

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Weekly Chat

Dear Chums:—

Judging from the tone of many of your letters I think a great many kiddies are counting the days for the remainder of the school term. Well, that is quite natural even though it really doesn't hurry the time at all, but it is just the last few weeks that seem a hard grind. And all because Nature is in her own sweet way, calling folks big and little to come outdoors. When you prepare for a party, everything is made neat, clean, and artistic within, goodies are made to order and lots of the best tasting things are provided, the hosts and hostesses are their nice legs and then all is ready for the party to begin. You wash and wait and listen for the sound of the guests arriving, don't you? If they are late how impatient you get and wonder all sorts of things which may have delayed them and you just keep longing and wishing for the friends to come.

Well, every June when I hear little folks counting the school days which remain, and wishing for holidays to come I always think of Nature as being ready for her party to begin. She has decorated the trees and the ground with green and pretty blossoms. She has the sweet music provided by the returned feathered folk. She has filled the streams with little fish. She has warmed the breeze and sent the hot rays of sunshine so that life in the open may be pleasant. And by degrees she ripens the berries and fruits and causes many seedlings to grow and mature. Is that not great preparation for her continuous outdoor party? No wonder why she enters our hearts and feelings and causes us to be restless with longings to be free to roam about and enjoy her beauties. So after this when you get some cheer from our bits while obliged to remain indoors, we must just think of ourselves as guests wanted at Nature's big outdoor party. And though we may not be free to remain at the extended party, we will do our best to spend there as much of our time as possible for two reasons. First, to show our appreciation of the elaborated preparations for our comfort and pleasure, and secondly because it is the very best place we can go for our own good. Have patience a little longer kiddies for though you are now deprived of spending several hours at Nature's wonderful party, soon the time will be here when you may be a very steady guest and may then fully realize the benefits to be received and really live in the open.

Ever your friend,
UNCLE DICK.

THE DAWN.

Woke up on a street at break of day,
When first the rays of sunshine pierce
The clouds,
And banished frosts and mists of night
away.

And with them all the fears that night
enmeshed,
I saw the city's buildings lit by their
heads,
To stand once more four squares beside
the spire.

And men who last night crawled half-
hearted,
Now hurried forth with hopes re-
kindled fires.

The mighty clouds that fain would
linger,
The chilling winds that sought to hurt
and freeze,

Now faded into nothingness at dawn,
I marvelled that we'd given heed to these.

While through the air a thought of
newness came,
Now strength and vim with joy to
breathe the fray.

This was God's gift to everyone the
same,
The greatest of all gifts—a new born
day.

—Sent by Annie E. Wheaton.

Wrong Again.

"It is easy to see that you're a
bright fellow and your parents come
from Ireland," said the stranger to Pat.
"You're right about the first," said
Pat, "but you're not right about the
other cos they're there yet."

Pull Up the Shade.

Photographer—Is there any particu-
lar way in which you would like to
be taken?
Mr. Johnson—Yes, sah, if ere's no
defection I'd like to be taken 't light
cream color."

Only Left It a Comb.

"Mamma," said Bobby, "when you
told the new cook to dress a chicken,
she started to dress it."

Father—Money has wings and house
rents make it fly.
Son—Yes, and some houses have
wings for I've seen many a house
fly.

Father—You're smarter than your
dad, my son, but I always thought
that no part of the house but the chim-
ney flew.

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.....

Answers to Letters

SUSIE G.—Enjoyed your nice letter

with all the news of bloom, leaf,
and pig. You wrote very plainly
too, and it was a pleasure to receive
such a nice appearing letter. So glad
you enjoy our C. C. stories and hope
you will continue to get pleasure from
our page.

ANNIE W.—Yes, you are rather a

stranger and it was good to hear from
you again. So glad you answered Al-
bert's letter before you forgot about
it. What luck you had fishing. I
think fifteen a pretty nice catch. Per-
haps it would be better to add the
poor's name when sending verses,
that is when you have it. Hope to
hear soon again of your doings.

MARY E. G.—That was indeed an

excellent letter you sent, so well word-
ed and very neat to say nothing of
your beautiful penmanship. It is
among the very best received lately,
I quite understand the difficulty in
having a Flower Club. You could
only manage to do individual work. It
is too bad that you have no compan-
ions nearer to you. How useful you
are to assist in the planting and no
doubt you get pretty tired before you
are done. I may have room on our
page to let the other little folk read
your nice letter even though I can-
not show them its appearance.

BERNICE M.—Through some of the

nice letters this week I learned that
you were not feeling very well, you
know I always wish to be told when
any of our members are poorly so I
could send them some cheer from our
bits. Perhaps you will hear from some
of our members some day. Good luck
and plenty of love and kind thoughts
are yours from the C. C.

EVELYN V.—Your letter was like

the rocky road to Dublin, it had
some printing and some writing, some
ink and some pencil, but I was able
to make it all out. When you get older
you will be able to do as well as
anybody of course.

MILDRED F.—Your letter was much

like Evelyn's in appearance, but it
had more news of the blossoms, birds
and so forth. As you advance in
school years will be able to write your
own letters without any help.

FRANK B.—So pleased to hear from

you again. Of course you like many
other fellows, will be glad when the
holidays come. It won't be long now
before your freedom days and what
grand plans you have. Hope they all
materialize and that you have dandy
sport.

ROLAND G.—You are a lucky fellow

to get so many chances for fish-
ing and to have done your share in
the gardening too. Are the out-
worms doing much damage in your
district. They seem to be quite a
pest in some places.

EDITH A.—A boat journey will be

very nice won't it? I suppose you
have that up for holidays. Yes, the
birds are plentiful everywhere.

THELMA A.—You have seen a

lot of birds and flowers. It had
been long now before the holi-
days are here.

EDITH E. B.—You are most wel-

come to join our club. You are
are to have you, especially when you
prove yourself to be such a good writer.
Your letter was a real pleasure
to receive and I must congratulate
you on being an excellent writer. Your
teacher is the right sort to encourage
you in the study of birds. Hope to
hear from you again soon.

EDITH B. W.—This seemed to be

a week for real nice letters, for along
came yours just in time to be answer-
ed and it is a splendid sample in
every way. Hope you have good luck
with your garden. You bring to a
birthday party seems appropriate to
our chat today.

"I am full of boiling water and I

hold 2 quarts when I'm filled," remark-
ed Miss Kate Kettle the other day.
"If you fill me with hot water,"
Madam Perculator replied, "it will take
1 1/2 as much as you hold."
"Oh at that rate," exclaimed Javy,
"I'll be required to me to the 1 1/2 pint
will be required!"
Then spoke up the Misses Cup:
"When we are filled, allowing for
cream of course, we can use 1 pint of
coffee each."
"I hold 1 1/4 quart of cream for the
coffee," piped in little Miss Pitcher.
"It will serve 2 lumps of sugar to
each cup," added Sugar Box.
Now, Juniors, how many pints of
water did Kate Kettle hold?
How many cups lacked being filled?
How much cream did Miss Pitcher
hold?
How many lumps of sugar was serv-
ing in all?



The Grouchy Millionaire

By Dadd.

This is a story about how Robbie

Robbie's merry song helped homeless
orphans get a fine new home.
The orphan lived in the village, so old
it was filled with holes. The rain came
through the roof in the summer and the
snow drifted through the cracks in the
winter.

Near this old house lived a million-

aire who had piles of money and no
children of his own on whom to spend
it. This millionaire easily could have
built a new home for the orphans, but
he was grouchy and stingy and wouldn't
spend a cent except upon himself.

One day there came up a windstorm,

and the old house began to blow
away. "Run to the cellar," cried the
matron, "run to the cellar." So all
the little orphans ran to the cellar and
hid themselves there. And it was a
good thing they did, for the wind
ripped the old house to pieces over
their heads. "That the roof went,
then the walls, then the inside."

When the storm was over and the

children crept out of the cellar through
their heads, the matron of the house left
cried broken boys.
But if the grouchy millionaire was
sorry when he saw the brown-down
house, he didn't show it. He just
scowled and grunted.

"Humph," he said. "Those orphan

boys had better get busy building a
camp or they will have no place to
sleep tonight."
And that is what the orphan boys
did. They gathered up boards from the
wrecked house and built a rude
camp to shelter all the other or-
phans for the night.

Robbie Robin sang to the boys as

they built the camp, trying to cheer
them up. And soon they were keep-
ing time to his merry song with
laughing talk and dancing steps.
"See the robin cheering up the or-
phans," said the matron, "if that
little bird could give the grouchy mil-
lionaire some of its cheery feelings
he couldn't help building a new home
for the children."

That seemed a good idea to Robbie

and he set to work. He sang his
cheerful song to the millionaire and
the millionaire kept right on scowling
and he scowled as he walked home,
although Robbie sang and sang
until his throat was tired.

Robbie Robin slept soundly that

night, but at the first streak of day-
light he was back on the job again.
He sang his cheery song to the million-
aire and the millionaire kept right on
scowling and he scowled as he walked
home, although Robbie sang and sang
until his throat was tired.

"Go away! Go away! You bother

me with your singing," cried the
grouchy millionaire from the window,
and he threw a hairbrush at Robbie
Robin.
And after while the song began to
have its effect. It was so cheery that
it stirred in the breast of the grouchy
millionaire feelings that he hadn't
felt in many a long day—feelings of
kindness of good nature, of friendli-
ness toward others.

"Be merry! Be merry! Be merry!"

sang Robbie Robin at the top of his
voice, and presently the grouchy mil-
lionaire came out for a walk and be-
gan to smile.
"I wish I could be as merry as you
are, little bird," he said as he set off
for his office.

"Be kind, be good!" sang Robbie

Robin. "Be kind! Be good! and
you'll be merry."
They came to the place where the
orphan boys and girls were camping
under the boards. The grouchy mil-
lionaire looked at them through smil-
ing instead of scowling eyes.
"Why look at the poor boys and
girls under those boards," he said, the
kind feelings bubbling up in his
heart in tune with Robbie Robin's
song. "They ought to have a nice,
comfortable home. I'll build them one
with my dollars. And while it is be-
ing built I'll take them all into my
own house and be a father to them."

"Cheer up! Be merry!" sang Rob-

bie Robin gaily.
"Yes, little bird, I'll cheer up and
be merry. And I feel happier than I
have been in years," said the million-
aire. "And I will make every one else
happy, if I can, just as you are do-
ing."
So that is the way Robbie Robin
got the orphans a home.

Speaking Literally?

He—Where are you going this sum-

mer?
She—Old Orchard.
He—And too, so I hope to see a
good deal of you.

Nothing Stirring There.

She—Sometimes I long so for peace

and quiet.
He—Why don't you move to West-
brook?

Economical Habits.

"Riding habits," says a fashion

writer, "are very costly this season."
It is this sort of thing that makes the
walking habit so popular.

Polite.

Mother—I hope you behaved like a

little gentleman while Mrs. Munson
was trying to entertain you.
Tommy—Yes, mother. I put my
hand over my mouth every time I
yawned.

The Over The Hills

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silver.

Bunny thought that all this happen-

ed to him because his name was
Bunny; but as his proper name was
Robert Underhill, and not Bunny, al-
though everybody called him that, I
am not sure if he was right.

Bunny lived down in the village,

and behind the village was a great
big hill, green and beautiful, with
daisies and all sorts of flowers, grow-
ing on it, and on the top of the hill
there was a signpost. Bunny could
see it from his own back garden.

When he was very little he used to

sit on the lawn and suck his thumb,
and look at it, and wonder what was
over the hill, and what the signpost
thing was for. When he was a little
bigger he set out to see.

It was a hot, hot day. When Bunny

was only half-way up the hill he grew
so tired he sat down and went to
sleep, and when he woke again, there,
peeping at him from a gorse bush,
was a rabbit.

"Hallo!" said the Rabbit.

"Hallo!" said Bunny.
"What's your name?" said the
Rabbit.
"Bunny," said Bunny.
"Can't be," said the Rabbit; "can't
be! Why, that's my name!"

"Is it?" said Bunny. "I beg your

pardon, but I didn't know." The
Rabbit stroked one of his soft
long ears with his back foot.
"I am a very high-class Bunny," he
said. "You may have noticed that
my ears are very long; that's a sign
of high birth. I am called Lord Bun-
ny generally."

"Oh!" said the little boy, "I'm plain

Bunny."
"I see! Your ears are only short."
"Yes, my lord," said Bunny.
The Rabbit was pleased with such
respect.
"What brings you up here today?"
said he.

"I wanted to see what was over the

hill," said Bunny.
"Over the hill are the Over-the-
Hills, of course," said Lord Bunny.
"Didn't you know that? Why, I con-
fess, but I didn't know. I wear
my clothes then, too?"
"Do you, my lord?" said Bunny.
The Rabbit looked at Bunny with
his eyes on one side.

"You may come tonight," he said.

"Come to the signpost, when the moon
is up. Good-bye now!" and whist!
There was a flash of Lord Bunny's
white tail, and he was gone.
Bunny went down the hill again to
tea, and that night after he had been
tucked up in bed, he got up very quiet-
ly, and he took his Teddy Bear for com-
pany, and scampered up the hill.

It was easier to do it in the cool

nighttime. Bunny was soon up by the
signpost, and the funny thing
about it was that he kept seeing other
children running to the signpost too.
There was one little girl, with her
hair in curling rings, who got there
just as he did. And when he looked
at her he saw it was the vicar's daugh-
ter.

By the signpost stood Lord Bunny's

bus, and Lord Bunny himself was just
about to ring the bell or to start
the bus was full of children, and the
horse that pulled the bus was like a
much alive that it kept looking round
at her he saw it was the vicar's daugh-
ter.

"Who are they all?" said Bunny.

"Why, they are the Over-the-
Hills. I have brought Bunny Under-
hill to see you."
"Hurray!" cried everyone.
Well, they played the most splen-
did games, there in the forest, till it
was nearly morning, and then all the
children climbed up to the top of the
hill and climbed in or on the bus again
and went back to the signpost.

"I've had a lovely time," said Bun-

ny, and he climbed sleepily down the
hillside. "I shall ask all the Over-
the-Hills children to my birthday party
next month."
And I believe he did.

The Sweetest Voice.

Mrs. Mickie Hunt says that her lit-

tle daughter, Amy, has such a sweet
voice that when she sings she draws
flies—Arkansas Thomas Cat.

Overdoing It.

Jones—"You say you are proud"

Bones—"Proud? Why that woman
wouldn't read a serial story because
she'd have to buy it on the instal-
ment plan!"

Won't Hatch.

Riches have wings,

And mine fly with the best,
But I've tried many things,
And can't make 'em nest.

Then And Now.

The old-fashioned man who used

to borrow your lead pencil, sighs a
Toronto paper resignedly, "now
carries a fountain pen which never
has any ink in it."

There was a time when the man

who said "Lead others to drink"
was shunned in every community.
How is it today?

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Puzzles

1—A Missing Letter.

Above the table of Commandments
in an English church is an inscription
in which the only vowel has been
omitted. It is used in the sentence
many times. Here is how the inscrip-
tion appears; can you supply the vow-
el and complete the sentence?
P R S V R Y P R P C T M N V R
R P T H S P R C T S T N

2—Jumbled House Articles.

M P A L A P E
R R A O E T I F R G R E
A I E T B C N.
Percent in by Theodore Lewin, St.
Stephen.

3—Word Square.

1—A four-legged friend.
2—A large species of the monkey
kind.
3—A number.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

1—Missing Letter.

Missing letter supplied makes this
sentence:
Persevere ye, perfect men, ever keep
these precepts ten.

2—Jumbled House Articles.

Lamp, Refrigerator, Cabinet.
3—Word Square.

C A T
A P E
T E N

WHAT CAUSES THE RAILROAD

ENGINE TO PUFF.
The number of puffs which a loco-
motive gives in a given distance is
governed entirely by the size of its
driving wheels. For every turn of the
wheels it gives four separate puffs.
Therefore, if the circumference of the
driving wheels is 20 feet—which is
about the average—and the train is
going at 50 miles an hour, we get 350
puffs a minute.

The cough or puff is due to the

abrupt emission of waste steam from
the smoke stack. When there are
more than 18 puffs a second the hu-
man ear cannot distinguish them sepa-
rately.
A locomotive engine is such a com-
mon object that one rarely considers
how wonderful a machine it actually
is. We think a good deal of a motor
car that does 10,000 miles a year and
lasts five years. An ordinary locomo-
tive's work is 20,000 miles a year, and
its life is 20 years.

There was an engine on one rail-

road which was said to have complet-
ed 4,000,000 miles in 31 years before
it was scrapped.
A train travelling at 60 miles an
hour can be stopped within 120 yards.
But enough power is lost in so doing
to carry the train nearly 15 miles
over a level surface.

A modern engine is so perfectly

constructed that it does not lose more
than three weeks out of a year in the
repairing shop.
Ample Proof.

She—Oh, Percy! won't you do
something heroic to show that you
really love me?
Percy—Something heroic? Great
Scott! haven't I asked you to marry
me at this time when everything is
so expensive?

Prohibition Dinner.

Host—Well, our backs are against
the wall, my dear.
Hostess—Yes, we haven't got a sin-
gle drop of anything left.

But Harry Knew Where.

Visitor—What seems to be the
trouble, Harry? Why so sad?
Harry—Papa is going to whip me
when he comes home.

Visitor—Indeed. What will you

give me to take the whipping off your
hands?
Harry—He ain't going to whip me
on my hands.

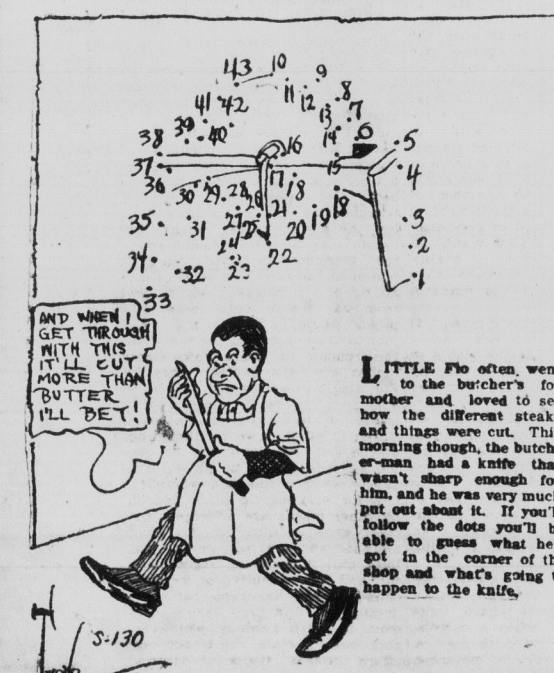
Beyond the Law.

Complete disarmament is urged.
But while the sex has charms
and young men are susceptible
Our girls will be in arms.

Then, without another word, Mr.

Earth Worm disappeared down another
hole in the ground, and Dicky ran
home.

BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES



Birthday Greetings

The usual good wishes for all the
kiddies having a birthday during the
coming week. May you be well and
happy. On our list are the follow-
ing names:

Jack Johnston, Tracy Station.
Mabel B. Smith, Millstream.
Roland Hamilton, Fairville.
Freeman W. Patterson, Grey Mills.
Lillian Dutton, City.
Margaret Cunningham, Jarrover's
Creek.

John DeWitt, Fredericton.
Ronald E. Bates, Springfield.
Muriel Ginter, City.
George G. MacKay, Newmarket.
Lillian M. Goddard, Upham Sta.
Lena G. Fowler, Young's Cove.
Stuart Dickson, Chatham.
Jennie Appleby, Up. Hampstead.
Fred J. Richard, Kent Co.
Eunice Danville, Cumberland Bay.
Myrtle G. White, Royalties.
Marion Walsh, Strathadam.
Hilda Vaughan, St. Martins.
Mildred Westmore, Renforth.
Ida Winnie Scott, Upperton.

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kind.
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Perse