

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

AT LAST—THE PRIZE WINNERS

Out of some eighty stories, to sift only three for prizes is a dreadful task, especially when all of the eighty are so good that one almost hates to set any of them back on the shelf. But at last, after reading and re-reading, I have decided that the prizes should go to Lora Hill, Lavoy, Alberta, age 8 years; Wallace Showman, Leopoldville, Alberta, age 9 years, and Marjorie Auld, Rosetown Sask., age 14 years.

Marjorie Auld makes her little kitten live for us and one can't help feeling that Grace might have gone to see him while his tail was healing up, after the rooster hurt it. It is a splendid story and Marjorie has reason to be proud of it.

I gave a prize to Wallace Showman's rabbit story because he made me forget for a minute that it was a story. I felt real worried over the poor little bunny getting caught in the trap and heaved a great sigh of relief over the happy ending.

Little Lora Hill used to live in the State of Washington where there were great evergreen trees and her mother tells us that she loved the little baby pines. Her story of the life of one beginning with the cone is one of the best we have ever had from a very young member.

But because I did not have nearly enough prizes to go around among the very good stories, I am printing below quite a long list of those who deserve honorable mention for their very good work.

About twenty stories—some of which might have won prizes—came too late to be entered in the competition. Next time I hope everyone will take warning and hurry their stories off to the editor.

DIXIE PATTON.

Honorable Mention

Bertha Wenman, age 12, Dunkirk, Sask.; Corinne Haacker, age 13, Edgerton, Alta.; Cleota Crowe, age 14, Carstairs, Alta.; Sydney Hicks, age 11, Rossetti, Sask.; Mary Riopka, age 16, Broderick, Sask.; Florence Jones, age 14, Lacombe, Alta.; Mabel Neil, age 14, Thames Road, Ontario; Mae Davis, age 11, Marquis, Sask.; William C. Haacke, age 14 years, Beaverdale, Sask.; Victoria M. Hedlund, age 13 years, Malmo, Alberta.

A PINE TREE A Splendid Prize Story

A big wind came one day and blew our house, the cone, loose from Mother Tree and we fell to the ground with a bang. We lay there two or three days when a little red squirrel came and carried me away and as he ran through the grass, he dropped me. I fell into a tiny crack in the ground and some earth got shoved over me, and I stayed there all winter, wrapped in my brown coat. In the spring I grew so big I split my coat and in a little while I grew up into the sunshine, near where some wild roses lived. I liked this very much because I could see the birds and trees and pretty blue sky. In about a year I grew two or three inches high and my roots were fastened tightly in the earth and I had about twenty green needles for my top.

I kept getting bigger every year and my roots reached far under the ground and birds built their nests in my branches; my bark was thick and tough. And every year after I got quite big and always had a lot of cones full of brown seeds. One day, some men came with a sharp axe and a long saw and cut me down, then they took me away to the mill and I was sawed up into boards. Some of the boards were made into part of the wall for a house and some were made into chairs and tables and boxes, some into a fence, until they were all used up. Another man came with a big sleigh to where I had been cut down and gathered up my branches and took them home to make his fires with, so all that was left of me was my stump.

LORA HILL.

Age 8.

Lavoy, Alta., May 14, 1913.

Dixie Patton.

Dear Madam:—This is to certify that the enclosed story "A Pine Tree" was written by my little girl, Lora, using her own words. She is eight years old and

has never been to school. I give her lessons at home. We came here from the State of Washington, where we had a homestead on which were a great number of trees, pine, fir and tamarac, and she always liked them very much, especially the small ones.

MRS. L. W. HILL.

I'M THIS KIND OF A KITTEN

A Prize Story

Here I am, lying among a heap of straw with my brothers and sisters. I was born three weeks ago, but I was so dazed about everything that I don't remember anything that happened at first.

My little mistress's name is Grace. She has a brother George and a brother Harry. There is something she calls Napoleon and Grant. My mother says that they are dogs. One day she said that she was out in the yard and that the dogs chased her up a big high fence. But they wouldn't hurt me, I know, because I'd give them the hardest slap.

Then she said that one day a big grey rooster chased her. My little mistress has been out to see me, but she brought the big dog Napoleon with her and he jumped at me. I didn't slap him because he jumped too quick, but Grace sent him away. He scared me. Grace has taught me to sit on her shoulder and to beg. I don't like her brothers because they set the dogs on me.

I've never seen the rooster that mother has told me about. Grace came to me today and taking me in her arms, she said, "Now Katzie, you're to be perfectly good because two of my friends, Catherine and Mabel, are coming and they're going to bring their dollies and we're going to have a grand tea-party." Of course, I'm always good. Whoever saw me when I wasn't? Well, the day came and Grace set the tables under the shade of a big tree, beside the chicken house. You see she put two tables out, one for the tea and one to sew on.

The girls came at last and after they had been sewing for a while one of them noticed me. "Why, what a dear little kitten," she said, and I jumped onto her shoulder. She screamed and slapped me to make me get off and I scratched her. It wasn't my fault. If she hadn't slapped me I wouldn't have scratched her. But Grace took me in her arms and gave me a scolding, so I jumped down and ran away. Pretty soon I could see her getting tea, so I went back to them. When everyone was nicely seated and enjoying their tea, I saw a big monster coming towards me. I couldn't think what it was. It was all grey, with two red eyes and big long tails flopping in the wind; afterwards I learned that they were feathers. Well, as I was saying, he came right at me, at least I thought that it was me he was coming at. One of the girls cried out, "What an ugly old rooster!" Then I knew it was the big grey rooster that my mother had told me so much about.

I jumped off Grace's knee and spat at him. He ran at me and, alas! caught my poor tail right in his mouth. I screamed and struggled to get away, but he just hung on all the tighter. At last Grace made him stop and let go and I ran off to the barn and mother and the girls laughed at me. I don't believe that Grace was very nice to me. Any way my tail was sore. It healed over in a few weeks and I never saw my young mistress all the time it was so sore.

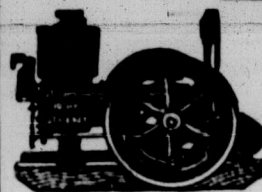
One day, I remember that I was up in the loft, I saw something grey on the floor, so I crept up, oh, so quietly, and grabbed it. My! it tasted good. It started to yell, so I shook it and after a while it stopped. I'd never tasted anything so good, so I lay down, after I'd finished eating that one, to see if I could find any more. In a few minutes I thought I smelt something like the thing I'd eaten, so I crept over to where I thought the smell came from and sure enough there was a great big fellow. I caught him, and soon finished him. I thought I'd had enough, so I lay down and had a good sleep.

A few weeks later I saw some things on the water, so I jumped into the creek to see if I could catch one and I was nearly drowned before my mistress picked me out.

MARJORIE AULD.

Rosetown, Sask., age 14.

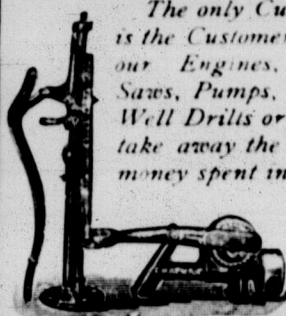
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