

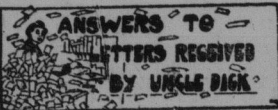
LET YOUR SCHOOL-MATE SEE THIS PAGE

Something to Copy



NED AND THE SQUIRREL.
Poor timid little squirrel! He does want the peanut. But yet to him the little boy looks big and dangerous. While Mr. Squirrel is deciding whether or not to venture down the tree, you have a chance to draw his picture. Get

a large sheet of white paper and copy this large square. Now divide it into small spaces, perhaps eight on a side, like this picture. Begin to draw by counting the number of squares down and the number across. Draw first in pencil and finish in ink.



ANSWERS TO LETTERS RECEIVED BY UNCLE DICK.

Elsie Dennison, Kentville, N. S.—

Glad to have your most interesting letter and to have you as a member,

also to hear that your brothers like the stories. You seem to be doing well at school.

Winnie Hamilton, Sea Side—What a nice writer you are Winnie. Glad you have joined.

Lottie Canam, St. John—You tried hard but got some words wrong. Welcome to the Corner.

Greta Wetmore, 142 City Rd.—

Thanks for your letter Greta, also for good wishes. Shall look for you this morning. Marjorie and you are working.

Winnie Brock, 75 Brussels St.—I was wondering where you had been. Call and see me with Willie some day.

Barbara Vessey, St. Stephen—I am so sorry your essay arrived too late to be judged with the rest, Barbara, but you are a clever little girl.

Muriel Vessey, St. Stephen—Glad to have your letter Muriel and I shall look for your entries in the contests.

Write soon again.

James Melick, 67 Sewell St.—Always send in the coupon with your entries James.

Gertrude McQueen, Three Brooks—

Thanks for your letter Gertrude. Write me soon again.

Alberta Lillian Larlee, Perth—It would be nice for you if another girl moved near you and went into your grade. You seem to be doing well at school.

Eileen Davies, 254 Prince Wm. St.—

You sent in a good motto, Eileen, and later I shall choose the best. The essay was well written.

Marjorie Lindon, Newcastle—You got the correct sentence, Marjorie, and deserve praise for your work.

Lawrence Rioridan, Rioridan—You have sent in a nicely colored picture, Lawrence.

Jeanie and Marion Aird—Thanks for

HE'LL BE HAPPY WHEN HE GETS ONE

THE ONLY



(Patent Applied for)

KIDDE-KAR

The best fun maker for the little ones, either girls or boys. It keeps them busy and happy. Strong material, well made.

DURABLE, SAFE

No sharp corners, rust-proof bolts. Guaranteed against defects or parts replaced. Good all the year around, indoors or out.

Three sizes for different ages.

\$1.50 \$2.00 \$2.50

THE CANADIAN K. K. COMPANY, LTD.

ELORA Sole Canadian Rights ONT.

To Dealers—Prices and terms on application. Prompt delivery guaranteed.



Uncle Dick's Chat With the Children

My Dear Kiddies,
If some of you members who live in the country could have called in at the office last Saturday morning, you would have seen a sight to be remembered. What do you think it was? Over a dozen girls, all members of the Corner, and the Allie's Aid Society, busily engaged knitting scarves for the men in the firing line this winter. Besides they were chatting over the future methods which might be carried out for the purpose of raising more money with which to purchase a further supply of wool, to carry on their work. This society although small has already done a splendid work, the last being that of holding a tea, at which they raised some \$25, most of which was used for buying good things for the soldiers, six large parcels being sent off, and the balance for the wool, to knit the scarves.

I should like to hear from any of you kiddies in the country, or city, who are busy doing work for the boys in the trenches, and if space permits will from time to time mention about the same in the Corner.

A great number of splendid mottoes have already come to hand in answer to my request for you to think of a good one for the Corner, and next week I hope to let you have a list of some and then you will have the opportunity to vote as to which will be used. The sender of the chosen motto receiving a small prize.

I hope you are watching the page closely as some of these weeks I am going to spring a huge surprise. Tell all your school mates to join the Corner, and also get into the habit of looking for The Standard every Saturday, besides reading the daily Corner. By the way, if any of you kiddies are unable to get The Standard in your district please let me know. The reason I am asking is because many of you have told me that all The Standards are sold out if you are not at the store early.

You seem to be enjoying the extra contests which I am now letting you have and as I shall be often including these I don't want you to miss them. This week you will see that I am offering a splendid framer as a prize in the big contest, besides, of course, the other valuable prizes in the coloring contests. Now let me see who will be the lucky winner of these competitions.

You will notice that the list of new members still increases and I am pleased to say that we have passed our four thousand mark. Can you make a special effort to get more to join, and see if we can manage to get up to the five thousand before Christmas? Have a hard try, then as the Corner will be better than ever during the coming year, there will be all the more to enjoy same.

I notice, and hear of, hundreds of kiddies who are regularly reading the Corner, but have not as yet written me asking to join. Will you please drop me a note saying that you are a reader of the Corner and get The Standard at least every Saturday, or are reading it in the Semi-Weekly edition? Then your name will be entered with the rest.

I shall have to close my letter this week, but before doing so, wish you all the best of time now that the snow has come. Only please be careful as to where you use your framers and elds, so that no accidents will happen. Don't use them in places where people are passing as you are likely to collide with them, hurting both yourselves and them. Write and tell me all about the times you are having, and even if I have space to answer only briefly, you can depend upon it, that I appreciate them just the same.

With heaps of love and kisses, From your

Uncle Dick

Children's Editor.

MY NIECE'S WEEKLY RECIPE

Almond Candy.

Blanch a pound of almonds by pouring hot water over them until the brown shells come off.

Dry in a warm towel. Make a taffy which is not to be whipped and cook until a spoonful dropped into a glass of water will crackle. Place the almonds in the bottom of a broad pan and pour over the clear taffy.

When half cold, cut into squares with a single-bladed knife, or chopper which cuts evenly through the candy and nuts.

Peanut candy is made in the same manner, but only a very thin coating is made while almond candy is an inch thick.

1st correct answer picked out belonged to Beverley Macaulay, Castalia, N. B., to whom the prize is being sent.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE DICK.

BEDTIME STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES

The First Zebra

"Queer looking animal, isn't he?"

The question came so suddenly and seemingly from nowhere, that little Donald—who was standing by the zebra's enclosure at the Zoo gazing in at this brilliant orange and black striped animal—was startled, to say the least.

No, it could not have been nurse who had spoken, for there she was sitting comfortably on the bench at the edge of the walk reading a book.

"Ho, ho! Can't you see me, Donald? Look! Look this way—here I am!"

Then Donald knew it was his strange little friend the Old Man of the Woods, for there was no mistaking that plying, jolly voice a second time. But, though he looked all around, he could not locate him.

Just then the zebra trotted up closer to the side of the enclosure—directly in front of Donald—and the voice became louder and more distinct.

"Well, well," it was saying, interspersed with many chuckles, "so you can't see me yet, eh, Donald? Goodness me, the Sand Man must have forgotten to sweep all the sand out of your eyes before you woke up this morning! Here—here I am—right on top of him!"

The Queer Little Old Man.

And sure enough, there was the queer little Old Man, no bigger than a minute, perched high on the back of the zebra, with just his funny, bald little head, with its two horns, peering out through his mane.

Suddenly the Old Man gave a mighty spring and came flying through the air, landing squarely on Donald's shoulder.

His tiny trousers were fashioned of the fur of the brown and the polar bear; and his cloak was made of the humming bird's wings. In his hand he bore his Magic Wand with which he did so many wonderful things.

"Oh, I'm glad to see you Mr. Old Man!" cried Donald. "I was so afraid you wouldn't show yourself this afternoon—and I do so want you to tell me a story about the zebra. I've been watching him for a long, long time. He's so funny looking—"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Old Man. "He was even funnier looking once, Donald. But, of course, you—well, I'll tell you about it. He was such a foolish animal, too, oh, so foolish!"

"Once upon a time, Donald, in the long, long ago, when all the animals lived together in the Big Jungle and it ruled over them, the zebra was all

black—he hadn't a yellow stripe on him! And he was a most unhappy animal, though goodness knows, I couldn't see why he should be, since all the other animals liked him and were kind to him because he was so small and cute. But he was unhappy—dreadful unhappy—it seems. He came to me one afternoon and poured out his sorrow.

The Sorrowful Zebra.

"Oh, Mr. Old Man of the Forest," he wailed, "I am so miserable. Nobody respects me; nobody is afraid of me. All the animals think I'm only a little fellow, and—tell me I'm cute! Oh, if I could only be brave like the lion or big—big and awful. Like the elephant—or—please, Mr. Old Man, won't you do something to make the animals stop treating me like a child and petting me and calling me cute? Why, they seem to think I'm as helpless and cunning and—cute as the woolly lamb!"

"You silly, foolish thing!" I replied. "You should be glad you are cunning and—yes—cute! Think of all the terrible lights and beatings you are saved because of your size. Why, even the horse has his enemies, and is your size the only difference between you and him in your size and your disposition. I tell you, Zebra, it's a mighty fine thing to have everybody like you! And why in the world do you want the rest of the animals to be afraid of you? I can't understand it. But I can tell you that I'll do nothing for you, you silly thing! Run on back and roll in the grass!"

He begged and begged me to wave my Magic Wand over him so that he would grow strong, horrible teeth, or sharp cruel horns, or even a roar like the lion's. But I would not. Finally I had to threaten him with a sound beating before he would trot away and leave me in peace.

"Imagine my surprise then, Donald, a few days later, when walking through the jungle with Woolly Lamb, to see him suddenly stop, turn whiter than he was and shiver and shake all over. He was scared—so scared that he couldn't even move.

"Why, what's the matter with you, Woolly Lamb?" I shouted, looking all around to discover what had frightened him so. But poor Woolly Lamb could do nothing but stand there and tremble.

(To be continued next Saturday.)

New Members This Week

Uncle Dick gives hearty welcome to the following kiddies who have joined the Corner during the past week:

Winnie Hamilton—Sea Side.

Lottie Canam—St. John.

Shirley Magee—45 Wellington Row.

Patry Wilkinson—Mont Joli.

Lillian Campbell—163 Water St.

Ellen Dixon—Grand Falls.

Bertrand Buckley—Gloucester Jct.

Basil Buckingham—Coldstream.

Ellery Buckingham—Coldstream.

Pearl Shaw—East Brighton.

Gertrude Hemphill—Debec.

Leona Plevelling—Chipman.

Margaret Edgar—281 Rockland Rd.

Arthur Lockhart—Fredericton.

Fred Tilton—151 Leinster street.

Genevieve Frost—Hampton.

Edith Godwin—133 Broad St.

Margaret Godwin—119 Quebec St.

THE ALLIES' AID.

A meeting of the Allies' Aid will be held this morning (Saturday) at 10.30 o'clock.

The ground gave a great heave, and the hut collapsed. Mark was half-buried beneath the wreckage.

He struggled to get free, but it was useless. One of his legs was pinned down.

"All right, Baas, you'll soon be free. Quamba's here."

It was these words that made Mark's heart thump gladly, and brought hope back with a bound. Could it be true? Could it be Quamba his guide? Surely that was Quamba's voice.

Quamba it was, and in a very few minutes his master was free.

Mark stood up and felt his aching arms. Suddenly he remembered his chum.

"Where's Baas Huntley?" he asked of the black.

"In Quamba's canoe," answered the guide.

"All right, you wait here, Quamba. I'll be back in a second."

Now that he knew that Bob was safe, Mark had but one idea—to secure an okapi at all costs. Was it not for this that he had travelled all these miles?

When he reached the enclosure, only one of the animals was alive. It was a young one, crouching in fear against the stakes. Mark snatched it up, and felt that the timid little thing was

FOUR THOUSAND MEMBERS ENROLLED

Something to Write About.



A picture of a summer's day. The crow and the sheep seem to be the principal objects. What other things do you see? What kind of a day is it? Write a little story about the picture in your own words.

to come to England as Mark wanted him to, for, as the explorer said to Huntley:

"He saved our lives, did that nigger, and," he added modestly, "if it hadn't been for him Sir Christopher Warren would not be able to boast an okapi."

(The end.)

INTERESTING CONTESTS

A Coloring Competition

Below will be found a picture which every boy and girl not older than fifteen years of age are invited to color with either water colors or chalks. To the boy or girl who sends in what is considered as the best piece of work, allowing for ages, I shall award a splendid Camera Complete with one film. All entries must be in by November 22nd, having a coupon filled in and attached to same. All pictures to be sent to Uncle Dick as usual, whose decision must be considered as final.



Why Do You Like the Corner?

A Splendid Framer will be awarded to the boy or girl who sends in what is considered the most original answer to the following question:

"WHY DO YOU LIKE THE CHILDREN'S CORNER IN THE ST. JOHN STANDARD?"

Each entry must be accompanied with the usual coupon correctly filled in, and reach this office addressed to

UNCLE DICK, THE STANDARD, ST. JOHN, N. B.

not later than Wednesday November 29. Remember the framer will go to the kiddie who sends in what is considered as the most original answer.

STANDARD COMPETITION.

For Boys and Girls.

Full Name

Address

Age Birthday

APPLICATIONS FOR TELEPHONE SERVICE

Must Be Received On or Before Nov. 25 To Be Inserted in

THE NEW TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

Positively no additions or changes to listings can be made after the above date, for the next issue.

A representative of the Company will call for your order. Subscribers who wish any changes or corrections should forward them at once. Phone Main 3400 and ask for Exchange Manager.

Advertising Space in This Directory For Sale

The New Brunswick Telephone Co., Ltd.