

# Young Canada Club

*By Dixie Patton*

## A Merry Christmas

**I**T was very early on Christmas morning when Mary awoke. She lay still a short while, wondering what she would find in her stocking. Then she got up and tip-toed out to where her stocking was hanging. She took it down and looked in. Oh what toys! In the stocking there was an apple, some grapes, a whistle, and lots of candy and nuts. Below the stocking there was a large doll with lovely brown eyes that could open and shut. She had a pink silk dress on. Her ribbon was also pink. Oh, she was a beauty! There was a set of white dishes with pink flowers on them. She was so happy she could hardly eat her breakfast. After breakfast, Mary and her mother got ready for church, and Mary's father harnessed the horses to the sleigh and brought it to the house. They wrapped up well, for it was snowing. There were many people in church that day. After church they went out to Mary's grandma's for dinner. For dinner they had roast turkey, mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce, plum-pudding and fruit cake. Then Mary and all the other children had a surprise; for there, in the parlor, was a great Christmas tree. It was decorated with holly, mistletoe, gilded nuts, strings of popcorn and cranberries, Christmas bells and candles. There were presents for all the children. After a while they got out their sleds and skates and played outside. In the evening they sang songs and roasted chestnuts. Late that night they went home, all agreeing they had had a Merry Christmas.—Grace L. Schill, Age 10, New Dayton, Alta.

## A Christmas Letter

"I'll write a letter to Santa,"  
Said little Ned, one day,  
"It's snowing outside,  
And I can't go out and play."  
His letter said, "Dear Santa,  
When you come here tonight,  
Please bring a book and a sled,  
And I'd like a nice new kite."

And when you come down our chimney,  
I'll try to be in bed,  
And I'll be just as good as gold.  
Good bye, from little Ned."

The letter must have reached Santa,  
For on Christmas, when Ned looked  
round,  
He saw his sled, his book, his kite,  
And other things he found.

"I'll write to Santa every time,"  
Said Ned that Christmas day,  
"And I'll give it to papa to mail,  
For I think that's the safest way."  
—Edith W. Clarke.

## The Story of the Christmas Tree

I am a fir tree or a Christmas tree, as the children call me. I live in Pine Forest, with a great many other pine trees. One day two men came through Pine Forest. One of them looked at me, then said to the other man, "That is the best I have seen yet. We will take it." Then they came over to me and began to cut me down. As they cut me they talked. One of them said, "We will come here tonight and get it, then fix it up when we get it home. Its branches are just right to hang the Christmas presents on."

By this time they had finished cutting me down, and when they went

away I wondered what Christmas presents were, but I afterwards found out. I stayed awake that night, wondering what was to become of me. After dark the two men came back. They took my trunk in their arms and dragged me to a house where a light was shining in a window. They then let me drop outside a door and went in. I heard them talking but could not distinguish what they said. A little while after I heard someone hammering. Then one of the men came and pulled me into a room. There was a green box on the floor with pictures of a big, fat man, dressed in a suit of red trimmed with fur. He had a cap of the same, and a great big bag over his shoulder. In another corner there was a couple of pails of earth. One of the men put some of the earth out of one of the pails into the green box and packed it down, then put me in, then more earth, and so on, until the box was full and I stood up straight in the middle of the box.

In the middle of one side of the room was a fire-place with a few red coals in it. I heard something ticking, which was very annoying. I heard a faint sound of bells and a patter of hoofs. I heard a noise up the chimney, and down slipped a man just like the pictures on the box. I must say I was

a little frightened, but my fear soon vanished when I saw what a jolly fellow he was.

"So they have got ready for me, ah! Well, I'll begin at once." With that he opened his pack and took out a pretty doll, dressed in pink silk, then one just the same, only dressed in blue, and hung them on me. Then bugles, drums, candy, marbles and a lot of books and many other things, until he could not put anything else on me. He took a great long string of holly and hung it all around me. Then, gathering up his pack, he jumped up the chimney and drove away.

Next morning I heard some children laughing and talking. Then the door opened and they rushed into the room. My, how happy they were. They put a table in the room and had breakfast. Then one of the men who had cut me down came and gave out the presents to the people. After that came dinner. They had a great big turkey, pie and I couldn't tell you half, because I didn't know the names of them.

At night there was a fine concert. Next morning I was taken outside. I heard the man say I could be made into fine lumber, and when I am made into something, I will tell you what happened to me.—Marjorie Clark, age 11, Stonewall, Man.

## How Christmas Came

Many years ago there lived a good little boy. He worked very hard to earn his living. His daddy was out digging coal mines. So Bertie, the little boy, had to support his mother and four little brothers. He was always happy. Christmas was drawing near. So Bertie and his mother tried very hard to get some little gift for the children. Bertie found a lovely pine tree. So he and his mother fixed it up. Christmas came. The children were very happy. In the afternoon their papa came home. He was now a rich man. Bertie had no more hard work to do. There was happiness in the family ever afterwards.—Minnie Benjestorf, age 10, Melville, Sask.

BANG! GO THE FIREWORKS. AWAY GO THE DOO DADS.

THE Doo Dads have got themselves into a peck of trouble this time for sure. They are being worse hit than when the Hundads invaded the Wonderland of Doc. They were just going to have a great display of fireworks when the accident happened. They had a big box of rockets and fire wheels ready for the big show, when Raly and Poly, the Twins, fired a shell into it from a toy cannon. Then bang! Off went the fireworks all at once. The poor Doo Dads are being scattered in every direction. Some are being carried away by the rockets. Wouldn't it be a terrible thing if they sailed away out of Wonderland altogether! If they do one of them might drop into your backyard. If you should find one be sure and take good care of him and send him back to the Artist, who will see that he arrives safely to the Wonderland of Doc again.

Sleepy Sam was enjoying a snooze on the bench when one of the young rascals put a firecracker in his mouth and lit it. Another is firing off a cracker on the seat beside him. He will be sure to have a rude awakening this time. The casualties are already coming in. Here are two Doo Dads who are rushing to Old Doc Sawbones' surgery for first aid. When that cracker on Doc's hat goes off he may need first aid himself, and who will there be to give it! If the Doo Dads don't look out they will be getting into some scrape yet in which some of them will be killed.

