

## Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Uncle Dick's Chat  
With the Children

My Dear Kiddies:

You may remember that last week I suggested that you might try and imagine yourselves as Uncle Dick, and write what you thought would be a good letter or weekly chat. Already a large number of replies have arrived, and if those which come next week are as clever, and original as the job of judging as to which is the best will be a most difficult one.

The first to arrive was exceptionally thoughtfully written, and has suggested to me something which I had never thought of. I am going to say that I think it is or will be the best, but in case you may not know exactly what I meant in last week's chat, I shall give the Chat sent in by Myrna Viola Smith, of Sussex, in full. Here it is:

My Dear Kiddies:

I have been keeping a secret from you children for nearly three years, but now I am going to let the "cat out of the bag" and tell you all about it. I am very fond of poetry, but some people think it is weakness, and that is the reason why we have had very few poets. We have a great many standard poets, so we will have Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," Tennyson's "Grandmother," but I am afraid that would be too long, so I will take "Crossing the Bar" by Lowell's "Song of the Violets," Jean Blouet's "An Old Wife's Prayer," Hiram Sudd Spencers "A Hundred Years to Come," Soldier McCrae's "On Flanders Field," and then for the younger children we will have some well known Nursery Rhymes. Once I remember seeing a little girl sixteen months old sitting on her father's knee with a little book called "Little Jacob" (it was in verse). She was reading it through and turning the leaves over just as the proper place. She was the youngest of eight children and had memorized it from hearing the older children read it. You have no idea how plain she was reading it, and how much quicker children learn to talk from playing with older children in a family. I know another little girl who was four years old and could read the "Penny Catechism." She was the eldest of a family, but she has outgrown that and is now a teacher. So if "Little Jacob" is published we will have it in pieces, and "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," and "The Paper Sheep," and some other favorites.

So this week I am going to offer a first prize and second prize to the boy or girl who will send in to Uncle Dick an original poem on our Anniversary Page. So you must all try hard and send in your poem. Each one can choose his or her own subject, and be sure not to forget to enclose with your poem the usual coupon. I would suggest that you all read the anniversary page and pick out one of the poems and memorize it and write to your Uncle Dick and tell him which poem was your favorite.

Your affectionate,

UNCLE DICK.

Now don't you think that was a splendid letter? I am sure that if ever the job of being Uncle Dick should become vacant, Myrna might very well manage to occupy the post. Of course, as I said above, this is not certain to be the best, but is published only to let you have an idea as to what I want. Now get busy and see who will be able to get the prize. I am certain that Myrna has made the task of doing better than her, not at all easy.

This week I shall have nothing further to say, as I consider that the above "chat" contains quite sufficient for the present.

With best wishes,

From your

Uncle Dick

CHILDREN'S EDITOR.

## SCOUT NOTES.

Before the present was a new method of illuminating a battlefield at night had been invented on the continent, says Gen. Baden-Powell in his book, "My Adventures as a Spy," and my brother and I went to the manoeuvres to see it in use. Our errand took us to a fort that was surrounded by notices stating that no one was allowed inside, and we agreed that if once we

gained entrance any enemy or detective would naturally suppose that we had been to the fort.

The idea worked splendidly. We succeeded in getting in and walked calmly through camps and past sentries. Not a question was asked us. Having walked in like this, and having successfully walked out again, we tried it again after dark. This time it meant slipping through unperceived as far as possible, and in this we succeeded equally well. Everyone's attention was centred on the illuminating rockets. We watched the preparations and the results, and, having studied the routine of the practice, we were in the end able to help ourselves to some of the rockets and the lighting composition.

When we heard that a final exhibition of the illuminant was to be held at the fort for the Emperor himself, we decided to attend. My brother remained outside to observe the effect of the lights from the attacker's view-point, and I went in. There were two many police officers for my liking, however, and I very soon came out again. As I walked back along the road I met the Emperor's cortege, and the first carriage passed me I did the worst thing I could have done—I turned my head away to avoid recognition in the lamplight. In a moment the officers stopped, hustled me into a carriage and drove back to the fort. In answer to questions I could only say that I was an Englishman who had been looking on at the manoeuvres, and that I was on my way to the station.

Permission was granted me to get my belongings from the inn and under guard I packed my bag. The officer tried to help me by packing everything as he saw my brother's things as well as my own. As I did not want him to know where the contents of my bag were, I hid them surreptitiously to the officer's things into his bed. On the way out, when the officer was not looking, I left a warning note skewered to the candle, and then I was taken to the capital and placed under espionage in a hotel, although I was allowed the freedom of the city.

Eventually my brother joined me. We were virtually prisoners, watched by detectives, and our only chance lay in making a bold dash for freedom. We let it be known, that tired of suspicion, we were about to take a train and leave the country. We mentioned the name of the station, and the hotel detective telephoned to the police on duty there. We entered our cab and drove down the street towards the station until we were out of sight. Then we told the driver to change his course to another station. This needed our going to the river and taking the ferry. We paid our cabman and made our way to the shore, where we found a boat that had already been arranged for. From this we safely boarded a British steamer and, as two of the crew, passed out of the country.

## THE INDIAN TALE

That night the fact that Lieutenant Harcourt was under arrest for an attempt to rob the store room of the fort was all over the place. It was some small consolation to Nick to find that none of his own regiment believed the charge.

Harcourt was as popular as Cray was the reverse, and some of the men declared openly that it was a trick on Cray's part to get Harcourt into trouble. From what Nick heard, he gathered that Cray had quarrelled with Harcourt some time previously, because Harcourt had warned a certain rich young subaltern named Vinscent against playing cards with Cray, and some of the others for high stakes.

The case, however, against Harcourt was so strong that Colonel Kelson had to let it go to a court martial, and this was set for the following day. Harcourt had meantime to be confined to his quarters. Early that morning Nick spoke to his Sergeant, and the Sergeant, a good fellow named Meade, after listening to him with evident astonishment, took him to the Colonel's room.

The Colonel too, showed some surprise. "You actually saw Lieutenant Harcourt enter the tunnel, Wilmont?" he asked.

"I did, sir, and he was not in there more than three minutes. And I am sure, sir, that he was surprised as I to find it."

"Yes, very good. I agree with you."



CONDUCTED BY UNCLE DICK.

that you shall appear as a witness for the defense. I shall put your name on the roll. You will be present at half-past eleven sharp."

A court-martial, is quicker than a civil court, is even more impressive. Being a witness, Nick, of course, saw nothing of the previous scene.

(Continued next week.)

ADVENTURES OF  
PRINCESS HELENA

When the Princess Helena escaped a second time from the castle of her cruel stepfather, King Derrik the Dark, she started again with Alwin the Dwarf as her faithful guide, on the journey down the river through the great forest, on her way to the castle of the good King Oswald. A sudden storm forced the travelers to take refuge in a cave beside the river.

"The morning has come, dear Princess, and the skies are clear," said Alwin the Dwarf calling her from the entrance to the cave, and soon she came hurrying out of the round chamber that she had made her own. The tempest had passed, and the skies were as fair and the waters as calm as if no storm had ever vexed them.

"On this beautiful day shall our hard journey end," said Alwin the Dwarf. "Before high noon the good King Oswald—" "Tell me more about him," said the Princess Helena eagerly, "and about his castle and his kingdom."

But Alwin the Dwarf had no more to say. He only smiled and hummed softly to himself as he prepared the boat for the journey. They ate the last of their bread before they set forth. "There shall soon be feasting enough to make up for this poor fare," said Alwin the Dwarf.

"But dry bread is a royal feast when eaten on the road to freedom and happiness," said the Princess Helena. Soon they stepped into the boat, and Alwin the Dwarf pushed it from the sandy beach into the stream. So began the last stage of their journey, and it was through much the fairest region that the Princess Helena had ever seen. The river was but a little yet it was far lovelier than the great river that had borne them through the forest. Arching trees grew beside it, and its banks were bright with flowers. Over it flew birds that sang sweeter songs than the Princess Helena had ever heard before. Deer came down to the shore to drink, and showed no fear of the travelers. White swans floated on the surface of the river, and many fish darted through its waters.

Alwin the Dwarf had little to say as the morning passed. He was busy with the boat, but whenever his glance

fell on the Princess Helena, sitting on her cushions, he nodded contentedly to himself and hummed a bit of song. The Princess herself was singing softly most of the time. There was one little song, which she had made up herself, and she sang over and over. It began this way:

Oh, the old, old King was a good King,  
A chance to do a good, good thing  
In setting a maiden free!  
And all the birds in the world will sing,  
And all the bells in the world will ring,  
When the captive maid is free!

"There, dear Princess, is the castle of the good King Oswald," said Alwin the Dwarf, when the boat had rounded an sudden turn in the river.

The Princess Helena leaped to her feet and looked eagerly where he pointed. A little way back from the river, she saw a beautiful castle—not a grim and forbidding castle of the fortress sort, such as that of King Derrik the Dark was, but a castle as fair as it had stood in fairland itself. Its turrets glittered in the sun; its many windows sparkled as if they were smiling a welcome. Its grounds which stretched away on every side, were green and shady lawns, bright with flowers.

A walk with many steps led from the castle to a stone landing place. There, as the boat drew nearer, the Princess Helena saw a handsome young man of royal garb and bearing looking down the river towards them.

"Who is that?" said she in a low voice to Alwin the Dwarf.

"That, dear Princess," answered Alwin the Dwarf slowly, "is the good King Oswald."

The Princess could not believe her ears, but when she asked the question the second time she got the same answer.

"But I thought that the good King Oswald was an old man," she said. "I have not told you so," said Alwin the Dwarf gently.

There was time to say no more, for already the boat was at the landing place, and the young King Oswald was speaking words of hearty greeting to Alwin the Dwarf.

"Welcome home again, my faithful old friend!" he said. "Many days I have been watching for you, until my heart began to feel heavy for fear that you had failed in your mission."

"I have not failed, Your Majesty," said Alwin the Dwarf simply; and then his bent little form grew straight with pride as he took the Princess by the hand and said, "Your Majesty, this is the Princess Helena."

The young King Oswald bowed low and then stretched forth his hands; and the Princess, smiling at him and then casting down her eyes, took his

hands and stepped from the boat to the landing place.

"Welcome!" said the young King Oswald; and then, when the Princess Helena found no words, but still stood with downcast eyes, he went on: "My mother, the Queen, awaits you at the castle, but first let me make plain the things that are not clear to you. When my good father died not long ago and I became King in his place I found many duties to attend to, and so was unable to go in search of a Princess who should become my Queen. Then it was that I sent my faithful old friend, Alwin the Dwarf, to seek the fairest and best princess in all the kingdoms roundabout. He traveled far, and came back and told me that you were the fairest and best of all. Still I could not go, so I sent him to aid you in escaping and to guide you here. Well, he has performed his mission, and great shall be his reward. Queen! Queen! shall be my Queen—if it is please you after you have been the guest of my mother at the castle."

So they walked side by side up the path from the river to the castle. And there in the end of the story, for the troubles and hardships of the Princess Helena were now over, and at last she was safe at the castle of the good King Oswald. And a little later she became the Queen Helena, and she and good King Oswald reigned in their kingdom long and happily, and all the people loved them.

## CRESTED CARDINAL

The blithest bird in the forest was Crested Cardinal. No matter what the weather, he was always tilted on the top of a branch, singing, "Cheer! Cheer! Cheer!" There were no dark days in his calendar, and his gayety kept the other birds in good humor. They could not every mope or be gloomy, you know, within hearing of such a song. Why, it made them feel cheery in spite of themselves!

As you have already guessed from his name, Crested Cardinal wore his feathers on his head pompador. Still, he was not a bit conceited; and for all his song was so bright, he dressed quietly in a suit that was brown to match the tree trunks and leaves to match the leaves, without any red.

Now, Crested Cardinal was always doing things for other people. It kept him remarkably busy, as you may suppose. The summer was not long enough to hold all the gay little surprises for his friends that he tucked into it like presents in a birthday cake; and when Autumn came, it found him wiser than ever.

One morning very early Crested Cardinal was awakened by a faint tinkling in his ears. It was not exactly like raindrops, and it was not exactly like bells. He peeped this

## A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

way and that, and at last he saw a merry little man in a green suit, tinged with icicles. The little man was standing on tiptoe on a branch, painting the leaves with red and gold paint from his palette. As he moved, the icicles jingled with the tinkling sound that Crested Cardinal had heard—a sound not exactly like raindrops, and not exactly like bells. Crested Cardinal had never seen him before, but he knew at once that it was Jack Frost.

"Hello," Crested Cardinal cried. Jack Frost, with a glance over his shoulder, "You're the very one that I want to see. Not busy, I hope? No plans on wing?"

"Not unless you make them," Crested Cardinal replied cheerily. "Gee!" said Jack Frost, skipping as he talked from one branch to the next. "What with that cold snap last night and all the trees in new dresses at once, I'm a bit rushed, I confess."

"Only tell me what I can do," said Crested Cardinal; and his tone was so gay that you would never have guessed that he was longing for his breakfast.

"My gold paint is gone," said Jack Frost. "It takes so much for these hitches and hiccups! You'll find the pail by that stump."

Crested Cardinal brought the paint and spread a fresh supply on Jack Frost's palette. It was wonderful to see the green leaves turning to gold. "How skilful you are!" he exclaimed. "I've had practice enough!" Jack Frost cried merrily. "Now for the oaks! Will you bring me some more russet?"

Back and forth went Crested Cardinal, carrying paints for Jack Frost. It kept him hurrying. But fast as he flew, the artist's brush flew faster still. You have to hurry, you know, to paint a whole forest by sunrise.

"Don't you stop at all!" Crested Cardinal asked breathlessly.

"Not until I'm finished," Jack Frost answered. "Don't tell me you're tired."

"I won't," said Crested Cardinal. "If you'll let me say that I'm hungry."

"You shan't be long now," said Jack Frost painting away for dear life. "Some red, please, for these maples. I have to be through before the sun gets up. It annoys him to find me about."

"Annoys him?" cried Crested Cardinal. "I should think he would be glad to find everything so beautiful."

"He's jealous, perhaps," said Jack Frost, with a wink. "I borrow my tints from his sunset."

"I like the red best," said Crested Cardinal. "It's my favorite color."

"Mine, too," Jack Frost agreed. "A little more, please. Quick! There comes the sun now!"

Crested Cardinal stopped for the pail. Perhaps he hurried too much, or perhaps the first rays of the sun blinded him. However, it happened, the pail overturned, and from crest to tail he was covered with bright red paint.

"I've spilled it all," he exclaimed in dismay.

"Well, never mind that!" cried Jack Frost.

"Fly up where I can reach you."

So Crested Cardinal perched close to the branch, while Jack Frost used him for a palette. The maples never knew the difference. When the last one was clothed in its rosy gown, the workers slipped out of sight below the hill, and the sun stared in surprise at the world all gay with crimson and gold.

"So that's finished!" and Jack Frost drew a deep breath. "Now let's have a look at you. Clouds and sunsets, but you're glorious!"

"It won't come off," Crested Cardinal rubbed anxiously at his glowing feathers.

"Of course not," Jack Frost assured him. "When I do a thing, I do it thoroughly. And because of the help you've been to me, you shall wear my colors always."

With his nimble brush he added a touch here and there.

"If you want to see the handsomest bird in the forest," he said with satisfaction, "look in that pool."

Crested Cardinal bent over the crystal water. From its depth a rosy, crested bird, with touches of black on its face and throat stared up at him.

"Oh, you wonderful stranger! Where did you come from?" Crested Cardinal cried in delight. You see, he did not realize that he was looking at himself.

"Out of my paint pot," laughed Jack Frost.

And that is why the Cardinal, the blithest bird in the forest, wears a red crest.

## ST. JOHN AUDUBON SOCIETY

I understand that the St. John branch of the Audubon Society are going to have a great time on Friday, in the rooms of the Natural History Society. It is expected that some hundred or more bird houses made by the children, will be on exhibition, and decision arrived as to which are the best. The kiddies who have been attending the meetings regularly every second week during the winter months, secure an splendid progress in their study of the birds, and deserve great credit for their work. When the weather had the pleasure of addressing these children, some months ago, he was much impressed by the attention given and display of knowledge. It might be a good plan for other schools and clubs to make an effort on Friday and call to see the bird houses made by the society's youthful members.

## RECRUITING

By I. Winifred Colwell.  
It was Tom Hutton who brought the idea of the "Young Soldiers League" into the Hepburn School. Tom had two brothers serving overseas, and every letter he wrote to them contained a wish that the war would only last until he was able to win a month's leave and spend it with his mother. This wish was heavily underlined. The boys, had lost an arm through wounds received on the Marne front. Then it was that Walter, the other brother, wrote Tom a long letter worthy of much consideration. "You do not need to wait any longer to fight the foe, and on your bit for your country," he wrote. "You can start right away if you only will form a regiment to be proud of. There are enough boys of your age who want to enlist; so take my advice and secure their services at once. The uniform does not matter, for it is not that which makes the soldier."

Tom was not pleased with this last sentence. But he knew that Walter would not say anything that he did not mean.

"There are many foes to be conquered about home," Walter wrote on. "And I remember that one of your bitter ones was the Wood-box. There are a couple of armies of it kind in Hepburn, and in many cases the poor mothers have to feed them because their sons are off to war. And the Wood-box is not the only enemy by any means."

The very day Tom received his letter, he held a recruiting meeting in the school house after school hours. The majority of the boys joined at him, but Tom stuck bravely to his post and at the close of the meeting managed to secure five recruits.

It was rather a discouraging looking army at first, but General Tom kept a cheerful face during the review. First came Johnny Simpson. Johnny was lame, but he could play the mouth organ as well as a penny whistle, so his services were not to be despised. Then came Percy Green. Percy was the head scholar at Hepburn school; he wore glasses, and usually carried books under his arm, and was never known to fight. Then came Charlie Adams. He was

(Continued next week.)

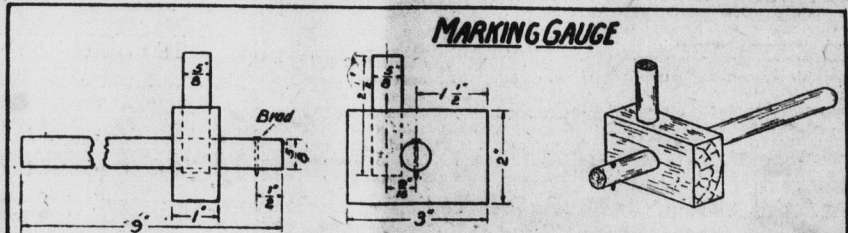
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## SOLDIER'S WOOLEN SOCK STRETCHER

NOTE: Round all edges with sandpaper.

Every complete set of tools should have on its list a marking gauge. Although very few boys who are beginning woodwork like to use the gauge, it is one of the most useful tools, and especially a great time saver. The reason boys do not care to use the gauge at first is that it is a bit awkward for them to handle, and because it does not actually remove stock like the knife and other edge tools, but the expert finds the gauge a very necessary tool.

There are several kinds of gauges used by the woodworker some, such as the butt gauge, used exclusively for setting hinges, and others for many purposes. The most common gauge in the average shop is the old-fashioned gauge, with the head beam and thumb screw all made of wood. This gauge can be bought at some places as cheap as ten cents, but why should any boy who is at all handy spend even this much for a tool that he can make.

Some of the latest gauges are made of metal, and others of wood, similar to the one shown in the cut, except that they have a thumb-screw to hold the beam instead of a dowel. The latest gauge out has a pencil in one end of the beam. This is very handy for laying out chamfers and work that it is not necessary to work to a knife line.

The mortise gauge is another

type of gauge. It has two beams instead of one, so two lines can be drawn at different distances from the head in one operation. By running two beams through the head and boring the hole for the dowel between the two, a mortise gauge can be made of this one.

A gauge is to be used to DRAW LINES WITH THE GRAIN ONLY, and not across it, as this will tear the wood fibers, making a rough surface. A knife should be used to core across the grain. Anyone who does a great deal of work in wood will find several gauges very convenient, as each one can be set for a different width, not requiring the setting of the gauge to be changed.

To make the gauge just described, take a 1/4 in. x 1 in. x 1 in. plane the sides square, and sand the ends nicely. Draw lines diagonally across the faces, locating the center of the block at the intersection of the lines. With a 1/4 in. bit bore half way through each side. This will make the hole straight, while if it were bored all the way through from one side it might not run at right angles to the working face.

It might be well to square a line from the centre on the face across the side with the try square before boring the holes just mentioned. From this square across the side

1/16 in., and at the center of the latter bore a hole for the peg or dowel, which, when forced against the beam, holds it fast.

Now make a 1 1/2 in. dowel, which is simply a round piece of stick. It can best be made by planing up a piece 1/4 in. square, and then planing off the corners. If a hole is bored with a 1/4 in. bit through a hard piece of wood through the hole, it will come out smooth and round, needing only a little sanding to finish.

Cut the dowel in two pieces according to the dimensions shown and drive a sharpened Brad through a hole drilled about 1/4 in. from one end. After assembling the parts the gauge is ready for use.

After the knitting has been done on a pair of socks, to produce a finished appearance they are washed in cold water, and either pressed or put on a stretcher, to be creased and formed to shape.



This cut shows how strange the rice is through in some parts of China, and of which I told you in the Children's Corner last week. I can fancy many a small boy feeling particularly pleased to think that when his papa and he have occasion to have a private interview, after he has been doing something which he has no right to do, his papa does not use a machine like the above.

## CONTEST COUPON

Name .....  
Address .....  
School .....  
Age ..... Birthday ..... Grade .....  
Name of Teacher .....



No doubt you will remember the story published in last week's Corner telling of the party which Tilly andummy held. Well now, here is a showing how funny little Peter

looked wearing his paper pig's head. I am sure you must agree with me that they had a great time, and will not soon forget the party which was different.

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