

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Uncle Dick's Chat
With the Children

My Dear Kiddies:—
In another column will be found the reply received regarding the donation which you were the means of being sent over to Halifax for the special relief of the blind children. I am sure you will all be interested in the case referred to in same, and feel amply repaid for the sacrifice which you have made when contributing your nickels to the Five Thousand Nickel Fund.

As already stated, the balance of over One Hundred and Twenty Five Dollars will be sent for general relief work among the children who suffered in the explosion. The Fund closes before next Saturday's issue of the Children's Page, and in the following week I expect to have an acknowledgment of the money, which will be published, so that you may all know exactly how your nickels have been used.

I am rather disappointed with the results of the past week, as I had hoped to reach the Five Thousand Nickel mark, but perhaps this may yet be accomplished as I am writing this Chat before the list closes for this week, and then of course there are still a few days left in which you may contribute whatever you may have. Considering the huge amount already sent in, I am sure every member who is a member of the Children's Corner must be proud of the special page for boys and girls each week.

This week, I am announcing particulars of a special contest open to boys only, in which they are asked to write a composition of the most exciting adventure they have ever had. Remember that these incidents must be original and must have actually happened, and the signing of the coupon which each competitor is asked to enclose with the attempt, will be understood to mean that such is the case.

As the prize is one which every boy longs to have if he has already been fortunate enough to have given him, I shall expect to have a large number of entries, so get busy right away. Although good handwriting is expected, it will not be taken into consideration, so that a poor writer will have equal chance with the boy possessing good penmanship.

You will no doubt, be pleased to see that the girls are not being left out in the cold, as I have also given particulars of a most interesting contest, in which girls only will be allowed to compete. The competition consists of writing down the most funny incident you have ever heard. This also must be original, and not copied from a book. The prize in this case is likewise that which will appeal to every girl, so that many entries are expected from the girls, as they are sure to be a social lion to see who sends in the most number of entries between the boys and the girls, in their respective competitions. Read carefully the conditions, and then get to work.

Have you forgotten all about the beautiful prizes which are to go to some lucky kiddies some time in April? I refer to the Subscription Contest, which is now running, and open to every member of the Children's Corner. Some subscriptions have been received from the kiddies during the past week, but not nearly as many as might be expected. Remember that for every new subscription you receive at the special rate of two dollars, you receive fifty cents for yourself, and also that five hundred votes are given for each sent in, the boy or girl having the largest number of votes on the last day in March receiving a handsome award. Let me hear from you during the next week, so as to how you are getting on in this Contest.

With best wishes

From your

Uncle Dick

Children's Editor.

P. S.—I purposely omitted to mention anything about St. Valentine's day, last week, as I was hoping you would have a great deal to tell me for a change. If you do, I may publish some of your letters.

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BIBLE STORIES

The Holy Land was in the middle of the map. Of course at that time the map was much smaller than it is at present. Neither North or South America was on it; Africa hardly extended below the desert of Sahara; everything was dim and uncertain north of the Tigris and the Danube, and East of the Tigris and Euphrates. To the East of the Holy Land lay the ancient empire of Babylonia and Assyria and Persia; to the South lay the ancient empire of Egypt. These nations had ruled the world in the old time. To the West lay Greece and Rome, the nations of the new time. Thus the Holy Land, between the civilization of the East and the West, was between the past and the future. Also it was the place where Asia and Africa met, with Europe not very far away.

This country, thus at the middle of the map, at the heart of the life of the world, was in three parts, Galilee and Judea, and in the South, Samaria. In between, Jesus, who is called the Christ, was born in Bethlehem in the southern part, spent his boyhood and youth in Nazareth in the northern part, and did most of his wonderful deeds and spoke of his wonderful words in two cities, in Capernaum of Galilee, and in Jerusalem of Judea.

The time is easy to remember, because of His birth; only in the early Middle Ages, when this calculation was made, they did not get the figures quite right, and we must add three or four to the present year in order to find exactly how long ago it was that He was born.

The story begins with a tale that people told of the mysterious appearance of angels; and we are thus reminded at the beginning that the life of Jesus was not like the lives of other good men, who are born, and live their helpful days, and then die, and are different from us only in being a little better or wiser than we are.

Man, who looked and spoke and dressed like other men, and was tired and hungry like other people, and was put to death upon the cross. But He was also a Man of whom St. Paul could say, "God was in Christ."

Thus the record of His life begins with angels to show that He was different from others, as the saints in the pictures have haloes around their heads.

Men said that Mary, His mother, saw an angel before He was born, who told her that her Son would be the Saviour of the people; and that on the night of His birth a whole chorus of angels appeared in the sky singing for joy.

It was a company of Bethlehem shepherds who told how they had heard the angels sing the Christmas carols when Christ was born. They found Him in a stable, laid in a manger for a cradle, as there was no room in the inn. Soon came visitors from far away in the East, who had seen a strange star in the sky, and understood that it meant that a king was born, and came bringing Him gifts, gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Then Herod, who was the reigning King in that part of the country, tried to kill Him. But Joseph and Mary, being warned in a dream, had carried Him safely into Egypt.

When Herod was dead, and they returned with the young Child, they went to live in their own town of Nazareth. One time, when He was twelve years of age, they went to Jerusalem to the Feast of the Passover, and by accident, when they started to go home He was left behind. When His parents sought Him, they found Him in the Temple, listening to the teachings of religion, and asking them questions.

After that for about eighteen years we know very little about Him. We are told that He was an obedient Child, and that He increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man. Because Joseph was a carpenter also, working at His trade. (Continued next week.)

You have nice comfortable homes, plenty of good things to eat—you have nickels to spend. Hundreds of Halifax Kiddies have lost their homes, relatives and are dependent upon others for the necessities of life. The 5000 Nickel Fund is a channel by which to assist such—Think it over.



Great-grandmother used to tell me a story when I was a little, little girl about something that happened when she was a little girl. Do you suppose that by looking at this picture you could write a story that would be something like the one that great-grandmother told to me? She told me what kind of a dress and little cap she used to wear—and that her little brother wore a suit very much like the ones that some small boys wear now. "Lacey-woolsey" she said her dress was. She wasn't very old when this

THE TROUT'S ADVENTURE

thing began to shiver and shake again, and gasp for water.

Biddy saw that if she wanted to save its life, she must act very quickly, so she got up and ran with it in her hands, as fast as she could to a spring she knew of in the forest. She thought the fish would surely die before she reached it, even though she kept encouraging it all along the way.

And when she did get there and put it in the water she thought she was too late, for the poor little thing just lay on its back for ever so long. But by and by it began to move—very, very slowly it turned on its side—its tail and fins began to move, and then she felt that it would soon be all right.

"But what am I ever going to do now about it?" said the little girl. "It can't live here, and besides perhaps it has little baby trout back there in the brook, and perhaps they are hungry too, and waiting for it to take them back something to eat. I guess I had better try and find the hole."

So she told the fish to be patient and stay in the water until she came back. It looked very glum about it, but of course it had to submit.

Well, Biddy went back to the brook, and looked everywhere for that hole, but she could not find it. Then, not knowing what to do, she said to herself, "I must have frozen over again," she said. "But whatever am I to do? The little trout cannot possibly stay in the spring until the warmer weather melts this ice."

All at once her face lighted up with the happiest thought—and away she ran as fast as the slippery ice would let her. No, not to the spring, but to the hollow stump in the forest, where the fairies were.

The Queen at first did not know what to do either. She said she had never had such a problem to face before, but finally she smiled and waved her wand and the fairies all gathered around her.

"Go out and gather together all the birch bark that you can find," she said, "and pile it on your sleds." Then when this was done she blew a tiny whistle, and two squirrels came bounding up. The fairies immediately harnessed them to the sleds, and to Biddy's and the little trout's sleds. At first Biddy felt rather curious as to what good it would do, but soon she saw it was melting a hole right through the ice, and one just big enough for the trout to slip through.

Oh! but she was excited, and about it was just going to run and get the fish herself, when she remembered that now she was too small to carry it.

Bright Wing smiled when she saw the look that came over the little girl's face, and said, "You show the way, Biddy, and I'll show the trout will bring the trout back in this tub."

—And then Biddy saw that they had a wee bath tub, just as big as her doll's, at home, full of water, and tied to the sled.

"You know the little fish will be grateful to be kept in water now, and not carried just in your hands."

It did not take very long to get to the spring and the gloomy face of the trout turned to one of great joy when it heard the wonderful news. It went splash! into the tub, and when they got it to the hole in the ice, Bright Wing gave it a little rubber bag filled with choice flies, to take down with it.

Biddy thanked the fairies over and over and they thanked her too, for she did not forget to give them the basket of good things—which the squirrels hauled back to the hollow stump on the sleds.

Uncle John had to listen to it all that night—and he was so sorry he missed it.

As for the trout, well it has never got over talking over its wonderful adventure, and to this day all the other little fish in that brook are looking for a hole in the ice, so see if they can't have the same exciting adventure that befell their little speckled friend.

ANIMAL TALES

Let us learn to love and protect the birds in their nest, for the birds are man's helpers.

Let us protect the cats and dogs from ill treatment, give them food and water and a warm place to sleep in. They like a gentle touch and kind words.

Do not fish or hunt just for sport or use steel or other cruel traps. Try never to cause needless pain to any living creature.

Do not hurt the feelings of any one. Do all you can to make others happy. When you see any creatures abused, earnestly but kindly protest against such abuse.

Try to treat every living creature as you would like to be treated if you were that creature.

REGARDING THE FUND

The following letter has been received from Mr. C. F. Fraser, Superintendent of the Halifax School for the Blind, to whom the amount of \$75.00 was sent with a request that the money be used exclusively for the benefit of children rendered blind through the explosion.

February 7th, 1918
"Uncle Dick,"
The Standard,
St. John, N. B.

Dear Uncle Dick:—
I have your letter of February 4th enclosing a check for \$75.00 kindly contributed by the boys and girls of St. John through the Children's Page of the St. John Standard towards the relief work among the blind children of the Halifax explosion. Will you be kind enough to tell these boys and girls how much I appreciate the help they have given me and how pleased I am with their handsome contribution.

On February 1st we admitted to the school a dear little girl of nine named Vera Dumareque, who was totally blind from the explosion. The child's mother also lost both eyes, and the father and two other children were killed. This is one of the many tragedies enacted in Halifax in the horror of December 6th.

Again thanking you, I remain,
Very gratefully yours,
(Signed) C. F. Fraser.

5,000 NICKEL FUND

Uncle Dick wishes to acknowledge receipt of the following donations made to the Fund during the past week—from Wednesday to Wednesday—It is highly pleased with the splendid response.

| | Nkls. | Cts. |
|--------------------------------|-------|----------|
| Previously acknowledged | 3969 | \$198.45 |
| Barleyford, Bellis Creek 2 | 10 | |
| Gerald Ford, Bellis Creek 2 | 10 | |
| Katharine McLeod, Annapolis 2 | 10 | |
| William Wilson, Coles Island 2 | 10 | |
| Cassie Wilson, Coles Island 2 | 10 | |
| Walter McLeod, Central | 5 | |
| Hempstead | 5 | |
| Total | 3984 | \$199.20 |

CORRESPONDENTS.

Campbell,
Char. Co.,
Feb. 11th.

To "Uncle Dick,"
Kind Sir:—

About three weeks ago I sent you a money order for 1.55 cts and a letter from me also with the following list which I have not sent; hoping that it reached you all right as I have a receipt for the same, viz.

| | Nkls. | Cts. |
|------------------------|-------|------|
| Mrs. Carroll Mitchell | 2 | 10 |
| Miss N. M. Malloch | 1 | 5 |
| Marion Malloch | 1 | 5 |
| Mildred Malloch | 1 | 5 |
| Bessie Malloch | 1 | 5 |
| Edith Corey | 1 | 5 |
| Allice Corey | 1 | 5 |
| Lea Daggett | 1 | 5 |
| Earl Daggett | 1 | 5 |
| Baby Anna Mitchell | 1 | 5 |
| Baby Geoffrey Mitchell | 1 | 5 |
| Nettie Finch | 1 | 5 |
| Almeda Calder | 1 | 5 |
| Tressa Calder | 1 | 5 |
| Viola Calder | 1 | 5 |
| Laversa Calder | 1 | 5 |
| Melvin Calder | 1 | 5 |
| Mr. Archie Calder | 1 | 5 |
| Clarence Malloch | 1 | 5 |

Very Sincerely Yours,
Miss N. M. Malloch
The above money order appears to have come to hand. Please make further inquiries and write me.

CONTEST FOR BOYS.

Is there any boy who would not like a dollar bill? I hardly think so; therefore, I am going to give a One Dollar Bill to the boy who sends in the best composition on the most exciting adventure he has ever had. It may be a description of being attacked by a mad dog, or being captured from a canoe; he may write about nearly being burnt when the house was destroyed by fire, or perhaps he may desire to write about the private interview he had with his father, after being caught stealing apples from the neighbour's orchard! Remember that the incidents must have really happened, to the writer, and must be original.

The age limit in this contest is sixteen, and all entries must have the usual coupon attached, and reach this office not later than February 27th, addressed to

Uncle Dick
The Standard,
St. John, N. B.

whose decision must be considered as final.

CONTEST FOR GIRLS.

I will also award a One Dollar Bill to the girl, not past her sixteenth birthday, who writes out and sends in the most funny joke or incident she has ever heard. They must not have been taken from a book, but must be original. In both these contests, although handwriting will not be considered in the judging, it is expected that good writing will be done by those competing.

All entries must be accompanied by the usual coupon, and reach this office on the date given in the previous contest, and addressed as above.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S LESSON

Once upon a time, in a little village high up in the mountains there was a beautiful house with a distant view of a lake. There was an old fashioned garden where, in summer, hollyhocks, marigolds and such blossoms by the high stone wall in the center was a sparkling fountain. And nearby there was a dear little play house, almost covered with climbing roses.

This was Barbara's home, and though she had everything she could wish for, she was not happy.

There was her small sister who was always bubbling over with mirth, and Nurse who smiled all the time, no matter what she was doing. Then there was Barbara's favorite dog, Peter. Even he was the most contented under the sun.

As for Nurse, it was useless to grumble to her. Wasn't she always telling Barbara and Betty that they were the most fortunate little girls that she had ever known? Of course it was quite clear that there was no reason at all for Barbara to grumble. But she grumbled all the same.

"Just imagine," growled Barbara to herself, because she had no one else to grumble to; "they aren't a bit sorry for me when I want to go barefooted, never see any toys or silk dresses or nurses any more. I know I'd be happy if I could do just as I wanted to."

This was what Barbara made up her mind to run away. "Then," she said to herself, "I will run so far that they will never find me. And I will always do just what I like." By this of course she meant anything which she hadn't been doing at home.

So one day when Nurse was interested in her book and Betty was playing with her doll, Barbara slipped away into some tall clumps of flowers and then ran down to the gate at the foot of the garden. She slipped through and flew up the lane that led through the village to the woods. On and on she went until the leaves of the big trees formed a leafy green roof over her head, and all signs of the village had been left behind. Sometimes through the gaps in the bushes, she could see the blue lake shimmering like silver, down in the far green valley. Sometimes she would see a surprised rabbit dart quickly through the grey-colored leaves, and then she would reach the lake below. So Barbara took off her shoes and socks and paddled awhile, but the brook seized her shoes and carried them far away, before she had so much as missed them.

So the afternoon passed by; soon the mountain was wrapped in shadows and a heavy gray mist made Barbara shiver in her thin little frock. She remembered that even the woodmen never stayed out after dark, and she felt a warm furry thing close to her. Besides being cold and wet and awfully hungry, Barbara could not help thinking of Betty and Nurse and enjoying their nice supper in the nursery given to her by the well fed and comfortable.

"Now, where is my supper coming from, I should like to know, and how can I keep my toes warm?" growled Barbara, and then she felt a warm furry thing close to her. She knew how to get it. But I wouldn't go home no matter what happened."

As Barbara sat there, thinking and grumbling softly to herself suddenly she was seized by the back of her dress and lifted several inches from the ground. Something was carrying her slowly through the underbrush, although she kicked and squirmed and tried her best to break away. By craning her neck she caught a glimpse of what it was—a great brown bear.

"Oh," she thought, "I wonder what he wants with me." But he looked like a kind old fellow, and he was carrying her as carefully as he knew how.

Suddenly they plunged into a great dark hole, and the big bear dropped her on the ground. Here she sat still, trying to see where she was. Presently she felt a warm furry thing close at hand, and then a warm tongue lick (Continued next week.)

Why the Partridge Does Not Fly High

Once upon a time—and that, you know, can be just any time at all—there lived a brave lad named Perdix. He was sent by his mother to live with his uncle Dadaalus, a most skillful builder, the very same, indeed, who constructed the famous Labyrinth. Perdix learned very quickly all that his Uncle knew, and, unfortunately, did not stop there. He began finding things out for himself. For instance, seeing the spine of a fish upon the sands, he picked it up and examined it carefully, then copied it in iron and made the first saw. He also, by putting such a sail, the partridge avoids high places, and instead of building its nest in a tree nestles in the hedge.

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A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

RED LUNCH PAILS

I. Winifred Colwell,
(Former member of Children's Corner)

The time moved slowly that morning but it was recess at last and Mary was only one out of the forty boys and girls who ran towards the row of hooks where, in shining array, hung their dinner pails. Mary's dinner pail was bright red and inside was a bright red apple Mother had placed there this morning.