

# CHRISTMAS STORY AND DRAWING CONTEST

1ST. PRIZE SENIOR

## A Christmas Secret

By Leah Lord

Uncle Charlie and Aunt Lucy were sitting in the living room when Aunt Lucy began, "Junior's been wanting a tool chest ever since he saw Teddy Wilson's. Honestly he's hardly talked about anything else, I suppose he'll whittle and saw and pound everything in the house," Lucy laughed; "but goodness! they're only young once. I think we ought to give them everything we can. Don't you?" she asked. "Christmas only comes once a year. It isn't, she went on, "as if the poor little things had as much as half the others in the block."

Charlie stirred. "Whatever you think, dear," "Well, I guess I'll get it then. Sister wants a doll." "I thought she had a dozen of dolls." "Yes, I know, but she wants a new one."

He heard Lucy saying "Baby's too young to know what its all about for a year. We'll just put some money in the bank for his college fund." "All right," Charlie brightened hopefully, "and then I'm not quite able to do it in December, because of the extra bills, and all. Lucy, why we can deposit it later."

Lucy turned shocked eyes upon him. "Oh, no dear! That wouldn't be in the spirit of Christmas at all, would it? And I want the entries in the bank book so that when he grows up he can see what we gave him on his very first Christmas."

Charlie had a moment's vision of the baby at twenty reading his bank book. It didn't quite fit, but, anyway, Lucy had a feeling about those things, and so—"Oh, yes, I see," he told her. "Well, and what do you want, Lucy? Now, you tell me something nice that you'd really like." In his mind he saw himself going to a shop to select something. Perhaps a pocket-book, and turning over this one and that; demanding to see one in the show case or a negligee. Rather funny picking out a negligee for Lucy. He wouldn't be a bit embarrassed because it was for her.

"I'll tell you, dear," she said, "You just give me a check; then I can get whatever I want."

"That's what you wanted on your birthday and our anniversary," he reminded her, "and then you didn't actually get yourself a thing. It just sort of melts away, doesn't it?" "Well, its a grand present to have something extra to melt," she pointed out. A listening look crept over her face. "Sh—h—! Is that the baby? Yes, it is."

She was gone. Charlie sat on with his evening paper, not really seeing it, just thinking. In his mind columns of figures pursued each other, each topped by a grinning Santa Claus. Presently he took out a pencil and began making figures on the margin of the paper.

Lucy returned announcing, "He's asleep again. What are you doing, dear?" "Nothing, just running over expenses."

"Well, we'll just have to come out right somehow. I've made out my lists completely."

A new thought struck Lucy. "Now, what do you want, Charlie? Tell me."

She took up a pair of Junior's pants and began sewing on buttons. "What would you really like?"

Charlie laughed. "You just forget me, Lucy. I don't want a thing. I give you my word I'll be sore as an Indian if you go spending money on me. There's nothing I want at all." He had a positive feeling of deep conceit as he said it.

As far back as September Charlie Peters had had a clear urgent desire to own a certain thing. He had

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## Drawing Competition

Boys and girls between 13 and 20 years:

1st PRIZE: Mattie MacNeill, age 20, Alma.

2nd PRIZE: Martina Gaudet, age 18, Miscouche.

3rd PRIZE: Ruth Cudmore, age 13, Winsloe.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Francis Gaudet, Miscouche; Howard Doyle, Greenmount; Lillian Hurry, West Royalty; Harvey R. MacAusland, East Royalty; Olive M. Dewar, New Perth; Willie Dawson, Norway, Lot 1; Joseph Martin, Tignish; Helen Matheson, Rose Valley; Margaret Ferguson, Borden; Johnnie Matheson, Oyster Bed Bridge; Mary F. MacLeod, Harrisville; Helen Doyle, Tignish; Raymond MacKinnon, West Royalty; Helen Mullally, Souris; Venantius A. Gillis, Bayside, Lot 14; Lawrence J. Murray, Emyvale; Stephen MacDonald, Emyvale.

Boys and girls under 13 years:

1st PRIZE: Adele MacDonald, Mermaid, Lot 48.

2nd PRIZE: Clayton Cudmore, age 10, Winsloe Road.

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## CONTEST EDITORIAL

The Christmas Contest Editor's task this year was no easy one. The entries, both of stories and drawings, were more numerous than last year and the competition was much keener. The Editor had a delightful time reading the stories and admiring the drawings, but when it came to making a selection of the prize winners—that was a different matter. He wished that Santa Claus would come along and help him, but Santa was too busy with his own affairs. So the Contest Editor had to make his own selection. He presents the result with the humility befitting a mere grown-up who realizes that he has passed definitely out of the magic circle in which childhood's dreams are fashioned.

To the contestants, one and all, The Guardian offers hearty congratulations. Those who failed to win prizes this year should not be discouraged. The effort, for its own sake, was well worth while. In practically every story and drawing submitted there was evident a true appreciation of the spirit of Christmas—that gracious message of "peace on earth, good will to men" which was conveyed by the angelic messengers on the first Christmas morning, nearly two thousand years ago. That is the spirit which must be encouraged if the world is to go forward to greater and nobler things. The fact that it has found such sincere expression in The Guardian Christmas Contest is one of the reassuring signs that we are indeed moving in that direction, however slow the progress may appear to those of us who have outgrown our earlier enthusiasms, and would lose them altogether but for the abiding faith and fresher vision of the boys and girls who will be the citizens of tomorrow.

1ST. PRIZE JUNIOR

## Found—A New Friend

By Pauline Linkletter

Jean Brown woke up one chilly Saturday morning in late November with a down-cast heart.

The cold winter was coming on and Jean had outgrown nearly all her last winter's clothing. Now there was no money to buy anything new as her father, Matthew Brown, was one of the many Saskatchewan farmers whose crops had been a failure.

"Oh, dear," sighed Jean. "It will soon be Christmas, but it won't seem like Christmas at all, with everybody so poverty stricken."

Just then she heard her mother calling. "Hurry, Jean and get up. There's a big surprise here for you."

"Well, I just wonder what it is," thought Jean, as she hurriedly dressed. "Mother seems happy enough anyway, which is unusual for her lately, so it must be something pretty nice."

She bounded down stairs, two steps at a time, and burst into the kitchen.

"Oh mother!" she exclaimed gazing rapturously at the pile of clothing heaped on the table. "Where did they come from? When and how did they get here? Aren't they just lovely?"

Her mother laughed. "They ARE nice, aren't they? Last night you went to bed before your father came back from Regina. He brought these clothes with him. They are from Prince Edward Island. Aren't those people good to send them?" "They certainly are," agreed Jean.

2nd Prize Junior

## THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE

By Rose Arsenault

Rose was a little girl whose parents were too poor to afford much luxury at Christmas. She knew that all her school friends would have a nicely decorated tree, while she would have to do without one. Of course one thing little Rose was always certain about was, that Santa would bring her a Christmas gift. Her mother had often contented her by telling her so, especially when Rose expressed the wish that she would like a Christmas tree.

One day while at school the pupils were telling one another about all the beautiful things they had bought to decorate their trees, when all of a sudden Rose said, "I'm going to decorate a tree for the birds." (This thought had come to her during the Nature Study lesson when the teacher had told that at this time of the year when the ground is covered with snow and the grasses and grains are covered up the little birds find it difficult to find anything to eat and many of them starve.) The little girls all laughed at her but Rose didn't care. After school she hurried home as quickly as possible to tell her mother about her new plan. Her mother laughed and said, "What will you put on the tree?" "The butcher will give some suet, which I will cut into small pieces, the birds will love it. Then I will tie some pieces of apple, cake and bread with red and green ribbon. Then I will spread grains and oatmeal over the snow." Sure enough the day before Christmas little Rose picked out an evergreen tree in the backyard. She filled a basket with things and went to the tree on which she tied pieces of apples, cake and bread and on the top she tied a great big candy. Then she scattered grain and oatmeal under the tree.

It was now Christmas Eve. Rose hung up her stockings and went to bed.

On Christmas morning she arose early, and found a big doll and plenty of sweets in her stockings. Then she ran to the window. It was a beautiful day and on her little tree she saw many little birds pecking at the decorations. Rose all day to watch these little birds enjoying Christmas.

It was certainly a great joy for Rose's father and mother also spent many hours watching the birds.

Don't you think Rose enjoyed her tree as much as her little play mates?

Even if you don't have a Christmas tree yourself, you can have one for the birds.

who by this time was trying on a coat which was on top of the pile. "This coat just fits me," she said "but—what's this?"

Hastily she unfastened an envelope which was pinned to the inside of the coat.

"It's addressed 'To The Little Girl Who Gets This Coat.'"

She opened the envelope. There was a lovely two page letter, a snap shot, a blank sheet of paper and a stamped envelope addressed to Miss Louise Marshall, Rambler's Cove, P. E. I.

Jean read the letter and turned to her mother, who was looking through the clothes.

"Mother, the girl who sent this coat is just my age, twelve, but she must be taller than me because she says she has outgrown it. And she wants me to write to her. May I? Here's her picture. Isn't she just the darlinest looking girl you ever saw?"

"She IS nice looking," agreed Mrs. Brown. "She looks something like you. What's her name?"

"Louise Marshall," replied Jean. "Louise Marshall!" exclaimed her mother. "Where from?"

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3rd Prize Junior

## UNLUCKY JIM

By Ivan Frizle

Jim was a very unlucky fellow; every thing was going wrong, even his only marble rolled down a drain. For one thing he was shivering with cold; he should have had warm clothes but he had neither clothes nor money.

He walked along the streets with his hands in his pockets. Jim saw other children going into beautiful homes for their tea, and he knew he would get only a little bit of bread and jam when he went home. Just then he passed a top shop full of everything a boy likes, and saw boys and girls coming out with parcels; how he wished he could take something to his little sister, lying at home so sick!

Jim felt so unlucky, but the next day his luck changed; a lady told him they had his name on a list of their church, "and we want you to come to a special Christmas treat next week. Here is a ticket for you." "What about my sick sister? she may be better then," said Jimmie. They could only take one from each family and his name was on the card.

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## Commended BILLY'S CHRISTMAS DISCOVERY

By Eva Christopher (age 10)

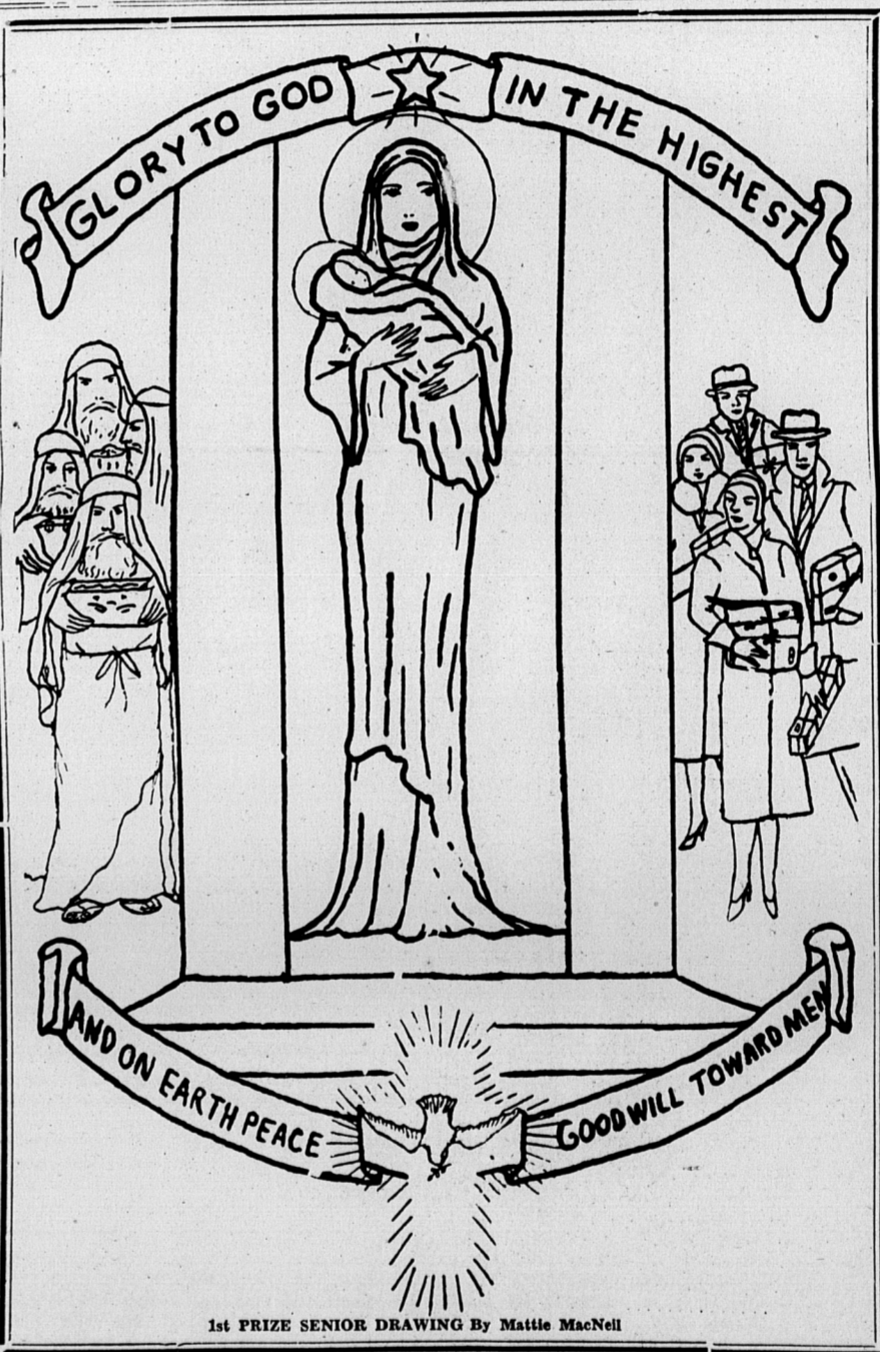
Billy was a dear little boy, who lived on a small farm in the country, with his parents. He was now eight years old, and went daily to the little school-house on the hill, where he had already learned to read fairly well.

This Christmas his parents were very poor as there had been no high prices for any of the farm products. So poor were they that this morning Billy's mother said that she didn't think Santa could afford to visit them this year, as he also must be very poor. Now you can imagine how disappointed Billy must have been. How disappointed you or I, would be if just three days before Christmas, someone told you that Santa wasn't going to bring you anything.

I suppose you think that Billy cried, but no, he didn't cry. "That Santa wouldn't come," was something he could never have been made believe.

Now every morning before going to school Billy fed his dog and cats and then ran to meet the postman, who always brought them a daily paper "The Charlottetown Guardian," which his mother always managed to pay, however poor. This morning Billy was delighted his mother had got a letter so this gave him a chance to get the newspaper first. Oh! How he liked to look at the Santa Claus pictures and read the nice little rhymes which were on the paper this "Christmas Week." All at once he

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## STORY CONTEST WINNERS

Boys and girls between 13 and 20 years:

1st PRIZE: Leah Lord, Provincial Sanatorium, Charlottetown.

2nd PRIZE: Helen Doyle, Tignish, R. R. 1.

3rd PRIZE: Mildred MacWilliams, East Royalty, R. R. 3.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Margaret B. Ferguson, Borden; Ruth Cudmore, Winsloe; Lilly Jacobson, 71 Dorchester Street, Charlottetown; Alice Moore, Cardigan, R.R. 4; Annie Powers, Tracadie Cross; Gladys MacNeill, Kensington; Rita Hughes, Bedford Station; Annie McGuigan, Stanley Bridge; M. Freda Doyle, Mount Stewart; Wilfred J. McCarrill, Kinkora, R. R. 2; Muriel McKay, Gladstone; Thelma Hastings, Lakeville; Jessie Hopper,

Charlottetown, R. R. 3; L. George Dewar, New Perth; Mary Slavin, New Perth West; (Miss) M. E. Mann, Roseneath; Esther Harper, Norwood Road; Kathleen Macinnis, Point DeRouche; Howard Doyle Greenmount; Mary E. McCarthy, Mount Stewart; Hannah Moore, Albion, Lot 59; Harold J. Dunn, Peake's Station; Louise Woods,

Emyvale; Helen Hogan, Emyvale; Leo Murray, Emyvale.

Boys and Girls under 13 years:

1st PRIZE: Pauline Linkletter, age 12, Northam.

2nd PRIZE: Rose Arsenault, age 11, St. Felix School, Tignish, R.R. 1.

3rd PRIZE: Ivan Frizle, age 11, West Royalty.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eva Christopher, Tignish; Kathleen Wheatley, East Royalty; Arthur Dickieson, New Glasgow; Vincent Collings, Newton Cross; Nora A. Harper, Norwood Road, East Royalty; Ivan M. Roberts, West Royalty; Edith Agnew, Cardigan; Mildred Crosby, Bonshaw; Nellie B. Senabough, Montague; Gwen Gulton, Coleman; Viola Mosher, Tignish; Nora Harper, East Royalty; Annie Cusack, Emyvale.



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