

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Weekly Chat

My Dear Pals:—

Wasn't it glorious weather for the holiday? I tried to believe that you were all celebrating in fine style and I know you enjoyed yourselves as I did. It was my good fortune to have a trip in a motor boat and we did go along at a rapid pace with just a little spray of water touching us now and then. It seemed as if every boat that would hold together was on the river that day and with the warm breeze blowing as it did, boating was ideal sport. With conditions so very favorable for boating and picnicking, I am looking forward to some glowing accounts of your experiences of Dominion Day. Write them while fresh in the memory, so that nothing will be forgotten and of course the funnier the better.

Last Sunday while roving around in the country, I came to a low bush growing near a fence and just on a very much exposed bough there was such a snug and compact bird's nest with four white eggs in it. It was about the size of a hen's egg and I put a shelter of some kind up, but decided that the owners knew their own business much better than I did. However, if the little feathered friends could talk, I should certainly want to explain why a home more sheltered from the rain would not be more adapted to their needs. Just imagine the discomfort to the wee baby birds if a heavy rain should come before they were able to fly. No doubt, the mother bird would protest there, but it seems to me a wiser mother might find many a sheltered bough for her nest. Don't you think so?

Then there was another nest not far from the one I have just told you of, which was securely located on the bough of a real growing tree. In it were four baby birds and they seemed to be just starting to fly. I was so close to it that I could see the mother bird and she seemed to be just starting to fly. I was so close to it that I could see the mother bird and she seemed to be just starting to fly. I was so close to it that I could see the mother bird and she seemed to be just starting to fly.

The other day I was sitting on a veranda and a hummingbird came and lit for just a very short time on a flower quite near me. I did wish it would stay a while for they are such refined looking little creatures and one could enjoy watching them for quite a long while. This is surely a bird that I can find so much to talk about the beautiful little friends, perhaps because I love them so much and I hope you all do too.

With much love to all the kiddies,
UNCLE DICK.

"BIG BEN." The great Westminster clock, striking on "Big Ben" in the clock tower of the Houses of Parliament, was made and fixed in the clock tower in the year 1858 by F. E. Denby. It is the largest, most powerful, and most accurate public striking clock in the world. The four dials are each 23 feet in diameter, the centre being 10 feet from the ground. The figures are two feet long and the minute spaces one foot square. The minute spaces are one foot square and weigh about two cwt. each. They are made of copper, and travel a distance equal to 100 miles each year. The hour hands are nine feet long; the hands of the pendulum weigh four cwt. The weights weigh nearly 2 1/2 tons. There are 374 steps up to the clock room. Winding is now done by electric motor. "Big Ben" the bell on which the clock strikes the hours, weighs 13 1/2 tons, and the hammer weighs four cwt. The four quarter bells weigh nearly eight tons. Twice a day it telegraphs its time automatically to Greenwich Observatory, which enables its time to be accurate to within a second. The clock is now lighted by electricity, the 28 lights being 10,000 candle-power. Above the clock are the emblems of the three kingdoms and the principality of Wales. The chimes of "Big Ben" are set to the following lines:

"All through this house, Lord be my guide,
And by Thy power no foot shall slide."

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER

OF THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

Any boy or girl under sixteen years of age may join by sending in his or her name, address, birthday and age. For convenience the coupon printed below will be found occasionally on our page and may be filled out and mailed along with your letter to Uncle Dick, care of The Standard.

I wish to become a member of the Children's Corner.

My Name is

Address

Birthday

I was born in the year 19.....

Answers To Letters

EMMALINE H.—It was good to have a letter from you again and indeed I felt sorry for the great loss you have suffered. Am glad you are feeling contented in your new surroundings. Try to continue that way and you will be happier as well as help to make others happy. Glad you are finding so many wild flowers. Will always be pleased to hear from you.

GEORGE W.—It surely is grand for school fellows to be free from lessons for a while and I hope you have a fine holiday. That plan you wrote of seems fine for summer weather.

GERTRUDE H.—I enjoyed your letter immensely and of course consider it too personal for others to read. Am glad you like the way of answering letters in the C. C. by the initials instead of the whole name. I suppose it does serve for like a personal letter puzzle. How is the fishing business coming along?

VIVIAN A.—Yes, I do like to hear about the pets which the kiddies have as well as your joys. You are a splendid writer, but watch out for the spelling. DOROTHY L.—Of course your little friend may join our Corner all the chums are welcome. I will print a coupon some time on our page, so the new friends will feel free to come as well as your joys. That is a very good idea you wrote of and I will think more about it.

JOHN R.—So you are one chap who can do some kind acts without wanting reward. You have certainly been useful and I am sure your acts were very much appreciated.

VERNON S.—That is a fine record for saving stamps, Vernon, and you have reason to feel proud of yourself as a saver. How is the fishing business planned, progressing? Your membership is large, but of course the older ones keep dropping out as the new ones join, so it keeps the thing fairly even. Glad you enjoy the stories for boys as well as the puzzles.

SARA W.—Your letter with the requested information reached me at right. Many thanks. I know all the best school friends and am glad to hear of their success in grading.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA. (By Archer Wallace.) The Great Wall of China is, in reality, a great fortification, running for nearly fifteen hundred miles and meant to serve as the boundary line between the Chinese and the restless Tartar tribes to the north. In olden times nations placed a great deal of reliance upon such barriers and fortifications, and relics of these walls can be seen in many parts of Europe today, and especially in Great Britain. It was upon such barriers as these, in fact, that the fate of nations very largely was supposed to depend, not because the invading army could be kept out, but because their advance could be so delayed that the invaded land had time to summon its resources. Evidently there could be no great surprise to any country if their walls were strong and kept in constant repair.

It is not known whether the Wall of China was built at one time or was a series of walls built by successive rulers to keep out invaders. The latter view is the one more generally held.

That which excites the wonder of the traveler in China's Great Wall is the difficulties which must have been encountered and overcome in securing the material and in conveying it such great distances. Then there is the height, at some places seemingly inaccessible—over which the wall has been carried. One of the most elevated ridges measures five thousand two hundred and twenty-five feet.

A traveler thus describes his own impressions of it: "There it was, carried along the ridges of hills, over the tops of the highest mountains, descending into the deepest valleys, crossing upon arches over rivers, and doubled and trebled at many parts to take in important passes; interspersed with towers at almost every hundred yards many of these towers themselves being forty feet in height and representing such hard work—and this for a distance of nearly fifteen hundred miles."

"The Great Wall of China will never be required. It will stand on in silence through the ages like some vast tombstone of a bygone time, but the circumstances which caused its erection and would necessitate its restoration will never recur. China has learned that floating walls are of more service to her than stone ones; she is not likely to waste her time and energy which would be more usefully expended in making and organizing her navy. However serviceable its wall may have been in the past it will receive little attention in the future."



A Face In The Haunted Wood

(Continued from last week.)

Selling some bread and cheese the boys rushed off again, found Donald, and amid tremendous excitement, a party of no fewer than ten, six of them armed with guns, started off from the later for the cove.

It was now nearly dark, and a gusty wind was blowing. The sea was roaring on the beach like the thunder of artillery, and a spiteful lash of rain smote the faces of Roy MacGregor's party as they fought their way to the beach.

No one lived at the cove, but inside the little pier were moored two or three boats belonging to the castle, and also the yacht, Peter, which was in charge of her, had landed, and was gone to his house for the night.

Just ere Roy and the rest reached the pebbledridge, three dark figures, one limping badly, issued from the shadow of the cliff hastened towards the boats.

A dingy lay upon the beach. She was very small and crank, but the fugitives were desperate and prepared to take their risks.

"I see them, boys! Come on!" "There they are!" cried Jack Oliva. He raced like a stag down the beach. The fugitives saw him coming, and one, with a yell, ran to meet him. A knife flashed bright as silver as the second sprang at his young antagonist, but Jack, swift as thought, leapt aside, his fist shot out, and the wretch rolled down the pebbledridge—then leapt to his feet, and splashed waist-deep into the sea just as his comrades succeeded in launching the dingy.

In his scramble, so did the wounded man, and then the other. Another instant and the little boat would be clear of the pier and facing the great rollers of the outer sea.

"They're off!" yelled Donald. "Shall we fire at 'em, boys?" "Let them go!" They'll never touch land again. Look! The little dingy rose high on the crest of a great wave, and at that instant the moonlight, shining through the rift in the clouds, revealed to the watchers the three wretches who were going so swiftly to their doom. Darkness fell again. Then came a clap of thunder which shook the heavens, a sheet of lightning momentarily set the sea aflame with light; and close upon this the storm burst in terrific fury.

"Home! Home, all of you!" shouted Roy. "They've got to be captured to-night. Those men are gone!" "Gone?" cried Jack.

"Yes; as the lightning flashed I saw a great wave crash upon the dingy; set the sea aflame with light; and close upon this the storm burst in terrific fury."

But yet not quite the last. For next morning Peter, the yachtsman, saw the dingy's splinters strewn along the brown sands, and found, gasping

Little Stories For Bedtime

JOHNNY TELLS ABOUT A TERRIBLE MONSTER.

By Thornton W. Burgess.

(Copyright 1918, by T. W. Burgess.)

On his way back to the corner where Johnny Chuck and his new house were, Sammy Jay's temper cooled off. And as his temper cooled he began to see the funny side of the mischief, so that by the time he reached the corner he was quite ready to laugh at himself. Besides he was beginning to feel with curiosity over the cause of Johnny's queer performance in leaving such a fine home as he and Polly had so long in the far corner of the Old Orchard.

Johnny Chuck was still sitting on his new doorstep and he wasn't in good temper at all. In the first place he hadn't had anything to eat, as probably you remember. Oya recall how just as he had started out to look for a breakfast an automobile had come along the dusty road on the other side of the stone wall and had honked, scaring Johnny almost out of his wits. He was not yet over that scare. It was because of this that he was still sitting on his doorstep instead of eating breakfast in the nearest corner patch.

"Johnny," cried Sammy, "forgive me for not recognizing you before. And as the youth left the shop in a towering rage, the man of drive went behind his dispensing screen to have a quiet chuckle."

He drove him from their door-cave, Jackdaw was in a plight. For when he went back to his home, With his new coat of white.

The Jackdaws didn't know him. And let him stay about. Until one day he chanced to screech, And so they found him out.

Which goes to show my children, That you should be content, Not try to seek the things that were For other people meant.

SUGAR-CANE AND CORN. A field of sugar-cane looks like a field of corn. The only difference noticeable at first glance is that the cane stalks are higher than corn. A cane field is planted by taking joints of cane, putting them in trenches and covering them with earth. In about ten months the field is ready to cut. The sugar is in the joints of the cane and a sweet sap which is squeezed out by rollers. In Cuba the planters use the squeezed cane for fuel to keep the mills running, and then they put the ashes on the field to fertilize the soil, and so the circle is complete.

Life's Darkest Moment. —By Webster.



Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Smile Kiddies, Smile

The youth who knows everything entered the chemist's shop with a jaunty air and displayed to view an ink-battered white waistcoat.

"Spill the markings over it," he explained, "and I have just called to ask if you can get it out. I've heard it's possible."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said the chemist's assistant—"that is, if it is the ordinary markings."

And, taking the damaged article of dress, he proceeded to eradicate the marks, explaining the method meanwhile.

"This solution," he said, pouring some liquid over the waistcoat, "allowing it to lie in a tray," bleaches the parts affected by the ink."

"Er—yes; just so," said the interested watcher.

In the space of a few minutes the assistant, having rinsed the solution out of the article, handed it, limp but white, to its owner.

"How much?" asked the youth.

"One shilling, please," was the reply.

"Too much," remarked the youth. "I shan't pay you more than six pence."

"Just as you say," returned the assistant, with affected carelessness. "But I see there is one spot not erased yet. Allow me"—and he received the waistcoat back to remove the imaginary spot. "You see," he went on, laying it in another dish, and taking a bottle from the shelf behind him, "the solution does not really eradicate the ink, but bleaches it; and this," he added blandly, pouring some liquid over their previous blackness, with perhaps rather more intensity.

The jaunty youth looked on in dismay as the assistant coolly rinsed the article and handed it back to him, with the remark:

"I am always pleased to show these little experiments, sir, and if you wish to have those ink-stains removed again I shall be happy to do so for five shillings."

Puzzles

1—Riddle.

A musical sign—
What we smile.
Not any.
Expanded.

2—Word Square.

Supply the missing vowels and get a verse from Proverbs.

Wise k-p-h b-a m-th and h-s
t-ng k-p-h b-a s-l-tran t-r-b-l-

3—Dropped Vowels.

My first is the color that oftentimes lies

In a golden-haired little child's eyes—
In the sky just after an April shower—
In the dear forget-me-not flower;

My second is something that flies in the air,

And lives in a sort somewhere.

My whole is a kind of my second that sings.

And carries my first on its wings.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

1—See saw.

2—Diamond Acrostic.

3—Enigma—Bethel.

4—Hidden Proverb—Look before you leap.

COMPOSITION

A friend who is evidently interested in our C. C. has kindly contributed the following:—

COMPOSITION ON ANIMALS.

(By Willie Greengrass, Grade IV., Oak bin St., N. G.)

Exceptum hemmum people, every thing else we have life is none as animals, such as hens, hawks, musk, otters, putative bugs, sparrows, mice, snakes, and ever so many other such creatures. Sum is large and sum is small. Sum ain't so big as a whale and sum is bigger. They are a grade of different colors and sum is white and some is black, sum is blue, sum is red, sum is black and blue, and sum is in three or four different colors at once. Sum is a creature which can think and sum is a creature which can't think. Sum is a creature which can talk and sum is a creature which can't talk. Sum is a creature which can walk and sum is a creature which can't walk. Sum is a creature which can fly and sum is a creature which can't fly. Sum is a creature which can swim and sum is a creature which can't swim. Sum is a creature which can crawl and sum is a creature which can't crawl. Sum is a creature which can run and sum is a creature which can't run. Sum is a creature which can jump and sum is a creature which can't jump. Sum is a creature which can climb and sum is a creature which can't climb. Sum is a creature which can dig and sum is a creature which can't dig. Sum is a creature which can hide and sum is a creature which can't hide. Sum is a creature which can fight and sum is a creature which can't fight. Sum is a creature which can love and sum is a creature which can't love. Sum is a creature which can hate and sum is a creature which can't hate. Sum is a creature which can be good and sum is a creature which can't be good. Sum is a creature which can be bad and sum is a creature which can't be bad. Sum is a creature which can be happy and sum is a creature which can't be happy. Sum is a creature which can be sad and sum is a creature which can't be sad. Sum is a creature which can be brave and sum is a creature which can't be brave. Sum is a creature which can be cowardly and sum is a creature which can't be cowardly. Sum is a creature which can be kind and sum is a creature which can't be kind. Sum is a creature which can be unkind and sum is a creature which can't be unkind. Sum is a creature which can be honest and sum is a creature which can't be honest. Sum is a creature which can be dishonest and sum is a creature which can't be dishonest. Sum is a creature which can be true and sum is a creature which can't be true. Sum is a creature which can be false and sum is a creature which can't be false. Sum is a creature which can be good and sum is a creature which can't be good. Sum is a creature which can be bad and sum is a creature which can't be bad. Sum is a creature which can be happy and sum is a creature which can't be happy. Sum is a creature which can be sad and sum is a creature which can't be sad. Sum is a creature which can be brave and sum is a creature which can't be brave. Sum is a creature which can be cowardly and sum is a creature which can't be cowardly. Sum is a creature which can be kind and sum is a creature which can't be kind. Sum is a creature which can be unkind and sum is a creature which can't be unkind. Sum is a creature which can be honest and sum is a creature which can't be honest. Sum is a creature which can be dishonest and sum is a creature which can't be dishonest. Sum is a creature which can be true and sum is a creature which can't be true. Sum is a creature which can be false and sum is a creature which can't be false.

Birthday Greetings

To all the little friends having a birthday during the coming week we wish them the best time ever! On our list are the following:

Barbara Black, Sackville.
Heber Cripps, Ratter's Corner.
Holmes Reed Darling, Duke St.
Addie Falconer, Newcastle.
Harold Summers, Sheriff St.
Francis McCavour, Prince Wm. St.
Sarah Zwicker, Clemensport.
Gertrude Belyea, Tower St., West.
Mary MacNichol, Campbellton.
Wainwright Weston, New Horton.
Violet Kerr, Sewall St.
Morton Poyas, Dorchester St.
John McVicar, The Range.
Doris MacQueen, Armstrong's Cor.
Robert Ross, Wright St.
Alice Lever, Rollingdam.
Fred Boles, Rollingdam.
Mille Martin, Black's Harbor.
Annie Israel, Freeport.
Elizabeth Colpitts, Grand Bay.
Flora Granville, Cumberland Bay.
Olive Brundage, Up, Greenwell.
Arthur Holt, Holville.
Kenneth Ashford, Newcastle.

Moving Picture Funnies



Fold along the dotted line.