

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

WHY THE PRIZE STORIES HAVEN'T COME

Please forgive me for not printing this week the names and some of the stories of the prize winners in the recent competitions, but I found I had so many good hero stories still to print that I could not find it in my heart to leave them out.

However you can really look for the names and at least one of the prize-winning stories in our next issue. I am so sorry that quite a big pile of letters came in after the competition had closed. All these people will get buttons but of course their stories will not be considered for prizes.

I might mention that as we have turned the corner of the summer with the first of July—you will have to look sharp to find out all you can about trees and flowers and animals while the summer lasts. It won't seem any time until the leaves begin to turn brown and red and the birds begin to pack their suit cases and buy their tickets for the Southland. Even now their young families are beginning to feel independent and want to run their own little affairs themselves while the old birds look on and smile except when they nearly break their stubborn little necks.

Now as I want to get as many stories as possible in this week I'll say bye-bye, and be good bairns for another week—or as good as you can.

DIXIE PATTON.

A HEROIC BRIDE

One day in Brighton last year a pretty young girl by the name of Ellen Ardale was going to be married to a vicar, who was very popular and well known.

On the day of the wedding all Brighton was out to see the well-loved bride and bridegroom. The vicar and bishop were already at the church, and the bride was coming with her uncle and mother, after seeing her Sunday school children safe in a large room which had been lent for the purpose. Just as she neared the church she heard the cry of "Fire! Fire!" Ellen rushed out of the carriage to see the room with her children in all in flames. She rushed in, in all her flimsy bridal attire and brought her children out one by one. She was just about starting for the carriage when she heard a cry and looking she saw another boy in the fire. Ellen rushed in and caught the boy in her arms and brought him to the people standing around.

Just as she came to the door a piece of burning material fell on her dress and in a second she was a mass of flames. The men standing by took off their coats and put out the flames, but not till she was badly burnt.

Poor Ellen! She was a beautiful bride no longer—her veil was gone, the orange blossoms were nothing but a charred mass, her hair was burnt and her face and hands were badly scorched.

They carried her to the vicarage and some went for a doctor while others went to the church to tell the vicar of the heroine. He rushed to her side in a moment just as the doctor was saying "She will be terribly marked and she is blind forever." The vicar could not hold his grief but fell on the bed and wept like a child.

Ellen got better, but she was blind and scarred. Three months later all Brighton was out to see a more beautiful wedding than they had ever witnessed before, for though Ellen was scarred and blind it made no difference in the vicar's love for her, so they were happily married but to this day Brighton never forgets the heroine bride.

FLORENCE HOWARD, Age 14.

THE NINE-YEAR-OLD HERO

Once there lived a little boy who was nine years old. He lived in a little log hut with his grandpa and grandma, for his mother and father were both dead. His grandpa kept eight horses—six he could work and two he drove to town, for the nearest town was twenty-five miles away and no one lived any nearer than that.

Mr. Clarke, Teddy's grandpa, had

thirty head of cattle too. Teddy used to help do the chores by watering the horses and driving the cattle two miles to the straw stack with "Trap" his little dog.

One cold, snowy day in January Teddy's grandpa said he would help do the watering and then he would help drive the cattle to the stack. Before they left the barn the snow was falling lightly, but before they had gone half a mile a blizzard came up that blew the snow with such force that it cut the faces of Teddy and his grandpa. "We will have to go back and leave the cattle alone," said Mr. Clarke, "for we cannot stand this." They turned about and started in the direction they thought home, but the snow was so blinding they could not see. They wandered through the deep snow for about an hour, then Teddy said, "Oh, grandpa, we are going in the wrong direction." "No, this is right, I am sure," said Mr. Clarke. They went on for half an hour longer when Mr. Clarke sank down on a snow drift and said, "Sit down, Ted, till the storm is over, for I cannot go any farther." Mr. Clarke was seventy years old and soon got tired out. Teddy tried to coax his grandpa to come on, but he was too cold and tired to speak. He just laid with his eyes closed. Teddy knew his grandpa would freeze if he lay there much longer, so he took off his heavy coat and threw it over his grandpa. The blizzard had stopped so he started running in the direction he knew the house stood. When he saw the buildings he did not stop running till he came to the house.

When Teddy went in the house he found his grandma anxious about them. He told her his story and she gave him something to eat. He went down to the barn after he had got warm and harnessed Billy to the sleigh. He put the rugs in the sleigh and got the lantern, for it was already dark, and started for his grandpa. He had gone but a little way when "Trap" ran up to him and barked. He held the lantern up and saw a wolf sitting on her haunches a little ahead of him. But when it saw him it ran away. Teddy was not frightened for he knew one wolf would not hurt him. It took him a long while to find the pole he had stuck up to mark the place where grandpa lay, and when he found him he saw that he was as white as death. It took all his strength to lift him into the low sleigh and cover him with the rugs. It did not take him long to go home, for Billy trotted along. It was all he and grandma could do to lift unconscious grandpa into the house.

Grandpa was unconscious for a long while, but after that he soon got well, between grandma's kind nursing and little Teddy's watching. And he and Grandma were never tired of telling how nine-year-old Teddy saved his grandpa's life.

VIVIAN WHITMAN, Age 11.

TABLES TURNED

An English gentleman owned a very clever dog, who had been taught to go to the butcher's shop for meat. One day the man took the money without giving the dog any meat, and said: "Go home, Carlo." Carlo went home, and when his master scolded him he went and hid in a shed for three days.

Then his master called him out again and told him to go for the meat. When he got there this time, he put the money on the floor and kept his paw on it. When the man gave him the meat he scratched the money in, too. Then he went home in triumph.

KATHLEEN ARTHUR, Age 9.

Wasted Time

First Cinder—"Why so angry?"
Second Cinder—"I've been wasting time in a glass eye."

Breaking It Softly

"Why this hush, this elaborate tip-toeing about?"
"S-sh! Mother is getting ready to ask father for a little extra-money."

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