



PRIZE WINNERS

The poems are all in and this time the prize goes to W. Eggleston. It may not be so musical as many of the others, but W. Eggleston must have done some very deep thinking to write this kind of poem. The second prize was won by Agnes M. Halliday who sends us a pretty little story poem about Autumn. This time there is to be no third prize because so many poems would merit it. However, I will print those sent in by Wava Alice Ruth Dutch, Helen I. Auld, who was one of the prize winners last time; Preston Miller and a Mischievous Monkey, who was such a little "monkey" that she did not sign her right name.

For the next contest I want you to tell me what you think little girls and boys might do to help the Allies win the great war. Or if you have already done something to help them you might tell me about that. Remember I want interesting stories that every other boy and girl reader would not miss reading for anything. You know two people might tell the same story, one of which you would never want to hear again, while the other would be so interesting that you could hear it many times. So it is with writing stories. Let us know what boys and girls might do to help the Allies win the war. You know it is our war, yours and mine, and there must be something for us each to do to help. What is your plan?

DIXIE PATTON

THE INSTRUMENTS OF WAR

War of the land and the sea and the sky;
Under the water the submarines lie;
Through the blue water the battleship glides;
Up in the clouds the aeroplane hides;
Now on the water and now in the air,
Hydroplanes two of the elements dare.

Burrowed down into the solid brown earth,

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON



A LOCK OF BROWN HAIR

They stood together at twilight, 'neath the boughs of the old oak tree,
The boy, he was just turned twenty, and shy seventeen was she.
"I'm leaving tomorrow at daybreak, and I came for a last farewell,
Ere I journey across the waters to fight where my comrades fell.

"Eileen," here his voice he lowered, "will you give me some token to keep
In remembrance of you and the day, dear, when we parted, perhaps ne'er more to meet?"
"Give me your knife, boy," she whispered, as she held out her hand, white and fair,
Then she cut and held out to the soldier a lock of her nut-brown hair.

Dusk had fallen quite early, and on through the smoky air
The star-shells made their deadly way, a-screaming here and there;
One of them encountered, afore its light began to fade,
A group of lads returning from an unsuccessful raid.

The German soldiers "spotted" them and quickly opened fire,
And down fell the valiant captain among the blood and mire;
But Canadian hearts are faithful and Canadian arms are strong,
And the captain brave was carried back to greet the cheering throng.

"I could not do less, my captain," said the boy of the foremost rank,
"You know there's a girl back there waiting on the side of a river's bank—"
He stopped short, for a bullet, as swift and as keen as a dart,
With its message of death and carnage, buried the lock of brown hair in his heart.

HELEN I. AULD.

Sask.

Fighting faithfully, proving their worth,
Millions of soldiers with rifles in hand,
Charging the foe, or making a stand;
Firing at enemies heard but unseen,
Fighting the greatest fight ever has been.

Cannon and siege guns are everywhere,
Maxims are mounted on ships of the air;
Cycle and car has its armour and gun;
Everything man can do it has been done;
Every production of man's fertile mind,
All to be used to help slaughter mankind.

W. EGGLESTON.

Alta.

AUTUMN

The leaves are turning yellow,
The grass is getting brown;
No more we hear the glorious songs
That did the morning crown.

The apples they have fallen
From the large and friendly trees,
And the north wind is blowing
A cold and wintry breeze.

The birds in flocks are flying
To the south so far away,
For they have taken their farewell look
At their homes so bleak and grey.

AGNES M. HALLIDAY,

Oakburn.

Age 15.

THE STORM

The sun was sinking in the west,
When gloomy clouds in darkness drest
Came 'cross the sea, and closed the gates
Of heaven
From brightness and from me.

At last quite all the sky
Was cloth'd with darkness o'er,
The moon was hid from sight of eye,
And the wind began to roar.

The great old war god, Thor,
Was riding on the blast,
We sat and fearful wonder'd
How long the storm would last.

But all the long, cold night
Came down with might and main,
The terrible wrath of Thor,
In torrents of hail and rain.

The farmers in the morning
Looked on a piteous sight,
Their crops were ruined and blacken'd
From the storm that came that night.
WAVA ALICE RUTH DUTCH,
Sask. Age 13.

TWELVE YEAR OLD'S IDEA

My eyes are blue, my hair is brown,
And I am very witty,
I have a dimple in my chin,
Now tell me am I pretty?
Two eyes of blue and hair of brown
Must always mean a cuty,
And if you have a dimple dear,
I'm sure you are a beauty.
Upon your beauty I can't pass
Unless you come and show it;
So please look in the looking glass
And then you'll surely know it.

I have a beau, a dandy beau,
And he is fond of kisses;
We are not engaged, so tell me shall
I let him steal these blisses?
I am glad you have a beau,
And hope you have one right along,
dear,

But please don't let him steal a kiss,
For that is very wrong, dear.
How often have I told you girls
That kissing is improper;
A fellow kisses the foolish girl
Then very soon he'll drop her.

I am just twelve and love to spoon
Right in the moonlight mellow,
But tell me first am I too young
To have a steady fellow?
You are a bit too young, my dear,
To have a steady caller,
And never meet your beau out doors,
But take him in the parlor.
In just about six years from now
You'll be a grown-up lady,
And that's the time to get a beau,
As yet you're just a baby.

MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY.

Sask.



The Discovery of the Doo-Dads. The Artist's Appearance Causes Great Excitement in the Wonder-land of Doo.