

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Uncle Dick's Chat
With the Children

My dear children—
Many of you have asked me the question as to what my hobby was. Up to the present time I have never answered the question, but this week I think it is about time you know what the hobby of your Uncle Dick is. Before I tell you, however, let me say this—I consider that every man and woman, boy or girl ought to have a hobby, but that that hobby should be along only one line at the present time. The hobby should be to spend all the available time in some effort toward winning the war. It is hardly necessary for me to mention the many varied ways in which you all can do this, or to remind you that there are hundreds of ways in which you may assist the Allies in getting victory over the Germans. If you are not able to join the brave boys in the front line trenches. Many of us have been turned down by medical authorities, and are not considered in the line of the fighting step, but let not that be an excuse to sit in our rockers whilst there is so much to be done if the fighting men are to have the continued supply of guns, the abundance of food, the thousands of things needed to meet the claims of modern warfare. The S. O. S. call has gone out, and it is for every able bodied boy and girl to answer that call in just the same proportion as it should be answered by the older people.

My reference to S. O. S. brings me to the subject of my own hobby. From all parts of the Maritime Provinces the S. O. S. call has been answered by the Boy Scouts, and I am sure that it is known how much Scouts of the Maritime Provinces were doing towards the carrying out of the war to a successful finish, there would be an even greater support given them than is at the present moment.

One of my hobbies is certainly a most keen interest in the Boy Scout movement, because I see in the aims of such that which makes for upright manhood, good citizenship, sterling men to take the places as they grow up, of those valiant sons of Canada that have guided and trained, if they are to have the instruction in the vital things of life, if they are to be taught the value of the open air; the pure country air; the value of the street corner boys; and helped in their path towards budding manhood, they must have the care and devotion of older persons who will take an interest in them. That is why I am so interested in the Boy Scout movement, and make his welfare and training for the future one of my hobbies.

There are others whom I am very fond of and they are the boys and girls who look after the feathered creatures. At the present season when every particle of food counts, we should not forget that the majority of birds are man's best friend, and that they assist a great deal in the keeping down of harmful and destructive insects, which would otherwise destroy much of the various crops.

I don't care what some farmers may say to the contrary; the man of the soil gives the matter his careful consideration, and he is not the one to conclude that it is not for a careful watch being placed on the injurious insects; by the useful birds, many good crops would be turned to waste. I grant that there are a small proportion of the birds which are destructive, but nothing in relation to those which do so much good. A friend of mine was telling me the other day that he once watched a certain kind of bird return to her young and was surprised to note what a large quantity of destructive insects, she had caught for food for her children. It was simply amazing, he said, to think what just one bird could do, in one trip.

Yes, children, my two hobbies are the Boy Scout movement, and the work of

the Audubon societies. Now you will have to tell me what your hobbies are. Of course this summer there should only be one hobby, and that to have a war garden. "Soldiers of the Soil" are being enrolled in all parts of Canada. Have you sent in your name yet, as are you going to work extra hard for your paper, those of you who are lucky enough to be the sons and daughters of farmers? I said lucky enough, because yours is a great work to assist in growing the most essential thing if the Allies are to win. Without food the armies would lose their strength and die, without the result of your labors the civilians would perish, even as thousands have been stricken and died in Poland, Serbia, Belgium, etc. owing to the lack of food. Germany having reduced the allowance to practically nothing.

Boys and girls my message to you this week, and for many weeks to come is Fill the Market Basket by having and working a war garden. Answer the S. O. S. call, and join the soldiers of the soil movement right now.

My chat this week has been a little different to the usual and perhaps I may have written what is known as "over the head" of some of the members of the Corner, but I am sure that most of you will have readily understood me, and that you will let me know as to what you think of my two hobbies: The Boy Scout, and the Bird Protector.

With best wishes from your

Uncle Dick

Children's Editor.

THE INDIAN TALE

(Concluded from last week)

Nick learned that things were going badly for his friend. It seemed that Lieutenant Harcourt had been out of a great deal of late, also that he was known to be very short of money. Then a man, who declared that he had been standing by the young officer as they watched the pay chest brought in, swore that he had heard him say that he wished he had as much of that gold as he could carry.

At last Nick's turn came, and his heart was beating fast as he was marched in. Colonel Kelson, in full uniform, sat with three other officers of high rank at a long table. The prisoner's friend, a Captain Orde, was on one side and the prosecuting officer on the other. On the table lay Lieutenant Harcourt's sword, and he himself, very pale, but composed, as usual, was standing under guard. Everyone seemed to be looking at Nick as he came in, and he caught a scowl on Capt. Gray's face. He felt desperately nervous. But after the oath had been administered he pulled himself together.

"Captain Orde spoke."

"Willmot, I understand that you saw Lieutenant Harcourt enter the tunnel."

"I did, sir," replied Nick, and described clearly just what happened. "But this is no evidence in the prisoner's favor," said the prosecuting officer when Nick had told how Harcourt had come out of the tunnel.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Nick respectfully. "I hadn't quite finished yet. May I ask a question, sir?" turning to the Colonel.

"Did not Captain Gray say that he took Lieutenant Harcourt away I went straight up to the tunnel and took a look at it myself?"

He paused, and there was a sudden hush of expectation.

"And," went on Nick quietly, "the clay at the far end was fresh cut. I could swear that someone had been working there within the past three hours."

There was a sort of general gasp.

"You are sure of this?" said the



CHILDREN'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE DICK.

Colonel sharply.
"Quite certain, sir; but so that I might have further evidence I went and told Sergeant Clegg, of the Engineers, and he came and examined the place."

Clegg was called, and Clegg did. Then came a dramatic episode. Ram Dal, the Bengali, dropped suddenly on his knees. He cried, "Fifty a poor man, Sahib!" he cried. "I will confess. The Sahib Harcourt is innocent of this thing. It was the Sahib Gray who employed me to help him to dig this tunnel. He promised me half share of all that we could find."

There was a queer choking sound. Gray was seen to be tugging at his collar, as though suffocating. Suddenly he collapsed, and fell with a crash to the floor.

An hour later Nick was called to Lieutenant Harcourt's quarters. The latter grasped his hand. "I congratulate you, Willmot," he said. "Not more on my account than on your own. You have done as good a turn as one man can do another. I will tell you this much. If you do not get your commission inside the next two years it will be your own fault."

Nick went to bed that night the happiest youngster in the British army.

THE MARCHING TUNE

Ted was sitting up in the hay mow. He was looking at him, he seemed to be a bit alone, for with him was the most dreadful sound, and big. Why, it filled the whole barn, making on the sound he was making on his life. It was not right yet, or even nearly right. When you blew too much breath, or not enough, such queer things happened. But the sound was getting more nearly right the more Ted made it.

Did you ever try teaching a tune to a fife? Sometimes it is quite hard as it sounds. Ted was so interested that he did not think it hard. And when the fife found that he was really in earnest, why, then it began to play.

Of course that did not happen all at once. Many a morning Ted sat up in the haymow coaxing the sound into music. The barn swallows grew so used to seeing him that they paid no attention, and flew in and out busy with their nests and their babies. I am not sure that they did not think it rather pleasant, and did not boast to their neighbors from other barns about the advantages of bringing up your children in a musical atmosphere.

But Ted was not playing just for the sake of the swallows. His small head was filled with pictures of the fife-and-drum corps parading the town. There was old Mr. Bennett, with the big drum that he played in real battles. There was old Mr. Cole with the small drum and those flying sticks that had led the feet of real soldiers. And there was old Mr. Jenkins making music with the fife that had so often led to victory. How splendid they looked, marching along as did their armies followed.

To be sure Ted was not much like

an army, but at any rate he followed. All day long the fife called to him. It hardly let him sleep. It made him pour out the pennies that he was saving for a new bell and buy a fife. Instead, such a battered old fife. But there was music in it, once you learned how to blow it, and why it knew its own tune. That lived in the drum-corporal's fife. And it was not long before Ted knew them too.

After that Ted gave up playing in the haymow. The fife was missing. Word came that he had taken suddenly ill. And round the bend the marching song.

With that some one pushed Ted forward. His hearted old fife was in his hand. It had not been in battles, like the drum-corporal's fife, but it knew the same tunes. Old Mr. Bennett struck a deep boom from the drum, and old Mr. Cole beat a strong roll on the snare, and shrill and clear Ted piped the notes of the famous old marching song.

Up the street they passed, the boy and the gray-haired army men, while following came the soldiers marching, marching on to France; up the street and down again, to the tune of that old marching song. And away swept the train in a burst of cheers.

But Ted hardly heard the cheering, or saw the train, for the Man himself had shaken hands with him.

TWO MEN AND A DONKEY

In a certain village in India a long time ago there lived a blind man, and a deaf man, and it happened that they both went to an entertainment in the village square. After it was all over, they asked each other how they had enjoyed themselves.

"The music was very nice," said the blind man. "I should have liked the dancing."

"As for me," said the deaf man, "I thought the dancing splendid, but the music was just nothing at all."

"If I had your eyes," said the blind man, "I should have liked the dancing too."

"And if I had your ears," answered the deaf man, "no doubt the music would have seemed magnificent."

"I'll tell you what," said the blind man. "Let us both go to the hearing, and you shall do the seeing, then nobody will be able to cheat us."

"Excellent," said the deaf man. And so it was agreed, and the two men, with their eyes and ears, went to the hearing. They had not gone far into the jungle, when they came across a donkey which seemed to have strayed from its Master. On its back was a great earthenware pot, such as is used for boiling clothes.

"Look here, brother," said the deaf man, "here's a donkey with a big laundry man's pot on its back, and there's nobody to own it. Let us take the donkey and the pot with us—they are bound to be useful."

"Very well," said the blind man. "We are certainly in luck's way today."

So off they went with the donkey, and the big pot, and before they had gone much farther they came to a nest of black ants.

"Stop, stop, brother," said the deaf man. "Here is a nest of black ants—I never saw such fine ones before. Let us take one or two of them to show our friends."

"Very well," said the blind man. "We will take one or two of them." So the deaf man, took his snuff-box out of his pocket, and put some of the ants into it, and off they went again.

Towards evening a violent storm arose. The rain poured down in torrents; the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared, and both of the men were very much afraid.

"Oh dear, Oh dear," cried the deaf man. "Isn't this lightning terrible? We must find some place to shelter."

"The lightning does not seem very bad to me," said the blind man. "It is the crashing of the thunder is certainly enough to frighten one out of one's wits. Where can we go?"

So they ran here and there, looking for a place to take shelter, and all of a sudden the deaf man saw a great building made of trees.

"Here you are, brother," he shouted. "We'll take refuge in this temple. Catch hold of my hand, and I'll lead you to it. Perhaps we'll find a priest and there you will get some food and a bed." When they got to the building, however, there was nobody to be seen, so they went in and bolted the door.

Now, the building in which they had taken shelter was not a temple at all. It was the house of a certain powerful Rakshas, who happened to be out hunting at the time. A Rakshas, you must know, is an ugly monster of India, ten feet high, with green hair, a beard, and a long tail like an elephant. By and by this Rakshas returned home and was very much surprised when he found his front door fastened. "Ho!

ho!" he said to himself. "Some men have got in here, have they? I'll soon make mincemeat of them!" And he began to bang at the door with his fists and to roar in a voice that was even louder than the thunder. "Let me in to my house! Let me in this minute, you impudent fellows! Open the door! Let me in, I say."

The blind man, heard the noise of the Rakshas, roaring. "There's somebody outside, brother," said he. "Take a peep through the keyhole, and see who it is."

So the deaf man peeped through the keyhole, and when he saw the horrible ugliness of the Rakshas he he trembled and his teeth rattled. "May heaven have mercy on us!" said he. "There's a monster outside raging for our blood." "Pooh, nonsense!" said the blind man, who was brave (perhaps because he could not see).

"Leave me to deal with this," said he. And he went to the door, and called out, "Who are you, and what do you mean by coming disturbing decent people at this time of night?"

"I'm a Rakshas," roared the monster angrily, "and this is my house. Let me in this minute, or I'll tear you to pieces!" At these words, the deaf man, who was watching the Rakshas, moaned with fright, and sank down in a heap on the floor, but the blind man did not turn a hair.

"Oh, you're a Rakshas, are you?" he called out. "Well if you're Rakshas as I'm Rakshas, and Rakshas is as good as Rakshas any day!"

"Rakshas!" roared the monster. "What is Rakshas? There is no such creature. Let me in at once, and stop your nonsense!"

"I shall not let you in," replied the blind man, "and if you don't go away there will be trouble with this." He pushed the door open, and the deaf man, who was watching the Rakshas, moaned with fright, and sank down in a heap on the floor, but the blind man did not turn a hair.

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A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

them, for, if not, it might be that these very children, whose soft little fingers had clung so determinedly to the beloved bear, might be hopelessly lost, as thousands of Belgian children have been, to be brought up in one great group, not knowing their names or the names of their forebears, forlorn waifs in spite of all that human kindness can do.

WEENTY'S LESSON.

WEENTY wanted to see the Ground-hog, the Mr. Ground-hog, you know, who comes out on February 2nd and tells about the weather. So when her friend Mr. Rabbit came stapping on the foot of her bed to take her away to sleep, she made known her wish to him.

"Ah," Mr. Rabbit said very thoughtfully. "He's very, very timid you know, especially about shadows."

"Yes, I heard Granny say so," Weenty answered, "and I wanted to see what he looked like."

"Very well," Mr. Rabbit said, "we shall find him tonight and pay our respects to him because tonight he considers himself a king. Jump up, little Weenty, and we'll start right away, he'll be holding court with his friends."

Weenty jumped up and away they went into the frosty air. Weenty had wrapped her crib blanket around her and felt quite cozy. They flew along under the bright stars until they came to a great forest. It was quite dark but Mr. Rabbit knew the way and his little white tail bobbed along to guide Weenty.

Presently they came to a big tree at the foot of which was a funny little dog guarded by a very military looking mouse.

"We have come to pay our respects to Mr. Ground-hog," Mr. Rabbit told the guard.

"Indeed!" squeaked the Mouse, "I shall announce you."

"This is Weenty and I am Mr. Rabbit," said Mr. Rabbit. The Mouse opened the door and announced them very importantly. In they went and there sat Mr. Ground-hog, a big, fat, furry fellow in a chair up on a dais like a king. Two squirrels sat on the steps in front of him and the room was crowded with guests.

Mr. Rabbit led Weenty up to the dais.

"Ah, we see we have new guests," Mr. Ground-hog said using "we" instead of "I" just as kings are supposed to do. Mr. Rabbit bowed and Weenty gave her best curtsy.

"We have come to pay our respects to you, Mr. Ground-hog. I cannot mention tomorrow, I cannot endure the thought of tomorrow when we will meet our doom." He started to sob into his pocket handkerchief while everybody stood around quite horrified.

"It is most outrageous," said he turning to Weenty after he had become more composed. "Here I have to go out and—and I might meet—"

"Oh," Weenty said, "I hope you won't but why do you go out at all?"

"Custom, my dear Madame, tradition, if you know what that means," Mr. Ground-hog replied, in a very patronizing voice.

"I see," said Weenty. "Do you?" We hardly think you realize how important it is. People would never know if there would be rain or sun for forty whole days if we didn't come out and let 'em know. Perhaps there wouldn't be any weather at all, fancy having no weather to talk about or go out in!"

Weenty looked puzzled. "But how COULD people get along without any weather?" she asked. "Why—YOU HAVE to have weather. That's just it," Mr. Ground-hog assured her, "and it all depends on ME—us—I mean. If we didn't come out there wouldn't be rain or shine so there'd be neither and THAT'S nothing."

Just so," cried out his other guests. At that moment the Mouse rapped loudly on the door and announced the farmyard cock had just crowed.

"It must be four in the morning," Mr. Ground-hog said.

They followed him gratefully, and at the door he gave them the key and told them to go in and take possession. It might have been one of those houses in Pompeii where everyone was eating and drinking and going on with their ordinary vocations when swift death descended on them from the ceiling. The House of Perseus, they were glad to accept the offer of a homeless Belgian gentleman, who said: "You will want somewhere to live, I show you a house that belonged to my cousin. It has all events, a good piano, and is clean."

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your worship," he said. Mr. Ground-hog shivered and shook in fright.

"If I see my shadow," he cried—"Oh, if I should see it I would die of fright!"

"Be bold!" everybody urged. Mr. Rabbit took Weenty's hand, "We must be going, Weenty," he said, "the sun will soon be up."

They flew back again under the bright stars and Mr. Rabbit tucked her into her crib.

"Isn't that queer about not having any weather at all, I wonder if it's possible," Weenty said. "Do you think we could have no weather at all, Mr. Rabbit?"

"That's hard to say, Weenty," Mr. Rabbit answered.

"I'll ask my mother the very first thing in the morning," Weenty said, and fell asleep, if she was not already asleep.

A young and pretty school-teacher had some visitors one afternoon and thought she would show them what a good class she had. Calling up a bright little boy at the rear of the room she said to him:

"Johnny, if I gave you two cents and your father gave you three cents how many would you have?"

"Seven," promptly replied Johnny. The teacher blushed with embarrassment, but he had again.

"Listen and I will repeat the question. If I gave you two cents and your father gave you three, how many would you have?"

"Seven," said Johnny again. "I am surprised at you, Johnny," said the teacher. "How on earth could you have seven?"

"I got two in my pocket," said Johnny.

A good healthy boy but his chief fault was laziness. Work and Charlie never could agree. Last night came Nan, but she was the most promising recruit. Nothing daunted Miss Nan. She had insisted upon remaining, and Tom allowed her to do so, for he realized he needed her help.

"You can't form an army in a day," said General Tom. "We must put up notices asking for recruits, and when they see just what we intend to do, they'll enlist quick enough."

"I have