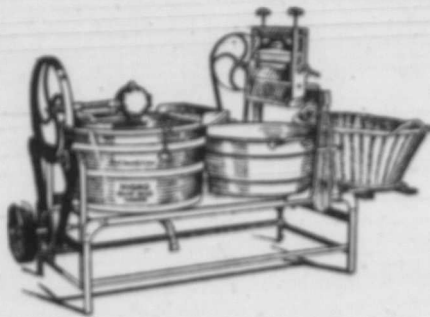


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Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

SPRING IS COMING

Just a few more weeks now and the snow will be going and uncovering the crocus that are almost ready to burst into bloom on the south side of the hill. And that, I think, is the jolliest time of the year, when one finds the first blue flowers with their woolly coats, peeping up thru the earth.

You wrote such good winter fairy stories that I must conclude that you like the winter, but I am sure that you will be glad to see the flowers and the birds again and to say good-bye for a time to frost and snow and cold.

DIXIE PATTON.

THE BEGINNING OF WINTER

"Tell us a story, Mother Fairy," asked all the fairies in concert. "What shall it be about?" asked the fairy, smiling. "Oh, let it be a winter story, a story of long ago." "Very well, then," answered the fairy, and she told the following story.

A long time ago, so long that hardly anybody remembers, a great event happened in Fairyland. Fairyland hitherto had always been a land of flowers and we did not have two months of winter, as we have now. In Fairyland there were rich and poor fairies. They were rich because they possessed many beautiful gems. How they got these gems, no one knew, but it was rumored that these rich fairies had discovered gem mines and had taken possession of the gems.

A gem mine in Fairyland is a small cavity filled with gems. There were a great many beautiful gems in these mines, but no diamonds.

Every year these wealthy fairies went on a pilgrimage to the land of the stars and of the sunset. They embarked in a boat and sailed down a river that ran thru Fairyland into the Sunset Sea. After sailing down the river for some miles they landed, and there on the shore was a fairy. She asked them where they were going. They told her, and she told them that before going any further they must pay their fee. So each of the fairies gave her a small bag of precious gems, and on they went. This was the reason why the poor people could not go, because they had to pay so much. They sailed thru the Sunset Sea and into the land of the stars. Here the ground was covered with diamonds, but the fairies were only allowed to cover their wand with diamonds. This they did, and embarked again for Fairyland.

On their way thru the Sunset Sea they saw a beautiful boat coming toward them. It came nearer and nearer until it was beside the fairies' boat. In it sat a beautiful woman clothed in shining raiment and with beautiful golden hair. "Fairies of Fairyland," said she, "I am the fairy of the Sunset and the land of stars. You have come from one of my domains and have brought many beautiful diamonds back with you. I have heard from my messengers that you rich fairies keep all your beautiful diamonds to yourselves and do not share them with your less fortunate neighbors. Is it not so?" she asked. "Yes," answered the fairy, shamefacedly (the one who held the diamond wand).

"I am going to punish you," went on the fairy. "No more fairies shall come to the land of the stars, because of their selfishness, but shall stay at home, and diamonds shall be given to them and their poorer neighbors alike." With this she vanished out of their sight, and when they looked for their diamond wand it was gone.

When they reached Fairyland all the ground was covered with glittering white that looked like diamonds, but was in reality snow. The poor rejoiced and sang and danced in their glee, but the rich fairies knew then what the fairy of the Sunset had meant. So ever after that the fairies did not go

to the land of the stars but stayed at home and saw the diamonds in the sky and at their feet.

MARGARET FLAWS,

Rapid City, Man.

Age 16.

THE FAIRIES OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

Once upon a time the fairies of the Northern Lights were going to have a feast at their queen's palace at the North Pole. The queen had told the fairies that she did not want them to invite any bad fairies to her palace. An old fairy who was called the Bad Fairy heard the queen's speech, and was very angry.

She changed herself into a rat, and when the sentinels searched the palace and laws the Bad Fairy hid among the vines, and the sentinel overlooked her. The fairies then came to the ball. They had very pretty dresses of all colors.

When they were eating supper about midnight the Bad Fairy came in. She did not go right out into sight, but stayed under the seats. When she got to the queen's seat she started biting the queen's foot. The bite was so poisonous that the queen grew very sick and she soon became unconscious. The fairies knew they could not help her, so they sent for the Good Fairy. When she got there she said that the bite was very dangerous and that the queen had been bitten by a magic rat. Then the Good Fairy said that the queen would grow conscious but she and the rest of the fairies could never leave the hall, but would keep on feasting forever. And that is the cause of the northern lights, because on every clear night you can see the fairies dancing in the sky and you can also see the colors of the fairies' dresses.

ESTHER FERRIS,

Conjuring Creek, Alta.

Age 11.

STORY OF QUEEN VERA

Among the fairies of Happy Hill lived a beautiful young fairy whose name was Vera.

At the conquest of Happy Hill and Marshy Dale, Vera was elected queen. She ruled very wisely.

But one day there came an elf whose name was War King. He was sweeping all the fairy kingdoms before him, and when he came to Queen Vera's castle he formed his men around it.

He remained here for a week, and at last Queen Vera ordered battle, because her provisions were almost exhausted.

The battle did not last long. Queen Vera was captured and taken a prisoner to a lonely castle in a forest. Her magic wand was taken from her so she could not escape. Poor little fairy queen, she had a very hard time because the castle was the abode of many drunken and gambling men.

But one night, as Queen Vera was sitting weeping in her cell she heard a tiny voice saying, "Try the window. The men forgot to lock it today."

Queen Vera did what she was told, and to her great surprise the window yielded. She immediately sprang out, but first she thanked the invisible voice.

She wandered for three days in a forest, but on the night of the third day she again heard that tiny voice telling her to take the path on the right.

This she did, and was soon rewarded by seeing her own castle, which her own people had again retaken from the War King. You can imagine her joy upon being again home.

She has now married a handsome prince, and she rules very wisely as before.

I think we may all wish her a long and prosperous life.

GRACE STRATTON,

Ormiston, Sask.

Age 12