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Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

THE PRIZE WINNERS

Such a time as I have had judging the prize stories. It is a very long time indeed, since so many good ones have been sent for any contest. But of course you are in a great hurry to know who are the prize winners. The prizes have been won by Ione Graham, age 12, Wellwood, Man.; Merle Palmer, age 12, Stavely, Alta. and Donald McKenzie, age 12, Wellwyn, Sask. Honorable mention is due the following writers: Elizabeth Baxter, age 12, Enderby, B.C.; Alice S. Japp, age 13; Robina Melvin, age 10, Pierson, Man.; Kristine Kaldor, age 10, Loreburn, Sask.; Marguerite Buchanan, age 14, Justice, Man.; Edna Hicks, age 9, Red Deer, Alta.; Gladys Lindgren, age 10, Biggar, Sask.; David S. Shellenberg, age 10, Herbert, Sask.; Nellie Phillips, age 9, Tilston, Man.; Llewelyn Jones, age 15, New Osgoode, Sask.; Annie Girling, age 12, Wawanesa, Man.; Vera A. Bacon, age 12, Kinistino, Sask.; Margaret Flaws, age 16, Rapid City, Man.; Aletha Ohr, age 13, St. Hilda's College, Calgary, Alta.; Margaret McKay, age 12, Rounthwaite, Man.; James Burke, age 12, Walpole, Sask.; Myra Serviss, age 11, Warman, Sask.; Florence McGibney, age 14, Wellwyn, Sask.; Pauline Kulak, age 14, Fort Saskatchewan, Alta.; Marjory E. Thomas, age 11, Durban, Man.; Grace Stratton, age 12, Ormiston, Sask.; Esther Ferris, age 11, Conjurong Creek, Alta.; Ruby C. Earing, age 12, Fairacres, Alta.; Mervin Patton, age 12, Margaret, Man.; Lois M. Huggell, age 10, Mere, Alta.; Edith Windrem, age 9, Weyburn, Sask.; Olga Olsen, age 13, Fairacres, Alta.

THE ADVENTURE OF A FAIRY

A Prize Story

Tina was the tiniest of all the Fairies. She lived on the edge of the forest. One day she was out walking and she came to the edge of the forest. There she saw a tiny river where a tiny boat was lying. Now Tina was a very curious little thing, and as usual, wanted to see everything. So she went into the little boat, and ran around, peeping into boxes, cans and barrels.

She didn't feel the boat as it slipped slowly from the shore and down the river. When she was finished looking around, she climbed a ladder to the edge of the boat and looked over. Oh! Oh! Oh! The boat was just passing the last little bit of Fairyland.

Poor Tina! She screamed and cried till her pretty little face was almost black. When she found she could make no one hear she lay down and sobbed herself to sleep.

She woke up with a start when her boat hit the shore of a tiny island. She climbed to the edge of the boat and peeped over. Oh! what a lovely island! It had trees on every side, and near the shore was a circle of trees, and in the center was a dear little cottage covered with vines creeping over the whole house.

Tina's curiosity got the best of her again and she ran up the steps and rang the bell. She waited and listened. At last she heard someone coming to the door. The door opened and a little tiny Brownie came out and took Tina in. Then they had tea, and Brownie cleared the table and washed the dishes. Then they sat down and talked for a while, and then the Brownie said, "I am living here all alone."

"And I am lost and all alone too," said Tina.

"Then that is just right," said the Brownie, "that is just what I wanted." Will you be my wife and then neither of us will be lonely?

"I will," answered Tina. And so it was that Tina and the Brownie whose name was Tommy were married, and lived a long and happy life in the cottage by the sea.

IONE GRAHAM,
 Wellwood, Man. Age 12.

THE BRAVE BLOSSOM

Once there was a little geranium that lived on a window-sill. Altho it was small it was quite beautiful. Everyone admired its slender stem, glossy green leaves and crown of cheerful, scarlet blossoms. Each morning it greeted its

friend, the Sun, bending as far out of the pot as it dared and smiling brightly.

But the day came when the Sun was hidden by grey clouds, and queer things were happening on the other side of the glass. The trees carelessly dropped their leaves, and the pink rose that lived outside the window was pale and drooped as tho tired.

"What is it? This great change?" asked the geranium in alarm.

"We are sleepy," the rose answered drowsily, and would say no more to the bewildered geranium.

It became very cold and all the trees and bushes seemed dead.

"But they are only sleeping," thought the geranium, remembering what the rose had told it. While it was musing on these things, the Snow Queen silently appeared. With gentle fingers she spread a soft, white blanket over them, and tucked them in.

Not a moment too soon either, for out of the north came King Winter. He was in a furious rage and sought to destroy everything in sight. When he discovered the gay little geranium it did not improve his temper. With an angry roar he rushed to the window, but found there was an invisible barrier that kept him out. He was baffled, but determined to kill the little flower.

Night after night he tried to reach thru the glass with his icy fingers, and at length he succeeded. When he saw the scarlet head drop and the green leaves shrivelled and brown, he shrieked with glee and went howling away.

Next morning Dorothea cried.

"Look at my geranium, its quite dead." But mother said:

"No, the roots are still alive," and she cut away the withered leaves and stem and set it in a warm place. For weeks there was no sign of life. Then a wee bit of green peeped above the earth, and tiny leaves appeared. It grew rapidly and at length it burst into bloom. Now the little geranium was prettier than ever and smiled in the sunshine once more.

ELIZABETH BAXTER,
 Enderby, B.C. Age 12.

A FAIRY STORY

One day I saw little fairies on a pond. There was a king fairy, and a queen fairy and there were many other fairies too. These fairies were doing their exercises. When the wind blew the fairies bent down, but when the wind stopped they stood up straight. The queen had a wand in her hand.

When the sun came out all the pretty fairies went away, but when the sun went to bed at night the little fairies came out again that night. They went away again when the sun came out next day.

NELLIE PHILIP,
 Tilston, Man. Age 9.

BURIED IN A STOOK

Before threshing my father had put up a barn made of poles, and when the threshers came they threshed over it. But when we dug the straw away from the door we found it half fallen down. One day when cousin-Willie came to see me, we were playing with our dogs on the roof. We fell and it became dark as we had fallen thru the roof.

The straw had come along and we could feel nothing but loose straw. We caught a hold of each other with one hand and dug with the other. When we had dug in the dark for a long time we got to daylight.

When we had gotten out we could not see our dogs, but heard them whining, so we thought for a while, then we crept down the same way and brought our dogs out thru the hole we had dug. After thinking it over again we thought it was great fun running down at the top and coming out in the bottom with our dogs.

The next day we worked hard putting up poles and cleaning up loose straw and made it a nice room. We did not come in at the top any more because the straw would come after into the room.

We are still having fun in the straw-stack and will all winter if nothing will break it down.

RUBEN NELSON,
 Pennant, Sask. Age 11.

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