

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

SANTA'S ADDRESS

DEAR MISS BEYNON:—WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHERE DEAR OLD SANTA CLAUS IS NOW? I AM ANXIOUS TO KNOW. I AM SIX YEARS OLD. PLEASE TELL ME SOON. WITH LOVE,

A SANTA SEEKER.

Your letter came at a lucky moment for Santa Claus arrived at the Eaton store last Saturday by way of the Walker theatre, but I suppose I had better begin at the beginning and tell you about it.

Well, then, the excitement began bright and early in the morning when the owners of little curly pates and straight pates and black and brown and yellow pates lifted themselves off the pillow, looked at the window and saw that it was light and, without waiting to be called even once, scampered out of bed and scrambled into clothes.

The city was so full of good children that morning that the Bogey Man was right out of a job. He has never been as idle in his life, except on the day before Christmas, so he sauntered off down town himself to see the fun.

Well, as I was saying, the whole cityful of children was up and dressed and scrubbed shining clean by eight o'clock, when they dragged their fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters forth to see Santa Claus.

All along the street where he was expected to arrive, they were six deep and every minute they set up a wild shout of "Here he comes" and at last, sure enough, he did come, all red coat and white fur and smiles. At that all those hundreds of children went clean out of their heads and they dashed across the street under the very feet of delivery horses and straight in front of street cars, without getting hurt, but it is probable that Old Christmas sent a special guard of angels to be on duty on Portage Avenue that morning.

Then Santa and the reindeer and the children repaired to the theatre where they were met by a number of the children from Storyland. Little Red Riding Hood was there and Silverlocks and others that you have heard about ever since you were the knee-height of a grasshopper.

What a morning that was with Santa Claus giving away presents and the children tumbling forth exclamations and questions and Christmas wishes until, if Santa had been anybody else than Santa, he would have gone clean crazy.

Now, as to his address, when I asked it and told him what I wanted it for, he said, "Tell the little girl to write to me at the North Pole and give the letter to daddy to post, so that it will be sure not to get lost on the way."

DIXIE PATTON.

WILLIAM AND THE CANARY

There was once a king who lived far across the seas. He was very sick and the royal doctor gave up all hopes of his recovery. But the king loved his life too well to let it die without trying to help it, so he sent to another country for a noted physician. After examining him the physician said there was only one thing that would cure him and that was an old woman who lived in the land of Nobody Knows Where.

Now the king had three sons and he loved them all very much. There were Charles, Edward and William. They were fine, strong young men.

When the king heard of the cure he resolved to send his own son Charles to look for the old woman.

So Charles started on the journey to the land of Nobody Knows Where. He had a lunch and a stick or cane. He climbed mountains and descended valleys. Soon he came to a place where three roads met. Not knowing which one to take he meditated upon it. He soon thought of a plan. Closing his eyes, he threw his cap in the air and then, opening his eyes, took the road nearest the cap. After he had followed it a short time he came to an inn. Here there were many young men drinking and making merry. Charles stopped here and soon was as bad as the rest. He stayed till he had squandered all of his money and then the landlord would not let him go.

When one or two years had passed and Charles did not return, the king began to think he was lost. One day, Edward, his second son, started to go and look for the old lady.

He started the same way Charles had gone and soon came to the place where the three roads met. Like Charles, he threw up his cap and it fell near the same road as Charles' had fallen before his. He followed the road and came to the inn. When he got there Charles and his companions called for him to enter. So he went in and had a merry time and soon forgot about his father and the old lady.

As time went on and neither Charles nor Edward returned, the king gave up all hope. William begged to go, but his father loved his youngest son too much to let him go. Finally, however, he consented and William started out.

Like his brothers had done, he threw up his cap also when he came to the place where the three roads met. His cap landed near the same place as Charles' and Edward's had done. When he got to the inn, his brothers called for him to come and pay their debts. But William told them he was looking for a cure to save his father's life and would not stop. Pretty soon he met a wolf. The wolf asked him what he was looking for and where he was going. On hearing the story he said he would take William to the old lady's place if he would get on his back. William mounted his back and the wolf started. The wolf ran very fast and soon they had gone many miles. When they arrived at the old lady's house they saw an old tumble-down shack, with a yard full of flowers and an old bent form stooping over them. On hearing William's footsteps near she looked up and saw a strong young man. What William saw was a happy countenance full of smiles. She took him into the shack and he told his story. After hearing it she looked very thoughtful and meditative. She told him of a canary, which was many miles away. If he could get this to his father it would cure him.

William went away with a sad face, for he had thought he was ready to go home when he had seen the old lady. The wolf met him and told him to get on his back and he would take him. William got on the wolf's back and away they went. Soon they came to a large forest where there were every kind of trees and songsters. William got off the wolf's back and went to a canary which sat perched on a limb of an elm tree. William went up and got it. It was very quiet with him.

He started for home and when he came to the inn he paid his brothers' debts and they all proceeded together. When they came to a small river, the brothers thought of a cruel plan. They persuaded William to let them carry the canary. Then, all at once, they rushed upon William and pushed him into the water. They went away, leaving William to drown.

However, William did not drown. He caught hold of some reeds which were growing beside the creek and climbed out. When he neared his home he heard the people talking of a canary at the king's palace which was so wild that nobody could do anything with it. William went to the castle and as soon as the canary saw him it became perfectly quiet all in a minute.

The king got well and as soon as he learned what his eldest sons had done, you may be sure he gave them what they deserved, and William got what he deserved, too.

MILDRED WRIGHT.

Age 14.

WOULD BE TOO LATE

Little Ross, aged seven, had been around the corner inspecting the fire-station. He came home to tell his mother of what he had seen there. He said, "And, mama, even if they are just in the middle of sweeping the floor, they drop the broom and rush off to the fire; and even in the night-time when they are in bed, if the bell rings they jump up and dress and go to the fire—'cause if they didn't do that, when they got there the fire would be all out."

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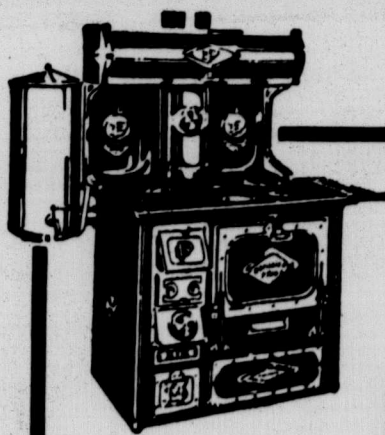
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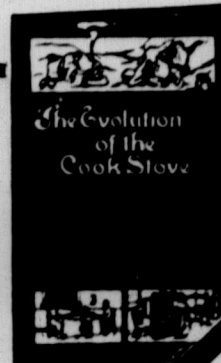
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