

## A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

## Weekly Chat

Dear Chums—  
I think the word "Chums" is the best for use when writing to all my nephews and nieces, for what kind of an uncle would a man be if he was not a good chum? There is a whole lot of meaning in that word "Chum." You would not be bothered with a companion whom you did not like, so as I am proud of all the members of the Corner, I think you can be sure to be a good chum, and they write me such nice letters that I am sure you will be a good chum.

The old winter is here in many different ways; first, we have a soft spell, then, suddenly it becomes very cold, and it is not so cold as it was before. The old winter is here in many different ways; first, we have a soft spell, then, suddenly it becomes very cold, and it is not so cold as it was before.

I have received quite a number of letters this week from members of the Corner and was indeed very happy to hear from them. Last week I requested my niece and nephews to write short stories. I received a couple, but I am sorry I could not use them, but I hope they will keep on writing, as it helps them in composition.

Now that the holidays are all over, you are back to school again. I am glad to learn in the letters I receive that you are all going to school. This is a good sign, for it shows that you are studying hard and at the end of the term when you get into the examinations you will find by looking faithfully after your lessons that it will be much easier to get through the examinations and you will make good marks. Keep going to school regular and when you grow up, and have a good education, you will be glad that you studied hard when you were young.

The fastest skaters in the United States and Canada will be in St. John next week, and there will be races on Wednesday and Thursday. There will be a public ball holiday on Thursday, and won't the boys and girls be glad of the chance to visit Lily Lake, in Rockwood Park, and see the men and boys take part in the different events. The school boys to take your kind interest in these races, for there is a number of St. John boys who will race against those from the United States and Upper Canada, and who ever wins the race will be champion of all Canada. One little boy, who resides in New York State, sends word that he will be unable to take part in the races because his parents won't allow him to leave school to make the trip all the way to St. John, as it will interfere with his studies. Of course, he will have a chance to take part in the races which will soon take place near his home.

Last winter Gladys Robinson, a young girl whose home is in Toronto, became the champion skater of America, and I know all the readers of the Corner will be sorry to know that Miss Robinson is in hospital in New York and will be unable to take part in any of the races this winter.

I notice in a great many letters that have received from my nieces, that they are helping their mothers at home. It is the place of every girl to assist in every way possible, and I am sure there are many things that you can do to make the work easier for mother.

I hope by the time that you read this letter that every boy and girl is enjoying the best of health and after school hours you are enjoying every moment of your young lives.  
From Your Chum,  
UNCLE DICK.

Amusing Children During Wet Days  
How to amuse children during rainy days and the long winter evenings is a perplexing matter. School home-work does not take up all the time, not of the small children, at all events, and unless the little ones can be interested in some congenial occupation they are inclined to be depressed and sulky; so a new idea for a very interesting and employing time is a great attraction to Mother. "Silhouettes" is one of the most fascinating games, and it will keep children of all ages interested for hours. There are many different ways of making them. They may be traced on colored paper and then cut out, or individual designs may be made. Of course, each child should be provided with a scrap-book, and a offer of a prize for the best and greatest book will add greatly to the interest. For very small children ordinary exercise books will do excellently as scrap-books.

The materials required are very few indeed—just a pair or two of scissors, not too sharp, some black and colored papers, and a bottle of gum paste or very thick glue. The silhouettes can be cut out in black paper or different subjects can be cut out in different colors. A children's ordinary picture-book will generally provide a few on the larger shelf. I looked through the door.

Another method for older children is to draw direct from the book on to the colored paper, or they can make up their own figures.

## Answers to Letters

VIDA—It was, indeed, a nice thing to receive a letter from you as it has been so long since you wrote to the Corner. You certainly fared well during Christmas, having received so many nice presents. You will have plenty of fun when you get the little bull broken so he can haul you along on a sled. I'm glad you are getting along well at school and hope you will take an interest in your studies and improve your education. The Christmas entertainment last Tuesday must have proved a most enjoyable event. It is a good thing that you like the country; most girls would rather be in a city.

Your little story entitled, "A Bad Boy," is a good one and shows that all boys should certainly keep clear of bad company and obey their mother and father. AGATHA—I received your little story about "Ned and Jack." I am sorry there is not room in the Corner this week for it. The two orphans had a most exciting time with the Indians. Santa Claus indeed, very kind to you on Christmas, giving you so many nice presents, and then it was very thoughtful of you to give some presents to little children who were not so fortunate as you. It shows that you have a kind heart. Keep on writing stories, as it is a great help to you, and I like to read some original articles from members of the Corner. You ask me about the poor children in St. John who received the stockings? Well, every one of the 260 children were indeed very happy on receiving the gifts and were also very thankful.

FLORENCE—It is nice to learn that you are better than the other children who attend school like to study and are also happy with such a kind and loving teacher. You must have plenty of fun snaring rabbits. I'll bet the rabbit you caught alive was a happy bunny when it escaped to the woods again. You received a fine lot of presents during Christmas, and I'm glad that you were so fortunate. You must certainly miss your brother, but think he is getting to be a big man when he comes to the city to work. I will send you some more presents in the Corner because I think all the readers of the Corner like to read them.

RITA—Your little letter received and it was most enjoyable to read. It is nice for you to have your kind interest in these races, for there is a number of St. John boys who will race against those from the United States and Upper Canada, and who ever wins the race will be champion of all Canada. One little boy, who resides in New York State, sends word that he will be unable to take part in the races because his parents won't allow him to leave school to make the trip all the way to St. John, as it will interfere with his studies. Of course, he will have a chance to take part in the races which will soon take place near his home.

GIACCA—Sorry I have no space this week for your little story on "Tower." It is short but good, and the little dog is certainly full of mischief. Send me another story when you get a chance, your story on "The Two Wishes" was very good and was enjoyed by all the members of the Corner. My invitation for members of the Corner to visit The Standard still holds good and any time a member is in the city and wishes to be shown through the building I would be glad to look after them.

GLADYS—It was a nice long letter that you sent me and it was most interesting. I did not see Santa Claus this Christmas, but I had word from him and he said he had a great deal of living presents. The story book "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which you received is a good one and I am sure that you are back to school again, and you will be enjoying every moment of your young lives.

From Your Chum,  
UNCLE DICK.

## A BOY'S DOG.

They say he's just an ordinary cur—My dog.

An' all the 'ristocratic dogs in town Are higher up in pedigree! (That means dog families, an' 'bout his dog—four legs, two ears, a tail—

An' not a dog in town has more 'cept pedigree! If so, now what? He's got sense, too, inside his homely head.

Like folks; that time I couldn't swim He pulled me out. The stylish dogs won't chase a stick or bring

A package; just trot in the park Upon a string! His color doesn't matter; long ago I cried

But now I know That though they call him just a yellow cur, He's white inside.

—Francis C. Hamlet—

## THE DOG'S EXCUSES.

I did not take it—indeed not I, I'll tell you the story, I'll tell you why I passed by the ladder, all by myself, I looked through the door.

And I said to myself: Don't you think that's a fowl on the ladder shelf? There's not the least doubt of it, answered myself. "It's a very fine fowl on the ladder shelf." "Come away, come away," said I to myself. "Come away and don't look at the ladder shelf." But he wouldn't obey me that naughty fowl, so I sat up the fowl on the ladder shelf.



## CHILDREN'S CORNER

## STRING TRICKS AND THINGS INTERESTING TO YOUNG PEOPLE

The "cat's cradle" is an acquisition of early childhood in America and England, but few of us realize that it is the simplest of a whole series of string figures and that this form of amusement has come down to us from primitive man. Picture a huge and hairy caveman sitting on a soft rock manipulating a leather thong six and a half or seven feet long with facile fingers and making patterns of fishing nets and lightning and little pigs, while the cave children stand around in awe and try the "cat's cradle" themselves.

It is true that string figures have been since time immemorial a favorite pastime in such widely distributed lands as Greenland, Australia, South America, Africa, India, Korea, Japan and China. A tactful tourist may persuade the natives of these countries to show their skill with the string. He should take a small book on string figures (W. H. Miller & Sons, Ltd., Cambridge, England) in which he defends the pastime as a worthwhile hobby. It is cheap, he says, it has a history and it is a way of using your teeth or your coat but, in the case of the cat's cradle, it is a way of using your fingers.

To get at the matter scientifically there are two distinct types or string figures—the Asiatic and the Oceanic. In the Asiatic type the string is required, one taking the string from the other and of this the "cat's cradle" is the classic example. It has a sequence of five forms, though I doubt if many of us can remember more than the first two. Mr. Ball is most interested in the Oceanic form, in which one player does all the work, although we note it is not considered cheating if you use your teeth or your coat but, in the case of the cat's cradle, it is a way of using your fingers.

There is also the Navajo Opening, because it was first found among the Navajo Indians. It is formed by first making a figure eight of the string, then putting the index fingers downward into the further loop and the thumbs into the near loop. The string is then pulled over the thumbs and the index fingers and the string is pulled over the thumbs and the index fingers and the string is pulled over the thumbs and the index fingers.

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## EELS AS EVIL DOERS.

There are some interesting points for anglers in the last report of an Acclimatization Society in the South Island, New Zealand, which dealing with the eel, has been reported from Lake Hawera of an eel actually coming out of the water after a trout lying on the beach.

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## HELPING MOTHER.

Every morning after breakfast Mother sits up downstairs.

And she goes along the floor with a big soft mop.

And she lets me come along behind and do the scrubbing and shining.

With my little yellow duster that goes flop, flop, flop!

The other morning early, when my mother was away, I went in and did the dusting, did it all alone.

And when she came and looked at it, I heard her laugh and say: "The fairies must have come and got our dusting done!"

Oh I just had to tell her it was not a fairy, but my little yellow duster that goes flop, flop, flop!

## Flagship Victory's Declining Days

Famous War Vessel Likely to Go Into Retirement—Victim of Old Age.

It is more than a possibility that Portsmouth Harbor may lose its chief glory, and that presence which has ruled over it for nearly a hundred years may be removed. A survey made recently by order of Admiralty has revealed that Nelson's flagship, the old beautiful "Victory," is in so poor a condition that it may be necessary to place her permanently in the retirement of a small dock. It has been known for some time that her timbers have aged to such an extent that if she were put into dry dock it would be impossible to refloat her. The present proposal is that she should be put into a small dock and fitted with a crane and hoist to hold her hull together.

## THE LASTING JOY.

What is better than the glad—Rush of little girl or lad Down the street to greet you when You are getting home again? Where's the child that's half so sweet As the scamping of those feet And the smiles of welcome true, Flung so lavishly at you?

Tell you this, I'd rather be Him the children love to see Than the pampered prince or king Who, from that hallway—be simply plowing his way through it. He walks a great deal harder than any of the other walls. Well, when our friends saw what he had done they all set to work and built homes just like ours. I tell you I felt very proud of my husband.

A speck of dust made Doris sneeze. When she opened her eyes the castle and its tiny inhabitants had vanished, and she was standing out in the golden sunshine once more.

## BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES

10. 8 7 1 2 3 4 2 1 6 7 8 9  
10. 8 7 1 2 3 4 2 1 6 7 8 9  
11. 12 13 14 15 14 13 12 11

## BELL'S OF FAIRYLAND.

Tinkle, tinkle, little bells!  
Ye little bells of Fairyland,  
Tinkle, tinkle, each one tells  
Of bright and happy lands.

Of singing birds and shady trees,  
Of dancing butterflies,  
Of blooming flowers and bubbling bees,  
And bright and sunny skies.

How merry doth your music sound  
On a summer's moonlit night,  
When brightly elms and all around  
Dance in the moonlight bright.

Old autumn days, how soft and sweet  
You play your melody  
To hush the leaves and flowers  
To sleep.

While birds are good-bye,  
When souls are lone and sorrowful,  
And hearts o'ercome with woe,  
Your tune sounds never mournful,  
But always sweet and low.

Oh, tinkling bells, ring on, ye rings,  
Ye bells of Fairylands;  
For many thoughts to us ye bring  
Of golden, happy lands.

Not worrying.  
Snappy Young Wife—"To be frank with you, if you were to die I should certainly marry again."

Harassed Husband—"I've no objection. I'm not going to worry about the trouble of a fellow I shall never know."

## Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

## Doris Met Keeper of Underground Castle

"Oh, dear!" cried Doris, as her foot sunk into a mound of soft dirt. "It looks as if some of the meadow folk have been building in our garden."

"Lots of good it will do if you giants persist in crashing it in," sighed a squeaky voice, and a dear little creature peeked out of a hole not far from Doris' feet.

"Well, well!" Doris laughed; "if it isn't Mr. Mole! I wondered to whom this hallway belonged."

"And now that you've found out, I hope you'll take your feet off of it," snickered Mr. Mole. "Folks think all we have to do is to build our castles so they can dig them up or trample them beneath their feet. I just told my wife when I built her place, that if it wasn't for our many, many halls we never could get away from you people. These halls have saved our lives a great many times. I can tell you!"

"Oh!" Doris exclaimed. "Is your wife at home now, and may I see her?"

"I'm glad you are interested," said Mr. Mole. "But she doesn't live here with me. She—"

"My goodness!" exclaimed Doris. "For what?" asked Mr. Mole in astonishment. "Why do you say that?"

"Then he laughed merrily as it dawned on him just what Doris meant. 'No, we're not separated, but we find it a thousand times better for each of us to have an apartment. In the first place, it's a protection to Mrs. Mole when she's raising her little ones. You know I've never heard of a mole growing tired of his mate. When we do love each other, we're very happy. You see, Mamma Mole's apartment, you might say, consists with mine by two passages some distance from my castle. But here I am chatting as if I had nothing better to do. Come on and I'll show you a real-for-sure underground castle.'

Before Doris knew what had happened she was standing at the entrance of the mole castle, no larger than Mr. Mole himself.

In through the wee entrance and down the many hallways they went. At last they reached what Mr. Mole told Doris was his highroad.

"By this hallway, or high road," said Mr. Mole, "I can get in and out to my hunting grounds. And also all the other halls lead into it."

He led Doris down a very long hall, and into his mate's apartment, down her many hallways, and then into a center chamber that seemed to Doris to be burrowed out in the very center of the earth.

Mrs. Mole was glad to see Doris, and invited her into a cosy nest made of grass and leaves. Here, sound asleep, nestled two tiny little baby moles, all rolled up like wee fur balls.

"Now, I guess you can see why we have a highroad," laughed Mr. Mole. "By the time an enemy can reach this room we're far away."

"My goodness!" laughed Mr. Mole. "I remember our old home. Why, we came so near being caught that Mr. Mole drew up the plans for this place, and we had built before any of our friends knew anything about it. And, would you believe it, Mr. Mole didn't know that hallway—he simply plowed his way through it. He walks a great deal harder than any of the other walls. Well, when our friends saw what he had done they all set to work and built homes just like ours. I tell you I felt very proud of my husband."

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## THE CHATTERER WAS PUT INTO PRISON

Who ever does a deed that's wrong Will surely find some day That for that naughty act of his He'll surely have to pay.

That was the way with Chatterer the Red Squirrel. Of course, he had no business to steal corn from Farmer Brown's corncrib. To be sure he felt that he had just as much right to that corn as Farmer Brown had. You see the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest feel that every one has a right to steal to them if they want it and are smart enough to get it before some one else does. But it is just there that Chatterer went wrong. Farmer Brown had harvested his corn and stored it in his corncrib and, of course, no one else had any right to it. Right down deep in his heart Chatterer knew this. If he had kept on stealing and stealing until at last he was caught in a trap and now he had got to pay for his wrongdoings.

Chatterer was very miserable, so miserable and frightened that he could do nothing but sit huddled up in a little shivery ball. He hadn't the least doubt in the world that this was his very last day. Farmer Brown's boy would turn him over to the Black Pussy for his breakfast. Farmer Brown's boy had left him in the trap in the house and had gone out for a long time Chatterer could hear the pounding of the wheels of the Black Pussy's wheels as they rolled over the road.

After what seemed a very long time, ages and ages, Farmer Brown's boy came back. He had with him a queer looking box.

"There," said he, "is a new home for you, your little red imp! I guess it will keep you out of trouble for a while."

He slid back a little door in the top of the box. Then he put on a glove and opening a little door in the top he put in his big hand and closed it round Chatterer. Poor little Chatterer! He was sure now that this was the end, and that he was to be given to Black Pussy, who was looking on with hungry yellow eyes. He struggled and did his best to bite, but he couldn't get his sharp little teeth no chance to show. He held his hand that held him. Even in his terror he noticed that his big hand tried to be gentle and squeezed him no tighter than a cat's paw. Then he was lifted out of the trap and dropped through the little doorway in the top of the queer box and the door was fastened. Nothing terrible had happened after all.

At first Chatterer just sat in his corner. He still felt sure that something terrible was going to happen. Farmer Brown's boy took the box out into the shed and put it where the sun shone into it. For a little while he stayed watching, but Chatterer still looked sulky. By and by he went away, taking Black Pussy with him, and Chatterer was alone.

When he was quite sure that no one was about Chatterer began to wonder what sort of a place he was in and if there wasn't some way to get out. He found that one side and the top were of fine stout wire through which he could look out, and that the other sides and bottom were of wood covered with wire, so that there was no chance for his sharp teeth to gnaw a way out. In one corner was a stout piece of an apple tree, with two little stubby branches to sit on, and half way up a little round hole. Very cautiously Chatterer peeped inside the hole. Inside was a splendid hollow. On the floor of the box was a little heap of shavings and bits of straw. And there was a little pile of yellow corn. How Chatterer did hate the sight of that corn! You see, it was corn that had got him into all this trouble. At least that is the way Chatterer felt about it. When he had examined everything he knew that there was no way out. Chatterer was in prison, though that is not what Farmer Brown's boy called it. He said it was a cage.

Wellington League  
Last night in the Wellington League series the St. George A. won four points from the Nashua and Paper Co. team. The scores were:  
Nashua  
Craft ..... 82 117 79 279 93  
Golding ..... 103 61 63 246 81  
House ..... 71 81 80 232 77  
Kilpatrick ..... 76 109 81 266 87  
Doherty ..... 67 71 76 218 70  
388 439 397 1264  
St. George A.  
Norris ..... 89 107 81 281 93  
Laurie ..... 89 83 72 230 74  
Perry ..... 77 89 246 81  
Pike ..... 83 85 94 238 79  
Sealey ..... 100 86 103 296 99  
421 456 410 1269

## Hockey Rink Is Almost Ready

East End Space Will be Ready for Play Next Week—motors Deserve Every Cess.

St. John is to have hockey no little credit for the same. Barney Mooney and other stick men and puck chasers for many teams, once more this fall, the game will be played in St. John. It has been done for a number of years, not because this city could produce players but for the fact there was no rink. Right here, good senior team that has been enough to enter the N. H. and P. League, do their training on Lake when the weather would not permit their league games to be played in the province. The last improvement League is giving necessary assistance to the hockey and the playing section has laid out in front of the main grand stand will be finished as soon as the racing program is through. The St. John team is to have the fast Sheldale players for a game next Thursday morning eleven o'clock and noon.

The rink is built for the sole purpose of promoting this fast sport and will be open to any scholastic team free for practice. The fans want hockey and it is a good opportunity for some interesting games to be played here. The locals are hearing the excitement and as it costs money to provide and bring teams to the city, hockey fans should give their support by attending the games. Great is due the promoters and it is hoped they will be financially successful.

## Bowling Results In Local League

Y. M. C. A. LEAGUE  
In the Y. M. C. A. Senior League last night the Wanderers won all points from the Crescents.

The scores follow:  
Wanderers  
MacEwen ..... 68 78 83 229 77  
Bedford ..... 74 80 74 228 75  
Stewart ..... 486 100 81 287 9  
W. Hunter ..... 78 76 81 244 8  
H. Hunter ..... 73 80 87 246 8  
385 404 410 1266  
Crescents  
Golding ..... 68 78 83 229 77  
Hart ..... 85 77 83 251 8  
Stewart ..... 76 82 74 242 8  
Sealey ..... 76 71 82 229 77  
Dumny ..... 75 75 74 228 75  
379 393 410 1184

## CITY LEAGUE

The Lions took all four points their game with the Ramblers in City League last night. The scores of the two teams follow:  
Lions  
Garven ..... 108 85 98 291 9  
Henderson ..... 83 81 86 250 8  
Stewart ..... 486 100 81 287 9  
Wilson ..... 89 77 88 234 8  
Maxwell ..... 93 97 107 296 9  
488 460 483 1420  
Ramblers  
Beatty ..... 107 89 94 290 9  
Stewart ..... 83 81 86 250 8  
Copper ..... 82 82 82 247 8  
Covey ..... 93 95 116 303 10  
Brown ..... 87 105 96 288 9  
491 458 472 1411

## COMMERCIAL LEAGUE

Ford Motors and the Imperial Cal Co. each took two points in Commercial League at Blacks' night. The scores follow:  
Ford Motors  
Woodman ..... 89 80 80 249 8  
Stewart ..... 74 92 80 256 8  
Fraser ..... 67 68 89 224 7  
Geldart ..... 77 72 81 240 8  
Latham ..... 81 94 111 286 9  
379 406 413 1246  
Imperial Cal Co.  
Cunningham ..... 86 89 82 257 8  
Rockwell ..... 83 88 86 246 8  
Garret ..... 89 88 89 266 8  
Stanton ..... 76 92 70 238 7  
Boyaner ..... 80 80 80 240 8  
413 445 378 1236

## WELLINGTON LEAGUE

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Nashua  
Craft ..... 82 117 79 279 93  
Golding ..... 103 61 63 246 81  
House ..... 71 81 80 232 77  
Kilpatrick ..... 76 109 81 266 87  
Doherty ..... 67 71 76 218 70  
388 439 397 1264  
St. George A.  
Norris ..... 89 107 81 281 93  
Laurie ..... 89 83 72 230 74  
Perry ..... 77 89 246 81  
Pike ..... 83 85 94 238 79  
Sealey ..... 100 86 103 296 99  
421 456 410 1269