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Yours very truly,
(Signed) Albert Young

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Reported... Aug. 4, 1915
Adjusted... Aug. 5, 1915
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Young Canada Club

BY DIXIE PATTON

DON'T YOU WANT A PRIZE?

This is positively the last notice concerning the story contest for September, so all the little folk who have meant to try for a prize, but who have been putting it off from day to day, had best bestir themselves.

The story is to be about the insect, bird or animal among the wild things which seems to the writer to be best fitted for life, that is for getting its living and for hiding from or defeating its enemies.

Write the story any way you please so that it is pleasant to read, but be sure to keep in mind the following rules:

Have your mother, father, or teacher certify that the story is altogether your own work, and that the age given is correct.

Write in pen and ink, and on only one side of the paper, and address your letter clearly to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

Prizes of three very jolly story books, or nature books, as the prize winners prefer, will be sent out to the writers of the three best stories submitted before September 20.

DIXIE PATTON

THE ROAD UP THE HILL

"You are to carry a message for the duke to his brother, the king, who lives at the top of the mountain," said the knight in charge of the little pages to Gervaine.

"I don't want to climb that mountain; it is too high," said little Gervaine.

"But the duke has given his orders and you must obey," said the knight, handing him the letter with its huge red seal.

So Gervaine started in the direction of the king's palace at the top of the high, high hill. Indeed it was a high hill, and at every step the road grew steeper.

"I shall never, never, reach the top," he complained. "My feet are sore already and my back aches." But just then he saw a gay little striped chipmunk running along in the path ahead of him. The chipmunk had a little wild plum in his paws, and because he was afraid that Gervaine was the kind of little boy who would chase him and try to hurt him, he made great haste and dropped his wild plum. It rolled to the side of the road and he went on without it.

"Wait a minute, Master Chipmunk! Here is your plum. Oh, please do not run so fast," called Gervaine. But the faster Gervaine ran and the more loudly he called, the faster it went.

"You wild, shy little thing!" laughed Gervaine. "I couldn't hurt you if I wanted to, because I am a king's page and can hurt no dumb beast. See, here is your plum." He laid it down a safe distance from the tree and watched as the chipmunk came out cautiously and picked it up. Then Gervaine looked up.

He was one-quarter of the long way up the hill!

Just as he had passed beyond a bend in the road where there was a flat place and a herd-boy pastured his goats, Gervaine heard a cry. The flock was gone, but caught in the bushes was a little kid. It had lost its way and could not find its mother.

Gervaine took the frightened little creature in his arms and covered it over with his coat, for it was growing late in the day and the woods were chill with frost. "Don't cry," said Gervaine, "perhaps your mother is just a little way ahead and waiting for you. I know she is, for here are the foot-prints of the flock."

It was as pleasant as the game of "follow-my-leader" that Gervaine and the other little pages played in the castle courtyard, to follow the foot-prints of the flock, and Gervaine soon overtook them. There at the end straggled the mother goat, longing for her little one.

Gervaine was now half-way up the hill!

The goatherd was a little boy of Gervaine's age. "Will you walk a way

with me?" he asked. "I can show you where the blue gentian grows, but we will not pick it."

So Gervaine walked beside the goatherd and they sat down to rest beside the beautiful blue gentian, and Gervaine gave almost all of his luncheon to the little boy, who had not eaten since morning. He had been picking up fagots for his mother's fire, and the bundle was very heavy.

"I will carry your fagots for you," Gervaine said, slinging them across his back. He carried them as far as the little brown hut where the herdboys lived. They gave him a drink of warm, sweet goat's milk, and then he started on alone.

He was three-quarters of the way up the hill!

"I am afraid of the dark! I don't dare go home,"

Gervaine started and listened. It was a little girl, such a beautiful little girl; her long brown braids were caught back with gold bands and her embroidered silk gown, torn by the bushes, dragged in the dirt.

"Who are you?" asked Gervaine.

"I am Rosamond who lives at the top of the hill," the child sobbed. "I followed a butterfly out of the garden when no one saw me. It flew up to the sky and now I cannot find my way back."

"Come with me," said Gervaine, taking her hand and hurrying on. "I am not afraid. See, the evening star is up and there are lights just ahead of us."

Oh, they had reached the top of the hill!

There was great excitement at the palace gate. A shout arose as the two, Gervaine and Rosamond, entered.

"Here is the little lost Rosamond, our Princess Rosamond."

The king himself came out and smiled at Gervaine as he read the letter.

"One of my most faithful pages whom I send to you to be your squire," it read.

"And you brought my little strayed daughter safely home! Was it a long climb up the hill, my lad?" asked the king.

"No, your majesty, it was very short," answered Gervaine.

A QUAIN MOTHER

A year ago last spring my brother and I went down to the pond for a ride. As we were coming back we tried to catch a young rabbit, but lost sight of it, so we went on our way, but did not get far before we saw a partridge sitting in an opening. We went up to it, but it ran away on the ground flopping its wings as tho it was crippled. We thought she had little ones, so we ran up to see them, but to our surprise we found three little tame chickens that had been just hatched a day or so.

We carried them up to the house. Our parents could hardly believe us, but we all went down and took the little chickens with us, and the partridge claimed them.

Mother took the chickens, but she said if it hadn't been for the coyotes she would have let her raise them.

LOYED LESLIE MCGINITIE.
Tofield, Alta., R. R. No. 2.

A TERRIBLE FRIGHT

Once, when my friend Laura and I were picking flowers in the woods, we heard something growling and snarling.

We listened awhile and then Laura whispered: "It must be a bear!"

She frightened me and we both started for home. When we reached home I told my uncle about it and he thought we had better go and find out what it was. When we reached there we found that it was our dog and cat, Rex and Fuzzy. We went near to see what had caused their trouble.

Fuzzy had found a nest of little rabbits and she, thinking they were kittens, was protecting them from being eaten by Rex.

My uncle laughed at us a great deal, and then we took the rabbits home and tamed them.

ESTHER PAINTIN.

Age 10.



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