

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

CAGED BIRDS

"There were two birds in a little wooden cage and they never sang at all," so spoke a tiny man as he dragged his little wagon along behind him.

"N-n if they had been in a great big cage would they have sung?" asked the next littlest man excitedly, as they disappeared between the houses.

I didn't hear the wee laddie's answer, but I put it to you: "If you were a bird would you sing shut up in a cage on a beautiful shiny spring day, when you know that out of doors the trees are coming out in leaf and the flowers are springing up and the earth is getting to be full of fat, juicy worms?"

You would not. You would just sit with your feathers drooping and twitter miserably now and then, and you would hate most wickedly the human being that had shut you away from your friends and your kind. Now wouldn't you?

DIXIE PATTON.

A TERRIFIC HAILSTORM

One Sunday afternoon, some two years ago, I went down to see a girl friend, who lived about half a mile away. When I arrived there they were busy packing to go away next day. The lady friend saw a black cloud rising in the northwest and she told me I had better go home before the storm came, so I started for home. I ran all the way, and got about a hundred yards from a neighbor's farm when the storm burst over me, but the hail and dust made it impossible for me to get so far. The pup I had with me whined and crouched down in front of me for shelter. My arms and legs were all big white spots where the hail had hit them. When it was over I went to the neighbor's house and she had to wash out my mouth, it was full of sand.

When I got home mother was surprised. She did not think our friend would send me home when the storm was so near. We had not been long in Canada from England and I was very much frightened. I think it was the worst storm we have had since we have been out here.

MAY GOTHARD, Age 12.

UNJUSTLY WHIPPED

One day at school I was given a whipping for things I was not doing. I was busy studying my spelling and I was spelling them over to myself, so as to know them. The teacher happened to come along and said I was chewing gum, which was against the rules, but I was not. When I told her I was just studying my spellings she would not believe me and told me to stay in after four o'clock. Now it happened that a girl who was sitting with me had gum and as she was not a very good friend of mine she told the teacher that she could show me the gum I was chewing, so of course the teacher believed her as she was older than I. After four o'clock the teacher gave me a sound whipping with a belt, till my hands were blistered and red, for the more I denied chewing gum the more she used the strap. After I got home I vowed I would get even with the teacher and the girl who told the lies, so I went to our principal and told him all about it and showed him my hands. He at once inquired into the matter and the result was the girl who vowed I was chewing gum was whipped by the principal and the teacher was reprimanded for believing a girl who was not to be trusted.

FLOSSIE HOWARD, Age 15.
Frys, Sask.

THE STORM

It was the month of June. The sun shone brightly, and the birds sang as they built their homes in the trees. Dandelions peeped forth, here and there, from the pretty green grass. The two

poplars rustled secrets of the spring to each other across the path, which ran from our front gate to the front door. The wind which swept softly across the grass and thru the trees breathed of budding flowers and streams set free from their icy bondage. The sun sank lower and lower to its home in the West, tinting the St. Claire river, which was about a quarter of a mile from our place, a gorgeous red. I had been sitting under the trees reading.

Daddy had left for his work. He worked nights, so that left mother and us children alone. It wasn't a lonely neighborhood by any means, but a person always feels safer, I think, if there is a man in the house.

Upstairs, in our house, consisted of two big rooms. The front room was the larger of the two, so my three sisters and I occupied the two beds in it.

It was hot so the front window was up. The mosquitoes buzzed against the screens, lulling us to sleep.

Pretty soon a distant rumbling, added to by frequent flashes of lightning denoted that a storm was brewing. Now if there is one thing that I'm afraid of it is a thunder storm. Burying my head under the bed clothes, which I had pulled up around me, I did not see it approach. It burst upon us with a bowl of fury. The thunder roared, the lightning flashed, whilst the rain fell in torrents. The wind shook the house until I thought nothing could hold it. Mother crept upstairs and closed the window and pulled down the shade. Many times I thought the house had been struck. The dull roar of the angry waters of the St. Claire could be heard above the storm sometimes.

To top it all the fire-bell rang. I waited, holding my breath for fear it would ring sixteen, but it didn't.

The storm gradually abated, while the wind moaned and shrieked around the corners of the house. The Sandman came to my relief and I slept.

Morning dawned and getting up I raised the window shade. The sun was shining and the river sparkled and danced in the distance, but the leaves lay on the ground and hung on the trees as if the storm had sapped them of all the strength they did possess. The grass was sodden and dirty and the birds viewed their nests which the wind had ruthlessly torn from among the branches of the trees.

This storm happened about six years ago, but I don't think that I will ever forget it.

MARJORIE AULD, Age 15.
Rosetown, Sask.

IN THE PEAS

One summer we had a very big garden and we had more peas in it than anything else. One day my mother sent me out in the garden for some flowers and while I was picking them I saw the patch of peas all in bloom. I thought to myself that it would be lots of fun if my sister and I would come out after I put the flowers in the house and play in them.

When I had the flowers in a vase I called to my sister, who was playing with her doll in the other room, and told her to come and play with me in the peas. When we got in there we started to pick off the blossoms, roll on them, and then we got up and walked on them. But we soon got down again, for we saw our mother looking at us out of the window. Our hiding did us no good, for soon our big brother came in the garden and saw us. When he saw we had spoiled all the peas he said, "Just wait, you'll get it," and walked off to the barn, where our father was and told him we had spoiled the peas.

When we heard him tell our father that we spoiled the peas we knew that we were going to get a whipping, so we ran and hid in the hay rack. But our father called us so we had to go. I got a good whipping for it, but my sister did not, for she was too small.

LENA ALTVATER.

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