# Young Canada Club

HE contributors to the Blue Cross fund this week are:— Ove Hanson, Cavell, Sask. \_\_ 25 Chester A. Henry, Gadaby, Chester A. Henry, Gadeby,
Alta.
Helen Jessen, Garden Plains, Alta.
Robert Everitt, Gadeby, Alta.
— Dixie Patton.

# Adventures in Fairy Land

On one winter's night I went to bed. I lay awake for a while because I did not seem sleepy. I must have fallen asleep and did not know it. Pretty soon I heard some one calling me by name, "Party, Party." I looked around with a start and was surprised to find myself in the company of a wee fairy sitting on the bed-post. She wanted to know if I would like to go with her to her home. I said "On yee, I would, thanks. But how far away is your home!" She gave a little laugh which sounded like tinkling bells and said, "You will see in a little while." So I waited.

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This sweet little fairy was about one and one-half inches high and her body was a perfect figure. She always smiled, never frowned. Bhe carried her body erect and looked really handsome. Her eyes were like diamonds. They sparkled and sparkled, but they were laughing and kind eyes Bhe had a most beautiful dress on of snow-flakes, sewed together with golden thread. She had a bandeau of diamonds and rubies on her hair. This little person got my bed slippers and I wondered what she was going to do. She understood my puzzled expression and said, ''Oh! we're going to use it as a fairy flying machine.'' I said, ''Why, my dear fairy, how will I get into it I am so large?'' Oh, we'll see if you cannot get into it,'' said this sweet person. She touched me with this beautiful sparkling magic wand all fairies carry. I felt myself growing smaller and smaller and smaller and an in a minute I was as small as the fairy whose name was ''Snowdrop.'' We jumped into our

By Dixie Patton

flying machine. We went flying away in the air while I and my friend were chatting away as hard as we could. In a little while I saw in the distance a magnificent outline of a most exquisite palace. To this palace the fairy seemed to be heading. We came closer and closer. All the ground was a beautiful white now and this beautiful palace proved to be made of sparkling ice. It sparkled and shone in the mocalight so that it flooked like one huge diamond. The window curtains were made of anowflakes fastened together with pearls, a magnificent sight to behold. There were portiones of silver links fastened together so as to form the most charming pattern. There were beautiful pictures on the wall, the pictures of lovely fairy people framed in pure gold. There were elegant fairy flags floating in every spire of the palace. They were made more beautiful than any pen can describe.

The cloth for the flag was the best of silk. There were two stars is the flag which were of rubies. There was a moon also which was of diamonds. The

name Pairy Land was near the one side of the silk flag and was written in big letters and set in pearls, a very beauti-ful flag indeed. Hnowdrop introduced me to the

letters and set in pearls a very beautiful flag indeed.

Snowdrop introduced me to the Queen fairy, and then led me to the hallroom with the Queen holding one of my hands, Hnowdrop the other. We were the leaders of the dancing procession going to the ball room. There were more than 100 couples there. They danced till midnight, when they had a very dainty fafry lunch. They played on musical instruments till it was two o'clock when they commenced leaving the ballroom. Hnowdrop led me to the door and I shook hands with every fairy as he or she was leaving.

I, being very tired with so much excitement, asked Snowdrop if I might go home. Hnowdrop said 'Yes,' and to our diamay we could not find our flying machine anywhere, and as I was coming down the slippery ice stairway I slipped and went head first down stairs and lit in a crowd of fairies. I awoke with a start and found that my fall was out of bed at home instead of down

the stairs in Fairyland. I clambered into bed again. I did not dream any more that night as I had been dreaming about the fairies and Fairyland. But nevertheless I thought I knew just exactly what Fairyland and its wonderfully dear little people were like in rich dresses, the King and Queen and richly decorated ice palace. But I suppose no two persons see Fairyland alike. What a pity!

What fairy stories do you dream!

—Vera E. Campbell, Kindersley, Sask.

# Selling Flowers

Once there was a little girl named Edith Harrison. She lived alone with her mother, for her father was dead and she had no sisters or brothers. She made a little money by selling flowers such as violets, roses and bluebells. Near them lived a rich little girl, but Edith did not know her. One moraing as Edith was going to town she saw the rich little girl coming to meet her. In her hand she carried a lovely little basket filled with green-house flowers. "My name is Laey Ruston," she said, "I saw you going to town every day with your flowers so I thought I would give you these, you may have some every week."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Edith.

"What is your name!" asked Lucy.

"What is your name?" asked Lucy. "Edith Harrison," said Edith.

"Good-bye, Edith, come and visit me some day," said Lucy, turning to

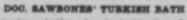
go. "Good bye," said Edith.

That day when Edith went to town the people who had just walked by her before bought some of the flowers, and kept on buying till there were none left.

left.

In a month she had ten dollars. Five dollars went to the Blue Cross and five went to the Red Cross. I think Lucy was very kind to give Edith the flowers, don't you think so, too!

I am sending 30 cents for the Blue Cross.—Lenore Holtslander, Darmody, Sask.



DOC. SAWBONES is always looking after the health of the Dou Dade. Things had been rather quiet in the Wonderland of Don for a few days and so he had no eperations to parform. But he felt that he must do something. He get the notion that some of the Dou Dade were getting too fat and that others were not keeping themselves as clean as they might, and so he set up a Turkish bath. Here it is in operation. First he has to steam the Dou Dade. See how those little Bilows over the fire are sweating. As soon as they are steamed enough Poly takes them in hand. See how he rube and punches them. No wonder that little fellow on his back is so frightened-looking. Percy Haw Haw, the Dude, is waiting his turn in his hathroots. He is wendering how he will be able to stand Poly's treatment. The next stage is to jump off that apring board into the key cold water. Old Doe, is right on hand to see that no one sceapes. One of his helpers is right there in the water to give the Dou Dade a good scrabbing. Bimiles, the Clown, is feeling the water. He thinks it is pretty coid for taking a plungs bath. He will soon know how it feels for that young reacal behind him is going to push him in head first. In the last part of the treatment the Dou Dade are to take that wonderful shower bath. From the looks of the Dou Dad who is in it now it cannot be vary pleasant. Roly is also helping Doe. Sawbones. His part is to give the Dou Dade a plunge bath with that wonderful contrivence. He was just letting one of them down when a young rascal with a catapoit let fly and struck him on the hand with a stone. He had to let go, with the result that the Dou Dad is getting an awful dacking. See the horrified look on Sleepy Saw's face. Financelfest, the cop, thinks if there is anyone in the Wonderland of Dou who needs a bath, it is the dirty little hobo. After Doe. Sawbones and his helpers get through with him he will be a better looking Dou Dad.





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