

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Weekly Chat

Dear Chums: I was sorry that I did not give you my regular chat last week but there were good reasons and I am sure you will all excuse me.

There is not a great amount to say this week but I am glad to receive a number of nice letters and stories.

I wish you to welcome the following new members of the Corner this week: Eva Alaby, Hanford Brook, St. John County, N. B.; Everett Grant, Bellefleur, N. B.; Amelia Helen Dunlop, Passakeag, Kings County, N. B.

It is in Spring now and we all trust that it won't be long before we can enjoy the summer, then we will have plenty of enjoyment during the nice warm days.

I am glad that some of the Corner members have started corresponding with each other. It is good fun to write and receive letters, but remember that while you are writing to other members of the Corner you must not forget to write your Uncle Dick first of all, for I think I have the right to demand the first letter.

Perhaps when you write to your friends you will become tired and fail to send a letter to me.

We have a very large number of names as members of the Children's Corner, but every member does not write a letter. Just think, if every boy or girl was to make up their mind to write a letter to their Uncle Dick, what a fine mail I would receive every week. I will ask that every member try and send in a letter next week.

I have learned this week that some of the members have been ill and I trust that they will all be well again in a short time. Then others have stated that they have been helping to do the work at home. I think it is lovely for a girl and boy to be able to assist in the work about the house as they prove a great assistance to their parents, and I'm sure no person likes a lazy girl or boy, for a large portion is of little use and on most occasions at school is termed a dunce.

I feel quite sure that there is not a member of the Children's Corner who bears that name.

In a letter I received from Rita M. Thomson she sends me the names of no less than forty-three birds she knows. They are as follows: Red Robin, Chickadee, Blue Jay, Old Tom Peep, Bobolink, Black Cap, Chickadee, Crow, Black Bird, Song Sparrow, Vesper Sparrow, Chimney Swift, Barn Swallow, Bank Swallow, Yellow Warbler, Oriole, Purple Martin, Purple Finch, Hall's Redstart, Meadow Lark, Fox Sparrow, Gull, Crane, Duck, Humming Bird, Red Headed Wood Pecker, Brant, Loon, English Sparrow, Myrtle Warbler, King Bird, Cow Bird, Gros Beak, Red Pole, Summer Tanager, Cedar Waxwing, Tree Swallow, Yarrow, Goldfinch, Chickadee, Warbler, Brown Creeper, Olive Bird, Swamp Sparrow, Chipping Sparrow.

I'm sure you will all agree with me when I say that it is quite clever to remember so many.

I received a lovely box of fudge from Jean the other day and it was certainly good. I am sure that some of the Corner has promised to send me a nice large bunch of myflowers at an early date, it is very thoughtful of them and I greatly appreciate their kindness.

I suppose you are all counting the day until summer, and I hope that you are all attending school regularly so when the summer holidays come you will be satisfied that you have rightfully earned a vacation from your studies.

Trusting that you are all well and happy, I remain yours with love to all nieces and nephews.

UNCLE DICK.

Answers To Letters

BETHA—With my niece and nephew we heartily welcome you as a member of the Children's Corner and I hope that you will send me a letter soon.

AVRIL—I received your story this week and I will try and use it at some future date without having to continue it from one week to another. I think it is rather good.

LAURA—Having received your story early and all complete I had a chance to publish it this week. I hope you are enjoying yourself these days and will look for my letters soon. It is nice to receive stories but at the same time I like to receive a letter.

BETHA—Glad to hear from you again, thank you for enquiring about my cold, it is not all better yet but is improving. I will be very glad to receive some of the May flowers you speak about. I think they are lovely. You want to be careful while in a canoe or you might get dumped in to the river.

HELENE—Don't be afraid to have your tonsils cut and you will be much better in health after the operation. So the robin is back again to visit you. I suppose you feed it crumbs. I think the dillies like the ones are fine ones. Write again when you get the chance. Your writing paper is very pretty.

ETVA—Glad to welcome you as a member of the Corner and also to receive such a nice letter from you. I'm glad that you like your teacher and that you like to attend school. It is nice to learn that you are able to help your Mamma at home. I suppose you have plenty of fun with the children. Thank you for your kind wishes.

GRACE—I was sorry I could not write a chat last week but then I miss it once in a while I know I will be glad to see a scholar like the teacher in your story. You are a very good girl and I'm sure you will be a great help to your Mamma at home.

AMELIA—I am delighted to enroll you as a member of the Children's Corner so now that you are a full fledged member I expect to receive a letter from you occasionally, and also some day I will be glad to receive a little story from you and I will publish it in the Corner. It is quite a walk for you to attend school but then it is nice to study and become educated.

JEAN—Thank you kindly for the nice box of fudge, I enjoyed it very much. I'm sorry that I can't use your story this week but I will use it some other time. You are quite right in thinking that Grace is a clever girl. Your drawings are excellent and I wish to congratulate you on the fine marks you made in school. It shows that you have taken an interest in your studies to do so well. It was nice of you to remember your sick friend. It's too bad Tipperary died but then with the other children you have plenty of fun dressing it up like a doll. No you have not told me about your rabbits.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

Farmer Brown's Boy Has Fun With Trader Rain And Sunshine

By GRACE DAVENPORT Member of Children's Corner.

(Continued from last Saturday.) The girl seemed very shy and hardly ever joined the other in their play. Florence and a few of her chums had tried to make themselves acquainted with her, and persuaded her to play with them. But though she always looked longingly on, she seemed afraid of them.

Suddenly Florence had an idea. Why not make them a visit, and take her a few of her playthings, for Florence felt sure that they had no toys either. She next brought a box of dolls, a set of play dishes, a doll's trunk and some old games. Then she recollected that Molly had a little brother, and also a baby sister, and she thought she would take them to her.

She sometimes picked up a plaything which she loved dearly, but then thinking of the pleasure it would give Molly and her brother and sister, she chose it also and packed it along with the other toys in a cardboard box. When she had finished she remembered that her raincoat was up stairs, so she ran up for it.

In the little room where Florence kept her clothes she had some old clothes which were too small for her packed away in some boxes, remembering this, she wondered if Molly would be offended, should she take her some of these clothes, for Molly was about a year younger than Florence and very much smaller. She decided to chance it anyway, so putting the boxes she thought would look nice trimmed up with some ribbon she had.

She next brought out a little gingham dress, a pair of stockings, and several other things. After this she closed the box, put on her raincoat and took the things she had chosen down to the other box which contained the toys. Then putting on her cap and rubbers she picked up the box which was quite heavy, she left her home, and made her way to the little house where Molly lived.

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Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

A Shepherd Lad How Fast Do Birds Fly?

By "BABS" Member of Children's Corner.

In a little cottage up in the mountains lived a young lad whose name was Ronald. He lived with his grand-mother and his grandfather who was a shepherd.

Ronald loved his mountain home, and often used to go with his grandfather up in the mountains to tend the sheep.

Ronald's grandfather was growing old, and he said that when Ronald became old enough, he would be a shepherd in his place.

One day when Ronald was about twelve years of age, his grandfather told him that he would have to go on a short journey, which would probably take him away from home for about one day and a night. And that in the meantime Ronald should take care of the sheep. To this Ronald willingly assented. After his grandfather had left, Ronald took his sheep dog, Pat, and started out to the mountain side, where the sheep were housed. He let them out of the corral and drove them to where the pasturage was good.

They fed peacefully until noon, and during the hot noon Ronald drove them to a more shaded part of the pasturage, leaving Pat to guard them, and taking up his lunch, went back to where the sheep were housed. He let them out of the corral and drove them to where the pasturage was good.

After resting for about an hour, he and Pat herded the sheep down into the valley to get water, and some feed. The afternoon passed easily, except for once when the sheep became frightened at something, and Pat ran off to find the mischief. Ronald concluded that there must still be a few foxes and wolves left in the mountain side, for only last summer his grandfather had lost several of his flock by an attack while Pat laid up at home with a sprained leg.

When the sun began to set that evening, Ronald ate his supper, and started to go to bed. He was just about to go to bed when he heard a noise which he thought was the sheep barking. He went out to see what was the matter, and found that the sheep were barking at something in the valley. He went out to see what was the matter, and found that the sheep were barking at something in the valley.

After trying for ever so long to round them up, Ronald stopped trying and watched to see what they would do. As soon as they were left alone, the sheep scampered as far away as they could from the road leading up to the corral and running to the other side of the field, stood waiting. "They seem to be scared to go near the corral," mused Ronald, and telling Pat to mind them till he came back, he set off down the well-trodden path to the corral. By the time he reached there the sun had set, and it was getting colder. He took down the gate and looked around.

All seemed quiet enough. Then putting up the bars again, Ronald walked slowly back to the field, examining the road as he went. Just as he left the gate he noticed on one side of the road, a hole in the fence which he was sure was not there when he came that morning. As he walked farther along, he saw some tracks on the dusty road leading off into the woods. And Ronald was then sure they were a wolf's track.

Then suddenly Ronald understood why the sheep were afraid to go near the corral road. They were warned by an instinct that danger awaited them on the other side, and refused to go. Ronald let the sheep sleep in the open field that night, while he and faithful old Pat guarded over them. In the morning when his grandfather came Ronald told him all about it.

Wrecked motorist (phoning): "Give assistance at once. I've trampled turtle."

Voice (from the other end): "My dear, sir this is a garage. What you want is an aquarium."

and the old man went off with his dog to investigate.

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David Meets Mr. Narwhal

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed David, as he and the little elfin, Squeedee, stepped up to the fence around the tank and peered in. "What kind of a fish is this, anyway?" Squeedee laughed merrily, and the fish glared up. Seeing who his visitors were, he waved his fins in greeting.

"Hello, there, Narwhal," called Squeedee. "David was just admiring you."

"Enough of that, Squeedee," laughed Mr. Narwhal. "No one ever admires me unless it is to speak of my beautiful tusks. But just the same, I'm glad to meet you, David. I can tell by the expression on your face that you're never seen anything like me before, have you?"

"Not exactly," replied David. "But dear me, those are great tusks you have. You should be proud of them. They look as if they might be ivory."

"I wish they were a bit longer, yet I should be contented, shouldn't I, for they each measure about ten feet long."

"I don't find them bothersome," laughed Mr. Narwhal. "But my wife did, so I had to get rid of them. I'm glad to meet you, David. I can tell by the expression on your face that you're never seen anything like me before, have you?"

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What The Little Poppy Thought

Miss Poppy shook out the folds of her bright red dress, for she was well aware that the garden flowers were watching her. "Who can she be?" she could hear them asking on all sides.

"I never heard of such sleeping," said Miss Poppy. Why, you miss the best part of the day. You should be up in the morning, greet the sun, or anyway, as soon as he is up."

"We like your way pretty well," replied a blossom. "Four o'clock is a nice hour, and besides, why should we be up in the morning, greet the sun, or anyway, as soon as he is up?"

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WOMEN THEIR REORGANIZATION

League of Reports and Programme

Baltimore, Md. A budget of \$100,000 for the year and a reorganizational department at the opening of the convention of Women Voters.

The proposed programme presented by Mrs. Aiken, S. C. registrar, provides for the administration of the activities at the convention and the election of officers.

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