

## Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

## WEEKLY CHAT.

My Dear Boys and Girls:

Do you ever stop and think what a lot there is to be done to prepare for winter? In the home there are double windows, banking of house, especially country ones, to keep out the cold, putting away the summer clothes and bringing out the warmer ones, placing the food, such as vegetables, eggs and fruits where they will keep the best, and heaps of other plans must be made. Then on the farm the work must be protected from rusting, the food for the animals must be stored and placed, the barns well mended and patched to keep out the rains and frost and the trees must be gathered and protected, so it will always be in good condition for burning. There must be room found in the barns and sheds for the animals who have lived out of doors all summer and autumn, such as the sheep, cows, pigs, calves and poultry. Of course the faithful horse claims his indoor apartment all seasons. Then the sheds and sleighs must be taken down from their racks and gone over, for one can never tell how soon they will be needed. Indeed, I remember when I was little a kind farmer used to take his own little ones to school and he would call for children all along the way, so that his big sleds would be full of straw and supplied with very happy kiddies, warm and cozy, being driven to the schoolhouse and it was such fun, but do you know he was always late coming the first day of snow. Just because he hadn't been prepared and ready, the excuse was always the same: "I did not expect winter so soon and had not taken the sleighs down." So no matter where you go in this part of the country, nearly every one, large and small, have something to do to get ready for winter. I want you all to take notice around you, and see all the preparations being made by mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters. No doubt lots of you are finding many ways to help also.

Did it ever occur to any of you how Mother Nature gets ready. Well, you remember the nice beautiful green carpet she spread all over the earth last summer, then when the season was advancing she changed the beautiful green carpet to more of a brown shade and all the leaves which came off the trees produced the new brown shade as well as the blades of grass and the many thousands of weeds, which have gone to sleep and rest until the warm sun and air wakes them up again. Don't think these dead leaves and blades are of no use because they are withered and dried up, indeed they have a very important duty to perform; that of protecting the little roots from the heavy frost. And because their blanket is not quite so heavy and warm enough to give the full protection, Mother Nature comes to the rescue again and sends down a beautiful white carpet and spreads it over everything.

Though some of you might think it a cold kind of a blanket, yet it is just what the sleeping roots need to keep them safe from that frosty winter. Jack Frost, I believe many of you always thought the snow just came to give boys and girls some fun making snowballs and coasting. It is good for that, and it's nice to know the pure white snow can be so useful as an ornament.

Mother Nature is surely thoughtful though, for just stop and think how she prepares the animals against the cold, most of all of them have a much heavier coat on their backs now than they had one or two months ago. The horse may not look as sleek and shiny, but he certainly feels cozy with the new coat and the sheep—what a generous supply of warmth they are given. And the animals who live in the woods and have no homes built for them, what would they ever do to keep from freezing if it wasn't for the nice new warm coats they get every winter? Perhaps you dear kiddies know of dozens of things Mother Nature prepares against the cold winter, or perhaps you are helping yourselves in some way, if so be sure and let me know in your letters for there are so many ways I never could think of them all. Hoping you are all being useful too, ever your fond friend.

CHILDREN'S EDITOR.

## KIDDIES' LETTERS

These are some of the particularly nice and interesting letters sent to me which I know you would all enjoy reading:

Dear Uncle Dick: Hartland, N. B.  
It has been such a long time since I last wrote you that I began to fear that you should think I was a victim of the "flu" but you needn't worry about that, because I'm here, safe and sound and haven't even been sick with it. I hope you can say the same.

Although I haven't written you for a long time, don't think I haven't been enjoying the Corner for the same length of time. Far from it. I have read every story you have had printed in it for a long time.

I noticed where you spoke about what great work the Boy Scouts were doing, so I thought I would tell you what organization I belong to. It is the Lone Scouts of America. It was organized by the man who started the Boy Scouts of America, W. D. Boyce, who is Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts. The Lone Scouts was organized so that any boy could be a Scout whether he belonged to a patrol or did not only in the Lone Scouts of America, there are no patrols, but Tribes instead. If a number of Scouts wish to do their degree work together, they can form a Tribe. Every Tribe must have at least five members. I will give you a few figures to show how our organization has grown. It was organized in October 27th, 1915. I do not know how fast it grew for the first year and one-half, but from that time the membership has grown at the rate of over one thousand each week, until now, at the end of only three years, the number of members is 302,823. I call that going some. Any boy can join by sending in an application for membership, and three cents, for which they will send you a Certificate of Membership and the first Degree Booklet. The Badge, costs five cents. There are also Badges for the different degrees. The motto is:

## ANSWERS TO LETTERS

BESSIE STERRETT, Grey's Mills, Kings County. Thanks so much for your letter, Bessie. They are very funny and clever. I hope the kiddies will laugh over the answers as much as I did. You are a very pretty writer and I am glad to have you join us and I am sorry you did not send the date of your birthday along with your name.

BLANCHIE KEITH, Havelock. We are glad to have you join us and I am sorry you did not send the date of your birthday along with your name.

EVELYN McCRAE, Oromocto. Glad your friend gave you our interesting page to read. You are a very good writer, and if all little girls and boys could write as you do, I would not need to puzzle over so many words that they write me.

BEATRICE DRISCOLL, Black Rock. When you speak of devouring its contents, it certainly is a great compliment to our Children's Page. Sorry you did not join us in time to be in the birthday list of last week's page. However, we hope yesterday was a happy one for you. Show me how you can improve your writing. Dorothy, for I am a great admirer of neat and well written letters from the new as well as from the old members.

MARJORIE ATKINSON. It was a pleasure to read your letter and I would like to show it to all the kiddies as an example of good writing, both in penmanship, punctuation and composition. The idea of you thinking Marjorie that we don't have Christmas trees in the city, St. John is a place where everyone, old and young, seemed to have a Christmas tree. King Square is just filled with trees for some days before the 25th.

MABEL CARSON. All the members I am sure join me in wishing you welcome to our happy throng. Hope the Corner will continue to please you. When you love school so much you are sure to be a great help to your school.

JACK KERR, St. Stephen. Yes! Jack there are a great many new members lately, but not too many. JOHN CLAIRE, River de Chute. Received a nicely written letter from you, also a puzzle for which I thank you.

MARION GLASIER, Fredericton. Thanks for the puzzle, but you did not send the correct names of the birds and all solutions of puzzles must be sent in before they are published. The correct answers I keep until the next Saturday, so the little ones have a whole week to work them out.

LILIAN McCASKILL, Riley Brook. You must have missed the Children's Page in the paper on Nov. 2nd for that was the first time the Mail and St. John's appeared. Hope you will try and improve your writing in your next letter.

KENNETH McWHIA, St. Stephen. We are delighted to have you join us and hope you will get continued pleasure from our page.

DOROTHY KING, Charlotte. St. John. I regretted very much that your beautiful drawing of Maud and Sil was not really closed and I was not able to put it in the honor list before the page was closed. All the Children's Corner must be ready for the press by Wednesday of each week, so I cannot promise this you will be in our next time.

"Do a Useful Thing Each Day." The official magazine is "Lone Scout," and it is a real boy's paper. The best part of it is, nearly everything in it is written by boys. Of course there are some departments, such as the articles on birds that appear in each issue, and the serial stories, and other departments are run by boys, but a large part of the magazine is made up of articles from boys all over the country. Of course only the best are awarded Merit Medals of Bronze, Silver and Gold, in order of merit. The magazine had only sixteen pages until Oct. 26, 1918, and cost three cents, but including and since that issue, it has had twenty-four pages, and costs five cents.

I guess this will have to be all for now, as you must be tired of reading this lengthy description. From your nephew, CARLE A. RIGBY.

North Range, Digby, Co. N. S.  
Dear Uncle Dick:—

I have been a reader of the boys' and girls' page for nearly two years, and now I wish to join The Jolly Club if you and the members will kindly accept me, although I am late for last week's drawing contest. I am thirteen years old, my birthday is Feb. 9th, I live on a small farm eleven miles from the town of Digby.

I admire Gordon MacKay's work and would also like to have a copy of his paper, I hope he makes a success of his paper, I hope he makes a success with his printing machine. Now I will close and in the future be a member of the club.

JOHN M. THERIAULT.  
Sussex, N. B.

Dear Uncle Dick:—

I have not written to you for a long while and I thought it would be nice to be a permanent member of the Children's Corner. I am eleven years old, and my birthday is on May 19th. I read your page every week and think it is very interesting. I noticed a little piece on your page about dropping some pages in The Standard. I would rather you would leave in Bringing Up Father.

It is nearing dinner time, so goodbye. Your loving niece, KATHLEEN MILLER.

Lynnfield, N. B.

Dear Uncle Dick:—

I am a girl fourteen years of age, and I live on a farm in the Province of New Brunswick, and in the County of Charlotte. We have taken The Standard for two years and we like the paper very well. I saw the drawing and the prize you awarded and I thought I would try. My address is Lynnfield, St. James, Charlotte Co., N. B., Box 23.

Yours truly, KATIE NIXON.



## CHILDREN'S CORNER

## THE DOT PUZZLE



Trace along to sixty-nine. Then add six and pull the line. Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning at No. 1 and taking them numerically.

## HOW AN AFRICAN MEDAL WAS LOST AND FOUND AFTER MANY YEARS

During these days when we read about, as well as see, so many medals on the soldier's lap, I am reminded of an experience which a medal belonging to a South African Veteran had, a few years ago.

It was in the city of St. John. The medal was held dearly by its owner, and one spring it was packed away with a number of other souvenirs and winter garments in a large packing case, the latter being stored in a nice bright airy basement.

Well, when it has time in the autumn to unpack the box a number of things were missing and among them the box of souvenirs, including the valued medal. No clue was found, and no explanation was forthcoming concerning that which was lost and it was about forgotten until one day several years later a little policeman arrived at the veteran's house, holding the medal in his hand, all he could tell was where he had obtained it, but after many links had been connected the story was complete and this is how it ran.

During that summer about which my tale begins it was necessary to restock the coal bin and some one in doing this, spied the packing-case and consequently made an investigation,

deciding upon the box of souvenirs as his choice of the contents. After opening and examining the things the thief probably noticed the original owner's name engraved on the edge of the medal and consequently as it would be of no use to try and dispose of the same for money, it was evidently placed among his own belongings and kept in a trunk.

The trunk was kept in a boarding house and as the owner was going away to another city and unable to pay his board bill in full the trunk was claimed by the boarding house mistress. While in her possession a fire visited the premises and did much damage, most of the furnishings being demolished by the flames, the trunk included. Some days after, while the ruins of the building were being removed and searched a fireman noticed a very much charred but perfectly shaped piece of metal with his four bars attached, each designating the important battles participated in by the owner. Giving it a kick or two he finally picked it up and being an owner of such a medal himself, he readily recognized the precious souvenir. Taking it home with him he kindly polished and cleaned it until he could read the inscription and

then he handed it to the policeman who lost no time in making a successful search for the rightful owner. After many inquiries had been made and many questions had been answered the links of my story were made complete. The teamster who had hauled the lot of coal and placed it in the coal bin was the man who owned the trunk which concealed for so long a time the little treasure.

Needless to relate the medal has been more prized and more precious since its unique experience than it ever was before.

A Pet and a Promise

(By Cora S. Day.)

Bennie stopped short in front of the pet shop and caught his mother's hand.

"O mother!" he said. "Look at the dear little rabbits in the window. I wish I had one."

Mother looked from the pretty little creatures to Bennie's eager face.

"Do you really want a rabbit?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed! I'll take splendid care if I can!" Bennie promised.

"Then we might go in and pick one out," mother agreed.

They entered the shop, and when they came out a few minutes later Bennie had his pet rabbit in a box. He carried it as if it were cracked eggs, mother declared, laughing when they reached home and showed the pretty black and white bunny to father and Aunt May.

Bennie kept his promise faithfully for a time. His pet had all the dainties that rabbits like—a clean, comfortable hutch and a little master who was always gentle with it.

Then mother went away for a two days' visit.

"Don't forget your rabbit, Bennie," were almost the last words she said when she started.

But when she came home the next night, his heart sank with dismay when she asked about his care of his pet during her absence.

"I forgot—I was playing with Harry next door a good bit—I'll go right off," he stammered.

Aunt May spoke:

"You haven't given Bunny a scrap of a sup since day before yesterday," she said. "But I have. So the poor little thing has not suffered as he might have done from your neglect."

"I'm afraid pets and broken promises do not get on well together," mother said gravely. "I shall send Bunny to your cousin Alice, who will care for him properly. When I feel sure you will take better care of a pet and I'll see about another pet for you."

But, as sorry as he was, Bennie lived almost a year of unbroken promise and petless days before he found a beautiful colt tied to his chair when he came down to his birthday breakfast.

Fold on the dotted lines and paste the tabs to the parts they touch.

The vase of flowers and the candle sticks must be pasted in place by the little tabs. If they are not fastened they will fall over with the slightest jar.

Every little girl's Dolly Dear is sure to love the pretty room this furniture will make and every little girl is sure to have a happy time pleasing her doll.

When Dolly Dear opens her blue eyes in the morning she must make herself look neat and pretty for the day. She will sit in this pretty low chair before her little dressing table and comb her long hair, and if she is a grown-up lady doll, powder her dainty face.

Think how pleased your own dear doll will be to have such pretty furniture in her own bedroom.

When you are ready to make the furniture, paste these patterns on heavy paper or thin cardboard. When the paste is dry, color the patterns with your crayons or water color paints. You must make them to match the bed you made last week. They would be very pretty colored ivory (that is a deep cream) with the tiny flowers and candle shades, light blue or pink.

## A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

## RIDDLES

Sent in by Bessie Sterrett, Grey's Mills, Kings County.  
Why does a hen eat her own eggs?  
Because it goes against his stomach.

What part of a fish weighs the most?  
The scales.

What fruit does the electric plant bear?  
Currants.

Why is a book like a king?  
Because it has many pages.

Why should we never sleep on a railroad?  
Because the train runs over sleepers.

When is a fly not a fly?  
When it is alight.

When is a ship not a ship?  
When it is afloat.

Why are bad children like old trunks?  
They must be strapped.

What part of a fish is like the end of a book?  
The fin.

What pen should never be used in writing?  
The sheep pen.

When is a farmer cruel to his corn?  
When he pulls it's ears.

When are chicken's neck like door-bells?  
When they are rung for company.

## TALKS TO BOYS.

Should the Lad Starting Out in Business Change His Jobs Frequently?

A look of disappointment spread over the face of Joseph Marvin as he came home from work one evening and found his son William there already.

He knew that it could only be one thing: William had left his position again.

"Quit work again, William?" he said, trying to be casual.

"Yes," replied the boy. "I chucked my job at noon. I'm not going to work for a slave-driver like Nelson any longer."

"How many jobs have you had in the six months since you left high school, William?" asked the father.

"This is the fourth," said the boy uncomfortably.

"And in every case you threw up the position, didn't you?" his father asked.

"I guess so," replied the boy sulkily.

"That's better than having been discharged four times. But I must say I'm beginning to feel pretty anxious about you, my boy. It doesn't speak very well for your success to have you able to stay no longer than an average of six weeks in a position."

"Oh, I know what you're coming to," said the boy. "The old story of the rolling stone. I've heard it till I'm sick of it. You seem to forget the other saying that 'a sitting hen never gets fat.' There's something to be said on both sides."

"You know a sitting hen never gets fat. But she sticks her neck long enough to hatch out something to repay for getting thin. If you stick to nothing, nothing will stick to you."

What I'm worried about is the effect such a course is going to have upon you. Every position must either be a goal or a goal. There's no alternative. You must either look on your job as a means toward reaching some goal beyond the job itself or else it's going to be a prison."

"You put what goal was there toward which any of those jobs was leading?" asked William.

"I don't know," replied the father, "and it isn't essential to the point I'm trying to make. The chances are, however, that out of four jobs one would have led somewhere if you had stuck to it. But the question is, what one of how you take your work."

I remember two horses we used to work on a treadmill for sawing wood when I was a boy. One of them took his work in a sulky mood. He fretted and chafed, and by the time he was through with a week's work on the mill was as thin as a rail. The other always had an expectant look in his eyes, as much as to say that if he kept on he'd get somewhere sometime. Any way, he too kept his task patiently, and consequently he didn't tire, like the first horse, and he kept his flesh."

"Yes, but neither one of them got anywhere, fret or no fret," said the boy.

"Granted," replied the father, "but that doesn't alter the situation as it concerns you. The principal consideration about a position is not what you make of it, although that is important, but what it makes of you. None of us knows whether his job is going to lead to anything, but as a matter of policy we must treat it as if it weren't going to. If you act as if it weren't leading you anywhere, then you will treat it so that it never can lead you anywhere. It's goal or goal, as I said a moment ago. You can't get round it, and the sooner you face it the better."

## NEW MEMBERS

New members which we welcome are:

Dorothy Glasier, Fredericton; Marion Glasier, Fredericton; Mabel Carson, Fredericton; Kenneth McWha, St. Stephen; John M. Theriault, North Range, Digby Co., N. B.

Katie Nixon, Lynnfield, N. B.; Blanche L. Keith, Havelock, Butternut Ridge.

Lavinia Spender.

"I see you a good deal with young Phibud."

"Yes, auntie."

"I hope you are not going to marry a spendthrift."

"Oh, no. I don't think I'll marry one. But it's nice going around with one."

## BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

Birthday greetings for the coming week to:

Arville Gilmore, St. Martins; Frances Russell, Friesema St.; Sarah Budovich, Brook St.; Cornelius Doucet, W. Bathurst; Nora Hayes, Hampton.

Constance Clarke, Renforth; Cornelia Doucet, W. Bathurst; Donald Harper, Middle Sackville; Hollis S. Baird, River de Chute; Arthur Redmond, Duke St.; Ines Lockhart, Upper Kent; Herbert Gannon, Folsome P. Q.

Charles.

My first is made of earth, My second is an article, My third is an adjective, My whole an Indian house.

My first is a bed of stone or mineral, My second is a precious stone, My whole is an article.

With a scream of defiance I rush on my course, Strong as an elephant, fleet as a horse, My first is an interjection small, My next is a company reckoned by all, If you have but my third in finding me out, 'Twill sharpen your wits I have a doubt.

Find the name of the bird in the letters of the following: 1. Roll in nets, and if you see a fish with a gold fin, chase it. 2. Clasp arrows in your hand; he robe is black; capture her.

Within these lines you can find the names of trees: 1. Get a pin, Eva, and fasten you sash. 2. Bring me a helmet, a lance, darts and arrows. 3. A bee chased a wasp, ending by overtaking it.

A New Charade. My first is of a wheel a part; Some wheels do not possess it. My second's oft a work of art, Not always I confess it; It's also of my whole two-thirds, And used by all except the birds. My whole for learning is renowned, No wonder!—scholars there abound.

Jumbled Names of Machinery. W-O-P-V-T-L-V-C. P-R-A-Y-E-R-S. K-E-A-R. R-E-S-O-U-R. S-E-N-T-I-N-E-L.

Sent in by John Clair, River de Chute, N. B.

Arithmograph. A word of thirteen letters connected with the mind: 7, 8, 9, 13, 5, 10. A heavenly body. 3, 2, 4, 11, 7, 5. Something to attract attention. 1, 9, 8, 6. Quiet, free from disturbance. 6, 2, 4, 11, 12, 3. Movement. 13, 8, 6, 1. What we all have. 4, 9, 6, 5. Not savage. 9, 6, 7, 8, 5. More than sufficient. 7, 8, 2, 4. Conspiracy.

Sent in by but not composed by Ruth Calthous.

A Word Square. See if you can make a word square out of these four words of four letters each: 1. You hear and feel but cannot see. 2. Is a thought. 3. Is close to you. 4. Cannot be where there is light.

A Hunting Trip. Find an animal or insect in each of these words: 1. Paper. 2. Plant. 3. Rattle. 4. Catch. 5. Beet.

Beheadings. 1. I am a color; behead me and write your letter with me. 2. I am what you pay for an article; behead me and I am a grain; behead me again and I am from water. 3. I tell the way old Moss-Bach Turtle moves; behead me and I am not high. 4. You wear me on your feet; behead me and I cultivate your garden.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK.

Four Word Square.

E T A L.

L E A S.

A L A S.

R E S T.

Bolled Vegetables.

Caulliflower.

Radish.

Tomato.

Eggplant.

Sprague.

Brussels Frouits.

Artichoke.

Lutes Mountain.

Pumpkin.

Beet.

Gherkins.

Charade.

Nightingale.

Try this one: Revolution.

1.—Share, hare, ark.

2.—Trash, rack, ask.

What Am I?

Magnet.

New Brunswick Geography.

Carleton.

Apohaqui.

Moncton.

Pasamagouddy.

Bathurst.

Escuminac.

Leppreau.

Lutes Mountain.

Tobique.

Oromocto.

Nepisiguit.

Jumbled Names of Animals.

Elephant.