



CHILDREN'S CORNER

Bedtime Stories For the Children.

UNCLE WIGGLY AND JIMMIE FEATHERS.

By HOWARD R. GARIS
(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate).

"Caw! Caw! Caw!" called Jimmie, the crow boy, as he fluttered down from the nest-house in the tall pine tree one morning, and side-stepped up to the porch of the hollow stump bungalow where Uncle Wiggly Longears, the rabbit gentleman, lived.

"Well, what are you laughing about now, Jimmie?" asked Nurse Jane Fussy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady house-keeper.

"Laughing! I wasn't laughing," Jimmie answered, making a polite little early morning bow. "I was just saying 'Caw! Caw! Caw!'"

"Oh, I thought you were laughing 'Haw! Haw! Hoo!" said Nurse Jane. "I was calling Uncle Wiggly," Jimmie went on. "Can he come out this morning?"

"My goodness sakes me alive and a basket of pineapple puddings!" cried the muskrat lady. "Any one would think Uncle Wiggly was a regular animal child himself, instead of being an old rabbit, with the rheumatism. The idea of your wanting him to come out and play with you!"

"Oh, but I just love Uncle Wiggly," said Jimmie. "We all do. Can't he come out?"

"Who come out? What's the matter? What is?" asked a voice, and there stood the rabbit gentleman himself.

"Jimmie wants you to come out," Nurse Jane explained. "He says he wants to have some fun before school."

"Oh, all right. I'll be with you as soon as I have had my breakfast," said Uncle Wiggly. "Just amuse yourself, Jimmie, my boy. But don't go to hidding my crutch, nor stuffing my airship inside my automobile," begged the rabbit gentleman with a shake of his ears.

"I won't," the crow boy promised. So he sat down on the bungalow porch and closed his eyes in order that he would not see anything bright to hide and so make trouble. Crow chaps are always looking for things to hide, such as a thimble or a pair of ice cream spoons, and Jimmie was just like all other crows.

Pretty soon Uncle Wiggly had finished his breakfast of carrot lemonade, with apple sauce sandwiches, and out he came.

"I'll take you for a little ride in my airship, Jimmie," he said. "I'll leave you at school just before the last bell rings."

"That will be lovely, thank you, Uncle Wiggly!" said Jimmie.

"But where is your sister, Mary? Perhaps she would like to ride also."

"No, Mary has gone on early this morning," Jimmie explained. "She and Alice Wibblewobble, the duck girl, are going to make dolls' dresses."

Soon Uncle Wiggly was ready to start. He and Jimmie took their places in the clothes basket airship, that had two circus balloons on it to make it rise in the air, and an electric fan in the back that went around whizzing, to push the airship along.

"Wait! Wait!" cried Nurse Jane, running out of the bungalow, and waving her paws. "Wait a minute!"

"Are you coming also?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"No indeed! I have too much to do," Nurse Jane made answer, sort of flustered like, and out of breath. "But I wish you would bring me a feather duster from the store. I need a new one, as the old one is worn out."

"A feather duster!" Uncle Wiggly exclaimed. "Of course I'll bring it. Hold fast now, Jimmie! Here we go!" And up they went in the airship.

It did not take the rabbit gentleman and the crow boy long to reach the store in the fast airship. Uncle Wiggly bought the feather duster, and then he steered the airship for the hollow stump school where Jimmie and the other animal boys and girls learned their lessons.

The airship was going along nicely, when all of a sudden, Jimmie felt that he simply must hide something. He had hidden nothing that day. He looked at Uncle Wiggly. The rabbit gentleman was leaning over the steering wheel, giving the airship a drink of castor oil to make it run smoothly.

"Ha! There is something I can hide!" thought the crow boy, as he stole a piece of shiny tin near the electric fan. "No one will mind if I hide that," Jimmie thought.

Up he fluttered, intending to get the tin, when, all of a sudden, there came a puff of wind, and Jimmie was blown right up against the whizzing electric fan.

"Who! Whish! Swoosh!" the fan went, and all at once a lot of Jimmie's feathers were pulled out of him. He lost some from his tail and some from his wings. The feathers were tangled up in the electric fan, and out they came, pulled right out!

"Oh, dear!" cried Jimmie. "Oh, me! Oh, my! Oh, look at me!" he cried, as he saw himself reflected in

think it pretty. In coloring the picture, here's a tip. The little bits of grass shown are only intended to show what the ground is composed of and should be colored all over the right color, and not just at the lines of grass sketched.

Marguerite G. Falkins—You have written out a very good meal Marguerite, I am glad you have joined the Corner, and would like you to work hard in this week's knitting contest, and also get others to do the same.

Eunice Adella Fanjoy—You have made a much better coloring this time Eunice, but just take more care what colors you use, for instance Jumbo's skin is grey-black. You seem to be having quite a busy time, but ought to be only too pleased you have your mother alive to work for, ah? I hope the ankle will soon be better.

Eugene Monahan—You have improved the coloring very much Eugene, but just try a little more neat work, now that you have your new brush. I am glad you got the certificate alright, and like same. I am sending you a Kaiser Button.

Obedella—Thank you very much for the handkerchief Obedella, you are a very thoughtful, and kind little girl. I shall send it with other things to the Red Cross Society. I wish a few more little white girls were as kind as you, even if they couldn't sew or knit. I am sending you a Kaiser button.

JAMES BOYLE—I am pleased you like the Boy Scout section. If you communicate with the Rev. D. McGuire, McAdam, N. B., he will most likely give you the information you require, re the Scouts in the district.

Estelle Lawford—Altho the heading is Boy Scouts, I am always glad to hear from girl guides also, and am pleased you are trying to work up the interest, in spite of being crooked up in bed.

Charles Morrill—You should get a copy of Scoutings for June 15. As I notice your questions are fully answered in an article in same.

Agnes Graves—Yes these columns also intended for the Girl Guides, and also intended to receive any notes of interest to the movement which you may have.



ANSWERS TO LETTERS RECEIVED BY UNCLE DICK

Estelle Lawford—I was pleased to receive your interesting letter, but am very sorry to learn that you are such an invalid, and hope you will soon be strong again. I am pleased you like the Scouts Corner. You are eligible to enter the different contests, and can always try for a certificate even if you have already won a prize in that particular contest. Go on trying.

Florence Mott—I am glad to hear you are having such a good time during the holidays. Your remarks about the strawberries fairly make my mouth water. I am glad to welcome you to our Corner. Thanks for your good wishes.

Edward Ritchie—I am sorry to hear you are not so well, and trust you will soon be right again. You have made a good sketch this week Edward. I should very much like to see your rabbits, they must be cute.

Mary McMillan—You seem to be having a great time among the berries. Don't use such thick colors in your picture, otherwise you don't do so bad.

Clara Akerley—Am glad you like the Kaiser button. I don't think your cousins have joined the Corner yet, have they?

Hollis Baird—Yes, you have done a good coloring, but spilt the picture by using the black too thick. You would be pleased to see that your cousin had won a prize. I shall look out for your work next week. I am sending you a Kaiser button.

Hilda Chouwen—I was waiting for your address Hilda, but have now sent your Kaiser button off, and hope you will like same. Yes certainly get two more nieces to join the Corner, let me have their addresses and I shall send them buttons also. The result of the Jokes Contest is given this week.

Molly Lawford—I am sorry your attempt in the cooking contest was not enclosed with your letter. I hope you like your certificate of merit. Thanks for your good wishes.

Belle Oiser—Most of them seem to be well. You seem to have had a great time at your party, and also at the picnic. I hope you will do your best in the Knitting contest this week Belle.

Marguerite McKell—I am glad to welcome you to our Corner Marguerite and note you enjoy the page each week. I shall be glad to have the story about your cute kitten. You have made a very clever coloring and I shall be glad to have many of your work. I am sending you a Kaiser Button.

Annie Wallace—Certainly Annie, I am only too pleased you wish to become a member of our happy Corner, and am sending you a Kaiser Button. Don't use the paint so thick next time, and you will get better results.

Francis Glenn Adney—I am pleased you like the certificate of merit, and think your book plate is fine. Who designed it? The using of the word "her" was evidently a mistake, as I naturally knew you to be a boy. You have made good use of your new box of paints.

Kathleen Falkins—I am glad you

Extracts from The Mail Bag

The following are just a few extracts from Uncle Dick's mail bag:

JOINING THE CORNER
Dear Uncle Dick—
I have been reading the "Children's Corner" in the Standard for some time, and like the stories very much. I have not written to the "Corner" before. I thought I would write, as I don't see that any of the other girls or boys from Belyes Cove have written. I would like to join the Corner. I wish to say to close, with best wishes to you and to other girls and boys.
Your Sincere Niece,
Florence Mott

HAVING A GREAT TIME
Dear Uncle Dick—
How are all your nephews and nieces? I hope they are all well. I had a birthday party on the third of this month. I got a lot of lovely presents. We had that picnic I wrote you about last time. It was a grand time, we had races, a merry-go-round, and a ball game at six o'clock at night. As this is all I will close, hoping you will answer.
From your friend,
Belle

AN INVALID NIECE
Dear Uncle Dick—
Thank you very much for the certificate of merit, and also for publishing our attempt and rhyme for you and the Red Cross.

I think the "Scout Corner" is fine. Though not a scout myself, I am trying to be next to it. "A Girl Guide." We are trying to get up a patrol here, and I have written to England for books etc., about it. For a busy man like yourself this will be a long letter to read, and not very interesting, so I must stop, but excuses are many, as I am an invalid (been crooked up in bed for three months) and get to writing lengthy epistles to people for something to do.

Good Luck to the Corner again, from all here and
Estelle Lawford

A THOUGHTFUL NIECE
Dear Uncle Dick—
I thought I would send you this handkerchief. I cannot sew, but thought this might do for one of our brave boys at the front. My sister Caroline is writing this for me. I am a little darling girl.
Your little four year old niece
Obedella, Otanobg, N. B.

THINKS CERTIFICATE IS PRETTY
Dear Uncle Dick—
I received my certificate of merit yesterday, and I think it very pretty, I am very much pleased with it and thank you very much.
So good-bye from your niece,
E. Kathleen Falkins

LIKES CERTIFICATE
Dear Uncle Dick—



Here's Jumbo in uniform clad. The uniform favored by you; 'Tis worn now by many a lad. Who aims to be honest and true.

Particulars of this competition are given on page five.

I received my certificate of merit in yesterday's mail, I think it is very nice, and I thank you very much.
Your Nephew,
Eugene H. Monahan

A SICK NEPHEW
Dear Uncle Dick—
I have whooping-cough, and the mumps, and do not feel good, and could not go to Digby on a vacation. The rabbits are growing big and are so white and soft, and cute.
Edward Ritchie

TRYING AGAIN
Dear Uncle Dick—
Received my dollar all right in the mail last night, so thought I better let you know. Thanking you very much, I must try again soon.
Yours truly
Florence Holder

A DELIGHTFUL NIECE
Dear Uncle Dick—
I have been telling my school friends about my good luck, and they say they are going to try and beat me in your next competition, and again thanking you very much. I remain your delighted niece,
Nesta Beaman

Dear Uncle Dick—
Thank you so much for the prize. Yes, it arrived quite safely, thank you, this morning. I was surprised and delighted to learn on Saturday that I had won it. Wishing you every success, and thanking you again.
I remain your interested reader,
Estelle Lawford

GETTING TWO MORE NIECES
Dear Uncle Dick—
Would you like to have two more nieces, or have you enough? If you would like to have them please let me know. Best wishes for the Children's Corner, I will close.
From your loving niece
Hilda Chouwen

Uncle Dick's Chat With the Children

My Dear Nephews and Nieces—
As promised last week I am letting you have another contest in aid of the Red Cross Society (St. John Branch). Now I want you all to make a very special effort this time as not only are all the KNITTED face cloths to be sent to the hospitals of France and Flanders, but there are two prizes to be won, one for the best knitting, and the other for the greatest number of cloths sent in. Last time you did splendidly, and I was able to hand over nearly a hundred face cloths to the Society, but I hope you will far exceed this number. Of course if your mothers wish to send in a few I shall be only too pleased, but you must state which have been made by them, as the prizes are only given for your OWN work.

I have been very glad to receive so many interesting letters from you this week, and decided to publish a few of the best I got, each week, in future, as I am sure many of you will like to read what the other nephews and nieces are doing.

I had a call from my nephew Harold Le Clair this week, and he tells me he is highly delighted with the book he won as a prize, he only wishes could see the other boys and girls could see it, because he is sure many more would then try hard to win one.

I am publishing part of a letter which I have received from my niece Estelle Lawford, in which she tells me she has been laid up in bed for three months. She however is not idle, as last week she worked hard at the face cloths and sent me in ten beautifully finished. I am sure you will all join me in wishing Estelle a speedy recovery.

With best wishes and heaps of love
From your
P.S.—Don't forget to send me in any nice pictures which you may have as I may publish one or two when possible.

Result of the Standard Competitions

PAINTING CONTEST
First prize—Hollis S. Baird, River Dechute, N. B.
Second prize—Marguerite McKell, 42 McTague St., St. John, N.B.
Certificate of Merit
Robert Kershaw, McDonalds Pt.
COOKING CONTEST
(First prize)
J. Winifred Colwell, Brookville, N. B.
Certificate of Merit
Marguerite G. Falkins, Millstream, Falkins P. O.
JOKES CONTEST
(First prize)
Hilda E. C. Case, Hatfield Pt., Kings Co., N. B.
Certificate of Merit
George Charles Baker, Box 222, Yarmouth, N. S.

A SEASIDE GAME
It is lots of fun to play "sandpaper" on the beach—or on a city pavement, for that matter. But, of course, if you have on just a bathing suit and are playing in sand it seems more real. To play it, all the children except two form a flock of sandpipers, says the Philadelphia North American. They hop up and down and up and down on the sand, while the two who are chasers try to catch them. The chasers put forth their very best efforts to catch two of the sandpipers, so that they may become chasers in their turn. But it is not the easiest thing in the world to catch a little boy or girl sandpiper, because, according to the rules of the game, they can escape being taken so long as they hop on one leg. Any sandpiper standing thus is safe.

Canadian B.P. Boy Scouts

What's Wrong With This Picture?



Here is a sketch depicting an incident which recently took place in the North Sea. The drawing has been made from a photograph, but several mistakes have been purposely made in the picture. Now the question is: How many mistakes are there? Put a cross over each error you see, fill in the coupon printed in the scouts column, pin it to the picture and send all to Uncle Dick, The Scout's Corner, The Standard, St. John, N. B. This contest is only open to boy scouts or girl guides. All attempts must reach this office by Thursday, 22nd, 1915. To the one sending in the greatest number of mistakes, first, I shall award a splendid book on scouting.

STANDARD COMPETITION
For Boy Scouts and Girl Guides

Full Name

Address

Name of Patrol

July 17. Number of Mistakes

Uncle Dick's Message To the Scouts

To the Boy Scouts—
As promised in my first message to you all last week, I am letting you have the special contest which is only open to scouts—that is to say, boy scouts or girl guides—and I want all of you to try hard to win the splendid prize of a beautiful book relating to Scouting which is being given. The contest will teach you how to observe correctly, a very important thing in scouting, and will also give you something interesting to do during your holidays.

I notice only one boy in St. John is not far from becoming a King's scout, Patrol leader Cross of the German Street troop. Now isn't that rather slow, considering that there are such a number of scouts in and around the district. Come, boys you will have to stick in hard, and see how long it is before you get your qualifications. During the vacation you should use all your time gaining knowledge, and preparing yourself for the different tests.

With best wishes to all the boy Scouts
Your Friend
P.S.—I shall be pleased to have more letters telling of the way you are spending the holidays, and also any news of general interest to scouts.

SCOUT NOTICE

Waterloo street Baptist Troop (St. John) under Scout Master Galley is going ahead fine and has now increased its membership to 34. The Fairville troop is doing splendid work with Mr. Allen as Scoutmaster, and the boys are working hard for their 2nd Class badges.

The St. James troop under Mr. Cody and S. M. Holder, is going to Oak Point for 10 days camp, commencing July 17th.

Most of the other city troops are closed down for the holidays, but plan to make a fine start in September.

The Provincial Boy Scout Camp starts July 31st, and about 35 boys from St. John are planning to attend same. Two or three scout masters also hope to be there. The St. John boys will go by the S. S. May Queen, leaving Indiantown 8 a. m., July 31st.

Patrol leader Cross of the German Street Troop is working hard for the Pathfinder badge, which will qualify him as a King's scout, the first in the city.

TO SCOUTMASTERS
Will scoutmasters and others connected with the scout or girl guide movements kindly endeavor to send in little items of news connected with different patrols in the district, which may be of general interest. Also notes of forthcoming events, and any photographs of troops either at work, or in groups, as it is intended to make these columns the medium whereby scouts may learn what is taking place among the different maritime provincial, and city troops. Address communications to Scout Editor, The Standard, St. John, N. B.

SOME TIPS FROM THE CHIEF
Always wear your uniform correctly and smartly at all times, there should be no slacking off into plain clothes now, because we are at war. Your real guide should be the thought that you are now on active service for your country.

Of Interest to Scouts

A correspondent at the front quotes the words of an officer quartered in his neighborhood who told him "I have five or six ex-scouts among my men, and could pick them out with my eyes shut. They are better men to begin with than the other ever will be."

A Smart Reply
The members of the Book patrol of Boy Scouts had all turned up for drill and instruction, when the scoutmaster appeared on the scene. He inspected the troop critically, and then—
"Now, what good turn have you done today?" he asked, addressing each scout in turn till he came to the small, newly-joined boy at the end of the line.
"Please, sir," answered the small scout, brightly, "mother had only one dose of castor-oil, so I let my sister have it."

THE JAPANESE TEA LADY

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Alice. Her mother had a Japanese teapot on which was painted a picture of a tea house and a beautiful lady, with a pretty green and gold dress. There were several children playing around in the picture and several other ladies, but none of them so pretty as her Japanese lady, as Alice called her.

Of course Alice was not allowed to touch the teapot but she could look and talk to the painted lady as much as she pleased. Alice told her mother she smiled when she said "Good morning" to her. One night Alice dreamed that she walked up to the Japanese lady and the lady turned her head and smiled and said "Good morning."

This surprised Alice very much, but she began to talk to the lady, who told her she had loved Alice from the first time she saw her and wanted Alice's help as she feared she was ill. She said she thought she was suffering from chills and fever, as when she stayed in the closet she was cold, and when Alice's mother put her on the tea table she grew all hot, and she wanted Alice to get a doctor.

"Why," said Alice in her dream, "dear lady you are not ill, but you know when mother takes you out of the closet she fits you up with very hot tea and that is what makes you grow so warm."

The Japanese lady thanked Alice gratefully and just then Alice woke up. It was just daylight, but she couldn't wait and had to jump out of bed and into the dining room, when she was very much surprised to find that the Japanese lady looked at her with unseeing eyes and didn't answer her questions, in fact acted as though she could not hear, which Alice thought very funny as she had talked so freely with her during the night—Vancouver World.

THREE HARD-WORKING NIECES
I have just received a parcel of splendidly made face cloths from Irene Graham, Kathleen Hand, and Grace Kenston, for which I must return my hearty thanks. Altho the last face cloth contest closed last week these three nieces have continued to use their holidays in working on behalf of the Red Cross Society, and for the wounded soldiers. Below is the letter which was enclosed with the cloths:
Dear Uncle Dick—
We are sending you the face cloths and handkerchiefs that Irene, Grace, and I made.
Irene's father is sergeant Graham, of the 26th. Last time you asked for face cloths I only made one, so thought I would make up for the one I did not make. Irene and Grace wanted to help me, so I thought you would not mind.
With best wishes, we remain your
Kathleen
Grace
Irene