

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

HOLIDAY MAKING

What a glorious time is the closing day of school, especially if you have passed your examinations successfully. But if you have failed, don't go away with a heavy heart and beg mother to let you stay at home next session. Examinations are not the only test of good work and often the people who take the highest marks in school come lowest when they get out in the work-a-day world.

So if there is a salt little tear on your eyelash this year because of failure, just wipe it away and grind your teeth and make up your mind that you will come out first next year and don't be that thing that all staunch little boys and girls despise, "a quitter."

Having passed this resolution to be brave and go at it again harder than ever, forget about school work and have a jolly good time, playing and helping mother and father who are working very hard to give you the chance to go to school. Perhaps you don't want the chance very badly today, but when you are grown men and women you will be glad to be able to read and write and spell well and to speak good English. It is very important about the speaking good English because people always judge you first of all by the language you use. So be careful not to say, "I seen it," but "I saw it" and not "He don't," but "He doesn't," and above all gather up all your "Aints" and put them in a little bag and throw them in the well or bury them deep down in a hole in the ground so that they will never more be found.

DIXIE PATTON.

TWO NAUGHTY CALVES

Last winter a friend of mine was over here and we hitched up a yearling calf. I got on my hand sleigh. Pretty soon we thought we did not need any lines so we put them up and just used the whip; then the calf ran away. I was on the sleigh and my friend was left behind. The sleigh upset, but I caught up and got on. The calf kicked snow in my face. It ran over half a mile then we had to rope him to catch him.

Then, in the summer, I thought I would have some fun, so I went out and caught a calf and got on him. He threw me off, but I got on again and he started to run. I fell off, but I hung on to the rope and it burnt my hands and hurt my thumb, the nail coming off.

Well, mother and daddy were away and my aunt and uncle were here. They teased me till I was ready to fight; I had sore hands for a long time, but I went to school next day.

STANLEY MURRAY.
Sounding Creek, Alta.

THE TWO FROGS

Once upon a time there lived two frogs. They were great friends; one lived in a pool in a wood and the other lived in a pool along the road. So the frog that lived in the pool in the wood came to the frog that lived along the road and said to him, "Come and live along with me in the pool in the wood where bad boys cannot kill you and wagons cannot run over you." But the frog that lived along the road said, "No, I cannot see anything in living in a wood as you do." So the frog went back to the wood and next week, when the frog from the wood came to pay a friendly visit to the frog along the road, he got to the pool but he could not find his friend. So he came across two chickens and he said to them, "Do you know where Mr. Frog is today that lived in the pool by the road?" They said, "We are sorry to tell you that he is dead, he was run over by a wagon a few days ago." So the frog ran off as fast as he could to the pool in the wood.

Hoping this little story will find a place in your valuable paper, Yours truly,
HILDA GRAY.
Lethbridge, Alta., Age 10.

LOUISA ALCOTT

For my heroine I am taking Miss Alcott, the American authoress. When

she was a little girl of eleven she had to go and work as a servant. Every bit of money she earned had to be given to her mother and father, as they were very poor. She worked like this till she was about sixteen, earning thirty dollars a year. Miss Alcott had three sisters, one older and two younger than herself.

They used to let all kinds of people sleep and eat in their house, so one day a foreign man came and gave them all the measles. When they got over the measles Miss Alcott went to nurse wounded soldiers in the civil war. When she came home she made the house a little more comfortable. She then wrote a book entitled "Hospital Sketches." Miss Alcott wrote many other splendid books, which have made her a famous woman. She wrote "Little Women" in 1867, which, of all the books I have read, I like the best. She led a very useful life by setting a shining example for other young women. She died at the age of thirty, in 1888.

Now I think I will tell you why I like Miss Alcott. For one thing she had such patience and fortitude, and it was her whole ambition to write books when she was a child; she never gave up, but wrote about a dozen before she died. I have nothing more to tell so I will close.

DOROTHY MORAN.

Meota, Sask., Age 11.

AN ADVENTURE WITH WILDCATS

Once, about four years ago, when my grandma was here, we used to have great times and we used to go for walks up the hills to pick flowers and listen to the birds singing and get nice stones. We would look down at the fields all fenced in and it looked beautiful. One day, we were going up the hill and it was a very hot day and we got very tired walking, so we sat down for a rest. After a while we heard the bushes rattle and we looked up and saw two funny animals.

First we thought they were prairie wolves, but they did not look like them, and they turned out to be wildcats; one of them was running along and the other was sitting on the hill side. I was very frightened, but grandma wished she was closer so she could see what they were like and when we came home we came right through the same ravine that they came out of. Grandma wanted to go back the next day to see if she could see them, but mamma did not want her to go.

This ends my story, which is a true one.

EDITH THOMPSON.

Ellisboro, Sask., Age 9.

MY HERO

As many of the little boys and girls will be writing about the heroes of our own country, I thought I would like to tell you about a little hero over the sea.

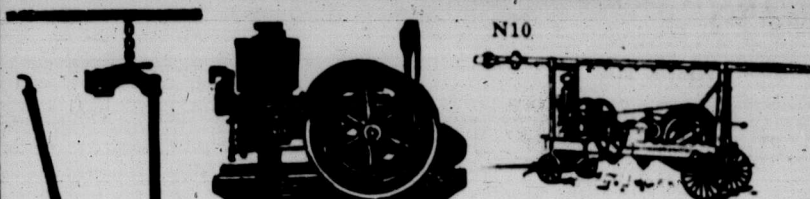
Last summer two little boys, eight and nine years old, were playing down by a river. While paddling in the water by the edge the little fellow eight years old got out above his depth. He was frightened and began to scream. The other little boy, instead of running away, as most children would have done, tried to think of some way by which to save his little chum. At last he noticed a large tree hanging over the river where his little boy friend was just disappearing. At once a daring thought came into his mind. He clambered onto the tree carefully, but swiftly, crawling to the end of a large low branch. He let his feet down into the water and hung on to the branch with his hands. The little boy in the water was able to catch hold of his feet and so keep himself above the surface of the water. The little hero now clung desperately to the branches of the tree and called for help. When he was nearly exhausted his cries were heard by a passer-by and both little boys were saved.

I saw this little boy's picture in the Daily Sketch, a paper we get from England. They had given him a medal.

GEORGE RANDALL.

Silver Stream, Sask., Age 9.

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