

# Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

## HURRY WITH YOUR COMPETITION STORIES

By the last of May I want to have a great pile of plant, animal and bird stories on my desk from old and new members of the Young Canada Club. Write the stories as if you yourself were the plant, animal or bird and were telling your own experiences.

See what pretty little stories you can send in and how neatly you can write them. Remember that to look well they should be written in pen and ink and on one side of the paper only.

Any boy or girl under seventeen years of age may send a story.

Please don't forget to have your teacher or one of your parents certify that the story is your own work and that the age given is correct.

So put your thinking caps on, my young Canucks, little and big, and see if you can't write a story good enough to win one of the three rollicking story books we are giving as prizes.

I'll see to it that they are not the dull kind of books so often given to children because grown folk like them and think they must be good for young ones. Not a bit of it. They will be books that boys and girls will love to read over and over again.

Write your story carefully and neatly—and today.

DIXIE PATTON.

Address all letters to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

## MY FAVORITE HERO

My favorite hero is Sir William Wallace. He was a valiant knight who fought bravely for the independence of Scotland.

He was but eighteen years of age and of great stature and strength. He was very handsome, courteous and gentle, which seemed altogether out of character with the desperate adventures in which he was constantly engaged.

In Scotland the laws of chivalry, as they were strictly observed in the courts of England and France, did not prevail. Sir William Wallace had not received the order of knighthood, but in Scotch families the prefix of Sir descended from father to eldest son. Thus William Wallace, when his father and elder brother were killed, succeeded to the title. Wallace was regarded as an outlaw by the English and was not actively engaged in fighting until one day an event occurred which was the means of making Wallace a hero long, long remembered by the Scotch. It was in the spring of the year 1293. Wallace, in company with Sir John Grahame and Sir Archie Forbes, were passing through Lanark when they were suddenly attacked by a body of troops. They fought bravely for a time, but they were three to hundreds and their chance of escape was small. By this time they had retreated down the street until they were passing the house of Marion, wife of Wallace. The door opened and Marion called to them to enter. So hemmed in were they that further retreat was now impossible and there being no time for hesitation Wallace and his companions sprang in before their assailants could hinder them and shut the door behind them. "Marion," Wallace exclaimed, "Why did you do this? It mattered not were I killed or taken, but now you have brought danger upon yourself." But she silenced him telling him to make haste while there was yet time. They hurried through the back streets, the guards at the gate offered a slight resistance, but Wallace and his companions soon overcame them. They then hastened to the place where Wallace's headquarters were upon a narrow shelf of rock on the face of a steep and craggy hill.

But Wallace was anxious over the fate of his wife and near nightfall men were despatched towards Lanark to endeavor to find out what had taken place there. In an hour they returned with the sad news that Marion had been slain by order of the governor. In a deep voice Wallace turned and addressed his followers: "The first thing to think of is vengeance and vengeance I swear I will have! This night I will strike the first blow in earnest towards freeing Scotland. Hitherto, although I have hated the English and fought against them, it has been but fitfully and without

order or method, seeing that other things were in my heart. Now I will live but for vengeance and Scotland. Before, the English have regarded me as an outlaw and a brigand, now they shall know me as an enemy to be dreaded. Sound the signal of assembly at once; signify that as many as are within reach shall gather below in two hours. There will not be many for the bands dispersed two days ago, but if there were none but ourselves it would suffice. Tonight we will take Lanark." A low shout of enthusiasm rose from Wallace's followers and they repeated his words as though it had been a vow. "Tonight we will take Lanark." Then Wallace blew a bugle to call all the armed men together. In a few words they were told of the death or murder of Wallace's wife and of his determination to capture Lanark that night. This was to be an adventure far surpassing any in which Wallace had hitherto been engaged. It seemed like an act of madness for such a small body of men to attempt to capture a city garrisoned by over five hundred English troops and defended by strong walls. When they were a short distance from the town, Wallace ordered them to cut down a tree, cut off the branches and place ropes under it in order to propel it along. When they arrived at the city Wallace, knowing the town well, led the party to the moat. The men carrying the tree laid it noiselessly to the ground; previous to this they had received their orders so that no word was spoken. Wallace sprang into the moat and swam across. The sentry, hearing the splash in the water, challenged, but of course received no answer. In a short time Wallace, with a few vigorous strokes, was across and, taking his battle axe, smote the chains of the drawbridge. It fell across the moat with a crash. Instantly the men bearing the tree sprang across the drawbridge and swung the tree against the gate. Half a dozen blows and it yielded and the Scots entered Lanark. Wallace did not stop until he reached the governor's house, and breaking in the door he met the governor, grasped him firmly by the throat, drew him outside and calling upon everyone to witness the death of their governor, he stepped back a pace and cut off his head saying, "This is the vengeance I take for the murder of my wife." After the town was rid of the English a council of war was decided upon and they agreed that now, since they had brought the terrible wrath of King Edward upon them, their best plan was to fortify the city and stand on the defensive. Wallace issued proclamations throughout the country, calling upon all true Scotchmen to rally around him as he had commenced a war for the independence of Scotland, and as a first step he had captured Lanark. Wallace was afterwards betrayed into the hands of the English. He was given a mock trial, tried, condemned and executed. The capture of Lanark was the actual beginning of the war, in which Wallace was the acknowledged hero.

MABEL NEIL.

Thames Road, Ont. Age 13.

## A REAL DINNER

A boy out in Saskatchewan who was allowed to arrange a Christmas menu to suit himself, fixed up this one:

First Course	Mince Pie	
Second Course	Pumpkin Pie	Turkey
Third Course	Lemon Pie	Turkey Cranberries
Fourth Course	Custard Pie	Apple Pie Mince Pie
Dessert	Chocolate Cake	Ice Cream
	Plum Pudding	
	Dessert	Pie

It is not always necessary that one should be conscious of an ideal in order to achieve it. Any life that is lived on a generally high moral and spiritual plane is likely to know the sweet surprise of finding itself crowned unawares with some realized ideal.

A habit of sneering marks the egotist or the fool, or the knave, or all three. A sneer is often the sign of heartless malignity. —Lavater.



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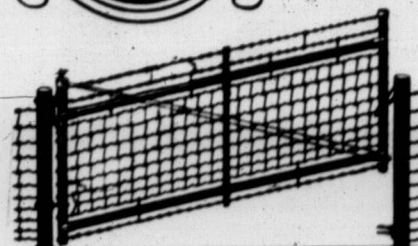
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