

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

WHY WE GIVE BOOK PRIZES

Because books are the one commodity of which one cannot have too much, and because if they are worth reading at all they will still be worth reading when the years have slipped away with your childhood.

Don't imagine for a minute that these prize story books are dull tales of goody goody little boys and girls who never do anything that they are forbidden and who would scorn to quarrel or fight. Take, for example, the story of "The Seven Little Australians," which was won by a lucky little maiden last winter, and who wrote back to say that it was one of the best stories she had ever read.

"The Seven Little Australians" were dreadful children, but you could not more help loving them than a rabbit can help gloating over a meal of cabbage leaves or carrots. Indeed, as is the way with human nature, the very worst one of the lot one loved the most. Then there was "The Bird's Christmas Carol," one of the most beautiful Christmas stories ever written, and the girl who won it was made happy for a year, and we could go on and on telling of the pleasure our young folk have had out of their books.

The reason I mention this is because I want the boys and girls who read this page to take an interest in every book that is given as a prize, and next week we will announce the prize winners and probably the names and nature of the books.

DIXIE PATTON.

A BROKEN PIPE

It was about six years ago that I had an unlucky fall. We used to live in a house in which it was only half upstairs and a pole set straight up with some short pieces of lumber hammered crossways we used for stairs.

One day, when we had a party, I went upstairs and was playing with a little bottle which I called my watch. As I was playing I fell down on my great uncle, who was sitting below smoking his pipe. I fell on his pipe and broke it and spilt his tobacco. He got mad. The rest of them laughed at me and always had a joke on me about it. This was not the first time I had fallen down. Now we have a new house, so I have not fallen any more.

CARL BRENNE.

Lintlaw, Sask., Age 12.

A JACK RABBIT'S ADVENTURE

I am a big rabbit and have had many adventures, one of which I will tell you about:—

One bright, moonlight winter night I told my friends I was going over to John Smith's garden to get some cabbage roots which had been left in the garden. They told me not to go because they had seen someone up there setting a trap. I did not listen to my friends, but went over to the garden. I was thinking about getting the roots and what I would do with them when all of a sudden I heard a crack and I felt a stinging pain in my leg. I was caught in a trap. I gave a tug at the trap, but it was tied to a cabbage root. I chewed furiously at the root and pulled the trap away.

I did not go to my friends because I knew they would make fun of me, so I went to a big snow bank and made a rather big hole and went in and lay down. When I awoke in the morning I saw another rabbit by my side. The rabbit was lying on the spring of the trap. The jaws of the trap were open. I pulled my foot out. Then I looked at the rabbit by my side. It was my brother. I could never express my gratitude and love towards my brother when I found I was free once again.

DEWI RICHARDS.

ALONE IN THE DARK

I was born in Eastern Ontario, on a farm of about 100 acres. There was a creek running thru it, and there were

also a number of steep hills and big stones on it.

When I was about six years old my father and brother came out west, leaving my mother, grandmother, sister and myself alone.

My grandmother was away visiting and there were only my mother, sister and myself at home. One bright warm afternoon my mother and sister went away about five miles for a visit, and I was to go to a neighbor's and was to come home at sunset, as they were to be back by then. I came home at sunset and found no one at home. So I thought I would go in the house and wait, but I could not get the door unlocked, and as it was now growing dark I was scared to stay alone, so I thought I would go and meet them. There was a large wood that I thought they might come thru as it was nearer, but as I was afraid to go thru it, I followed the road around it. I kept going along looking on each side that nothing was going to jump on me. I kept walking on till I came to a bridge about two miles from home, but could not see any sign of them, as they had taken the near way thru the woods. I now started for home again. When I reached home there was no one there, but I found the door open. I went in and went to bed.

At this time my mother was milking and my sister had gone to the neighbors to get me, but when she reached there they told her that I had gone home, so one of the girls came back with her, as they were getting rather uneasy about me. When they came in the house they saw a paper which I had brought home with me, so they knew I was home. They called me and I answered, and I told them I was upstairs. They came up and found me in bed and very much frightened after my tramp in the dark.

N.A.W.

Age 13 years.

THE SNOW STORM

We live on the farm. We are seven children, so there is a lot to do. It takes all mother's time to make the meals, mend our clothes and look after the cattle. So I have to keep the house tidy, which is a terrible job, for the children drag everything around so I never can have it like I want it. Besides I have to wash all the dishes, so I have enough to do.

One day I thought I would go for a walk. It looked as if it was going to snow, but I did not mind.

I had not gone far before it began to snow and the wind blew terribly. I knew I could not go home the way I came, for it would be too far. So I thought I would go a short way home. There was a path going thru a bluff a short distance from where I was.

I ran as fast as I could. The snow beat me in the face and I was terribly cold. At last I reached the path, but to my astonishment the snow had blown over the path. I sat down in the snow. I saw a light in the distance but there was so much snow I could not go to it.

It came nearer and at last it came up to where I was. It was my father. He had grown anxious when I did not come home.

Soon I was in the sleigh and I found myself at home. But I thought it much better afterwards to stay at home and wash dishes than to get lost in a snow storm.

MARY CLASON.

Age 12 years.

MY DUCKING

When I was about seven years of age my mother took me with her to a town, where we stopped for a couple of weeks.

One day when we were down by a river I got into a boat with some more boys and girls. I was sitting on the side of the boat when the boat struck the bridge, and I fell out into the water.


I was under water for quite a while, but when I came up the oldest girl caught hold of my coat and pulled me out. I was very wet and was hurried home to get my clothes changed.

JOSEPH E. BRINKWORTH,
Taylorton, Sask.

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