

## 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 to the Corner this week: Eva Alaby, Hanford Brook, St. John County, N. B.; Everett Grant, Bellefleur, N. B.; Amelia Helen Dunlop, Passanquet, Kings County, N. B.

It is Spring but the weather has been rather cold, 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 your members of the Corner you must not forget to write your Uncle Dick right to me, 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 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 lazy person is of little use to 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 of. They are as follows: Robin, Chickadee, Blue Jay, Old Tom Pigeon, 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 Hedged Eagle, 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, Varied Golden Chickadee, Warbler, Brown Creeper, Olive Bird, Swamp Sparrow, Chipping Sparrow.

I'm sure you will all agree with me when I say that the 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 the Corner has promised to send me a nice large bunch of mayflowers 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.

According To Instructions.

Two musicians, met in a concert hall, listening to a famous orchestral selection.

After a while the first musician hissed fiercely into his friend's ear: "The fool you seem to have lost all movement too slowly, much too slowly."

"Yes, I expect they unless only allows them to play so may notes as hour!"

## A Glad Surprise For Cresty

Cresty the Flycatcher and Mrs. Cresty were becoming discouraged. They had taken possession of one of the new houses Farmer Brown's Boy had put up in the Old Orchard. It was the finest they had ever had and they were so delighted with it that for a day or two they could do little but talk about it. Then they began berating their nest in it and worked with might and main, especially Mrs. Cresty. At last the nest was finished, all but one thing, and that one thing they could not find, though they searched far and wide.

"I certainly cannot begin house-keeping until I find it," declared Mrs. Cresty. "No Cresty Flycatcher's nest is complete without it. I couldn't be happy sitting in a nest that didn't have it."

"I know, I know," replied Cresty. "I feel just as you do. I have looked everywhere I can think of, but I am going to start this very minute and look again. There must be one somewhere around."

So Cresty went one way and Mrs. Cresty went another way, and both used their sharp eyes as only they could. They searched all about the old stone wall. They examined carefully every pile of stones. They peered under logs and poured under every old board they could find. They went up to Farmer Brown's and searched carefully about his woodpile. They were looking for a nest of silk of one of the Cresty family. You see, that is just what they were looking for. It seems queer that any one should want one of Mr. Cresty's nest of silk, but for a reason which no one understands Cresty and his wife cannot be happy unless they have at least a piece of one of those old nests in their nest. The very thought of such a thing makes most of their (rebellious) neighbors shiver.

Now Farmer Brown's Boy had been watching the Flycatchers. He

## Answers To Letters

EVERETT—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.

AMELIA—I received your story but can't publish it this week so send in the rest of it 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 a letter from me soon. It is nice to receive stories but at the same time I like to receive a letter.

BETA—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 of. I think they are lovely. You want to be careful while in a canoe or you might get dumped in to the river.

HELEEN—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 that the robin is a very fine one. Write again when you get the chance. Your writing paper is very pretty.

EVA—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 kitten. 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 kept rather busy answering so many letters as well as writing stories and helping about the house. I'm glad you like your present teacher for when a scholar likes the teacher it is much easier to get along with the lessons. I'm sorry to learn that you have a cold and sore throat and hope that by this time you are all better. Thank you for enquiring about my health.

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. Your writing is very good for a girl in the third year. The silver is coming and I agree with you that summer is the best season in the year. Now "Curley Head" write another letter soon.

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 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 the other cat you may have plenty of fun dressing it up like a doll. You have not told me about your rabbits.

No Need For Worry.

Opulent Father-in-Law—"What about you, George? Since you have been married you seem to have lost all your ambition."

George—"Well, you see, sir, I reached the height of my ambition when I became your son-in-law."

had been greatly delighted when he discovered that they had taken possession of one of his houses. He watched them while they were building their nest and so it came about that he discovered that they couldn't find Farmer Brown's Boy under good. He knew all about their liking for an old skin of a Snake. In his room he had one which he had found under some old boards one time. You know, all Snakes shed their skins and the old skins are white and soft.

The one that Farmer Brown's Boy had was one that Mr. Blacksnake had cut off. It was perfect. There wasn't a hole in it anywhere. Farmer Brown's Boy looked at it thoughtfully. "It is such a good one that I hate to part with it," said he, talking to himself. "I do so. But I don't really need it, and I guess Cresty does. I would rather have a happy family of Flycatchers in that house, than an old snake skin in my room."

Farmer Brown's Boy took the skin and carried it out into the Old Orchard. Neither Cresty nor Mrs. Cresty was anywhere to be seen. He dropped the old skin in the grass near the place where they had been. Then he went off a short distance and sat down to watch. Mrs. Cresty was the first to return. She looked about and whistled. She flew to the place close to the doorway of her new home and sat there to rest. Suddenly she gave a little shriek. It was a skin of a Snake. She darted down to the grass and in a moment was up again with that snake skin dangling from her bill. Just then Cresty appeared. He saw at once what she had found. "You are a good one," he said to her when she had found it. It was a great surprise for both of them, but they couldn't understand it at all. Farmer Brown's Boy checked. Then he started for home whistling.



## CHILDREN'S CORNER

## Farmer Brown's Boy Has Fun With Trader

Farmer Brown's Boy was delighted at having made the acquaintance of Trader the Wood Rat. He was careful not to disturb Trader's home which he had found under the floor of the little sugar house. Trader was not the least bit of use to me, but I am having no end of fun trading with him. So I guess we'll call the trade even. Tonight we'll try another trade.

During the day Farmer Brown's Boy had to go over home on an errand. He brought back with him a handful of corn. That night he put the corn in the little box on the table. The next morning when he peeped into the box he found—what do you think? He found that box full of beechnuts. He laughed right out when he discovered them.

"A fair trade!" he cried. "Trader has probably got more beechnuts than he knows what to do with, and I certainly like that handful of corn well missed at home. So, although I call this a pretty even trade."

That night when Farmer Brown's Boy went to bed he was not as tired as he had been the last night. He managed to keep awake. By and by he heard the patter of little feet and the scratching of little claws as Trader climbed up to the last scrap of his flashlight. There sat Trader the Rat, eating the scraps Farmer Brown's Boy had thoughtfully left for him. Somewhat Trader seemed to know that there was nothing to be afraid of and he remained right there until he had finished the last scrap.

Thus Farmer Brown's Boy made friends with Trader the Wood Rat, and before the season was over Trader had learned that he had a new friend and a true friend. He would come out with the coming of the first Black Shadows and take food from the hand of Farmer Brown's Boy.

## 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 glanced 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 said my name was as to species 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 wee bit longer, yet I should be contented, shouldn't I, for they each measure about ten feet long."

"You're very heavy, coming out of your upper jaw that way!" said David. "I should think they would be."

"I don't find them bothersome," laughed Mr. Narwhal. "But my wife did, so she does not let me wear them at all, and all the while around the place patterned after her. So now, just my husbands boast of long tusks. Why, I heard the fellow say the least fifteen feet. He measured at quite a small size, but the tail fin was quite large. He wore a yellowish-white suit dotted with dark brown specks, and the half round blowholes through which he made a gurgling sound every once in a while looked like half-moons to David."

"And you say you're happy living in this tank?" asked David. "I certainly am happy," laughed Mr. Narwhal. "No worries here. I'm fed, and the best of care is given me. That's what makes me think I must be something out of the ordinary. Every one who stops by that fence says I'm a great one. Why, every summer we Narwhals swim in the sea, sometimes as many as a thousand of us traveling together. We looked like a regular army swimming along."

"It was all right," he went on, "unless the natives came on the bank for us, then it was hard times. You know, in the first place, our tusks are worth a great deal of money. Of course, I understand the secret worth as much now as they were worth in olden times. I guess that's why I've been allowed to keep mine so long. I'm being all joking about it, but it's still high."

"Then," he sighed, "some folks out, cooked or dried, to eat their tusks, and our fat is used to burn like oil. So, you see, I ought to be happy to think that they've thought enough of me to keep me." And Mr. Narwhal let out such a hoarse laugh like all the other Narwhals, and then he looked down again Squeedee had disappeared, and nothing he could do or say would restore Mr. Narwhal to talk any more.

## 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 other.

So dropping bewildered kitty on the floor, she ran to her playroom and began choosing toys to take to Molly, that being the little girl's name. She chose a doll, 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 had thoughtfully left for him. Somewhat Trader seemed to know that there was nothing to be afraid of and he remained right there until he had finished the last scrap.

Thus Farmer Brown's Boy made friends with Trader the Wood Rat, and before the season was over Trader had learned that he had a new friend and a true friend. He would come out with the coming of the first Black Shadows and take food from the hand of Farmer Brown's Boy.

## What The Little

## Poppy Thought

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

Miss Poppy was vain of her dress, and she did not expect anyone to dress her, so she annoyed her very much when she found that instead of looking at her the Four-O-Clocks were still nodding when the sun was high in the garden.

"Stupid!" said Miss Poppy to herself. "The idea of sleeping when they have such a beauty as I am to look upon. But for all that the Four-O-Clocks did not open their pretty eyes until the appointed hour."

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

"We like our way pretty well," replied a blossom. "Four o'clock is a nice hour, and besides, why should we rise to greet the sun? We cannot be the first one that he beholds, so why not get our beauty sleep and keep awake later?"

"Why, what do you mean?" inquired Miss Poppy. "I am the first to greet the sun. See how red is my dress! I dress as neatly as possible, and I have the finest flower in the garden for my hair."

"Oh, you little silly red-head!" answered the Four-O-Clocks, for they were rather angry with Miss Poppy for finding fault with the way of their living. "Don't you know that the Sunflower is the first to greet the sun, and for no other does he look when he comes over the hill in the early morning?"

Poppy was too surprised to reply, and a sweet lily growing nearby said: "I am sure they did not mean to be rude when they called you red-head. They do not know your name; that is all. Won't you tell them what it is?"

"My name is Poppy" was the reply. "And it is true about the tail sunflower? Does he greet the sun before any other flower?"

"I think she does," answered Lily; "but why worry? He looks down upon us all later in the day."

But the Four-O-Clocks were not through talking. "Oh, Miss Poppy," said one, "your dress is not the right shade. You know it is Sunflower, and for golden color the shade of Mr. Sun's golden rays. You had better get more beauty sleep, and not waste your time looking for the sun."

Miss Poppy did not reply. She was thinking very hard. If I cannot be the first to greet him in the morning, I will go to sleep when he comes at night and wake up till he is wide awake," she thought.

"By the time he looks down in the garden I am sure I shall be the first one that he greets. He will like me, and that is why she closes her eyes so early when the other flowers are still awake. She is getting her beauty sleep, for she may be the most beautiful flower in the garden, so that when Mr. Sun looks down upon the garden flowers she will be the brightest one of all and be sure to catch his admiring glance."

## THE DOG AND THE THIEF



A fox who creased a duck or hen gave message to the watchdogs then, Assisted by a few play

To grab a duck and run away.

The dog growled, "Nix! I'm glad to see you kindly offering of meat. But no fool-play, old scout, will do. Believe me, I am wise to you."

Moel—Through all life's chaps and shifts, Beware of strangers bringing gifts!

Then she heard them whispering softly. Silently, cautiously she stole

## Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

## A Shepherd Lad

By "BABS"  
Member of Children's Corner.

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

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 herder 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 drowsed them to a more shaded part of the pasture, and leaving Pat to guard them, went to the brook, got some water, and taking up his lunch, went back to where the sheep were resting. He and Pat then ate their dinners. Ronald loved to be high up here on the mountain, while the cool and grateful breeze fanned his hot face, while the sun shone brightly.

After resting for about an hour, he went to the corral and found that his grandfather had left 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 off to collect the sheep and bring them to the sheep corral. But try as he could, the sheep seemed struck by obstinacy and refused to go the right way. Ronald was surprised at this, as he and Pat had always been able to round them up before, and usually they knew the right road to take to the sheep corral and never caused very much trouble.

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 end 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 bars 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 sure they were a wolf's track.

Then suddenly Ronald understood why the sheep were afraid to go near the corral. 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 his faithful old Pat guarded over them. In the morning when his grandfather came Ronald told him all about it.

Wrecked motorist (phoning): "Send assistance at once. I've turned turtle."

Voices (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.

"To reduce the cost of baby-wolves in the woods, and after they're taken away and the mother wolf with them, the sheep could be easily driven along that road."

Mr. Florence had once helped his grandfather tend the sheep, and when he became older, he grew up to be a brave and good man.

## Mother Bear Takes To Her Heels

Mother Bear had been so busy digging roots in a damp, soft place near the Laughing Brook that she had given no thought to Boxer and Woof Wolf. She had supposed that they were also digging roots in the far away world, and Florence thought that she would not have missed that day for all the plenties going.

"I guess they're not far away," she grumbled. "They're big enough to look out for themselves, anyway. So she wasted no more thought on them, but resumed her digging for roots. It was a long time after this that Mother Bear heard a snapping of twigs and a crashing of brush on the hill above her. With a startled snort she threw her head up to look. Rushing straight toward her headlong down the hill was a creature such as she had never seen before, and a little back it was another just like it. There was no shape to either one of them. They seemed to be brown and white chiefly.

One look was enough. Mother Bear whirled and took to her heels. Now, a Bear in a hurry can travel very fast and Mother Bear was in a hurry. There was no one in all the Green Forest of whom Mother Bear was afraid, excepting man when he chanced to come that way. But these creatures were unknown. She could hear them following her, and this added to her fright. Yes, Mother Bear certainly was frightened.

At last she could no longer hear any following her. Then she became a little ashamed of having run away without finding out what she was running from. Her curiosity was aroused. Walking as silently as only a Bear can she cautiously stole back. With every other step she stopped to listen and to test the air with her nose. Presently a familiar scent of her own children, Boxer and Woof Wolf, came to her.

Then she heard them whispering softly. Silently, cautiously she stole

along toward the place that whimpers came from. Then her heart gave a jump. There were the two terrible creatures that had so frightened her! Then she recognized them and with a growl of anger she stepped out to meet them. But she did not recognize them when she first saw them. They had come straight from Farmer Brown's sugar house, and when they had been there they had been covered from head to foot with sirup. The four which they had spilled over themselves had stuck, making their coats white in patches. In their frantic haste to get away from Farmer Brown's Boy they had fallen more than once and rolled over and over in the dead leaves. The leaves had stuck to them from their heads to their heels. They had been in too much of a hurry to stop to pull them off. That is why Mother Bear had not recognized them when they came rushing down the hill.

The instant they saw Mother Bear they ran toward her, whimpering and crying. Mother Bear wasted no time. With her big paws she spread first one and then the other until they were as wide as the top of their lungs, but they didn't run away. A spanking from Mother Bear was better than the terrible fright they had had.

Between whimpers they told Mother Bear where they had been and all that had happened. "Didn't I tell you not to go over there?" growled Mother Bear.

"Yes'm," whimpered Woof Wolf. "Yes'm," whimpered Boxer.

"You're not to be trusted and you can never tell what they will do!" "Yes'm," whimpered Woof Wolf. "Yes'm," whimpered Boxer.

"Well it is a mercy that you are here at all," growled Mother Bear. "Go over to the laughing Brook and get yourselves clean."

"Yes'm," said Woof Wolf and Boxer together, and meekly did as they were told.

WOMEN  
THEIR  
REORGANIZATIONLeague of  
Reports and  
programme for

Baltimore, Md.,  
—A budget of 1922 year and a reorganizational department at the opening of the convention of the Women Voters League of Women Voters was voted upon and adopted today.

The proposed programme presented by Mrs. Aiken, S. C., regent, provides for the administration of the League at the various activities at the various states and the national speakers' bureau.

The regional division of the League is to be a department of the national office, and the national office is to be a department of the national office.

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