

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

"MAY WE TRY AGAIN"

Several who have won prizes have asked me this question "May we try again?" Of course you may, again and again and again. I hope that none of you are just writing for the prizes. Don't you know that merely to send a story good enough to print is quite a feather in your cap, for the circle of Young Canadians is widening and only good stories can get into the page.

I don't want this to make you afraid to try, for one little girl who wrote us a perfectly splendid story said she hardly dreamed she would win a prize because she was only ten years old.

Another little girl writes, "It is the very nicest club I ever belonged to," and so it should be if we would all turn right in and work with a will, trying to see what splendid stories we could send

prize photo. Mama wrote and ordered two extra papers for which I enclose ten cents also five cents for a button if you have one.

I will close now with love.

EILEEN GILLIES.

I am sorry we have not a button as yet but we are considering them and promise to forward one as soon as they arrive.

Dear Dixie Patton—I received my prize, "Facing Death" and I wish to thank you for it. It is a dandy and we all enjoyed reading it.

If there is another Camera Contest there will likely be more trying from around here. I should have written before but as it was raining I could get no chance to send a letter to the post-office. I remain, Yours truly

KENNETH SUTHERLAND.

Dear Dixie Patton—I am enclosing a print of two of our colts. The one drinking we call Sandy, the other, Baby. Sandy is an orphan and is having his dinner in the picture. Baby is stealing some of Sandy's oats.

Hoping that you will see fit to enter my picture in the contest, I remain,

Yours truly,

ANNIE HANSON, (Age 16)

Certified: Mrs. A. Hanson.

Your picture arrived too late for the competition but as it is such an excellent one I am going to print it in our page and hope that you will compete in the camera contest which we are going to start soon.

HORSE HEROES

Told by a Horse.

In the year nineteen hundred and eight a fierce prairie fire, ranging from one to two miles long, burnt all the prairie black for eight or ten miles. Amidst the columns of black smoke were to be seen bright red flames of fire, as it devoured everything in its way, not stopping for any obstacle, and no one beheld the fire without being smitten with fear.

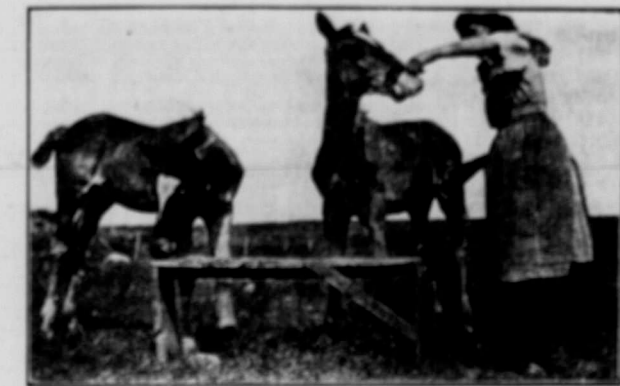
About ten o'clock in the forenoon the fire was about six miles away. At twelve o'clock the fire seemed to be conquered, for there were men trying to put it out all the time. Then all of a sudden the fire broke out anew. This I heard my master telling to a friend a few days after the fire. My master, my mate, and I had just gone for a load of wood, starting at five o'clock in the morning. On the 30th of September, about noon, we reached the bush, tired and exhausted. After getting our dinners my master cut a load of wood. We stayed at the bush all night. Before dawn we started for home. We were very glad to start for home, for the night was dark and cold.

At noon we came to a neighbor's, about three miles from our place. We got our dinners at his place. After dinner I heard some one exclaim: "How smoky it is!" "Yes, I wonder where the fire is?" I listened in amazement to this conversation. Then I heard them sprawling on to the roof of the barn to see where the fire was. "It is near my place," I heard my master say. This proved to be true.

My master started for home, my mate and I with him. He got on horseback, and we started off at a quick trot. When about a mile from home, we ran faster, for we saw our barn on fire.

How sorry I was when I reached home to find my three comrades burned to death.

That night we had to sleep outside, for our barn and all our hay and oats were burnt in the fire. We had a little hay, which our master had borrowed from a neighbor, and some burnt oats for our supper. For many nights we had to sleep out in the cold and rain. As the results from the fire, and no barn, I took paralysis from which I never recovered.



At Play with Sandy and Baby.

in and not minding a bit who wins the prize.

Read the prize stories over carefully and try to better the best and, as I said before, you can be sure that Dixie Patton at least will like what you send in.

DIXIE PATTON.

Address all letters to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

A STORY PRIZE WINNER

Dear Editor of Young Canada Club:—I received the book, "Through the Little Green Door," and I think it is a dandy. I like that kind of a book and I thank you very heartily for it. But I can hardly understand how a simple little story like mine could win a prize. I do not believe I would have tried for it if the prizes had not been books, for I love reading so I read this "Through the Little Green Door" in one day, and went to school besides.

This is the nicest club I think I ever joined.

We have school here and I am in the fourth grade. I have been in it for a year but don't know when I will get through it as we have so little school. We have only about twenty-one months of school in three years.

We live on a farm, about six miles from town. I have a calf myself. Her name is Jessie. She is a fine calf. If we stay here I can have all of her calves. So you see that would bring me in a lot of money. Or at least, quite a lot for a girl of ten years.

When the "mosquito season" was on it was fun to watch the cows and chickens. The chickens would pick them, the mosquitoes, all off the cows, even jumping up to get them. I've seen them even take them off the end of the cow's nose and they would hold down their heads so the chickens could. And once, Jessie's mother even got down on her knees. Indeed she did, for the whole family saw her. I think dumb brutes know and understand more than we give them credit for. Don't you think so?

But my letter is getting long, and my time short, so I will close with the very best wishes for the club.

PRAIRIE ROSE.

Try again, Ruth, and don't mind if you don't win a prize next time.—D.P.

TWO CAMERA PRIZE WINNERS

Dear Dixie Patton:—I must thank you very much for the two very nice books. I had no idea I should win the second book, it was quite a surprise.

We have not had the G.G.G. for two weeks. Hope we have not missed the

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