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November 5, 1913

THE GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE

(1149) 21

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

ANNOUNCING THE PRIZE WINNERS

It would require a bouquet of languages to express my pleasure at the excellence of the stories submitted for the last contest. I think the stories sent to The Guide have always been above the average, but these new ones were so much better than any we ever had before that I confess I was afraid they could not be original.

So I took the prize winning stories to several well-read people and asked them to read them and tell me if they had seen them in print before, and as none of them had we decided that they should have the prize and a very great deal of credit for doing such excellent work.

"Ruth's Harvest," by Talje Dekema, of Vanguard, Sask., is a perfect little gem. She makes one feel the sleepy atmosphere of the harvest time in quite a remarkable way.

Not less beautiful in quite a different way is Marjorie Auld's pretty little story, "And Then the Moon Laughed." A better title would have been "Then the Moon Laughed," but both the title and story are very clever and original.

I am glad I have never made a practice of giving first, second and third prizes, because I would not like to have been obliged to decide where to put Anna Twardochleb's story of "The Two Old Shoes." In originality of thought and quaintness of expression it is equally as remarkable as the first two mentioned.

So three equal prizes will be awarded to these three girls and I would like them to write me a letter, if they will, and tell me more about themselves, how long they have been going to school, what books they read, what they mean to do when they grow up and anything else they care to mention. This letter is not to be for publication, but just between ourselves. I will not send out the prize books until I have had time to hear from the girls, so that I may be sure to send them something that will give them a great deal of pleasure.

But these were not the only clever stories. As I said before, I have never had so many good ones sent to me for any contest, and honorable mention is especially due to the following:

Lily Pinder, Lashburn, Sask.
James McMahon, Imperial, Sask.
Gordon Stewart, Rutherford, Man.
Miriam Morris, Danbury, Sask.
Van Henderson, Zenith P.O., Alta.
Elsie Averill, Clanwilliam, Man.
Mildred Wright, Lewvan, Sask.
Wallace Showman, Leopoldville, Alta.
Mary Tlymac Freeman, Gwynne, Alta.
Lizzie Blatchford, Bradwardine, Man.
Sarah Helgason, Swan River, Man.

There were several more which were equally as good or better than these, but the writers forgot to give their age or else to get the certificate of parent or teacher, so they could not be counted in the contest.

DIXIE PATTON.

RUTH'S HARVEST

(A Prize Story)

Ruth was an invalid and as she lay in her hammock looking up at the blue sky and thinking of the harvest she heard a soft voice close beside her saying: "Little girl, would you like to see me dress the world in its last gay color of the year?" It was the Harvest who spoke. Ruth said she would and so the Harvest picked her up in her arms and away they went.

First she went to the grain and when she touched it with her wand it turned to a deep golden color. She then went to the trees and spoke softly to the leaves and told them of the many kindnesses they had done. The leaves were red, brown, yellow and orange as they began to softly flutter to the ground. The sound of the farmer's binder as he cut his grain filled the air with a feeling of plenty. The cricket's song was very sleepy and the quail was very sad. The birds were flying south and the Harvest was very busy putting the flowers to sleep and scattering the seeds on the soft earth where the sun would find them in the spring. The little brooks were sleepy. The nuts and the fruit were falling from the trees and the squirrels were busy putting up their winter stores when the Harvest said good-bye to Ruth.

TALJE DYKEMA,

Vanguard, Sask.

Age 13.

A FAIRY ELOPEMENT

It was sunset in fairyland a great many years ago and at the time it had been very hot. So just as the sun was sinking out of sight a big pile of clouds were seen on the horizon, made purple by the setting sun.

"Oh dear," sighed a little fairy, "there is going to be a storm and I am so far away from the fairy castle. I wish I had not gone so far, but it was so tempting just to go a little further in the pretty green woods, which were dotted all over with flowers."

The little fairy spread her wings and flew on a little more. She was a very young and pretty fairy, with deep blue eyes and silky golden hair descending as far as her slender waist.

On she went for she knew when the rain fell that it would wet her wings and she would not be able to use them any longer. Presently a few large drops of rain fell and then a few more not quite so large as the first, but in greater number.

The little fairy shivered and looked up at the sky now covered by clouds, and as she looked a great shower of rain drops fell, wetting the little fairy's wings terribly, who turned and walked a little deeper into the wood to shield herself.

"Little fairy, little fairy," called a voice, which startled the little fairy, for she was leaning against a tree and was just dozing. "Yes," answered the little fairy. "Here I am, and oh, do take me home, I am so cold and tired!"

A fairy carriage drawn by swallows drew up close beside her and out rumped a fairy prince.

"I am sorry," he said, bowing courteously, "but I don't know where your home is and mine is not far away. May I have

the pleasure of escorting you there and I will see that you have every comfort and luxury."

The little fairy was too tired to care much, so she said, "Thank you, good prince, for I am sure that is what you are, you have come in my hour of need."

Then the prince helped her into his carriage and drove off. After a while the carriage stopped and the fairy prince helped the little fairy out and led her into his beautiful castle.

When the little fairy closed her eyes that night she felt very tired and comfortable. In the morning the prince took the little fairy round his gardens and asked her to marry him. "Well I don't know," said the little fairy. "You have been very kind, but it is against the rules for fairies to marry. 'Oh well,' said the prince, 'you and I can go away to the Oriental Islands and live there where other fairies never come.'"

"I will ask the queen," said the little fairy. So the prince took the little fairy



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