

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

THE PRIZE WINNERS

When it came down to the very last sifting out of the prize winners, it was rather difficult work, but three ex-teachers concentrated their brains upon the important matter, and here is the result:—

The three prizes are awarded to Olive K. G. Young, Seal, Alta., age 12; David Davidson, Wakopa, Manitoba, age 13, and Clara Smith, Lakeland, Manitoba, age 16, with Flossy Smith, age 13, a close fourth, only there is no fourth prize, unfortunately.

Olive Young's story is outstandingly good, because she made a very interesting narrative out of what would have been a very ordinary happening if it had not been well told, tho it was not quite as well written, from the standpoint of penmanship, as the others.

The judges liked David Davidson's story because it was so human and natural, and altho he left out a few words and mis-spelled one or two others, he made the kiddies and Grandma and Grandpa so real to them that they thought his work well deserving of a prize.

Clara Smith's story is good and has the quality of suspense well worked out. The only possible fault to be found with it is that it strains slightly after effect. Some of the descriptive phrases are commonplace, while others again are distinctly clever.

But on the whole these three young folk have reason to feel exceedingly proud that, out of the stacks and stacks of stories from all over the country, theirs were the best, and I venture to hope that when they send in contributions to the next contest the faults that I have mentioned in the work of each will have been eliminated, and they will send perfect compositions.

DIXIE PATTON.

Honorable Mention

Very special mention is accorded the following tiny folk: Dorothy Stevenson, Morris, Man., age 6; Freda Byers, St. Claude, Man., age 7; Mabel Ruth Parker, Windy Ridge, Alta., age 9; Evelena Byers, St. Claude, Man., age 9; Dora M. Anderson, Blucher, Sask., age 9; Mary Long, Heron, Sask., age 8; Alice Allred, Twin Butte, Alta., age 8.

Also to the following older folk: Olive Woodward, North Battleford, Sask., age 14; Estella Little, Ponoka, Alta., age 15; Eva M. Metcalf, Bowsman River, age 14; Marjory Auld, Rosetown, Sask., age 15; Maynard Metcalf, Bowsman River, Man., age 11; Fern A. Bowles, Dropmore, Man., age 15; Lillian Hopkins, Masinasin, Alta., age 10; Harry H. Birnie, Wawota, Sask., age 12; Leona Miller, Wild Rose, Sask., age 13; Lottie Cox, Millet, Alta., age 13; Mildred Jacoby, Landis, Sask., age 14; Erick Pearson, Menisino, Man., age 13.

THE CREMATION OF CAROLINA JEMIMA

(A Prize Story)

When I was two years old an aunt of mine died, leaving me as a legacy an antiquated doll, which had seen her younger days, forty years ago.

This doll was dressed as an old-fashioned lady, with long curls down each side of her waxen face, from which every vestige of color, eyebrows and mouth was washed. The dress was light brown color, trimmed with black lace and black velvet, and the skirt was honored with a train.

Now, when that doll was already more than forty years old before she came into my hands, it is to be wondered that she soon began to sawdust thru her funny little feet. I was very fond of Carolina Jemima, consequently everywhere that Olive went her doll was sure to go, thereby leaving a trail of sawdust behind me, up the stairs and into the bedrooms, down the stairs and into the garden; in fact, everywhere, until at last mother could stand it no longer, and decided to burn Carolina Jemima.

So one day my elder sister took me up town, with the alluring promise of

a new doll. Meanwhile my beloved Carolina Jemima was consigned to the flames of the kitchen fire. My new doll was a regular beauty, she was made of wood, with rosy cheeks and a prominent wooden nose.

I remember how joyfully I walked home, and with what pride I paraded my new prize round the house, for the approbation of the family, who promptly dubbed her Peggy Dina.

Then I laid her on the sofa, and went off to find Carolina Jemima, who I thought must be waiting for an introduction to her sister, in the place I had left her, but 'the bird had flown! At this I was very much alarmed, and ran upstairs and down, and everywhere I could think of.

I ran to my mother saying, "I can't find my Carolina Jemima, do you know where my Carolina Jemima is?" At first she evaded me by suggesting some other place to look, thinking I should soon get tired of hunting and settle down with Peggy Dina.

At last it became bed time, and I was so distressed at the thought of going to bed without my darling Carolina Jemima that mother decided on a plan of conveying to my little mind some idea of the truth without altogether breaking my heart. So she explained that as Carolina Jemima was suffering from a bad wound in each of her legs and much patching had been of no avail, they were obliged to have a consultation over her, and had decided to cremate her as the best way to put a stop to her suffering.

Next morning, as mother and I were walking down the road, we met our next door neighbor, to whom I said, "Oh, look, Mrs. Pickles, at my lovely new Peggy Dina," then, remembering my late bereavement, I added, in a melancholy tone, "Poor Carolina Jemima was so ill she had to be crucified."

When I was seven years old we came to Canada, and while the packing was in preparation, mother suggested that since the trunks were all full to overflowing and Peggy Dina, being very advanced in years and now but a stump, she should be left behind. But tho by this time I had a collection of about seven dolls, which every night I used to undress and lay in a row beside me on my pillow, I still could not bear the thought of losing one of them.

This caused many jokes at my expense. One of my brothers suggested that if there were no room in the steamer, since she was wood, I might tie a string round her neck and tow her along behind, and tho they all laughed, I thought the idea very feasible. So when all was ready to embark, I appeared with Peggy Dina tucked under one arm.

Now I am twelve years old and Peggy Dina, divest of all her limbs and paint and hideous to the common eye, still occupies a place among my treasures, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne.

OLIVE K. G. YOUNG,

Seal, Alta.

Age 13.

BROWNIE CHASES ME

On February 9, 1914, I upset a pot of water on my foot. It was boiling hot. One week later I went to stay at a nurse's house, living on a farm, six miles north of our house. Her name was Mrs. Young.

A few weeks later one of her cows calved. It was a wild one, and about a week after I was going down to the stable when the cow saw me. Her name was Brownie. What with running and her head lowered she looked as if she meant business.

I was very much frightened, but could not run, because my foot was scalded. Faster and faster came the cow. I tried to go fast, too, first on one foot, then a hop on the other till I reached the wheat granary. There was a box in front of the door, so I just leaned over and went in head first. They said afterwards all that could be seen was a rubber and a sugar bag.

OLIVE WOODWARD,

North Battleford

Age 14

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