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# Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

### THE PRIZE WINNERS

The prize winners in the last story contest were: Enna Humbke, age 12, Duhamel, Alta.; Marjory E. Thomas, age 10, Durban, Man.; and John Wilson, age 13, Milnerton, Alta.

The editor, not being sure of being unprejudiced, left the selection of the prize winners to an excellent judge, who was particularly taken with the story by Enna Humbke. It has what he calls "human interest" to a remarkable degree.

John Wilson was given a prize for the remarkable grasp of the money situation which he showed in his letter and the clearness of his explanation concerning it.

Marjory Thomas's letter is very unusual for a little person of ten years, and since age is always taken into consideration in awarding prizes, she could hardly be left out of the prize winners.

And that made it impossible to give prizes to many others who really wrote splendid stories. They are: Helen Auld, Rosetown, Sask.; Edna Hareus, Delia, Alta.; Eva C. Evett, Estevan, Sask.; Frances Hoover, Venn, Sask.; Kathleen Suter, Juniata, Sask.; Heidmar B. Bjornson, Vidar, Man.; Marjory A. Bentel, Strathcona, Alta.

### The New Story Contest

Again three prizes of books will be given, this time for the best story on the subject, "The Wrong Track." Can't you think of ever so many people and things that might get on the wrong track, and of all sorts of strange things that might result from it. I can, but I'm not going to tell you a word about it. I want to see how many strange and different sorts of stories we will get this time.

In order that we may hear from as many little boys and girls as possible I should like you to take this paper to school and get your teacher to read the prize offer aloud to the class.

Any boy or girl under seventeen years of age may try for a prize provided he or she complies with the following conditions: All stories must be written in pen and ink and on only one side of the paper.

The teacher, or one of the contributor's parents, must certify that the story is original and that the age given is correct.

Letters must be clearly addressed to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

Any new writer to the club, who wishes to get one of the pretty maple leaf pins, must enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

All letters must be posted to reach The Guide office not later than July 1.

DIXIE PATTON.

### ABOUT WAR

#### A Prize Story.

From the very first of the history and all thru it we read about wars between Ivernian and Celt, between Romans and Britons and so on all thru the history.

I wonder why people can't live without fighting and killing each other, don't you? War must be a very dreadful thing. The boys that leave their homes so gladly, to fight the enemy do not realize what a dreadful thing war is, until they are actually in it.

And then the poor soldiers who have to lie for weeks and weeks in the cold, wet, muddy trenches from which to expose one's head is to lose one's life.

They mostly have to stand knee-deep in the muddy ice-cold water so that many die of cold. Are you not all sorry for them? They do not have nice things to eat like we have, but are glad if they get a lump of dry bread and a scrap of bacon. (I hate bacon.)

It must be awful hard to march for hours and hours on a rough road with shoes, the soles of which are worn clean thru, and all run over to one side from hard travel, and with a heavy knapsack and gun to carry.

Then when one is weary and footsore, settled for a short camp and hastily cooking one's food by a fire, the flame of which is carefully guarded so as not to be seen by the enemy, the sentinel on guard anxiously peering into the darkness says in a strained whisper, "Boys, I do believe that they have seen the fire, for I heard something up—"

Then a roar like thunder and a flash like lightning and there again is silence—for a moment. Then there arises a

scream so wild and unearthly that one instinctively shudders and looks around. But oh! horror! what is that ghastly thing rolling around over there? It is a man with both arms and legs shot off, and here is a man with his head shot off, and there is human a hand, and everywhere one looks there are new horrors and such crying and screaming.

I think that the Red Cross nurses must be able to endure pretty much so that they can stand all the terrible sights and nurse the wounded night and day. I am sure that I would faint if I saw a man with his arm shot away. And then if he does get well, what is he? A life-long cripple. There will be pretty many cripples when this war is over.

I have always been sorry for the poor little children who certainly did not help to fight. Most of the time they have to flee from the enemy with only the clothes they have on, glad even to have that and their lives. Just imagine the poor little children shivering and crying from cold and hunger while we sit at home and have a nice time all day and a nice bed to sleep in at night.

I think that the people who give money to the Belgian Relief Fund are very generous people. If nobody gave money what would all the poor refugees do who have no clothes, money, friends or homes?

I'm glad that I'm not one and have nothing worse than feeding pigs and washing dishes to do. Aren't you?

I hope that this will be the last war.

ERNA HUMBKE.

Duhamel, Alta.

Age 12.

### MY OPINION OF WAR

(Honorable Mention.)

The opinions of people vary a great deal on the subject of war, but I think the most common opinion is that war is harmful in every-way to the nations engaged in it.

War makes men cruel. We have examples in the present war of the fact. We hear of so many soldier boys who glory in the number-of Germans they have killed. Of course this is natural, but it shows how war hardens our hearts. Germans will be shunned and hated by the people of the allied nations for generations. The Germans hate us. Therefore war makes men cruel and breeds in them a hatred of their fellow men.

So many soldiers come home from war in a state of nervous breakdown. Therefore it spoils their nerves instead of making them brave. I have heard of soldiers who ran away from the army because they were afraid. It was not because they were cowardly, poor boys! It was because war is such a terrible thing they could not help it.

Then regarding the way in which war affects a country. It robs a country of its manhood, leaving in many cases only old men, women and children to do the work at home. This often results in a scarcity of food and ammunition. In order to raise money for war, a tax is often put on different articles which the people use, and this puts a still greater burden on those at home. Then in war time, there is the salary of the soldiers added to the national burden, and last but not least so many broken hearts.

EDNA HARCUS.

Delia, Alta.

Age 12.

### A STORM

Some years ago when father and mother came to Canada, they had very poor old log stables. When it would snow or storm the stable would get snow in it and often would be nearly covered with snow.

When father went to the bush for wood he would stay over night and come home next day. One night when he was away for wood, it began to snow and storm.

That night there was some little pigs born and it snowed in the stable on them. When mother went in the stable the next morning she saw what had happened. Some little pigs were dead. Those that were still living mother took in the house. We put them in a box and fed them milk with a spoon.

When father came home he said that he told the people where he was staying over night that he thought the stables would be full of snow.

MARY HOSS.

Dugald, Man.