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Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

WOULD YOU LIKE A PRIZE?

Do you want to earn a prize of a fascinating story book, one that you will love to read just as long as you live? If so write us a story picturing the country that you like best to hear and read about.

This story is to be written as if you were making or had made the trip to this country yourself and you may choose your own mode of transportation and your own time of year to visit this strange land.

You are to find out all you possibly can about this country and to this end you may use your geographies and any other books in your school or home libraries which tell about it. If you are so fortunate as to have in your district a man or woman who has resided in this country at some time in their life you should get them to tell you tales of the life there.

You have three chances of winning a prize as there will be three very delightful story books given for the three best stories received before December 20.

The competition is open to any boy or girl under seventeen years of age.

It must be written in pen and ink and on one side of the paper only.

The writer must get his teacher or one of his parents to certify that the story is his own work and that the age given is correct.

All letters for this department should be addressed to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

DIXIE PATTON.

SHOPPING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

At the time the Grand Trunk Railroad was being built, my great-grandfather came to Canada from the Highlands of Scotland, not alone, however, for about a dozen other families came with him.

They were given work grading the railroad for a dollar and a quarter a day, but this did not include their board. Consequently they lived in small board shanties that they built for themselves and families. They all talked the Gaelic and did not know a dozen English words among them. It was quite a problem for them to do their buying, as there was no interpreter. My great-grandfather said he would do the buying if the rest would keep away and let him go alone. They promised him they would and from that time he did all the buying and brought back the right change.

After a while they became curious to know how he managed it, so one of them went into the store unknown to him and hid back of some boxes. After a time my great-grandfather came into the store and went up to the store-keeper and said: "Are you the tay (tea)?" and the store-keeper said "Yes."

"We'd eight pounds (eight pounds)." Then he said, "Are you the cotton?" and the store-keeper said "Yes."

"We'd tin yats (Well, ten yards)." And then he said, "Are you the tom-mack?" and the store-keeper said "Yes."

"We'd five tin plugs (Well, fifteen plugs)." And then he said, "Are you the pig?" and the store-keeper said "Yes."

"We'd thirty pounds." And the store-keeper said, "Thirty pounds of what?" And he said, "Thirty pounds of ugh, ugh, ugh." And you may understand how it pleased the man behind the boxes to hear his friend imitating a pig.

CHRISTINA HOPE MacIVER.
Plenty, Sask.

AN INDIAN RAID

It was a bright, sunshiny day when a little lad, about twelve years old, was playing with a kite in the yard. His mother and father were out in the field working, for they were new settlers and both were striving to have their home built before winter.

Harry, as this little boy was called, found great delight in playing with his kite, when suddenly he heard a shot and, looking toward his mother and father, he saw them running to the house. A wild war hoop reached his ear and it suddenly dawned upon him that it was Indians, and, darting forward, he reached the woods close by and he soon scrambled up into his favorite tree, which was a large oak. Here he sat, his heart throbbing until sometimes it seemed as if it was in his mouth. He saw his mother falling and being shot with the arrows

and his father gaining the house to be tortured.

After burning the house he could hear their voices growing fainter in the distance. He crawled down and quietly crept up to the house and there he found the ruins of his parents who had been so cruelly killed by the Indians. Falling down upon the ground he wept his childish grief out and soon fell into a profound slumber, and there he lay till morning.

Upon awakening he went to the neighbors which was about ten miles away and here he stayed till he was old enough to work. This was my grandfather and this story runs down thru the family and my father told me.

MARGARET TUNNEY.
Edgerton, Alta., 11 years old.

OUR FAMILY TRADITION A Prize Story

My grandfather was one of the patriots in the rebellion of Upper and Lower Canada. He had been one of the messengers of William Lyon Mackenzie.

When the rebellion was over a price was put on his head, dead or alive, and he had to flee to the United States. It took him four months to get there, as soldiers were on the lookout for rebels, and every Tory wanted the reward.

One time when grandfather was staying at a certain place he heard that soldiers were going to search that house and the premises for him. He got up at 4 o'clock in the morning and left the place. As he was going along the road to another house he met an acquaintance of his from the Old Country. In the course of their conversation grandfather happened to mention the place where he was staying for breakfast.

The neighbor promised not to inform on him and grandfather went on. But the neighbor wanted the reward for grandfather, so he went to an officer in command and told him where grandfather was. The officer and this man went to the house mentioned to arrest grandfather.

The family who lived in this house grandfather went to had been getting up some turnips for the cows from the cellar and had left the door open. While they were at breakfast they saw the officer that had come to arrest grandfather, and the neighbor, pass the window.

Grandfather got up and bolted down the open cellar door just before the men came in. As soon as they were in they noticed the cellar door open and the officer asked the lady of the house why it was open. She said they had been getting turnips up for the cows and had not put the door down.

Then the officer said someone was hiding down there. The lady asked who could possibly be down there. "Who but George Bolton," the officer replied. The lady said there was nobody down there. The officer said there was, and at last she told him to look if he disbelieved her. He went and looked down, but rather carelessly, and did not see grandfather. The lady wanted him to go down, but as he was rather nervous about being shot he refused.

Just then the lady saw the officer observe grandfather's place at the table. She turned to a daughter of her's who was waiting on the table and said, "Jane, sit down and finish your breakfast." The girl did so and soon the officer went away with the neighbor.

But they came back after a few hours with six soldiers and searched the house and premises, but grandfather had managed to escape.

ALCMENA BOLTON.
Bellhampton, Man., age 12.

A MUSICAL MOUSE

Once upon a time my uncle, when living in Wales, heard strange musical sounds under the stairs several times. So he was anxious to know what it might be caused by. While searching carefully he frightened a little mouse which made a similar sound to what he had heard. So he set a cage trap to catch it without hurting it and kept it for some time. It kept on singing, but the poor little thing didn't like being shut up, so it stopped singing. It was fretting, so uncle let it go, but the nasty old dog killed it.

REGGIE JONES.
Age 10 years.

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