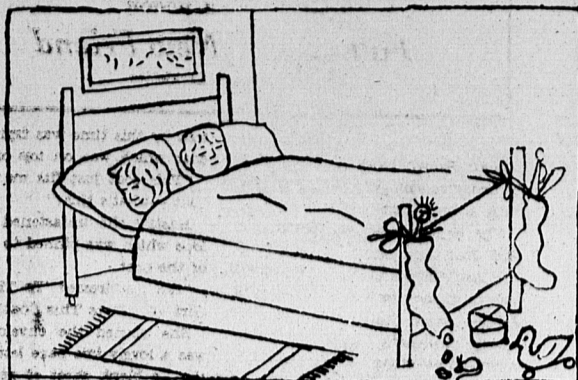


CHRISTMAS STORY AND DRAWING CONTEST



2nd PRIZE JUNIOR DRAWING
By Clayton Cudmore

A CHRISTMAS SECRET

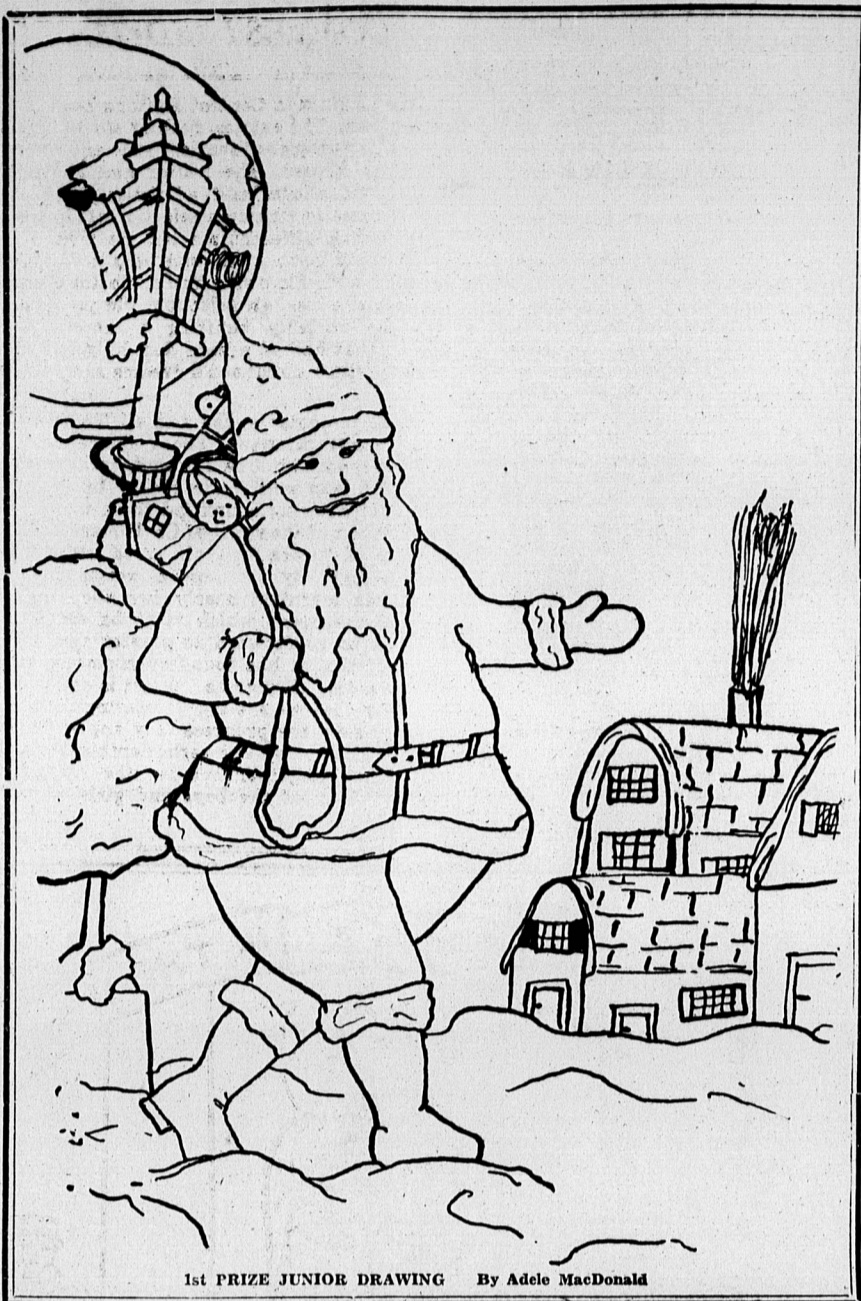
Continued from Page 4

Always recognized the impossibility of possession, he reminded himself a thousand times that it was a downright selfish wish. "Fine right I'd have to a thing like that. Me, the father of a family and all."

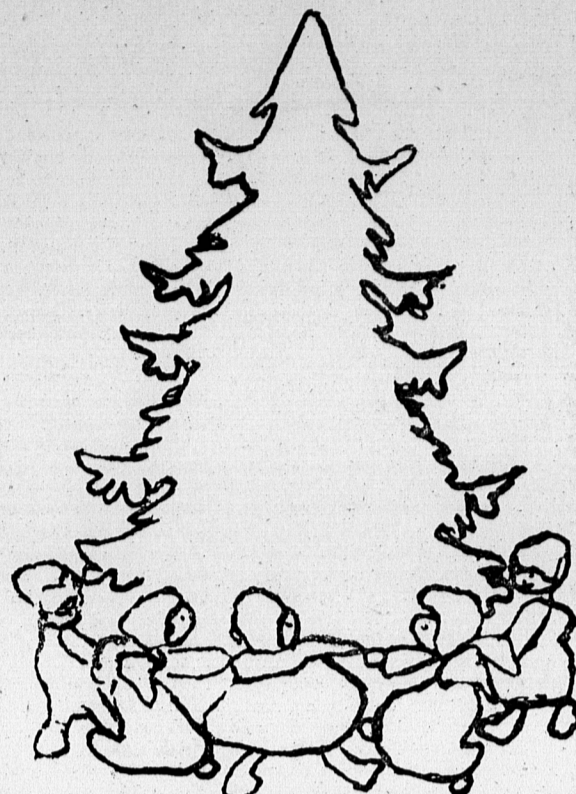
They had been walking down the street, he and Lucy, Junior, sister and baby, when he had seen it. He was carrying baby asleep in his arms and he shifted him just a little to see better. "Come on. What's the matter? Did he wake up?" Lucy asked anxiously. "No, he's all right. I was just—Charlie paused. His eyes were glued to the plate glass window that magnetized him as it presented an impenetrable barrier between him and his desire. He swallowed. "Look Lucy. Did you ever see anything to beat that?" "What? Beat what, Charlie?" "That set of golf clubs. Look at that

"I'll simply have to have about fifteen more dollars before you go. I was looking over the ornaments for the tree yesterday, and we need a lot of things. Most of those that I had packed away got broken, I'm sure I don't know how. But, anyway, I want an extra nice tree this year. Baby's first one and the other two just at the age when they appreciate it and everything."

"Why, yes, dear. I guess I—fifteen?" Charlie took out his worn wallet. With the aid of crumpled one dollar bills and change he was able to make thirteen. It flashed across him that it was lucky he had bought Lucy those two pair of stockings, sheer and fine, the day before. He had given her the check weeks ago at her suggestion. He thought as he and Lucy trimmed the tree that night that thirteen dollars for its tinsel, glittering array didn't make it compare so the strings of snow-white pop-corn that had festooned the Christmas



1st PRIZE JUNIOR DRAWING By Adele MacDonald



3rd PRIZE JUNIOR DRAWING
By Edna Martin

envelope inside addressed to YOU mother."

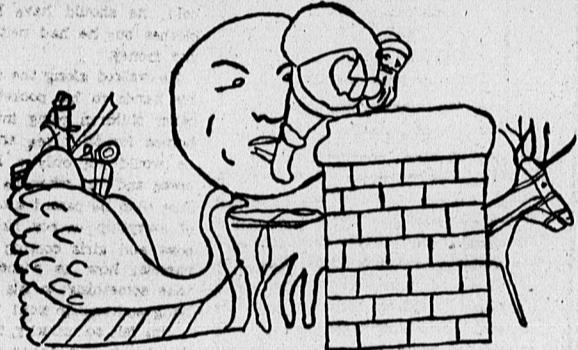
Mrs. Brown opened her letter with shaking hands. Out fell a slip of paper. She picked it up quickly. "Oh!" she gasped, "here's a check for FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS." She read the letter excitedly. Then she explained to Jean that Tom Marshall was her dearly beloved brother who had thought her to be dead ever since she had disappeared one night when in reality she had eloped with Matthew Brown. He wants us to go down there

Story Contest

Continued from Page 4

3rd PRIZE: Edna Martin, age 12, Tignish.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Olive DesRoche, Tignish; Keith Cudmore, Winsloe; Annie E. Gillis, Tignish; Laura Hurry, West Royalty; Vincent Collins, Newton Cross; Lillian G. Sanderson, Midgell; Preston Cudmore, Winsloe Road; Eva



COMMENDED
By Olive DesRoche, age 12

spoon on the left there, Lucy, and that club's the driver." "They all look the same to me," Lucy declared. "Come on Charlie. The children are tired. We must get home."

"I want an ice cream cone," Junior demanded. "So do I," sister instantly piped.

"Charlie, please come." Sometimes Lucy's tone to him was identical to that she used when she corrected the children.

He thought that he might save dollar by dollar to get the clubs by the next summer.

It was only the day before Christmas, just as Charlie was leaving for the office, that Lucy followed him into the hall as he was getting into his overcoat. He knew there iron. And the spoon—that's the was a special reason because she seldom left the breakfast table where the children dawdled over their oatmeal.

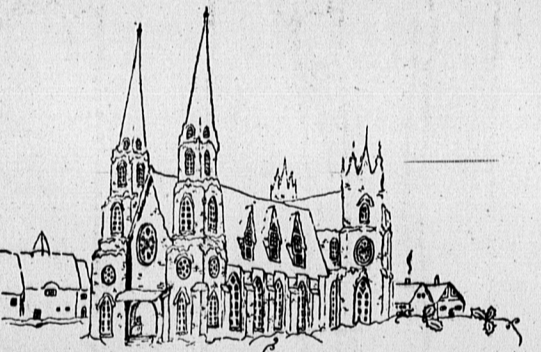
"Charlie," Lucy said hurriedly.

trees of his childhood, looking like wavering lace on the forest-green skirts of the fir in his mother's parlor.

It seemed to Charlie that he had only kissed Lucy goodnight when he was awakened by a storm of arms and legs and small bodies flung upon his and voices crying, "Get up, daddy. Merry Christmas! Get up. We got to see our presents. Hurry!"

As he followed his little son down stairs, it seemed to Charlie Peters that his own small self danced along in that eager, restless replica. He felt with the boy his own childish, inflamed eagerness, and in that little journey down the stairs the man wanted suddenly to weep out his joy that to this cluster of family the toil of his hands, the torment of his mind, could be transmuted into happiness for them.

Lucy flung open the door of the living room. For a second there



2nd PRIZE SENIOR DRAWING
By Martina Gaudet

was a deep silence. The little tree seemed to be bowing to them with its glittering outspread skirts. White tissue-wrapped packages were at its feet. The sweet scent of pine perfumed the air.

Charlie heard his little son and daughter squeal, felt Lucy's cheek against his with the baby pressed between them, and then he saw his eldest son dragging a huge thing toward him while sister hopped at his side.

"Open it, daddy. Open it."

"Why—why, what in the world—"

"Open it, daddy. It's for you. It's from us to you."

"Oh, please hurry and open it, daddy."

And there it was. Seven shining golf clubs. Lucy was saying, "We've been saving for a long time. Every time you gave us money I'd try only to use about half. And the children helped."

"I shovelled walks and I runned errands," Junior screamed proudly. "I helped, too, didn't I, mamma? Didn't I? I put things away and and I—" Sister's little up-turned face pleaded.

Charlie just looked at them. "Don't you like it, Daddy?" Junior shrieked terror-stricken.

"Of course. Oh, of course."

Charlie choked. He turned to Lucy. "To think of you—of all of you, doing this for me."

"It's the only thing I ever heard you say you wanted," Lucy explained practically. She turned the baby toward the tree. "Baby, see the pretty tree?" she inquired gently.

Sister and Junior rushed for the tissue-wrapped packages. Furiouly they began to tear off ribbons and seals.

Like royal kings they had given, like fine royalty they had forgotten, the secret of Christmas swept over Charlie Peters. It was that all people should feel like kings.

Found—A New Friend

Continued from Page 4

"Rambler's Cove, and she tells her father's and mother's names. By the way mother, what's your maiden name? You never told me. Of course, I've heard Dad call you Bertha, but I don't know what your

last name was."

"Never mind, Jean," said her mother nervously, "but what is Louise's father's name?—and her mother's," she added.

"Her father's name is Tom Marshall"—here Mrs. Brown gave a little start—"and her mother was Mary Jones."

Just then her mother slipped out to the porch where Matthew Brown was cutting kindling.

Jean was puzzled by her mother's actions, but seeing the blank sheet of paper lying enticingly on the table, she got a pencil and, forgetting everything else, began her letter. Presently she stopped writing and remarked to the Maltese cat, which was rubbing its head against Jean's ankle.

"Mother didn't say I could write to her, but I guess if she had any objections, she would have said so."

By the time Jean had finished the letter, her parents had come into the kitchen.

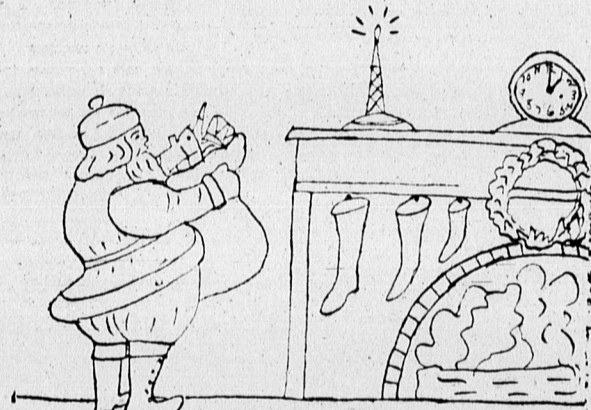
"She wants me to send her my picture," Jean told them. "Which one will I send? That one of the three of us?"

"Yes, I think that's the best one of you," replied Mrs. Brown.

Jean put the picture and letter into the envelope and sealed it. The following Monday morning, in high spirits, she gave it to the mail man.

About two weeks later Jean came skipping home from the post-office with a fat letter in her hand.

"It's from Louise," she said, tearing it open. "Why, here's another



COMMENDED
By Keith Cudmore, age 9.

just as soon as possible, to live there always, and this check is to pay travelling expenses."

"Oh boy!" laughed Jean, rushing around excitedly. "We can wear our new clothes on the way down and we'll have just the happiest Christmas ever."



COMMENDED
By Francis Gaudet



COMMENDED
By Howard Doyle



3rd PRIZE SENIOR DRAWING
By Ruth Cudmore