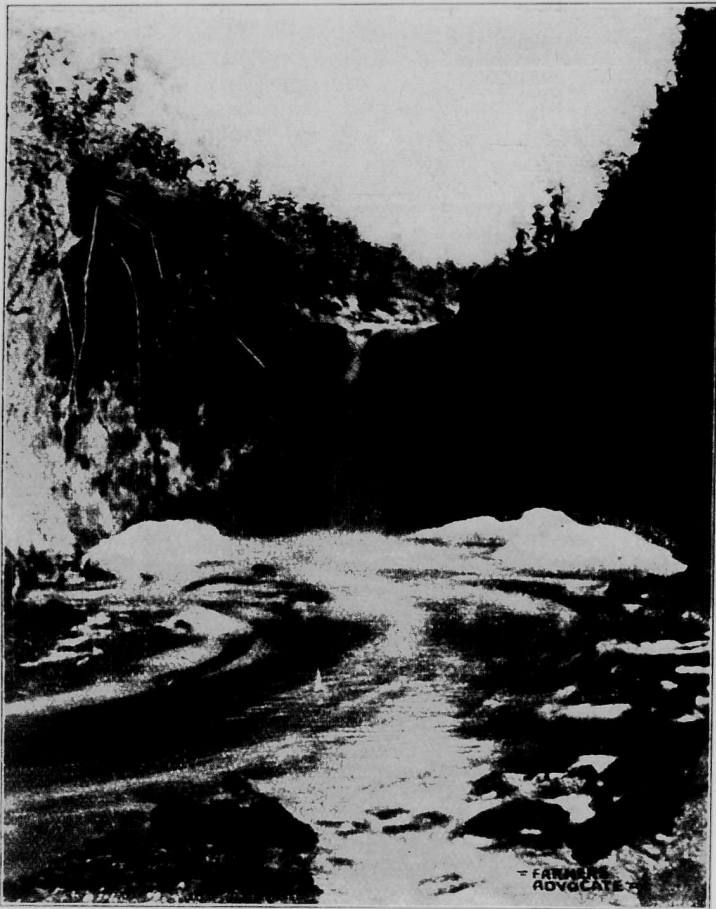
Others of the listeners said, "No; it is better as it is. The ending is the natural one, therefore the most artistic and desirable."

Afterwards, the thought came to see what the Literary Society of the FARMER'S ADVOCATE thought about it. We could make it a paragraph or postcard contest.

SHOULD A WORK OF FICTION HAVE A HAPPY ENDING? WHY DO YOU THINK SO?

The drawing and photography sections did not arouse so much enthusiasm and some entries in them were made too late to go to the engravers. The quality was all right, but the quantity left something to be desired. But that poetical natures are abundant in the west, and especially among ADVOCATE readers, was amply demonstrated by the returns in that section. After the first reading, eight poems were set aside to be read again. The difficulty was then to choose three out of the eight for the prizes and that took longer to solve. At last, we chose "Sing, Sweet Bird" by Jessie E. Jackson; "In My Heart" by A. R. Munday, and "Yesterday, To-day and Forever" by C. Pansy Munday as the prize-winners. But the other five were too good to be lost and we have decided to publish them along with the others.

We hope every reader of the results of this contest will at once look up the details of the new contest given in this issue, and send in an answer to the questions: Should a work of fiction have a happy ending? Why do you think so?



MEKIWIN FALLS. CONTRIBUTED FOR CONTEST BY JAMES MILNE

Is there any just cause why two hundred people who read the Literary Society should not answer that question in a single sentence or paragraph, or more if you wish? You can write your answer on a post card, if that is more convenient, but send it along.

(a) The length of your answer to the question will not affect the decision. The more concise the better.

(b) Have your answer in at the ADVOCATE office, addressed to the Literary Society, by March 15th.

(c) Prize-winners may choose as rewards one of (1) A half-year's subscription to the FARMER'S ADVOCATE for self or friend (2) A Literary Society badge pin (3) Any book from the list given in the issue of October 21st, 1908.

Everybody who reads at all has his or her opinion of how a book or story should end. Let us have it. Do it as soon as you read this notice, and the result will be the finest contest of the winter.

THE POEM AND PICTURES OF CONTEST THREE

We were more than pleased at the results of the poetry contest in the FARMER'S ADVOCATE Literary Society.

SING, SWEET BIRD

Sing, sweet bird, my weary heart to cheer,
For I am all a' weary of the world;
Oh! let thy song in wildest passion flow
Sing, sweet bird, and sooth my weary ear
How calm the night! how fair the starlit sky!
Lo! not a sound but Philomel is heard
Upon the lily's breast there lies a tear,
Sing, sing, sweet bird.

Sing, sweet love, I think of naught but thee
When thou art near, this sad earth is forgot,
Oh! come to me upon the wings of song,
Sing, sweet love, and with thy song crown me.
Take, take this heart, my dearest—bid it rest

In ideal realms, this dreary world above,
Oh! let it beat in unison with thine,
Sing, sing, sweet love.

Alberta. JESSIE E. JACKSON.

IN MY HEART

They tell me that thy form is dead;
Ah, do they think that so.
I can believe thy spirit fled.

Whose truthfulness I know?
Thy vow to me thou'lt not forswear,
Though Death should try his art;
Though well I know thy body there,
Yet thou art in my heart.

It matters little to our bliss;
The memories I hold,

The flowers are with dew heavy laden,
There's the murmur of waters below.

But dearest of all in that garden,
In many bright sunny hours,
As I played beside the roses,
Or twined the fairest flowers,
Was my mother's voice a-singing



"BACHING" WITH A VENGEANCE! CONTRIBUTED FOR CONTEST BY J.T.M. ANDERSON

The love that hallowed our first kiss,
Gives soothings manifold.
I cannot separate be from thee,
Nor can we ever part;
While I love thee, and thou lov'st me,
Thou livest in my heart!

Manitoba. A. R. MUNDAY.
YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND FOREVER

O Thou who loved Thy Israel,
So much, that when a chosen band,
Thou stayed them far from Jacob's well
Within the desert's bound of sand,
Thou nourished them with bread from Heaven,
And gave them drink from calloused stone.

In this Thy holy Sabbath even
Hear us, for we, too, are Thine own.

Give us that love which doth embrace
Thy darkened souls on alien sod;
And, if Thou callest us by grace
To teach them of the living God,
O give us of Thy Living Well;
And give the faith that knows Thee near!

And Thou, who loved Thy Israel
Love us, love us, and meet us here.
Manitoba. C. PANSY MUNDAY.

A bit of some ballad old,
While the birds and flowers seemed listening,
As she sang by the fountain cold.
Manitoba. MAY EWENS.

THE OLD SONGS

Sing me a song, tonight, love
A song of the olden days,
Such as my mother used to sing
Which in the memory stays,
How oft as twilight deepened,
Has her voice so full and free
Singing o'er and o'er the old songs,
Filled my heart with melody.

CHORUS:

Then sing, the old songs, tonight, love
Something soft and low,
Which will lead me back to olden times,
In the twilight long ago.

I seem to feel her spirit, love,
So near when daylight flies
I hear her singing once again,
Till tears bedim my eyes,
And I think of things I might have done,
Had I then but known
How I would miss the twilight hour
Since I was left alone.

Saskatchewan. L. G.



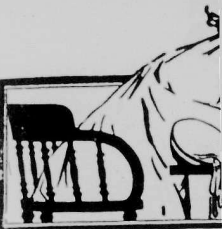
THE PRAIRIE SHACK IN WINTER. CONTRIBUTED FOR CONTEST BY EARL CURRIE

THE OLD GARDEN

There is a quaint old garden,
Set down beside the sea,
Roses blossoming gaily,
Birds sing loud and free;
Warmly the sun always shines there,
Soft are the breezes that blow

THE LAST NIGHT IN A LUMBER CAMP

Sing merrily ho! For to-morrow we go
To our homes far away from the camp.
I guess we won't mind, for we won't
Have to grind
Our dull axes by light of the lamp



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