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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE GUIDE

Young Canada Club

BY DIXIE PATTON

DID YOU EVER WRITE POETRY?

Many excellent stories have come in about "My Happiest Day" and I was particularly impressed with the "style" in which many of them were written. I consider the best story and the one displaying the best style of writing was that contributed by Helen I. Auld of Rose-town, Saskatchewan. Another commendable thing about Helen's story was the unusually large number of words she used. The most of us know well enough to use in writing and conversation only a few hundred words. Needless to say we use words which do not convey the exact meaning we would wish to convey. A word which means just a little different thing is the word we should have used. If you find a new word study it, find out its exact meaning and learn to use it. The words we use are called our "vocabulary." Try to enlarge your vocabulary. Helen's story is too long to print and I am going to choose some of the interesting parts to let you read.

The second prize is going to Ingeborg Dohmann of Dickson, Alberta. Besides being a well-written story it is one of the prettiest fairy stories I have ever read, and I am sure its readers must think as I do. The third prize is going to little Grace L. Schill of New Dayton, Alberta. I am sure you have nearly all experienced Grace's happiness on seeing your mother again after a little holiday away from her, and to have a new car as well is almost too much happiness for one day. Among those who deserved honorable mention were Wava Alice Ruth Dutch of Denail, Sask.; Agnes Irene Gilmore of Portage la Prairie, Man.; Marjory E. Thomas of Dugan, Man.; and Gladys R. Smith of Entwistle, Alberta. These stories are so interesting that I am going to print them next week for the other readers to enjoy as I have enjoyed them.

Did you ever try to write poetry? This time I am going to ask you to write poetry about anything you wish. The prizes will be three books again for the three best poems. No poem will be accepted in the contest which is longer than 20 lines. All poems must be in my office before October 13. Write on one side of the paper only, and the work submitted must be original, not that of father or mother or sister or teacher or somebody else, but of yourself. Write your name, age and address plainly at the top of the page. Address all letters to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Canada.

DIXIE PATTON.

MY HAPPIEST DAY

First Prize

In the afternoon it was too hot to play with the dogs; we were in no mood for reading; it was too hot in the gardens, and "being women" had no attractions for us. At last we appealed to Mrs. Hamilton and she suggested we go up to the attic to look in the "Treasure Trunk" and when we tired of it we were to go down to the summer-house and we would find something there.

Accordingly we ascended the two flights of stairs and found ourselves in a large square room with many trunks and boxes scattered about. Underneath a wide, diamond-paned window was the "Treasure Trunk," an old, green-covered box with the marks of age on it. In an instant we had the lid off and were examining the contents with a curiosity only exceeded by that which killed the cat. Ancient dresses of all hues and textures, quaintly carved fans, richly embroidered aprons, bonnets of the eighteenth century, queer old-fashioned mittens, dainty lacey bags, fragile caps that covered a head long since laid to rest, and right down at the bottom a box containing a bundle of old letters tied up with a faded blue ribbon, a tiny baby shoe, half worn and scuffed, a scrap book of variously assorted pictures and a picture of a dark-eyed boy in the costume of the ancient red-coats. These we put back as we had seen them.

It was three hours before we tired of our explorations and Pat suggested that we find out what it was that Mrs. Hamilton left for us in the play-house. Adrienne dared us to dress up in some of the old clothes before we went down, so of course we did. I am too much of an Auld not to do anything I am dared to do. Pat chose a sweeping (I guess that is just

about the best word I can get to describe it, for it seemed to sweep everything with it, dust included) green brocaded dress, cut low for evening wear. She adorned her hair with a high red plume and carried in her hand a blue work-bag. Adrienne wore a bright orange party dress, with a black lace shawl, a grey bonnet with pink roses perched on the top of her head, while she held a silver flower holder, minus the flowers, in her hand. My own costume was an achievement of art, a mauve afternoon dress, brown bonnet with sky blue ribbons, a white, diminutive apron, a royal purple fan and, as a last touch of elegance, a pair of silver-buckled, high-heeled shoes that pinched my feet terribly.

Attired thus we descended the stairs and passed down the hall. Fortunately for us we did not meet anyone, as we were feeling a trifle timid in our present finery.

The material for "something to do" lay on the summer-house table in the form of a dainty lunch. I do not remember all that we had, but I do know that we had lemonade and strawberries, because we squeezed some of the latter's juice into the former to see what it tasted like, and—well, we didn't try it again. "Dear! But I've had a good time!" Pat said, sighing with satisfaction and fullness.

"Let's do up the dishes," I suggested, though I did not in the least feel like putting my words into action. "Pack them up and ship 'em to Lina," Pat said, carelessly, "and we'll go and show ourselves."

So Adrienne and I packed up the dishes after a fashion and left them for the hired girl to get when she pleased. We sallied forth, rustling and shimmering—at least our gowns did—in the afternoon sunshine. We went into the house and though mother and Mrs. Hamilton laughed at our pranks we were ordered upstairs to take off our "disgraceful duds" and have a general clean-up, of which Pat and I were badly in need. When all orders were obeyed we went down to the side verandah to crotchet and cool off before supper-time.

HELEN I. AULD.

Rosetown, Sask.

MY HAPPIEST DAY

Second Prize

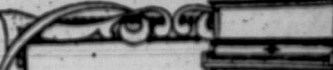
I am a little fairy, queen of all the good fairies that exist upon this world. My happiest day I think was a few days ago, though I very often have happy days as my little fairies do everything they can to please me.

One warm summer day, when the sun was shining brightly one of my little fairies came up to me and asked me if we could not have a little fairy picnic. I answered, "Oh yes, if you would like to, my dear little fairies, I am willing." The little fairy said, "Thank you," and ran out to tell the other fairies who shouted with joy.

They were soon all ready to go when one little fairy came running up to me and said, "Oh, dear fairy queen, little Bessie, who is a very good little girl, is crying. Can't we help her? Please!" I asked her why Bessie was crying and the fairy replied, "Her mother promised her she could go to the Sunday school picnic, but now she has no dress to put on as her parents are very poor, and she is such a good girl who always obeys her mother. Oh, it's such a shame!" And the little fairy began to cry. "Well, my dear, don't cry," I said. "But just go and tell Bessie to come with us, we are going for a picnic too and we will not mind her dress." The fairy then ran away and soon after returned with little Bessie.

We then walked along through the wood in the soft, green grass under the shady trees, until we reached a real nice, soft, green spot. We then ate our lunch which consisted of wine, honey and cakes, and we all were very hungry after the long walk through the wood. We then danced and played and little Bessie was one of the happiest and we certainly did enjoy ourselves at that picnic. When we became thirsty we had lemonade and so the time flew quickly.

At last Mr. Sun, who had been smiling down upon us all day, went down and old Mrs. Moon came out. She asked us why



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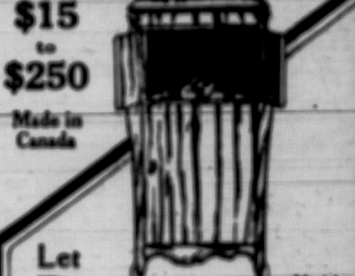
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