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By DIXIE PATTON

A BIG COMPETITION

Well, Chickabiddies, you have done nobly. I've stacks and stacks and stacks of letters piled upon my desk, and as far as I have been able to read them between whiles, they are splendid letters and tell me exactly, or, as a wee boy friend of mine used to say, "kerzactly," what I wanted to know.

You'll have to allow me a wee bit breathing space before I decide about the prize winners, because it's no small task to pick only three prize winners out of such piles of letters.

I'm telling you about the great numbers of letters so that you won't be disappointed if yours does not appear in print for quite a long time. It does not necessarily mean that I do not like your letter, but somebody's has to wait, you know, when only a few letters can get into the paper each week.

And now, thanks very much for the splendid way you have entered into this competition, little folk. I feel that we shall be much better friends in the future, since I know the sort of things you like to have and do.

DIXIE PATTON.

A PIONEER STORY

One day, when my great-grandmother first came to Ontario, she heard a noise out in the milk-house, so she went out and found that the dog was at a bear.

The bear made a run at the dog and the dog ran past her.

As the bear was going past, she struck the dog and knocked her down. She jumped up and ran into the house. The bear ran and sat down just outside the door.

The only ones in the house were my grandmother and four little children, so she had to keep a fire on all night and when the sticks would burn up she would throw the "fire-end" at the bear.

The bear stayed there till it began to be daylight and then it went away.

MARGARET McLAREN.
Lenore, Man., age 11.

SPORT

I have a dog, his name is Sport. One Saturday night, about two years ago, as he was going to the barn after dark, a horse kicked him and broke his front leg. Papa was going to kill him, but we felt so bad that he would not. Mamma tied it up and kept him in the house for a month. He is very good for bringing the cows. He pulls me on the sleigh in winter.

HAZEL BAILEY.
Bengough, Sask., age 12 years.

MY HORSE

I have an old horse. His name is Chub. He is twenty years old. I can do anything with him. My sister and I drive him to school sometimes. When it is real cold in the winter we cannot hold him. When I am riding him after the cows, he will bite them if they don't go as fast as he wants to go. If any of them turn out of the road he will go after them without me turning him. He will not hurt little colts. My sister rides him in the winter and pulls me on the sleigh.

ROBERT BAILEY.
Bengough, Sask., age 10 years.

A LITTLE DOG

My brother owned a dog whose name was Gypsy. One day, as father was out getting water, he found her lying outside the stable door. As he came nearer he saw that she was nearly dead, so he took her home and made her a bed on the floor and left her there till morning. When he awoke he found her walking around. He tried to give her something to eat, but she did not eat much, so father left her till next morning, and when he came to look at her he found that she was dead. So that was the last of poor Gypsy.

ADA PAULSON.
Fishing Lake, Sask., age 11 years.

THE HUNT FOR HIS HORSE

Bennie and Fred lived together in a little log house in Norway. One morning Bennie went to look for his horse. He looked and looked in the woods, and he came to a big house where some underground people were living. These people were having a big time. They were

having a wedding and he was asked to stay. He stayed for four days and then he went home. He couldn't find his hat. He looked and looked, but couldn't find it. So one of the underground people gave Bennie his hat. He went home and went into the house and spoke to Fred. Fred said, "I can't see you, where are you?"

"I'm right here, can't you see me?" Then Bennie got kind of mad and took off his hat and said, "Can you see me now?"

Fred answered "Yes." Whenever Bennie put on that hat no one could see him.

EMMA SCHEIL.
Duhemel, Alta., age 10.

A NARROW ESCAPE

In wintertime in Northern Ontario hundreds of men endure all kinds of hardships looking for gold. About thirty miles from where we used to live there is a great gold-mining camp. A party of men were looking for gold. They were travelling on snow-shoes and they had to go down a steep hill which led across a river. One of the men was crossing the river and the ice broke, letting him fall in. His friend was hurrying to him when he fell head first into the snow and his snow-shoe caught on a tree. There he hung by one leg. Luckily he had a small axe with him and he cut himself loose and then went and helped his friend out of the river.

ROBERT ROBERTS.
Big Stone, Alta., age 8 years.

IRELAND

When one first sees Ireland from the deck of a ship, you wonder how this rocky coast could be called, "The Emerald Isle," but as you go on you realize that Ireland is indeed a picturesque country.

Down on the wharf there is generally a group of rough men who laugh hilariously and joke with each other. Near them are horses tied to posts, each hitched to a cart. These carts are on two wheels, with three seats, one in the front and one on each side. If there is only one person in these jaunting-cars, as they are called, the driver sits on the other side to balance it.

While there recently we engaged one and drove to Cork, a busy city on the river Lee. We visited the shops to see how the Irish do their work. Then we went to the shore to see the ships coming into harbor and to hear sailors answering to their captain's command, "Ay, ay, sir." As it was getting dusk we engaged a suite of rooms in the "Shamrock Hotel." We found the hotel comfortable and by morning we were ready to visit a neighboring town.

As we passed farms on our journey we could see peasants working in the fields. Here was a man cutting a small field of oats with a scythe, which seemed very antique to us. Not a hundred yards away another man was digging potatoes, while children picked them up.

Central Ireland is very good farming land. There are swamps of peat, a spongy vegetable substance which dries when put in bricks and set in the sun. Then it is ready for fuel.

Then we arrived at Dublin, a prosperous city on the north-west coast. Poplin, a half cotton, half silk cloth, is made extensively there. The women also make beautiful lace and it is for sale in nearly all the shops.

Our stay at Dublin was short, but at Londonderry we visited with friends. While visiting a nearby hamlet we saw a "Wake." That is, after a person has died, he is put on a bed and mourned for. Then liquor is passed around and both sexes drink and smoke. At the burial the women show their grief by weeping profusely.

Slowly we wended our way to the busy port where we landed. We had seen all the beautiful lakes, the rugged hills, the rocky coast and the bustling towns.

Then we came back on the "Oceanic" across the Atlantic ocean. In due time we reached Halifax, N.S., where we boarded the train and arrived at our destination with the vision of Ireland still vivid in our minds.

ARDENE EDYTHE BLACK.
Gull Lake, Sask.