

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Weekly Chat

Dearest Kiddies:—

I am just as pleased as punch this week because of the heap of real nice interesting letters I have had from so many of you. Indeed I should like to publish every one nearly, but of course if I did they wouldn't leave enough room for all the other things you enjoy. However, I am hoping to have room for a good many, and you little folks who do not know how to write a real good letter just read them over and you will get so many ideas to help you. It is really quite a gift—and one which may be acquired—to write interesting letters. We cannot all sing or draw, but I believe most every one can learn, if they try real hard, to write a nice letter. And little folks are so appreciated so much all through your life, you can so often give a nice little pleasant surprise by sending someone a really good letter. So much for that—this increase in correspondence just proves what I suspected; so many boys and girls have been all the past few weeks and so many have examinations in school, now I hope those evils are over for the present I sincerely trust that little folks are not coaxing to get into their summer clothing at this time of the year. You remember what I told you of Mr. East Wind paying us so many visits at this season and causing the trees to take more time in getting their new green dresses on. Well he is just as apt to nip little and big folks if we do not protect ourselves against his strength as he is to nip the buds on the trees and bushes. So go carefully, for he brings much sickness when we are careless, and it is just like an April fool game too, for Mrs. Sun does feel so warm we think it is like summer one minute, and then the big cold blustering Mr. East Wind just spoils all our ideas the very next minute, so watch out and don't be lulled by him.

Of course you have all thought of next week being Easter time and how much more real to us this year, coming later than it often does. One can scarcely enter into the Easter spirit when there is snow and ice about, so this year you must all act and feel your very brightest and happiest.

In the Western and Southern parts of the continent the outdoor world can look Spring like for any early Easter, we may have but in the East and North where we live an early Easter is very hard to realize. In those parts of the country lots of flowers are blooming outdoors, but unfortunately we can never have the outdoor bloom for even our latest Easter. However, this year won't it be lovely if Mother Nature has at least part of her beautiful new dress, and spread by that time, and surely some of the trees will be robed in their pretty green clothes as well as the bushes and shrubs. We shall have the whole world will look fresh and ready to give a welcome to the glorious Easter Day. It is of course nice, though not really necessary to wear something new ourselves, though some folks think it is just a time to wear new clothes, but boys and girls I trust you all know the deeper meaning of the Easter time. Just stop and think of what that first Easter day has meant to the whole world. It is a deed this Holy Week before us a time for little folks as well as big folks to do some serious thinking and praying. Just let us think when Christ was on earth and what he suffered for us, and then on Good Friday he was crucified. Knowing this we might live through the long days, except the heart which pumps the blood so fast that it congests in the smaller arteries and veins of the head producing violent throbbing pain and distress, called headache. You become nervous, dependent, sick, feverish and miserable, your mouth sour and almost unmanageable. Then you resort to acetanilide, aspirin or the bromides which temporarily relieve but do not rid the blood of these irritating toxins.

A glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, drank before breakfast for awhile, will not only wash these poisons from your system, but cure you of headache but will cleanse, purify and freshen the entire alimentary canal.

Ask your pharmacist for a quarter pound of limestone phosphate. It is inexpensive, harmless as sugar. If you aren't feeling your best, if tongue is coated or you wake up with bad taste, foul breath or have colds, indigestion, biliousness, constipation or sour, acid stomach, begin the phosphate hot water cure to rid your system of toxins and poisons.

Headache of any kind, is caused by auto-intoxication—which means self-poisoning. Liver and bowel poisons called toxins, soaked into the blood, through the lymph ducts, excite the heart which pumps the blood so fast that it congests in the smaller arteries and veins of the head producing violent throbbing pain and distress, called headache. You become nervous, dependent, sick, feverish and miserable, your mouth sour and almost unmanageable. Then you resort to acetanilide, aspirin or the bromides which temporarily relieve but do not rid the blood of these irritating toxins.

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KIDDIES' LETTERS

Belleville, Anna, Co., N. B.

Dear Uncle Dick:—

I saw in your last week's chat that some of the N. S. kiddies have been writing to you. So I thought you meant to say. Now I am going to try to write you a few lines.

In today's chat you were enquiring about the birds. Well, there have been Robins here for over two weeks. They certainly sounded great when they arrived. The Blue Birds and Song Sparrows have arrived also. I always put, twine, hair, feathers, etc. for the birds. I notice they take them.

I was glad to see Jimmy Coon back again. I thought something had happened to him. I have had great sport playing ball this year. The last snowfall kind of put an end to it. But glad to say the snow has vanished again. It was kind of out of place the last of April. Do you not think so?

I am going to keep my eyes out for another sign of Spring.

I am signing the coupon for The Children's Bird and Animals Protection Society.

As you liked the last puzzle I sent to, I am sending in a few more. You objected to sending in jumbled puzzles. But I don't know as these would exactly go under that heading.

Well, I cannot think of much to write.

So I will close. Lots of love.

FRANCES GERNER.

Dear Uncle Dick:—

I liked your weekly chat great this week about the birds and new spring signs. After I wrote to you last time I was taken sick again and worse than the first time, but I am much better now and up and around. You said in your chat that if we saw a robin to tell you. I have not seen one this spring, but when I do I will let you know. The snow is going off the ground this year quite early isn't it? Our school has been closed with the "flu," but it opens tomorrow. Suppose I will not be able to go before a week or two, as the ground is so wet. Well I don't want to make my letter too long, so I will close with love from

GRACE DAVENPORT.

Beaufort, N. B.

Dear Uncle Dick:—

I have not written to your Corner for two weeks, so I guess I will write now. I like the Children's Corner very much and I don't mind taking turns in cutting out the Moving Picture Funnies and tracing the Dot Puzzle.

Our school has not opened yet, as we cannot get a teacher, we hope to get one soon.

Jack Frost paid a visit to our country after the great thaw some time ago, and we did have some jolly times coasting. I was wishing he would stay around longer than he did. The snow is going very badly, a lot of our birds will soon be back.

I like winter better than any other season in the year, because we have so many nice snow games.

I have a little girl and I call her Dot. Well, I guess I will say goodbye for this time.

Wishing the Corner every success.

Your loving niece,

ANNA AIRD.

Newcastle Bridge, Co. Co., N. B.

My Dear Uncle Dick:—

I thought I would write you a few lines, as I am going to be a wanderer. I had forgotten you all together, but I have been busy all the time. We are getting up an Easter concert and have to practice every afternoon. I don't get much time to write. Well, Uncle Dick, I see the birds are coming back, I saw a beautiful robin the other day in a pine tree back of our house, it was a lovely big one, and I saw a bird I don't know what kind it was, it had a red tail and red head and wings, it was a pretty bird. The crows are back too, I guess. That is all the birds I have seen this year. Well, I will have to close as it is time for school. I have been watching the Corner every Saturday. With love to you and the Corner,

ALMA WHEATON.

Salisbury, N. B.

Dear Uncle Dick:—

I am sending my first specimen. This may be a bird. It is the May Flower buds and also May Flower leaves. Hope they have not been sent. I have got four War Saving Stamps and fifteen Thrift Stamps.

After this contest I wish you would put in the word contest.

I still remain your niece,

MARION BROWNE.

Hatfield's Point, N. B.

Dear Uncle Dick:—

Well, I suppose you began to think that I have forgotten you and that the Children's Corner, for it has been a long while since I have written you. I have been very busy. I like going to school and I like my teacher. I have not missed a day since I started this term.

I have seen quite a number of signs of spring this year, bare ground, green clover leaves, green strawberry leaves, apple buds, winter green berries, frost coming out of the ground, ice going out of different places, juncos, robins, song sparrows, wild ducks, wild geese, hawks, bluejays and owls, different lights I saw a little owl come and light on a tree near the house and he would look at the window and how his eyes did shine.

Well I must close for the time. From your loving niece,

WILMA THOMPSON.

River deChute, N. B. Can.

I thought that I would write you a few lines tonight, while I have time. Our Lone Scout Tribe has succeeded and we have six members and eighty cents in the treasury. Two of its members are members of the Children's Corner, besides me. They are John Clair and Ronald Baird. The snow is going very fast up here and it looks as though we are going to have an early spring. Would you kindly put in the Children's Corner that I would like to correspond with boys or Lone Scouts, ages 13 or 14. Do you read the Canadian Boy. I do, and you read the Standard. I haven't got my April



Good Night Stories

By Charlotte Stansfield

PEGGY AND THE MAPLE FAIRIES.

Peggy sat on the fence post watching the little green seeds fly out of the maple tree and sail away on the breeze. Some dropped down under the old maple tree. Others sailed out to the garden. Some flew over the fence post so near Peggy's head that she could almost touch them, and dropped to the sidewalk, while others, more venturesome, travelling on to the meadow on the wings of the wind.

"They almost look like fairy wings," laughed Peggy out loud, and she nearly fell from her perch trying to stop one in its flight.

"And fairy wings they are," laughed a squeaky voice, and Peggy's little elfin friend, Happy Giggles, hopped upon the post beside her.

"Fairy wings growing in a maple tree!" she laughed merrily. "Oh, Happy Giggles, who ever heard of such a thing!"

"But they are fairy wings," he replied. "If it wasn't for the kind and generous fairies Mrs. Maple Tree would never be able to deliver her messages to her friends across the meadows. The fairies lend her their wings so she can send out her messages that are nothing else but what you and your daddy and mama call maple seeds."

"Our school has not opened yet, as we cannot get a teacher, we hope to get one soon."

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THE DOT PUZZLE



Trace from one to eighty two. And you'll see a Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning at Figure 1 and taking them numerically.

Answers To Letters

MARION BROWNE—How fortunate that the first "flu" you sent in should win a Thrift Stamp. Give me an idea of what kind of a word contest you mean. What a very pretty letter you are for your age, and your letter was so neat and attractive in every way.

ANNE AIR—Your letter was so nicely written Anna that I hope you will feel honored to see it printed. A good example like yours helps the little ones to write better and more interesting letters.

LILLIAN CLARK, Dipper Harbor—Your letter was nice and cheery Lillian and I am so sorry you are unable to get our page now. Surely your little friends will save it for you though, for I look upon you as one of our valuable members and so of course I will send them again some time when you are writing. I do not know the name of that green you sent either. Thanks for coupon signed.

ALMA WHEATON—Your letter is among the many nice letters I received this week, so I mean to use it for the same reason as I explained to Anna. You could punctuate your letters a little more.

HOLLIS BAIRD—I am hoping to print your letter so that other Lone Scouts can read it and become interested. Carl Rigby, Hartland, is one I know of and you could write him. Yes, I see the Canadian Boy and think it is fine for the boys.

ALMA WHEATON—Your letter is how I hope to print too, as it shows how the members take an interest in the things our Chat suggests.

WILMA THOMPSON, Hatfield's Pt.—You certainly have had bright eyes to see all those signs of Spring. I had no idea that there were so many birds back again, and how funny it must have been to see that owl looking in at the window. Thanks for card and good wishes.

FRANCES GERNER, Belleville, Anna Co.—Francis you have proven that some of my N. S. friends still exist and I did so enjoy your letter.

"Sign of Spring Contest"

At last my real dream of the contest is coming true. For I have now some flowers to enter. Indeed several members were fortunate enough this week to discover the pretty May flowers and as two members' bouquets arrived together I am obliged to give them each a prize. One from Nova Scotia was so fresh and so nice I packed in damp moss, that they will make quite a nice button-hole bouquet. Too bad they won't keep for Easter, isn't it?

The lucky ones were: MARION BROWNE, Salisbury and FRANCES GERNER, Belleville, Anna Co., N. S.

A currant blossom was sent in by Margaret Pierce, Bloomfield Station, as no buds of this bush were sent in the blossom takes a "currant" prize and Margaret has proven that she has bright eyes by the many symbols she has collected. Who will pick the first dandelion?

At Myers-when, a Korean boy sixteen years old, lately received a watch from the governor-general in appreciation of his high mathematical talents. Among other "tricks" he can mentally add a column of twenty-five items of four figures each in seven seconds.

"77"

Humphreys' "Seventy-seven" breaks up Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Cold in the Head, Catarrh, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Tonsillitis and Grip. All Druggists.

COLDS

Name of Specimen

Date found

Sent in by

Address

Age and Birthday

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Smile Kiddies, Smile!

As Before.

A young clerk in the course of his duties, which involved travelling, sent in a bill containing among other items: "Porter; six-pence."

On return he received the notice: "Although drinks are not included in the travelling allowance for employees."

Whereupon the clerk answered to the effect that he did not mean the beverage porter, but the hire of a man to take his luggage from the station. Upon this, he received word that, in such a case, he should use the word "porterage."

Having a sense of humor, he saw his opportunity not long after this incident to have a little fun with his superior. He submitted a bill including the item: "Cabage, two shillings."

This bill was, like the former, promptly returned, with a statement that "Green vegetables are not to be included in the travelling allowances of employees."

That was his chance. He wrote: "I had taken a cab. When I asked for the hire of a porter, I was instructed to call it 'porterage.' I supposed, therefore, that it would be necessary to call the hire of a cab 'cabage.'"

Just Waiting.

An old gentleman, rather portly and clad in a somewhat youthful suit of light grey flannel, sat on a bench in the park.

"What's the matter, sonny?" he asked a small urchin who lay on the grass just across the gravel path and stared intently. "Why don't you go and play?"

"Don't want to," the boy replied. "But it is not natural," the old gentleman insisted, "for a boy to be so quiet. Why don't you run about?"

"Oh, I'm just waiting," the youngster answered. "I'm just waitin' till you get up. A man painted that seat about fifteen minutes ago."

First Youth: "Hullo, old man; what are you goin' to do?"

Second Youth: "Nothing."

First Youth: "How about a walk? I think it would do us both good."

Second Youth: "So do I. Good-bye."

"Held Up" a Train.

An odd notion of humour is that possessed by a boy, who by standing on the line of the Great Western Railway and extending his arms caused an express to stop. He and another lad who assisted in the "joke" were called "shillings" each, and may think themselves lucky to have escaped so cheaply.

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise.

With his rosy cheeks and merry blue eyes.

Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt.

By a bump or a bruise or a fall in the dirt.

A fellow's mother has bags and buttons and lots of things.

No matter how busy she is she'll stop to see how well you spin your top.

She doesn't care—not much I mean if a fellow's face is not quite clean.

And if your trousers are torn at the knees, she can patch you'd never see.

A fellow's mother is never mad, and only sorry if you are bad.

And I'll tell you this if you are true, she'll always forgive you, whatever you do.

A fellow's mother who would never try to keep a bear from her loving eye.

And the fellow's worse who sees it not.

That his mother's the truest friend he's got.

Margaret E. Sangster.

CURIOUS "HOUNDS."

It appears that a Mississippi man possesses what is probably the strangest "pack of hounds" anywhere. This "pack" consists of two huge domestic cats, which have been trained for some years, until they trail, point, and retrieve small game as well as any dogs ever seen in the State. The cats are employed principally in hunting rabbits, tree squirrels, and quail, although they have tracked and helped kill possums and raccoons, both of which are plentiful enough in that part of the South.

According to their owner, who began training the cats when