

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Weekly Chat

Dear Girls and Boys:—

When one tries to make a success of anything you will all agree that appreciation of the effort is very valuable. Well, that is just the way I feel about our Easter page, so many kind letters have been written to me from the members saying how much they enjoyed it, that already I feel well repaid. We are all the same in that particular I believe, and like to know when we please even though we may not always care to know when we please. So thanks for all the cheery words. Not very long ago I had the pleasure of meeting a boy about the age of the most of you, and the thing that impressed me most about him was his politeness. Some of you might say, "Oh, boys! to that, but nevertheless I believe everyone of you like to hear and notice a polite youngster just as much as we older folks do. What is more I don't believe any of you, young or old, fully realize how important good manners are in every step and walk of life. You may remember of the incident I told you of some months ago about the many boys who applied for a vacant position in a St. John office and only one showed the least bit of good manners. Needless to relate he secured the job. It paid him to be polite and it pays everybody both in the business and social world. A member of royalty was credited with writing English badly and spelling it worse, but he swayed the destinies of empires. With charming manners he had wonderful influence, wherever he went and made friends of bitterest enemies. You all know that a clerk in a store or place of business with uncouth and rude manners will drive away customers never to return, whereas one who is courteous, polite and perhaps not highly educated, but who shows an interest in the customer will attract business and is more valuable to any firm than the rudest assistant, with very amount of education.

Once I read of a car conductor who was particularly careful and attentive to children, ladies, cripples and old people travelling on his route. He never complained of his pleasant smiles and inquiries with an attentive ear, he was no more efficient or faithful to duty than other employees, but he was always polite and the company for which he worked heard continually of his good quality distinguished him from other men. Consequently he was chosen for special trips where courtesy was most important. In time, he had one promotion after another given to him until he reached the notch of high salary. Politeness did that for him. He found by experience that it pays, so it pays everyone and especially so if it is important to the boy or girl starting life, with so much ahead to gain or lose. You all know what it means, don't you, until some big thing looms up to prove that you know, but start in with the unpolite things about you. Show a kind and pure heart, be interested in the friendly interest in others and a desire to do them good.

I heard a fellow say, when corrected about not having his hat off in a room where ladies were present, "Oh one can't always think of those things." That is the whole of it, boys and girls, if you did think of those little things carefully for a while and continually watch yourselves, in a very short time the good and polite manners would become a habit just as natural to one as the breathing in. So the one idea is to leave with you today is this, "Politeness pays." That covers every thing in every place not for strangers, parties, parsons and teachers only but in the home as well. In fact, practice on mother, dad and the rest of the home folks. They won't mind, and who is desirous of more of you than they? Then when you face the big world with all its serious problems you will overcome much with politeness.

Trusting the dear kiddies will profit greatly in the way I try most to help them.

UNCLE DICK.

Required Brain.

A certain Englishman famous for his erudition, played such a wretched game on the links that he remarked one day to his caddy, "How is it that I, a man acquainted with all the arts and sciences, cannot play this confounded game of golf?"

"Well," said the caddy, "it's like this: Ye ken a boot they sma' affairs, ye' w' things connectiv' them, but ye' man understand that it tak's him to play golf."

Following a widespread epidemic of influenza, general debility is on the rise, and its effects may be noticed in the worn, listless appearance of many of the men and women you meet. The symptoms of nearly every attack of influenza that it is followed by anæmia and debility, and one who has had this confounding attack of influenza is in a terribly run down condition, and I was left so weak that I was unable to do my household work, and to lie down most of the time. I had no desire for food and slept poor. I had read so much about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I decided to try them. By the time I had taken two boxes I could feel an improvement in condition, and by the time I had eight boxes I was again enjoying the best of health. They are the best medicine I know for renewing strength after an attack of this debilitating disease.

BUILD UP THE BLOOD.

The purpose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is to build up the blood. They do this one thing and they do it well. They are an invaluable remedy in diseases arising from bad or deficient blood, such as rheumatism, neuritis, at effects of the grip and fever. The pills are guaranteed to be free from opiates or any harmful drug and do not injure the most delicate system.

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Write to Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockton, Ont.

Answers To Letters

IRENE M. C.—Perhaps you have been disappointed about not seeing your letter answered before, if so I am sorry because yours was mislaid and lost among some other papers for a time. That was such a nice idea about taking the eggs to school at Easter. Hope you enjoyed your holidays, so pleased to know you enjoy the C. C. very much.

ELMA M.—So you are one more to say you enjoyed our Easter page so much. That's lovely, and how good of you to read it to the younger ones. Yes, the crows have been around the city too, but not a robin yet have I seen. What a splendid chance you must have for fishing, it is such good fun too, when you have luck. Thanks for good wishes, and the nice letter.

GLADYS V.—It was good to hear from you again and I was indeed sorry to know you had not been very well. Such a lot of spring news as you gave me, you are one of the many members with "bright eyes" alright. Yes, Easter was very bright and lovely and I am sure the few holidays helped the scholars to go back to work quite refreshed. So pleased you are doing well at school. Write again before long.

MARION H.—It would be quite alright to make out a new coupon you ask when you need one extra. But letters here in good time for this week. What a serious time you had with the freshets over there. Sorry to know of the illness around you and hope all are quite better by now. Pleased to hear you enjoy the Chats and other things so much.

MILDRED B.—Thanks for nice words about our Easter page. You are probably back to school work again. How lovely to have so many appearances of spring about you. Was it from your letter that you wrote about the Easter card? I think so, and I have admired it so much. Many thanks.

GERTRUDE S.—Yes, I am glad to think I am forgotten when you young friends are too long without writing me. So I was pleased to get your nice little letter.

MILDRED B.—You are among the best writers belonging to the C. C. so it is always joy receiving your letters. How nice to make your own maple products. Indeed I will be glad when summer comes and hope it stays a good long time.

LEWIS A.—It is a good idea of yours to have fishing gear ready for the fish when they do come. You are most fortunate in having a chance so near home to practice the sport. I know a good many city boys would envy you. Always enjoy your letters so send some more. Thanks for helpful words.

LESLIE G.—Hello there; what a stranger you are, but you know the saying "better late than never." I am interested in your new enterprise, and wish you every success. Hope you will read and heed today's Chats so that you may need such help, but we all do now and then, especially when the thing out in the big world.

JERRY S.—So pleased with your brief letter and I'm just as pleased as you to have the spring again. Thanks for all the nice things you wrote.

EVERLYN B.—That was such a nice clear snapshot you sent me and it made such a lovely Easter card. Many thanks. Am pleased to know you are all right again and hope you keep well. Write again when you feel lonely.

HELEN S.—You sent me such a neat and well written letter that I thought when reading it I could picture you as being neat in everything. Am I not right? How well you did in the school papers; that is always such good news to get. Goodbye for now.

GERALD H.—You get the necessary information as soon as I can procure it for you. No trouble to help a good fellow. I like your ambitions streak and know you will make good. Hope to hear soon again.

MOTHER'S EYES.

When I look in my mother's eyes, So many things I see, Deep woodland pools with dancing light, Soft stars that shine and watch by night, My mother's eyes to me.

When I look in my mother's eyes So many things are there; A merry twinkle half set free, A smile that waits to smile at me; And sometimes—oh, the quaint surprise— I see myself in Mother's eyes!

CONTEST COUPON

"Brain Tests."

For girls and boys under sixteen years.

My answer to Brain Test No. is

..... (when drawings are necessary enclose on separate paper).

Name

Address

Birthday and year of birth

Are you already a member?

Are you joining now?

This is to certify that the enclosed solution is the entire work of

Sender's name

Signed by parent or guardian

Date of mailing



To Cut The Private Wire

(Continued from last week.)

Up the post swarmed Vincent nimbly, and Henry, his tail still tucked, clutched at the wires desperately, and swung off on to them!

"Come back you idiot!" implored his pursuer. "Those wires will snap, and—ah, would you?"

Beneath the weight of the boy's body the upper wires had dipped to the ground, and Vincent, who had been so sure of his footing, found himself unable to get up.

Next moment Vincent South was also suspended from those few thin strands of precious communication! The page-boy, startled at his opponent's doggedness, yet none the less dogged himself, postponed again his attempt to sever the bottom wire.

Hand before hand, he worked further and further along the plant lines, confident of being presently able to best his follower in this trial of nerve.

But Vincent South was determined also. With grim, fixed-lipped abandon, he kept but a yard behind the other, working outward along the deep railway cutting. He must be cautious in his purpose now; the dare-all youngster in front must not have another chance of using those deadly little slippers which he had so often used to trip up his pursuer.

"By George—the express! It's going to rush by beneath us!"

The words were wrung from South in a sort of gasp. Like a long, winding serpent the fast train came thundering down the moonlit cutting. The pair were hanging now at a point right above the rails, gripping at the wires which bent so threateningly taut.

There was a long, vibrating rush. A cloud of smoke and steam leapt up and clung about the startled couple. South, half-choked, gressed down his lips and lids, and held tight. As the train dashed by beneath he felt the wires jerk upward. Henry, collapsed by the noise and gust of vapour, had fallen.

No! When the fumes dispersed, Vincent saw the other lying bent across the rails below.

CHAPTER II.

"His leg is badly sprained, I am afraid. Will you please see to him? I mustn't stay one moment!"

The words were catchingly spoken by Vincent South to the astonished signalman in the Greatleigh station box, whither, after safely descending from the still intact wires, he had carried the fainting page-boy.

Out from the station box rushed South, then, and back along the cutting. In three minutes he had gained the road; in another three he had leapt down, and, having carefully avoided that part of the wood where he had seen the collie.

The hall of the house was Mr. Vincent, anxious not to alarm the servants, tried the door before ringing. It opened, passing in the ring climbed the stairs with silent swiftness. In a moment or so, out of breath and unannounced, he burst into the mine-owner's private room.

Wilmet Williams sprang questioning to his feet. "What is the meaning of this?" he repeated forth in sharp amazement.

But Vincent, without pause or speech, rushed to the telephone and turned the handle madly. Then he thrust the speaking apparatus into the other's hands.

"Quick!" he urged. "The strikers will storm this house in forty minutes—a huge body of them. Don't question me! The soldiers—have them summoned at once!"

Yes, said the clerk's voice from Kingslow, smartly answering the call. And Wilmet Williams, trusting in South's alarm, switched his urgent message along the line.

The mine-owner replaced the speaking-piece. "Now, my lad," he snapped out quickly—"explain."

Vincent did so—as briefly as he possibly could.

"The fools," cried Wilmet Williams. "Force me to sign, indeed! It is a mad, unthought-of project; but worthy of Jabez Gurr! Henry Gurr, my page-boy, is a part of this affair. I'm sorry for the lad—he is another of his precious father's tools."

At this juncture the "phone bell tinkled. The attendant message announced that the soldiers had started with all speed for Greatleigh House.

"It's now eleven-twenty," murmured Wilmet Williams, "and my servants, I hear, have just bolted up and gone to bed. That is as well. Now, my lad, was it your intention to remain here with life?"

"It will be a desperate business, believe me. Privation and the influence of Jabez Gurr will result in those mine men sticking at nothing, once the attack has begun."

"I shan't leave you, sir," returned Vincent. "I'll stay with you to the end. Wilmet Williams grasped his young companion's hand, and upon that there followed twenty minutes of most grievous discussion.

Between the two, as the moments sped, there fell a tense silence, till, stopping abruptly as he paced up the room, the mine-owner softly whispered, "They've come! They're at the hall porch!"

A gentle knocking at first, then a louder—then a perfect hurricane of blows as the numerous diggers realized that the page-boy had added them—

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silver.

Doris and the Whip-Poor-Will Family.

One evening in the spring, just after the sun had slipped behind the purple hills, Doris heard a dear little bird singing in the trees.

"Well, of all things!" laughed Doris. "That little fellow's out late. He'd better go home to his mamma before it gets dark."

"Darkness won't frighten that 'littlesongster'!" laughed a merry voice, and Doris turned around to see her little Elfin friend, Squeedee, at her side.

"For to Master Whip-poor-Will your night is day."

"Oh, Squeedee!" exclaimed Doris, shaking the little Elfin's hand. "Is that Mr. Whip-poor-Will?"

"Whip-poor-Will!" "Whip-poor-Will!" came the plaintive notes of the little singer.

"Why sure enough! It is Master Whip-poor-Will!" exclaimed Doris. Squeedee raised upon his tiptoes and answered Mr. Whip-poor-Will's call, and in a few minutes Mr. Whip-poor-Will himself flew down beside Doris and Squeedee.

He wore a little reddish-brown, grayish-black suit splashed with dusty white. Across the upper part of his breast he wore a narrow white band, and of his bill quite a long one under sides were white. Numerous bristles fringed his funny big mouth.

Well, Whip-poor-Will, how are you and your good wife?" asked Squeedee, shaking his friend's claw and introducing Doris. "It's been a long time since I've seen either of you."

"So it has," laughed Master Whip-poor-Will. "And your friend Doris? I've never seen her before. Guess you're generally in bed when we fly around."

"So Squeedee says, because you're out at night," laughed Doris. "I guess that's the reason I've never seen you before. But I've often heard your song."

"Yes, and I'd better hurry back to my wife or she'll wonder why I don't bring her song," laughed Whip-poor-Will. "Won't you and Squeedee come along home with me?"

Master Whip-poor-Will was glad to see them, and let Doris peek at the two spotted baby birds nestling under her wing on the ground on a pile of brown leaves.

"It's a wonder you come to visit us," laughed Mamma Whip-poor-Will. "For I've heard it said some folks think we're brims of bad luck."

"Not me!" laughed Doris. "I like to hear your plaintive song. I've heard it many many times, when he heard your song in the early spring, that we'd have no more frosts. And he'd be so sure of it that he'd begin running and the winners of the five points each were:

Edon Fletcher, Wilson Beach, Martin Browne, Selkirk, and Mrs. Elma L. Marks, Annapolis. Mary D. Hoyt, Hampton. Marion Hopkins, Bridgeport, N. S.

PRAYER FOR A LITTLE HOME.

God send us a little home To come back when we roam. Low walls and fluted tiles, Wide windows, a view for miles.

Red firelight, and deep chairs, Small white beds upstairs. Great oak in little nooks, Dim colors, rows of books.

One picture on each wall, Not many things at all. God send a little ground, Tall trees standing around.

Homely flowers in brown sod. Overhead Thy stars, O God. God bless when winds blow. Our home be all we know.

—Florence Bone in the Spectator.

COULDN'T FIND IT.

A Cleveland father tells us that he thought he had thought up a great scheme for keeping order in his household. He noticed that his rather obnoxious young son had the quality of thriftiness, and resolved to appeal to it.

"Sonny," said he, "I'm going to give you a nickel every day you're a good boy, on condition that every day you are not good you will give a nickel. Is it a go?"

"I'd like to do it, dad," answered the boy, "but I can't afford it. I've only got one dollar and twenty-six cents in my bank to start on."

Katy Did And Katy Didn't

By Mollie Price Cook.

As she accidentally pushed against a woman in the crowded car.

"That's a polite girl," remarked the woman to her companion.

Katy overheard her and a feeling of pride surged in her. "Mother is right," she mused. "It does pay to watch your manners. I wish I could always do the right thing at the right time. The Palmer girls certainly know how to make people like them. They do nice little things for everybody and seem so good natured and happy."

As Katy stepped off the car, she met one of the girls. "Hello, Kate," she called. "Come along while I buy the groceries." The girls went into the store and stood before the counter.

A large fat woman thrust her way right in front of them. "Give me a dozen eggs," she said to the clerk in a bossy tone of voice.

The girls felt resentful, but could not keep from giggling. The woman glared at them, and as she turned to go, dropped her purse. Kate stooped to pick it up, but her friend pulled her back, saying: "Let the fat old thing look after herself!"

When Katy reached home, she kept thinking about the woman and the purse, and felt a little bit ashamed. Courtesy would have cost her nothing, and would have helped that impolite creature a great deal. "People respond to kindness," she said to herself.

"Good manners and a cheerful voice make everybody like you." When people are rude to me, I feel like a worm. When they are gracious and unselfish, I feel like a Queen. I'd rather feel like a Queen than like a worm—therefore I'm going to be like the well-mannered people I've watched."

She sat down and wrote in her diary the next day. Charm is a quality that some girls have. It's politeness, sweetness, unselfishness, and a good disposition all mixed up together. What can I do to be worthy? I shall not forget to use thank you and excuse me; to help others whenever I can; to forget myself; to cultivate real manners."

Contest Report

CONTEST REPORT.

For number thirteen a good many were unable to forward answers, so we conclude it was more adapted to the older members. This week we will have two Brain Tests, No. 15 will be for the members eleven years old and younger, and No. 16 will be for the older members. The answer to No. 13 was Tape and Aprons—one rascal and the winners of the five points each were:

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"I'd like to do it, dad," answered the boy, "but I can't afford it. I've only got one dollar and twenty-six cents in my bank to start on."

The jurors filed into the jury box, and after all the twelve seats were filled, there still remained one juror standing outside.

"If the court please," said the clerk, "they have made a mistake and sent us thirteen jurors instead of twelve. What do you want to do with this extra one?"

"What is your name?" asked the judge of the extra man.

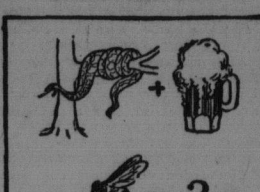
"Mr. Clerk," said the juror, "take this man back to the jury commissioners, and tell them we don't need him, as we already have here twelve men without Braines."

"Godfrey," said a fond mother, "how would you like to be an editor or the Uncle Wilmet, when you grow up?" Godfrey looked up at his uncle and said, "I'd like to be an editor, but I don't want to be like Uncle Wilmet."

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Puzzles

Contest Puzzle No. 15.



Spell out the names of the little pictures. Then add and subtract as indicated by the signs, and the resulting letters will spell the name of a birding animal.

For winners of points in Brain Tests eleven years old and younger.

Contest Puzzle No. 16.



The corner grocery is almost sure to have in stock the two articles represented by this pair of rebus puzzles. What do you think they are?

For winners of points in Brain Tests eleven years old and older.

Hidden Virtues.

To have good manners we should be:

1. Pat, I entered through this door. 2. The prince regent let him go. 3. Are the nations at peace, Fulton? 4. Please give me a napkin, dear. 5. You will get what you earn, Esther. 6. Watch Jasper savoring the limbs. 7. I heard your pleas, Anthony. 8. Only the rich horses tried to buy them.

Letter Puzzle.

The following questions are all to be answered by one, two, or three letters:

1. Name a beverage; 2. A common bird; 3. One of the human organs; 4. What is jealousy; 5. What is it to surpass others; 6. Name a summer dress goods; 7. Name the condition of winter pavement.

Tribe of Ants.

1. What is the oldest ant? Adamant. 2. What ant hires his home? 3. What ant is joyful? 4. What ant is learned? 5. What ant is well informed? 6. What ant is trustworthy? 7. What ant is proud? 8. What ant sees things?

Conundrums.

Why is a man sometimes like dough? Not because woman needs (kneads) him, but because he is hard to get off of her hands.

What is the difference between an old penny and a new dime? Nine cents.

What word of four syllables would a man utter if he should eat his wife's wanted to express his approval of the deed?

Gladiator. (Glad I ate her.)

Why is a policeman on his beat like an Irishman rolling down a hill? Because he's patrolling. (Pat rolling.)

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

Riddle in Rhyme—Marbles.

Jumbled Boys' Names—Gordon, Arnold, Hector, Ronald, Albert, Donald, Ernest, Tom, Jack, John, Truman, Henry.

Handful of Peas—Pink, ink; plover; lover; palm, aim; pirate, irate; parson, arson; pale, ale.

"Come on," said the first flea as he hopped from the brown bear's left foreleg, "come over and join me in a game of golf."

"Golf?" exclaimed the second flea, hastily taking a bite of hyena; "where in the realm of Barmum are we going to play golf?"

"Why," said the first flea, "over on the lynx, of course."

"This seems to be a very dangerous prospect," remarked the tourist. "They have not put up a warning board."

"Yes," answered the guide, "it is dangerous. They kept a warning board up for two years, but no one fell over, so it was taken down."

She—in a way, getting married is like using the telephone.

"How's that?"

She—Well, you don't always get the party you want.

"The girl has no reference from her previous mistress, but I will take her if you are sure that you know her personally," said the desperate searcher for a servant.

"Oh, yes, I know Mary well," the employment agent declared. "Why I've known her for ten years. Though all that time she's been coming in here every ten days to get a new situation."

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