

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

THE CONTEST CLOSED

Watch the Young Canada Club next week for the names of the prize winners in the story contest, which has just closed. Perhaps your name will be among them.

Fewer stories than usual have been sent in for this contest for, as one little girl said, the subject is hard. Those that have been sent, however, are exceptionally good and you'll enjoy every one of them.

One thing I would like our little readers and writers to remember and that is that the Young Canada Club has very little room and so you must not feel hurt if it is a very long time before your story appears.

The stories will be judged according to the merit of the story and the age of the writer, and in this way little folk of even eight years have been among the prize winners. Watch for the names next week.

DIXIE PATTON.

A DOG FRIEND

A few years ago I stayed with my sister to go to school. She had a little terrier dog whose name was Bill.

When I came home from school he always came out to the road to meet me and to bark. When I reached the house I ate a lunch and we would go and play hiding-go-seek. I would tell him to stay somewhere and he would. Then I would hide and he would come and find me.

But one day a sad thing happened to him. This day I came home from school and he did not come and bark or run to meet me at the road. When I came to the house my sister told me my pal had died. I buried him a little distance from the house.

One day shortly afterwards it rained very hard. After the rain I made a wreath of carrot leaves and bachelor buttons and put them on his grave.

The next spring I wrote his name on his grave with flowers. After they began to peep thru the ground the worms ate the tops off the plants and they did not have blooms. Then the snow came and I could see his grave no more till spring came again.

GRACE KOECKERITZ,
Antler, Sask. Age 11.

THE BOAT RIDE

Last summer, one beautiful evening, when the sun was yet high and my work was completed I felt like going for a boat ride. There is no large lake close enough so I went to the pond. There I found my younger brother on the water with a box for his boat and my three little sisters stood near by and watched him. I too watched him for a few minutes and it seemed to go fine. I asked him to let me have a try. We could not both go in at the same time so I went alone. My brother, who was bare-footed, pushed it a little way, just to where the water was deeper and easier for me to row. I was standing up straight, for the poor boat, as I may call it, was leaking and an inch of water had already come in.

As soon as my brother took his hand from the boat it wobbled first to one side and then to the other and I kept going with it. I fell to the right and then to the left. I fell backwards and then on my nose. Before I could decide what to do I was sitting in the water up to my neck. I got up and walked out, where I was greeted with nothing but laughter and shouts of "Oh! what a show that was." Muddy and wet as I was I had to go in the house. Mother and my older sister had seen me ride in a boat too. When I came in they asked me, "How did you like your new way of boat riding?" This is a happening of mine that I shall never forget and it will make the spectators laugh every time I remind them of it.

THERESE UNTERSCHUTZ,
Age 15.

A COLD BATH

One day about five years ago next winter my brother and I were taking our cattle to a spring about a mile off. I went on ahead to chop holes in the ice around it.

I got the holes chopped and I went to watch the little fish in the water when the ice broke and I went down. I swam to the other side and had a hard time getting out.

As soon as I got out I struck for home. The snow was very deep and I fell down several times going home. When I got there every stitch on me was frozen solid and my hands were frozen badly. I fell down on the floor and could not get up, my clothes were frozen so hard. We had to cut my clothes off with the scissors. Mother was very much frightened. She made me a cup of ginger tea and rolled me in blankets beside the stove. I soon got well again, but I never will forget my January bath. It was about thirty below zero that day.

HOWARD WAUGH,
Stony Brook, Sask. Age 13 years.

CARLO'S LIFE

I am a very old dog. I am not a real black. I have a very little tail and long hair. My name is Carlo. There were four little pups besides me, and one bright sunny day a man came and offered my master five dollars for me, so he sold me.

My new master took me home in a bag. He put me in the coal shed and the first thing I knew some one fell over me. Then I was taken out of the bag. A little girl fed me more than I could eat every day. Many years after there came to my new home another dog called "Brownie." We went out one morning early for a long walk. I smelt some meat. We hunted it up and had a good feed. When we got home we felt rather funny. Brownie got kind of crazy. The family was eating breakfast. The woman came out, then she hurried back in. They brought out butter and lard and made us take it. I got all right but Brownie died.

I am greatly loved by all the family. I go for the cows and bring them home.
GLADYS SINCLAIR,
Age 16 years.

STORK LIFE

Once upon a time a stork built its nest on the roof of an old barn overgrown with moss and weeds. Mother stork sat on her four eggs all day while father stork stood as sentry on one leg on the ridge of the roof.

Soon there were four little storks. They were fed with frogs, worms and insects. After some time the youngsters grew so big they could stand straight in their nest. Then it was time for them to learn to fly, so they had to get out on the ridge of the roof. Oh! how they tottered and yet they did not fall. Mother stork flew a little way and all made a little clumsy jump.

Afterwards they could fly a little, but they could not rest on their wings in the air. When autumn came they could fly so swiftly and gracefully that it was a pleasure to see them. At last it was time to fly away to countries where it is warm, while we have winter here. When they were in the warmer lands they walked about on the shore of the river and ate frogs and other stork dainties and lived a happy life.

EDITH JOHNSON,
Bruce, Alberta. Age 15.

THE STORY OF MAC

Mac was my horse, a nice little driver. When he was a colt he would open the wire gates that were fastened by a stick. Then he would have a nice feed of grain. As he grew older he grew more mischievous. One of my brothers taught him to tell his age by pinching the shoulder muscle. He told it with his feet every time he got some sugar. Then he was taught to say yes, by pinching his breast. As he grew to a horse he was broken in to drive. My older brother had no driver so I gave him Mac. Mac grew to love his master and followed him like a dog. One day my brother drove him to a bathing place. There he was tied up and he went away to bathe. On his return he found Mac down and the shaft in his shoulder. They got him home and sent for a horse doctor, but it was of no use. Blood poison had set in. The vet. took two slivers out of his shoulder. They were about an inch long. Soon he died and was buried. I made a tombstone for him.

FLOYD COLLINS,
Age 12.



LIVE OLD HENS WANTED

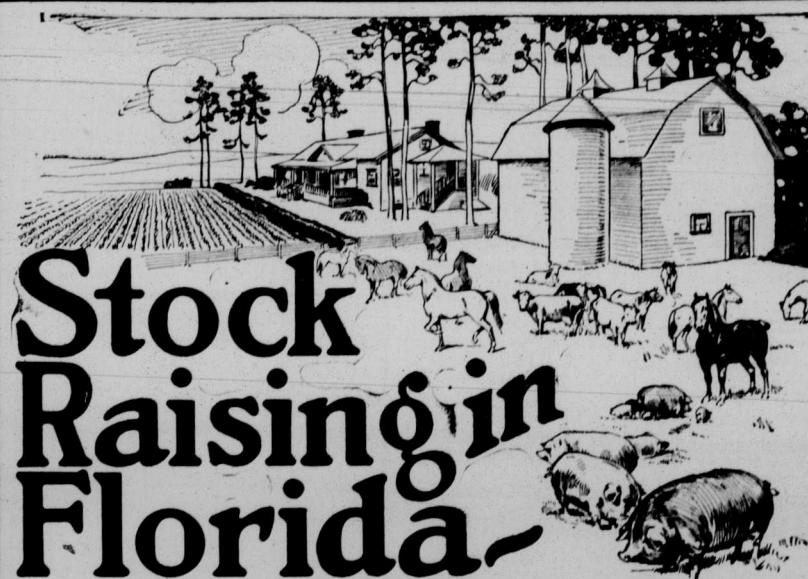
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