

# Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

## THE PRIZE WINNERS

I don't know when I have had such trouble making up my mind about the prize winners in any competition. I had to consider the interest of the story itself, the manner of telling, and the age of the writer.

One of the prizes goes to Marjorie Moffat for her story of the snake, partly because it is a very interesting and unusual incident and partly because Marjorie has told the story very well indeed.

Willie Riddell, Oakner, Man., would have won a prize if he had taken the trouble to have his story certified. It was a very clever story for a small man of eight years to have written.

As it is, the best certified story written by the little folk is that of Dora Anderson, age 9, Blucher, Sask. Dora's story is not so unusual as Willie's, but it is equally well told, and I should say that when Dora gets to be grown up she will be a very pretty writer. So Dora has won a prize also.

Betsy Thompson, Fielding, Sask., has written one of the strangest stories that has been sent in to the competition, and the tale she tells of the devotion of one chicken to another is so beautiful that we could not resist giving it a prize.

## The Almost Prize Winners

I would have been happy to give a prize to Rudolph Jasman for his story of the caterpillars, because he shows such a kind and gentle feeling for the wild things. You will understand better what I mean when you read his story in The Guide, as you will do shortly.

George Simon was another boy to whom I felt much inclined to give a prize, because while the story he told was quite an ordinary one, he told it with a certain ease and charm. For example, he says, "I espied a young rabbit, apparently running a race with its shadow," and uses other equally bright expressions.

Jean Edie's tale of the bird's nests she set out appeals very strongly to me, but somehow it does not run quite as smoothly as the prize stories.

Mabel Peacock wrote a pretty story called "Patience," but as she neglected to get it certified by her parent or teacher it could not be considered for a prize.

Catherine Strong, Anna Steel, Gertie Brown, Tressie Gale, and Elsie Glennie all sent in stories worthy of honorable mention, and I hope to have the pleasure of reading more of their stories in the next contest.

DIXIE PATTON.

## A CHICKEN TRAGEDY

(A Prize Story)

My story is about two chickens. One night in the early spring about five years ago, one of these chickens got out of the chicken house and got its feet frozen. After a few days its feet came off and it was very difficult for it to get around.

Very soon I noticed that another chicken began to go around with it and to look after it. The chicken that had lost its feet we nick-named Stumps and the other one Mary Anne.

Mary Anne went around with the other chicken scratching for it and protecting it from every danger. Whenever Mary Anne caught a fly or bug she always gave it to Stumps.

One day the pig got out of his pen and came right up to where Stumps and Mary Anne were feeding. As soon as Mary Anne saw the pig she flew at him and pecked him vigorously, but the pig was too much for her and her efforts soon became very feeble, but not until Stumps had reached the chicken house in safety.

Then, before anyone could get there to drive off the pig, poor little Mary Anne, torn and bleeding, lay dead.

After Mary Anne's death Stumps seemed very lonely, but she was not lonely long, for at that time we had a mischievous little puppy whose great delight it was to chase the chickens. One day, when all was quiet, he came upon Stumps, and as there was no faith-

ful Mary Anne to drive off the enemy this time, before long poor little Stumps was dead.

But I shall never forget the brave example of Mary Anne, who gave up her own life so unselfishly to save the life of the other poor little helpless chicken.

BETSY A. H. THOMPSON,  
Age 13. Fielding, Sask.

## THE SNAKE'S DINNER

(A Prize Story)

I was going to the pasture with the cattle, mamma was standing in the garden. When she saw me, she called me over. When I went, she pointed to a snake on the ground with its tail wound around a weed and its head in a hole.

What was the snake doing there? Presently we heard a few squeaks like a mouse coming from the hole.

I waited breathlessly and saw the earth above the snake's head bulge up and crack. The snake curled up its back and, using the weed as a lever, gave a sharp pull. When the snake's head emerged its jaws held a frightened little toad, whose eyes looked as large as shoe buttons.

The snake was proceeding to carry off its prey when I, pitying the poor little toad, held the snake back with a stick. It was carrying off the toad when I stopped it again and it let the toad go. I released the snake and it hurried off into the grass, shooting out its little red forked tongue at us, turning its head from right to left, and every scale on its body seemed to sparkle and gleam because it had been deprived of its dinner.

MARJORIE MOFFATT,  
Age 12 years. Lakeland, Man.

## THE DISOWNED COLT

(A Prize Story)

One fine morning in May when we went to the barn we found a pretty chestnut colt. He was really no bigger than a Shetland colt. We called him Jack.

His mother would not own him, and kicked and bit at him every time he went near her. He soon knew enough not to go near her, so we fed him on milk.

When he was about twenty-four hours old my father and mother were planting potatoes. Jack and a little pup we had and I followed them up and down the rows while they were dropping potatoes.

He wanted milk very often, but as we only had one cow we could not give him all he wanted, so we would offer him water but he would not take it unless we put enough milk in it to color it.

When he wanted a drink he came to the door and turned the knob and we would think someone was coming in. After the screen doors were on he managed to get a bit of screen loose and soon had it about half torn loose.

He seemed to know I was afraid of him, for every time he saw me away from the house he would run up to me and I would run for the door, crying. This lasted the first summer of his life, as we had no pasture to put him in and did not like to keep him shut in his stall all the time.

When mother would wash, Jack would come up and when her back was turned he would get a handkerchief or rag and chew it. We chased him with the broom so often he soon knew what it meant when he saw it.

When he was about a year old, one day he came into the summer kitchen and lifted the cover off a butter crock which had a few pounds of butter in it. He ate about three pounds and mused over the rest.

Another day he sneaked in and drank almost a pailful of buttermilk. Mother and I just wished it would kill him as he had got to be such a nuisance. We then shut him up, never to be let out around the house again.

Finally he was broken in to drive before the buggy, and he is so gentle we soon forgot his bad conduct in his early days.

DORA ANDERSON,  
Age 9.

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