Young Canada Club

By Dixie Patton

Christmas Stories to Come Yet

THERE are still many stories which were sent in for the Christmas issue on hand. Some of the poetry will have to wait as the poems were too long and so take up too much room. There is a great long list of contributors to the Blue Cross Fund this week. They are as follows:—

Mary McFadden, Methven, Man.	$ .25
Alberta Gaffield, Talbot, Alta.	.25
Gertrude Langely, Sidney, Man.	1.00
Martney Stokes, Fawn Lake, Alta.	.25
Walter Stuttle, Holar, Sask.	.50
Harold Stuttler, Holar, Sask.	.10
Norman Stuttler, Holar, Sask.	.10
Thelma Linell, Theresa P. O., Sask.	.25
Robert E. Hogarth, Ogilvie, Man.	.25
Florence MacKillican, Delisle, Sask.	.50
Alice McKillican, Delisle, Sask.	.50
Ruby Allan, Riding Mountain, Man.	.10
Douglas Minor, Earl Grey, Sask.	.25
Clara Olson, Jansen, Sask.	.10
Florence Scott, Argyle, Man.	.25
Flora Connell, Neepawa, Man.	.10
Bertha Chambers, Mormac, Sask.	.25
Waldemar Munter, Chaplin, Sask.	.10
Lolis E. Sparks, Ponoka, Alta.	.10
Mary Knight, Roblin, Man.	.05

—Dixie Patton.

Jack Jones's First Christmas

It was Christmas Eve, cold and misty. So misty indeed that little Joseph Harding and his mother, who were out buying Christmas presents, could scarcely see where they were going.

"Be careful, Joseph," said his mother gently, as the little fellow bumped into an old negro woman, carrying a basket on her arm, and fell with a bang to the street. Joseph picked himself up quickly. He was not hurt, and he and his mother went on till they came to the toy-shop door. Oh! what lovely things in the windows, and things still more beautiful inside! They stayed there a long time, and after buying all he wanted, little Joseph ran out into the street again.

Outside, looking longingly at the things in the windows, was a ragged boy, a little older than Joseph, who was just turned six.

"What do you like best, and what do you think you will get for Christmas?" asked Joseph, walking up to the boy.

"I like 'em all, but there ain't a-goin' to be no Christmas for me," was the answer.

"No Christmas! Why not?" asked Joseph rather scornfully.

"No, cause we ain't got any money."

"Where do you live?" asked Joseph.

"Over there," answered the boy, pointing to a rude shack on the other side of the street. "Me, pa and ma, and Mary, that's all.

"Tell me your name," demanded Joseph.

"Oh, I'm Jack Jones, an' Mary, she's my sister, an' she's blind."

Joseph said no more, but re-entered the toy-shop. He was sorry for the boy and meant to try to help him. Mrs. Harding, too, was touched with pity, but as it was time to go home, she said no more. As they were leaving the shop, Joseph showed his mother where the boy lived, and after Joseph was asleep in bed, Mrs. Harding visited, first Jones's house, and afterwards several stores.

When the next day came, Joseph was happier than on any other Christmas day, because his mother told him that Santa Claus had visited Jack Jones's home and that now they were all happier in every way.

By the next Christmas day there was a comfortable little cottage opposite the toy-shop in place of an old shack. A happy little girl in place of a miserable, blind one; a happy home instead of a cold, half-dressed household, thanks to Joseph's kind father and mother.—Connie Averill, age 12 years, Clan William, Man.

Two Brave Girls

In 1782, two little girls lived happily with their father and mother in Canada. Their names were Jean and Milly. They loved to roam in the woods. The birds near their cabin were all very tame. One chipmunk they could catch any place but he would not let them shut him up. But there was one danger. This was the Indians who were very jealous of the French people and often attacked the French settlements and killed many of the people.

One day when Jean and Milly were out in the woods looking at a bird's nest they heard a low jabbering sound and knew it was the Indians who were going to make an attack upon the settlement. They ran home and told their father. The news spread over the settlement and the men gathered ready for the attack. Just after dark, near Jean and Milly's home, there was a war-whoop and the next instant the Indians jumped into view. But the men were ready for them and killed a good many of them and the rest fled into the deepest part of the woods.

Jean and Milly was very glad that the battle was won and more glad still that they had helped to save the settlement. —Ruth Williamson, Kisbey, Sask.

The Story of Oscar

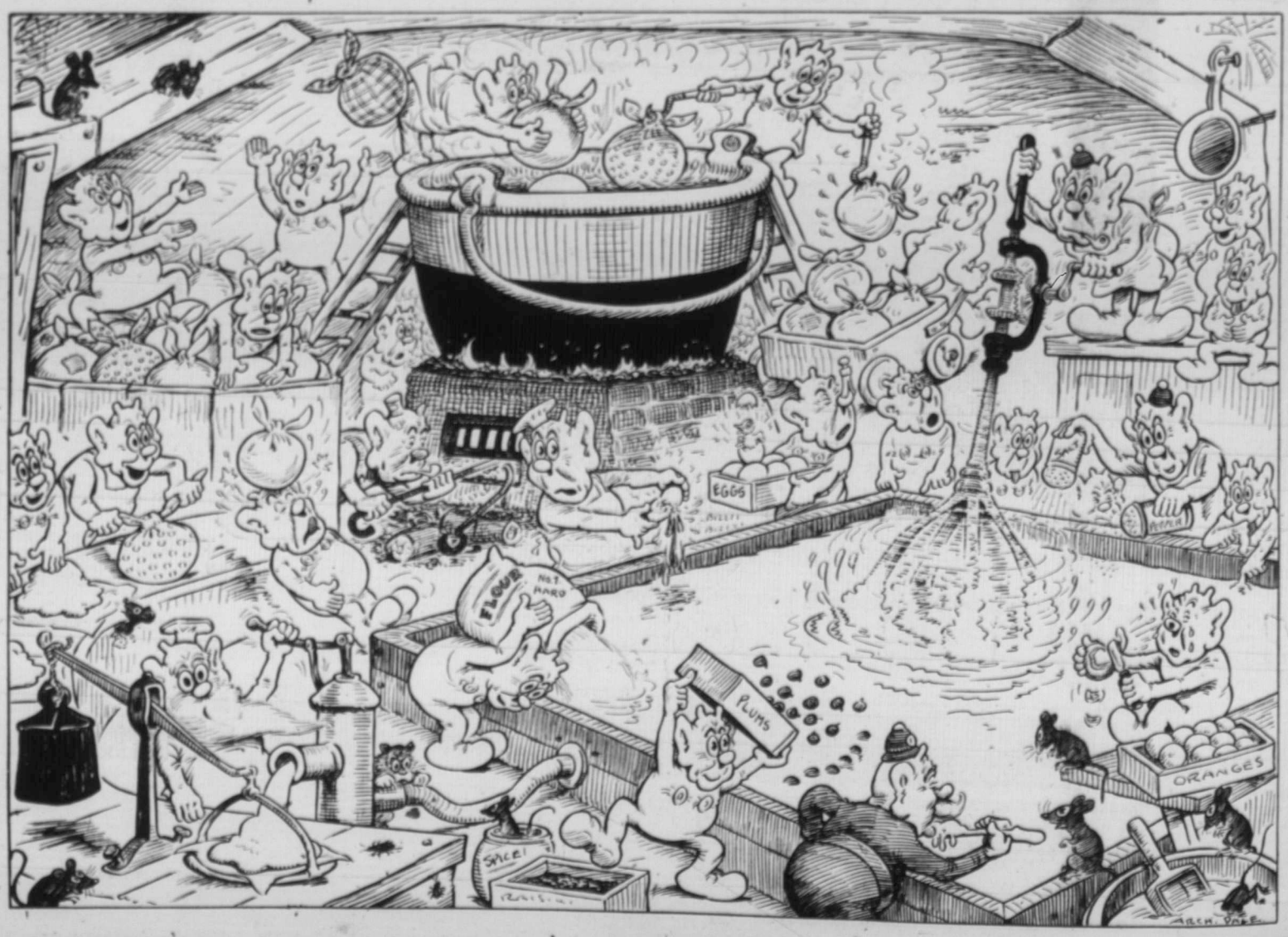
I am enclosing 30 cents for our school as I am the only member of the Young Canada Club. We would like to receive a Blue Cross pin for our school. I am sending a small story for our page

It was a long time ago in Norway. Oscar was a small boy of ten years and his father was a rich man.

They did not have guns in that time but used bows and arrows. Oscar had a bow and arrows but the bow was golden and the arrows were all colors.

Once Oscar's father was robbed of everything and Oscar's bow and arrows were stolen. Oscar's father and mother had to go to a little house in the woods. A man came to their place to stay over night and Oscar saw his bow, he told his father and then they had the neighbor come over and help them bind him up. They sent up for the policeman the next morning and Oscar's father got back his money.—Bogend, Sask.

NOTE—You did not sign your name or give the name of the school. As soon as you send me your name and address you may have a button for the school.—D.P.

THE DOO DADS WONDERFUL PUDDING FACTORY

THE Doo Dads are now busy getting ready for their Christmas dinner. One day the artist told them how fine it was to have plum pudding for the Christmas feast, and they at once determined to have it for the coming Christmas. Now the Doo Dads all like to work together, so instead of each one making his own pudding they are making them on a big scale. Old Doc Sawbones superintended the building of the pudding factory. There is the big vat into which they are pouring the flour, plums, oranges and everything else that is necessary. They are using an egg beater to stir the mixture up. The eggs they are using cannot be very fresh for see how the little fellow who is carrying them has had to put a clothespin on his nose. Old Doc is weighing out the mixture. It must be pretty heavy, for see what a big iron weight he uses to weigh it with. After the puddings are measured out they are passed along from one Doo Dad to the other, and finally tied up in big cloths, then they are carried up the ladder into the big copper kettle. Sleepy Sam, the Hobo, is the fireman. You don't often see him working so hard but he has visions of the great feast he will have on Christmas Day, and that keeps him from dozing off. One of the little fellows became careless and dropped a bag on that Doo Dad's head. Another has recklessly thrown a bag at the little fellow on top of the ladder who is in danger of being knocked over into the kettle. After the puddings are well cooked they are hooked out and carted away. After the Christmas dinner Old Doc Sawbones will likely be pretty busy, for the Doo Dads are sure to have indigestion after eating his soggy puddings.