

# Motto: Kind Deeds Make Happy Lives

## Weekly Chat      Answers To Letters

**Dear Little Folk:**—  
Gladly but surely rumors are reaching me of the Clubs being formed among you to carry on the home mission work, which I suggested to you two weeks ago. Of course we are all apt to be impatient—you to get started, and me to hear of your success—but there is no use, we must just allow a reasonable time for such undertakings. But by next week I am expecting to hear of very definite organizations and of the names you have chosen for your club. One has mentioned "Forget-Me-Not" as their probable choice and I thought that most appropriate but of course it was not official.

However, I intend to print that same chat possibly next week in case it has been overlooked by some and especially since so many new friends are coming in to our C.C.

Besides, a second reading will make the matter clearer and stir up the enthusiasm. So much for you girls. Here is a word to the boys.

Boys! You will find on this page an ad telling of the way to earn a bicycle and as it is not an offer from a far away concern but connected with our province, I want to draw your attention to it. Quite a number of fellows are at work in the city and a few outside have started but very few, and there is a good chance for our members of the C.C. to get in early. Of course girls are quite free to enter too, and you will read in the advertisement that by selling three hundred Pictorial Reviews during the summer you will win a prize, a perfectly good new bicycle. As this magazine comes each month you may sell as many of each issue as you can—for instance if you only sell twenty-five of price offers, you could sell twice as many of the July number if you wish, or in fact may sell the whole three hundred of one month's issue if you can. The prize has been taken advantage of by a great many boys in U.S. and so many of them are today the happy possessors of a first-class bicycle. I just want to assure you that the offer is thoroughly genuine, if I did not know this I should make no reference to it at all, as sometimes one may have been taken advantage of by one which I know nothing, so therefore I was not able to advise you. But this time I can, and wish to help you to earn a certain amount of money during the vacation. Of course if you do not wish the bicycle and prefer cash you may have it, as every fellow can earn a certain amount of money during the Pictorial Review which he sells. You can write to the address given in the advertisement and get all the information you wish about the subject.

**ALBERTA C.**—You certainly are almost as much of a stranger as the new friends just joining are. You must have a good teacher to have those extra in your school and they help so much to make the school life attractive. How can you have one for a pet and such a lovely one for in outbuildings? You are among the many lucky ones to go fishing and you are fortunate in your catch. Enjoyed your nice letter; immensely and noted your good writing as well as neatness.

**TOM G. E.**—So interested in your description of the fishing trip, you did get a dandy time, even if you did get a ducky. A little bait in the open is good for one occasionally. Perhaps the fellows who lughlo! at you will have their turn on the next fishing tour. Hope so anyway. Good luck.

**CLARA V. S.**—You write a very nice little letter and of course you are welcome to get a peep in our "Corner." (There is no dust in it anyway.) You have found a fine selection of flowers and new ones will be appearing each week now. With such a big family as we have in the C.C. I think one name will be enough to keep track of.

**MABEL S.**—Why have you waited so long if you have so wished to join us? Better late than never, though so accept our hearty welcome. All the folks write about the Spring flowers and the new grass, so we can imagine the country is looking beautiful again.

**ELMA N. A.**—You write a very good letter and your writing is rather good too, so here is a hearty welcome to you on joining our little Club. What fun it must be to drive. Mollie to you continue to enjoy our page. What fun it must be to drive. Mollie to you continue to enjoy our page. What fun it must be to drive. Mollie to you continue to enjoy our page.

**SUSIE G.**—You are another welcome friend to our C.C. and your letter was very nice and neat. I must be spring-like in your letter with so much to remind you of the joyous season.

**ANGUS B. McI.**—It was good to hear from you again and of course I understand you are busy with lessons, music, etc. So thanks for the letter.

**UNSIGNED LETTER FROM MILL STREAM.**—Your letter was so faint it was almost impossible to read and no name could be found. Puzzles must be on separate paper from your letter and kindly use pen and ink if possible or else a soft pencil which marks distinctly.

**SONG OF THE SCHOOL.**  
Little scraps of paper,  
Little wads of gum,  
Hope to hear from you soon,  
Not put in the baskets  
Make a school look grim.

**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....



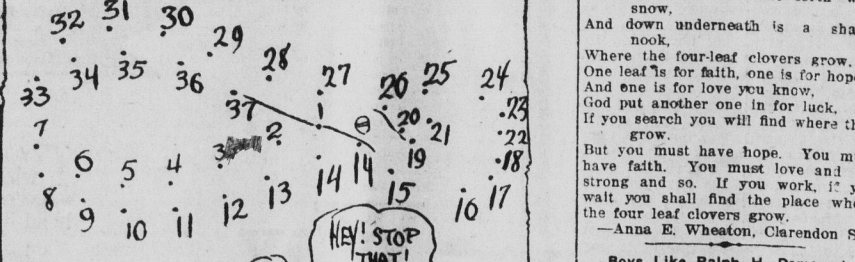
## CHILDREN'S CORNER

### Beetlewit's Ninepenny Motor

**CHAPTER II.**  
"If it had been the first of April I wonder how many of us would have accepted Beetlewit's invitation?" The speaker was Wisby. With a dozen more Bufferton boys he was standing on Hardman Rise, which commanded an excellent view of the white stretch of road from Bufferton, and particularly of the final and somewhat steep descent to Brigston. Here, on the village green, were already congregated cars of many makes and sizes from the surrounding district. But the thing we had come to see had not yet put in its appearance. There was no sign of "The Yellow Peril."  
"It wasn't a cock-and-bull yarn," protested Giddall, warmly. "Seeing he's leaving, and I repeat that last night I saw this mysterious contrivance of Beetlewit's keep pace with a big green motor car for a full two hundred yards. As a matter of fact, 'The Yellow Peril' gave me the impression that it could have passed the leading car at any moment. At times it seemed to be travelling the faster of the two."  
"But it's a sheer impossibility!" "Maybe," interrupted Giddall, hotly. "but it happened! I tell you, Beetlewit's a genius! By what power he makes that clumsy, ramshackle contrivance go I don't know. But it goes! By Jupiter, how it does go!"  
Wisby was hustling about for a sitting reply when an excited shout from Clarking attracted his attention. "I say, you fellows," he cried, pointing towards a cloud of dust in the road below, "that's Colonel Trencherman's red car. Considering he's a magistrate he's paying little attention to the speed limit. My word, isn't he making her skip! If 'The Yellow Peril' was as fast as that, it would be a good deal better off than it is now!"  
"What on earth is that?" "That's the 'Yellow Peril'!" was fast overhauling the red car!"  
Possibly with some thought for his neck, Colonel Trencherman had slowed down at the top of the hill. Beetlewit and company knew no fear! With yells of delight and much triumphant cheering, together with the waving of an improvised flag, they passed the lordly motor and swept down the hill like a veritable tornado!

(Continued next week.)

### BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES



**CHARLIE** and his baby brother had been playing games for a long time, the other afternoon and were enjoying themselves hugely. Charlie was roaming around in his daddy's den unexpectedly found a pair of ——— and thought it would be fun to play that he was a ——— so he asked baby brother to open his mouth and show his teeth so he could use the ——— on them. If you'll follow the dots you'll see what it was Charlie had and why dad was so excited.

### GARDEN FAIRIES.

You'll tell me I've dreamt it, and may be you're right, But out on my grass-plot, and by the moon's light, I witnessed three fairies retiring last night, In garments of yellow, and purple and white.

When all had donned wrappers of the shade of the yew, A pair of transparent white sleeping socks, too, They sank to the award, and with drops of the dew Each fashioned a pillow and quilt—then withdrew.

This morning, while doubtless my breakfast grew cold, I stroiled to examine the lawn, and behold! Three crouches there are sprung up and enrolled— One white, one of purple, and one of bright gold! — Sent in by Irma Hamilton.

### Hefty Comeback.

Englishman (in poker game)—"Well, I'll wager a bully pound on this." American Dandy (holding four aces)—"Ah, damn too much about you of English money, but I'll bump you a couple o' tons."—Purple Cow.

### GIRLHOOD STORIES OF FAMOUS WOMEN

Elizabeth Barrett Browning. "Auntie, come see my Hector, son of Peat, I said nine year old Elizabeth Barrett to her favorite Aunt who was stopping a few days with the family before she went on to London. 'What are you talking about, dear?' asked Aunt Betty. Elizabeth did not reply but led her out into the garden and told her to look. 'All I see is a lovely garden of flowers growing in the form of a huge giant.' 'That is Hector,' said Elizabeth gleefully as she danced up and down. 'Don't you remember Hector in the 'liad, Auntie? I liked him so much that I planted these flowers to look like him.' Other children of nine years have read Greek stories, but Elizabeth Barrett (1806-1861) read and loved them. She became a great poet. Her name and that of her husband, Robert Browning are two of the best known in English poetry.

Mrs. Douglass—"I saved the money to buy this coat, darling." Douglass—"How did you manage it, precious?" Mrs. D.—"I bought it with the money you gave me for a new hat and had the hat changed to your account."

## A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

### Puzzles      Birthday Greetings

**1-Charades.**  
(1) My first is a vehicle. My second is a round bundle. My whole is one of the signs of the Declaration of Independence.  
(2) My first two syllables express the appearance of bodies to the eye. My last two syllables mean bustle. My whole is a river in Texas.  
—Look—  
3-Enigma.  
I am composed of seven letters. My first is in Alabama but not in Texas. My second is in Texas but not in Yukon. My third is in Yukon but not in Tennessee. My fourth is in Tennessee but not in Florida. My fifth is in Florida but not in Maryland. My sixth is in Maryland but not in New York. My seventh is in New York but not in California. My whole is a beautiful time of the year.

**3-Riddle in Rhyme.**  
It's named as if it grew upon a tree, Or were two pages in a book, Ye mostly it abounds when trees are bare. And can't be read though close you look—  
And though it's always being turned, alack, It's very apt to find itself turned back!

**4-Riddles.**  
1. What instrument of war does the earth resemble?  
2. What is the difference between a mouse and a young lady?  
3. When is a pie like a poet?  
4. From a number that's odd, cut off the head.  
It then will even be;  
I'll tell, I pray, take next away Your mother then you'll see.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.**  
1. Charades. 1. Car-roll, Carroll; 2. Colorado, Colorado.  
2. Enigma—Maytime.  
3. Riddle in Rhyme.  
A new leaf.  
Riddle Answers.  
1. A revolver.  
2. One harms the cheese, the other harms the host.  
3. When it's Browning.  
4. Seven, even, even.

### A MAY SONGSTER.

**Winthrop Packard.**  
Of all our early spring returning birds, the song sparrow seems to me the most sprightly. He loves the brook and sings his tinkling song to its accompaniment before the ice is out of it, oftentimes.

"Sweet, sweet, very merry cheer!" is the usual phrase that is set to this song, but the variations of it are as many as the birds themselves. Sometimes a few song sparrows winter with us and then, even in the most inclement months of the year, you may hear the song from sunny nooks in the measure where the alders mark the still frozen course of the stream.

The song sparrow sings in the open, picking out the topmost twig of the thicket. In the thicket he feeds and there his nest is built, sometimes low in a bush, more often on the ground itself among soft grasses. Song sparrows are among the hardiest and most vigorous of our birds, numerous throughout the country over, buoyant, self-reliant, jubilant always, and perhaps because of these traits, prone to variation. Song sparrows are found throughout the country, from Florida to the Aleutian Islands, from the valley of Mexico to Newfoundland. For all that, they are, individually, local in their habits, sticking to a given region.

Climate has always a marked effect on the color of the plumage of birds, those of a given species inhabiting arid regions having less color, those in humid zones, far more. Hence we have in all twenty-three races of the song sparrow, varying in color from the very pale desert song sparrow inhabiting the Colorado desert where the average rainfall is but about six inches per year, to the sooty song sparrow which lives on the North-west Pacific coast, where the rainfall is over ninety inches annually.

Again, the birds seem to increase in size with a northward range, the Little Mexican song sparrow being only six inches long, while that of the Aleutian Islands is half as long again. In spite of their large numbers, song sparrows are rarely seen, even in the most populous of cities. In a given space all of a March morning there will be several birds singing at the same time or looking for grubs under the shrubbery, and there probably they came up from their winter winter range together. However that may be, they scatter almost immediately. Nor do they, when it is time for the autumn departure, collect in great numbers, as do blackbirds, swallows, robins, and others. They are a very useful and desirable species, and may be encouraged about the home by feeding, spring and fall, and especially by planting shrubbery where they may find shelter and nesting sites.

Teacher—Who can mention a thing of importance that did not exist a hundred years ago?  
Freshman—Me!

**Boys Like Ralph M. Demorest.**  
"He is the finest man I have ever known."  
"When he gets a group of us fellows together and he says, 'Boys, you don't know how bad you make me feel when you do these things,' he sort of gets under our skin and makes us feel cheap and mean."  
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## FO

### POSSIBILITIES OF FRUIT

Possesses All Qualities of Soil and Climate for Success.  
**HER APPLES HAVE CAPTURED THE WORLD**  
Her Smaller Fruits Come Market Late in Season at Bribing Good Prices.

In tabulating the fruitlands of Canada, as commonly known and appreciated, the province of New Brunswick does not feature very prominently, or not so much to modesty in publishing the successes of years as in the realization that they are insignificant in the light of the wonderful possibilities of development the fruit growing industry in the province is capable of. It may be surprising to a great many people to learn that practically all the fruits which thrive on the North American continent can be cultivated with much profit and success in New Brunswick, that the apple is indigenous to the province, largely undeveloped, and that the various fruits are produced in the most reliable authorities, some of the richest orchard sections in Canada.

New Brunswick possesses all the qualities of soil and climate for successful fruit growing and all sorts of fruits and a large number of varieties of apples, pears, and peaches are produced. Each year the production of the various fruits is increasing, due to the consistent efforts of the provincial government and local fruit associations, who have succeeded not only in encouraging the industry with various farmers following other phases of agriculture, but in inducing much migration to the orchardists, who are in a position to ship the crop by water direct, and being thousands miles nearer to European markets than the fruit lands of British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and Colorado.

**Excellent Color and Quality.**  
New Brunswick apples have a color and singular quality which is purely individual and distinctive, which makes them a favorite with exhibitors. The Wealthy, Bishop, and pin, Dudley, Fameuse, and Mackinac, all of which are grown in the province, are all of good quality and are popular on the English market. The Wealthy, Bishop, and pin, Dudley, Fameuse, and Mackinac, all of which are grown in the province, are all of good quality and are popular on the English market.

The proven apple districts of New Brunswick are in the Upper and Lower St. John River Valleys, and all parts of Albert, Charlotte, Westmorland, and Kent counties. The Lower John Valley, acknowledged to be one of the most fertile and beautiful in the world, awaits only systematic development to rapidly spread forth into one of the greatest apple regions in Canada. The opinions of expert Canadian horticulturalists of the provincial fruitlands are, perhaps more valuable in their pitilessness than columns of description. The Dominion fruit inspector for Nova Scotia says: "I feel satisfied that the St. John River Valley is destined to become one of the best apple-growing sections of the Dominion." The chief of the fruit vision of the federal government gives it as his opinion that "Any man who says apples cannot be grown successfully in the province of New Brunswick does not know what he is talking about." R. W. Starr, a Nova Scotia pioneer in apple-growing, says: "There is no doubt that there are large sections of New Brunswick

What things now in it do you like the best?  
Visitor (at the jail).—"Poor man! What are you locked up here for?" Prisoner (wearily).—"I supposed they'd let me out if I wasn't."

Mr. Warner—What is the unit of power?  
Student—"The what, sir?"  
Mr. Warner—"Quite right, the watt."

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