

## Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

## Weekly Chat

My dear Kiddle:—It is really too soon to hear from you in regard to our suggestions made in last Saturday's C. C. as I always write you in the middle of the week—not from necessity, though, but from necessity. I mean that I often your letters do reach me on Thursdays and Fridays, yet by that time our page is generally closed up. So if you are ever disappointed over what seems like neglect and delay in answering your letters, just think of this very important fact: C. C. rule which must be obeyed. However, I did get a surprise today (Wednesday) for along came a letter from Millstream from a very enthusiastic member and she had good reason to work to organize her club for doing mission work. It was so encouraging and made me feel already well repaid, and I know you are many such other groups getting ready for work which I will have you join our happy club. You write a very nice little letter too, though I believe you could write better. I hope you and your brother have the best of luck with the many kinds of seeds you are sowing. You have quite a nice sized family in your home. How well you are doing at school? Your marks were splendid which goes to prove that you are a very good student. May you always do as well.

## Answers To Letters

GERTRUDE ISABEL McG.—You are indeed quite a stranger and though you have not written, yet when you read the C. C. every Saturday you must have reason to think of us often. This is the time for gardening and I hope you and your brother have the best of luck with the many kinds of seeds you are sowing. You have quite a nice sized family in your home. How well you are doing at school? Your marks were splendid which goes to prove that you are a very good student. May you always do as well.

GRACE FROM PENWICK.—Your little letter was short but long enough to tell of having found many spring blossoms. We are always glad when summer comes, I think.

MADGE O. F.—Very pleased to know you and have you join our happy club. You write a very nice little letter too, though I believe you could write better. I hope you and your brother have the best of luck with the many kinds of seeds you are sowing. You have quite a nice sized family in your home. How well you are doing at school? Your marks were splendid which goes to prove that you are a very good student. May you always do as well.

OLIVE B. D.—Good for you to get to the head of your class, hope you manage to keep there. What a lot of strawberry blossoms you found, but of course you did not pick any.

ARTHUR S.—So glad to know of your success in your studies. Your Easter trip and like many another fellow you are impatient for the roads to get in good condition for motoring. Lucky for you to have such chances. Hope to hear from you again some day.

LEUEL G.—I think you are the first boy to write of being on a fishing trip this season and what a fine catch you had too. Being early at the sport gives you the best chances and then as you say those hot days we had last month probably fooled the trout too. Hope you have another outing soon, for it is dandy fun alright.

FLORENCE A. N.—After enjoying our page for quite a time you give the courage to join us, well better write than never, and of course we are pleased to count you among our new friends. You have certainly seen a lot of the spring blossoms. Too 'ad you have such a long walk to school, but perhaps you are picked up sometimes.

CARMEL W.—Your exams seem to be starting very early, but perhaps you do not go to the public school. Hope you have good luck with the papers anyway. So glad you like our page, and it was good to hear that Helen had received a letter from one of our C. C. members.

DELLA and CLARA P.—So pleased to have you both join our C. C. and hope your interest in our page continues. With four girls in one home you must have seen a lot of the spring blossoms. Too 'ad you have such a long walk to school, but perhaps you are picked up sometimes.

EDIE A.—You are the first (outside of the Boscage Club) to respond to our chat of last week and by your letter you are very enthusiastic. Hope to have all the girls take to the idea so readily. Will expect to hear from you as your plans materialize.

BEATRICE McK.—So glad to enroll you among the new ones and hope your work will be very successful. Will hope to hear from you too, so that we may become better acquainted.

MILDRED F. and LOUISA E.—Delighted to put you on our membership list too, and will hope to hear from you too. Of course you will be very busy for a while getting started with your club work.

EVA M. W.—Very pleased to have you join our C. C. perhaps you will send along a letter too, telling us about yourself and your doings, so that we may become better acquainted.

OLIVE B.—That was indeed a lovely letter of spring news which you wrote and you certainly have named your eyes to have seen so many signs. The woods are no novelty to you, are they?

MAYTIME.  
Of all the season of the year  
I think the best is spring  
When all the pretty buds awake  
And birds begin to sing.

And of the spring the nicest month  
By far, I think is May,  
When sunshine bright, it seems the night's  
'Bout half as long as day.

It's light time when we first awake—  
Still day when prayers we say—  
Oh, there never was a playtime  
Like the happy time of May.

## GARDEN GOSSIP

Flowers.  
Now beauty in the garden plot  
Should not by any be forgot.  
A beet or carrot better grows  
For keeping company with a rose;  
And flowers, like folks with faces  
bright,  
Should fill the gardener with delight.  
Be sure within your garden plot  
To cultivate a beauty spot.

## 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 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 .....

Join in the year 19...



## The Mud Cat

The catfish called by some of his admirers the Mud-cat, like the mud is plenty able to take care of himself. He seems to have the best time of any of the fishes, and is one of those blessed individuals, who can get fun out of anything. We don't know why he is called a catfish, unless it is because he has whiskers, and has all of nine lives, besides a few odd ones that he carries around in case of an emergency. He does not wear scales like most of the river dwellers, but is sleeked all over with the silkiest and smoothest substance you could find, but of course you did not pick any.

And if you are not mighty careful, before he leaves, he will somehow manage to stick two or three of his spines in your hand, and for a few minutes the pain from the paring stab is worse than that of a horned snake. The one thing about him, that you can't help admiring and liking him for, is his everlasting smile—a smile that he does the day he is hatched, and wears it until he settles himself comfortably in the frying-pan. Even when he has been hooked, and you are doing your best to pull the barb from among his tonsils he will look at you with a merry twinkle in his eyes, as if he were having the time of his life, and the corners of his mouth will break into a regular grin.

He never does things in a don't-care-halfhearted way, but puts his whole soul in everything he does, be it ever so trivial. When he decides to take a chance at the squirming worm on the hook, there are no preliminary nibbles, but he goes for it like he was trying to catch a train and swallows bait, hook, sinker and good part of the line at one gulp. Getting the hook untangled from his vitals is a risky job, and is about as uncertain as trying to thread a needle with a stocking as a needle. An operation may cause him, fails to deal the twinkle of his eye, or to lessen the width of the smile that won't come off. Once he has hooked and is on the string with the rest of the catch, he gives a resigned flap or so of his tail, and hangs as limp and motionless as a stock on a line.

But hours later, while on the way home with the dangling fish flapping and snapping about your ankles, he will wait his chance to insert one of his stingers deep in the calf of your leg. When you have satisfied yourself that you have not been snake-bitten, and you little realize about this, for a better view, you will see the Mud-cat is very much alive, his eyes still twinkling and his smile as broad as ever.

At all times and under all circumstances, he wears the same peaceful expression, while at the same time he may be feeling about for tender spots under your thumb-nail where he can try one of his stingers.

In his feeding he is not pampered or spoiled, but takes what the waters bring, without question and without comment, be it an earthworm, a wad of cotton, a brass button, a grasshopper or an acorn. His method of deciding whether a thing is edible or not is to swallow, and await results. He rarely levels his head at the mud and think if he sees anything floating in his direction, he comes out of his reverie long enough to gulp it, and then returns to his bed in the mud, and instantly forgets all about it until a violent yank down among his vitals tells him he has been hooked.

He is not partial to any special kind of water, but is perfectly satisfied so long as it is thin enough to swim in, and is quite solid enough to be walked on. We could learn a lot from the catfish, if we would only study him in the right way, as he always looks on the bright side of things and gets the best out of life, as he does it.

"A WORD TO THE WISE IS ENOUGH."  
It's a very healthy plan,  
As a sane and living man,  
To get knowledge when you can and get a lot;  
But the greatest thing of all  
Is to find before you fall  
How to use the little knowledge that you've got.

Some men have got the notion  
They're as big as any ocean,  
They'll tell you, so I'm sure it must be true;  
They'll tell you in a minute,  
Of their head, and all that's in it;  
They're the skipper, and the rudder, and the crew.

It's been proved beyond a doubt  
That the man who rushes out  
And just talks and talks because he thinks it grand;  
He just lets the world know  
As his tongue wags to and fro,  
He's a brother to the biggest in the land.

I have often heard it said,  
A still tongue makes wise the head,  
And, of course, there may be something in it too;  
But you never must forget,  
Though you haven't thought it yet,  
That the wise head makes the silent tongue in use.

—W. K. Karpas.

## Beetlewit's Nine-penny Motor

"Way for the Racer" Yelled Wizzby.  
"Make one!"  
That was Beetlewit all over. One had only to express a desire to possess anything—from a double-yolked egg of the great auk to an up-to-date beetlewit—and the suggestion came promptly and to the point.

"Make one!" or so before young Giddall had been bewailing the fact that Mount High School—our great rival across the way—was to be represented by a brand new 120 horsepower car at the big motor meet at Blufferton. School boasted not so much as "a baked potato engine!"

"Won't the Mount fellows lord it over us?" Giddall had groaned. "Oh, for a car! A car! My kingdom for a car!"

"Make one!" drawled Beetlewit. "We laughed, and Beetlewit appeared to be rather nettled. We had proceeded to explain the fearsome thing, and the difficulties he had encountered and conquered in his construction. It didn't mind admitting, he remarked calmly, 'that the car owes its name to its color; that particular paint being the only sort I could—er—find. As you will observe, the body of the car bears some resemblance to a beetle.'"

"Strange to say, it was a boat originally. For some years it had served as a summer-house in old Tim Dragg's garden. When Tim left the cottage no one went into it. Consequently, it had become a sort of a dump for all sorts of rubbish. It was a very old boat, and I—er—borrowed it. If anybody ever kicks up a fuss about it, well, I'll buy it."

"Having secured the boat, all I had to do was to saw the thing in two, turn up the stern to form the—er—back part, y'know, and there you are!"

"And the wheels?" asked Wizzby. "Ah! the wheels!" murmured Beetlewit, meditatively. "I confess we had some trouble about this. The wheels, it's to be hoped Dan Kirby, the market gardener, won't return from London for a day or two yet. He might as well be dead for all I care. Still, he added, calmly, 'if he kicks up a fuss—well, I'll buy those wheels!'"

Admiration was about equally divided between Beetlewit's ingenuity and his sublime impudence. He had admitted that the big item of expenditure up-to-date had been a pound of nails—some of the parts of the car being "borrowed" and more "found."

"What on earth's this?" he demanded. "Torpedo tube, I suppose?" "Wrong!" said Beetlewit, gravely. "Exhaust pipe from the motor!"

"Eh?" jerked out Wizzby, advancing towards the car. "Where's the motor?"

But here Beetlewit, backed by Donk and Hyne, his chums and partners in "The Yellow Peril," took a firm stand. Not for worlds would they exhibit the motor.

"Well, what's to drive you?" demanded the ponderous Wizzby. "Petrol, gas, steam, electricity?"

"That's our secret," returned Beetlewit. "Couldn't tell you that," said Donk.

"We—er—scarcely know ourselves yet!" said Hyne.

Then, when someone laughed, Hyne became boastful. "Oh, you may laugh!" he said, warmly. "But I'll tell you this much. We're going to represent Blufferton at the big show next Wednesday. What is more, we are going to make a stir. Given a fair start and a clear course there won't be a motor car at Blufferton capable of shaking off 'The Yellow Peril.'"

"That's a fact!" said Donk. "You shall see for yourselves." "Yes, we shall make a stir! And Sir Bullamore Bumby's special prize is simply a gift for 'The Yellow Peril.'"

Sir Bullamore Bumby, he it explained, had offered a prize of twenty guineas for the car adjudged to be the best value for money. According to Beetlewit, his "Yellow Peril" had cost "about ninepence all told," and would "want some beating!"

(Continued next week.)

## How Jack Got Into the Pulpit

By Alice W. Hamilton.

Jack, the little fairy about whom this story is told, lived in a great wood. The wood was so full of birds and bushes and flowers that anyone would think Jack could have been perfectly happy playing there, but it was not so. He was a mischievous little fairy, and much of his time was spent in cutting unseemly capers.

One of his favorite tricks was to hop on the back of any grasshopper he chanced to meet in the field and take a wild ride over the waving tops of the grass. It always made the poor grasshopper so tired that he could not hop again for several days.

One of the most daring of Jack's tricks was to steal honey from the wild bees. One day he was very hungry for something sweet; the berries that he found did not satisfy him. "I must have honey," he said to himself. "New honey, and nothing else!"

Without more ado he made a quick trip (a bee line he called it) to his mischievous glee to a certain hollow tree near the edge of the wood. He was relieved to find that most of the bees were away gathering pollen; a few drones had stayed behind, but they were sound asleep.

Grasping as much of the honeycomb as he could hold, he began a hasty retreat. But instantly there was a buzzing in the air; the little thief turned pale—he knew well enough what it meant. Glancing fearfully over his shoulder as he fled he saw a swarm of bees pursuing him. They had been watching under a dock leaf. Dropping his ill-gotten gains, he leaped up to the grasshopper's back.

"Hee!" he cried shrilly as he dug his heels into the creature's side. But alas for Jack, it was a grasshopper that had been ridden so hard that he had become dizzy. He was nothing but a lump of flesh and bone, and he fell right off the grasshopper's back.

Jack realized his great danger. He had been so busy dodging the bees without wings, and so he could not save himself by flying. All at once he stumbled over a large grasshopper. He was so tired and so dizzy that he did not know what he was doing. He fell right off the grasshopper's back.

Jack's enemies were almost upon him. "What on earth shall I do?" he thought. The grasshopper spoke up suddenly. "Get into that flower," he said. "It will be all right."

"What flower?" cried Jack. "Where, oh, where?"

His eyes fell on a tall flower with large deep blossoms that grew near by. With one bound he was off the grasshopper's back and at the foot of the stalk; then, mounting rapidly hand over hand, he gained the top, and vaulted over into the blossom.

The flower was so slippery inside that he fell instantly out of sight. At last Jack decided that it would be safe for him to venture out again. But the blossom was so slippery that he could not find a foothold anywhere when he was so tall enough to catch hold of the edge. He had to stay where he was.

And there in that flower he still is. "Are birds and about butterflies look after him; and the grasshoppers, forgetting how they once suffered at his hands, sit below and talk to him. But it is very hard of course, for he has to stay in one place all the time.

As he grew taller his head and shoulders appeared above the edge of the blossom; he looked exactly like a preacher in a pulpit. In fact, he began to be called after a while Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

As time went on he began to like his home better; and now, it is said, he often gathers a crowd of young fairies round him and tells them his story. He tells them that if he had been minding his own business instead of robbing bees and riding grasshoppers he would still be a free fairy.

And it is said also that on account of Jack's preaching there are every year fewer mischievous fairies in fairyland.

THE JUNIOR COOK.  
Cooking Winter Turnips.  
Select good firm turnips. If you are not used to paring vegetables, choose rather small turnips, as they will be easier to pare.

Cut off the tops and cut out a cone shaped hole in the turnip. This takes out the hard-core and will prevent the cooked turnip from tasting "strong."

Use the same as potatoes are parsed, only be sure to cut off all woody skin. Slice in very thin slices crossways and cook till tender. If slices are very thin this will not take much longer than for cooking whole potatoes—1-2 hour.

Turnips cooked this way are a dainty, delicious dish.

## A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

## Puzzles

1—Riddle.  
When does a sand not make aught? Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree?  
—Sent by Edrie Anderson.

2—Double Diamond.  
(left.)  
a consonant  
four  
the past of to utter or affirm  
before  
in heart

(right)  
a vowel  
a limb  
a mistake  
to cut down  
in earth

3—Enigma.  
I am composed of 13 letters.  
My 7-10-13 is a river in Europe.  
My 1-5-12 is a river in Great Britain.  
My 11-10-12-11 is a river in Mexico.  
My 3-4-12-10 is a town in Michigan.

4—Brain Test.  
Spell out the names of the little objects. Then add and subtract as indicated by the signs, and the resulting letters will spell the name of a domestic animal.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.  
1—Riddle.  
1. When they are side by side—44.  
2. Because it is as far as possible from the bark.

2—Double Diamond.  
S W E  
A W E A R M  
S W O R R O R  
E E M W  
E R W

3—Enigma.  
Weaver  
Dee  
Teak  
Niles  
Daniel Webster

4—Brain Test.  
HORNET minus NET plus SEAL plus ARM plus CLOCK minus ALARM CLOCK leaves HORSE.

NOT A SECOND TIME.  
A youth applied for a situation to a large employer of labour, and was courteously refused. Leaving the office, he noticed a pin on the floor, and, stopping down, picked it up and stuck it in his waistcoat. The employer noticed the action, and called after him to come back.

"You're a careful sort of young fellow," said the employer; "come back next Monday, and I'll find you a post."

He told his good fortune to his friends, and one of them, also on the lookout for a situation, tried the same plan.

Going to another office, he, on spotting, took the precaution to drop a few pins on the floor, when nobody was looking. Being told that there was no vacancy, he turned away, and affecting to discover the pins, he stooped to pick them up.

But the second employer was a man of a different stamp.

"Here, John," he yelled to the door attendant, "see this young man off at once. A boy that will steal pins will do anything!"

His Daily Programme.  
Mrs. Goodsole—I am soliciting for the poor. What do you do with your cast-off clothing?  
Mr. Longsuffer—I hang them out carefully and put on my pyjamas. Then I resume them in the morning.

A certain gentleman possessed of great wealth and proud of his possessions, was rather deficient in intellect. One day he had an old man working for him, an Irishman, possessing a full share of the wit of his race. The rich man going to superintend the job looked at Pat a minute, hard at work, and said:

"Well, Pat, it's good to be rich."  
"Yes, sir," said Pat, meekly enough. "I am rich, Pat—very rich."

"So I am told," said Pat, still shovelling.

"Own lands and houses, and bonds and stocks, and—er—and—"

"And what is it, Pat, I haven't got."

"A bit of sense, sir," said Pat, as he raised his wheelbarrow and trundled off.

## BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES

NOT so far from Charlie's house there lives a little old man who makes the most wonderful toys out of wood, and the boys gather about him daily and watch him with a little knife as he sits in the door of his little shop and whittles away. Charlie passed the shop the other day and saw a brilliant new toy the man had just finished. It was a little painted and gilded in the sun. Charlie had been wanting something like it for a long time and finally coaxed his daddy to buy it for him. Follow the date and you'll learn what it was Charlie wanted so badly.

SAY POP WILL YOU BUY ME ONE OF THOSE?

9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

## Birthday Greetings

The best of good times to you who celebrate your birthdays during the coming week. Hope you all have at least a birthday cake—if not a party—even if it is house cleaning time. In our birthday book are the following names:

Raymond Anderson, Walker's Settlement.  
Martha Titus, Lower Millstream.  
Edith Mitchell, Fredericton.  
Irene Roberts, City.  
Dorothy Mann, Pettitodiac.  
Karl Schmidt, Bear River, N. S.  
Melie J. Connors, Upham Sta.  
Hazel Schmidt, Bear River, N. S.  
Olive A. Pearson, Hilda Harbor, N. S.

Annie E. Wheaton, Clarendon Sta.  
Charlotte Oalkin, City.  
Elva Whorton, Upper Kent.  
Cuthbert Kane, City.  
Dorothy Powell, Sackville.  
Marguerite Gasson, City.  
Gertrude Coram, City.  
Edna May Cooper, Gagetown.  
Fannie Hubbard, Red Bank.  
Pauline King, City.  
Edith Wren, Campbellton.  
Kathleen Miller, Sussex.  
Rose Paris, St. George.  
Rose Howell, Clarendon Sta.  
Mary Thorne, Cambridge.  
Charles Campbell, City.  
Arthur McClellan, City.

A FINE INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG INDIANS  
Of course you all know that there are hundreds of Indian boys and girls living here in Canada. For the most part they live on reservations especially in the Northwest. They have several well-equipped institutions devoted to their welfare. One of the best of these is Mount Elgin Indian Residential School at Muncey, Ontario, where Rev. S. R. McKivik is the principal. For seventy years our Church has ministered to the Indians at this place, and the work has been a blessing to thousands of Indians. There is a first-class school and the pupils have a high standard in the work. Each year several take the high school entrance examination, and do themselves and the school credit. During the war no less than eighty-three pupils and ex-pupils of the school went overseas to fight for the empire. All manner of work is taught the young Indians, and many of them have gone out into the world to be very useful citizens.

It is not, however, a case of "all work and no play." A part of each day is set aside for recreation, and with skating and tobogganing in the winter and baseball and basketball in the summer, their lives are not by any means dull.

SEA GULLS  
Fanny Rannels Poole  
Gray and brown and snowy gulls,  
During the clouds are dreary,  
Gaily dip along the shore,  
Calling out "Be cheery!"

Little May inquired one day,  
Seeing gulls in motion,  
"Do they, flying up and down,  
Curtsy to the ocean?"

Yes, and pull up fishes, too,  
Being thankful very,  
They salute and say thank-you,  
Both polite and merry.

Oh, it sounds as if they said,  
In the stormy weather,  
"Cheery, cheery, cheery, cheer,  
Hours and hours together!"

Somewhere in their island homes,  
They on fair days, deary,  
Teach the younger ones to fish,  
Calling still, "Be cheery!"

Straightforward.  
A certain gentleman possessed of great wealth and proud of his possessions, was rather deficient in intellect. One day he had an old man working for him, an Irishman, possessing a full share of the wit of his race. The rich man going to superintend the job looked at Pat a minute, hard at work, and said:

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"And what is it, Pat, I haven't got."

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"How dear are the sc..."

THE old home... many happy... played with a... looking on... The old home it is still as well as our childhood... Its preservation... protection which give.

Unequaled in permanence. B for years.

BRAN MONTREAL MEDICINE HAT