Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE DICK.

Uncle Dick's Chat With the Children

My Dear Kiddies:—

Did you see all the names of those who had won the beautiful prizes as announced in last week's Corner? Were they not fortunate boys and girls? I consider that they were more fortunate than those who have been winning in the previous contests, because besides winning the wristlet watch, and other awards, each subscription which they secured meant a half a dollar for themselves. Didn't a large number of you boys and girls who never tried wish that you had taken the opportunity when you had same, of making so much pocket money, and besides run the chance of getting one of the splendid prizes?

Well now, this week I am able to make a most generous and interesting announcement, namely: **There are going to be five more lovely awards to the boys and girls who succeed in getting the greatest number of new subscribers, before the last day in March.** The prizes will consist of:

1st Prize. Wristlet Watch.
2nd Prizes. Meccano Set. Gold Locket and Chain.
3rd Prizes. Silver Purse. Yearly Bound Volume.

and besides these, you kiddies will make fifty cents out of each order received.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Tell your friends that they can have the Daily Standard for Two Dollars, mailed to them post free (outside the city of St. John—no orders must be taken at that rate in the city) get the order from them, together with the two dollars. Send me **One Dollar and Fifty Cents**, to gether with the name and address of the subscriber, but keep the other half dollar for yourselves. Get busy right away, and endeavour to get as many new subscriptions as possible. A careful record will be kept of all who send in the orders and on the last day in March the number of new subscriptions each kiddie has secured will be totalled up, and the prizes awarded accordingly.

Remember that this offer is only open to those people who are not at present subscribing to the Standard, new subscribers in other words, and also that you keep fifty cents out of each two dollar subscription which you secure. Don't delay, but get busy right away.

During the past week, I received a most agreeable surprise. Opening the mail one morning, and making a careful record of the nickels enclosed with many of the letters, I came across a five dollar bill. At first I thought it must be in payment for subscriptions to the Standard, but on reading the letter which came with same, I soon found out that Eva Belding of Chance Harbor had been very busy indeed, on behalf of the 5000 Nickel Fund, and had collected One Hundred Nickels from friends. Well done Eva. Now I wonder if any more kiddies will be giving me surprises like that? We have only reached the first thousand nickels, and there is only one week left. Now what are you going to do about it? Surely you are not going to have it said of the members of the Children's Corner that when called upon for aid, you failed to respond!

Yesterday afternoon I had a visit from a member of the Corner who resides in Halifax, and who was there at the time of the awful explosion. Although the house in which she resides was badly damaged, she escaped injury. She was on her way to school, when the first shock was heard, and she turned back and ran home, arriving just as the second explosion occurred. Her tales of the hardships suffered by the poor stricken people and more particularly concerning the little kiddies would certainly cause you to renew your efforts on their behalf. Cynthia Pyper—that is the name of the kiddie who visited me—thinks the Fund is a great idea, and is sure that the boys and girls who are suffering in Halifax, will be delighted to know of same, and to receive the benefit of it when the amount is raised. She sincerely hopes that the 5000 mark will be reached.

We started out with the slogan "5000 nickels in five weeks." Will we get there? Seven days to go. Can it be done? I wonder? There are still hundreds and hundreds of boys and girls who read the Corner every week, who have not as yet sent in a nickel. If only you would hurry up and put that nickel in an envelope and forward it to Uncle Dick we would be able to reach the desired mark in time, and then get the amount sent off to the General Relief Committee at Halifax.

Members of the Children's Corner, wherever you may reside, in the city, or throughout the provinces. The honor of the Children's Corner rests in your hands during the next seven days Respond to the call. It only means denying yourselves of that five cents worth of candy—and get to the 5000 nickel mark by January 19th.

With best wishes for the success of your efforts, from your

Uncle Dick

Children's Editor.

HERO STORIES

King Arthur and his Knights had gathered in the great hall of his castle at Camelot, and were talking over the adventures of the day, when the door was opened, and there on the threshold stood a maiden robed in white, with a girdle of red about her waist. The Knights paused in their stories and waited for her to speak.

"Which is Sir Lancelot of the Lake?" she asked.

"I am he," said Sir Lancelot, the brave and corteous, and he arose and bowed to the maiden. "How could I serve you?" he asked.

"Follow me,' she answered.

'Whither and wherefore?

"That you shall know later," the maid replied.

Wondering very much, but ever willing to serve, Sir Lancelat followed her out of the great hall.

There in the courtyard stood two horses. They mounted and rode away over hill and dale, across open country and through the great forest. By and by, just as the sun was setting, they passed out of the forest, and there before them stretched a beautiful valley. Orchards stood blossoming, wheat stood in the wind, and away in the distance the sheep were grazing in the fields. Down in the valley stood a white house with a green roof.

"'Tis there we are going," said the maiden.

At length they dismounted and passed within. To his surprise Sir Lancelot saw two other Knights, Sir Bors, and Sir Lionel, waiting within.

"Why are you here?" asked Sir Lancelot.

"We know not. A maiden robed in white with a red girdle about her waist led us hither," said the Knights.

While they stood apart talking a door opened, and there entered twelve gentle black-robed nuns, and with them a youth of eighteen. He was dressed in white, and as the Knights looked at his straight strong body, and his face so pure, so young, so beautiful, they felt glad at heart just at the sight of him.

"Who is the youth?" asked Sir Lancelot.

"Sir Knight," the abbes answered, "he is no other than your own son Sir Galahad. For many years we have nourished him here. We have taught him of your brave deeds, your kindliness, and your courtesy. Now he desires to be made a Knight by you."

"That I will gladly do," said Lancelot, who was overjoyed to find that he had a son so noble and fair. Then he and Galahad talked long together.

When the morning came, Galahad knelt before Sir Lancelot, who with his own sword touched the lads shoulder, saying: "Rise, Sir Galahad, ride forth to do whatever brave and noble deeds your hands shall find to do."

Then Sir Lionel, Sir Bors, and Sir Lancelot rode back to Camelot. But the young Knight, Galahad did not ride with them, for he knew that the time had not come for him to go to the king.

A few days passed, and again at evening the Knights were gathered in the great hall at Camelot. Again the door opened, and there entered an old man, leading by the hand a young Knight all clad in red. He had no sword or shield, and there was an empty scabbard hanging by his side.

"Hail, King!" cried the old man. "Here is a fair young Knight who would be of your company."

"He is right welcome," said King Arthur.

Then the old man pointed to the great seat next to the King. "There he shall sit," he said.

Then all the Knights started up in fright, for that was called "The Seat Perilous," and no one had ever dared to sit in it.

But the King took the young Knight's hand and led him to the seat.

"Are you afraid?" said Arthur.

"Of what should I be afraid," said the young Knight;" and smiling he took the seat. All the folds which enwrapped it fell away, and there graven on the back, they read: "Sir Galaahd."

At this the knights sent up a shout which shook the hall, for they knew that the young Knight was to do the greatest deeds of them all, because his courage was great, and his heart pure.

Just then the water carriers came into the hall. "Come quickly to the river," they said. "A most strange thing has happened. By the river is lying a great block of polished marble, and deep into the middle of it is driven a wonderful sword. The hilt is set with jewels wonderful and rare."

"Come," said the King.

So they all rose and went down to the river. There, just as it had been said lay the great cube of marble, with the sword driven into the middle of it. The Knights drew near and read. "Never shall man take me hence, but only he by whose side I ought to hang, and he shall be the best Knight of all the world."

"You, Sir Lancelot, are my greatest Knight. All know you so; draw the sword," said the King.

"Nay," said Sir Lancelot, "there are many worthier than I—Let others try."

The Knights came around, and many of them tried to draw the sword, but it remained as firmly fixed as ever.

Then said the King to Galahad: "Do you try, Sir Knight. You have no sword as yet, I see."

So Sir Galahad stepped forward, and taking the sword by its jewelled hilt drew it easily from the stone and set it in the scabbard which hung from his side.

Sir Lancelot's heart was filled with pride and joy in his son.

In the days that followed Sir Galahad proved himself a Knight indeed in every way, and was honored by all in Sir Arthur's court. But the young Knight had as yet no shield. He had been told that far away in the heart of the forest in which there was kept a enowhite shield with a cross of red in the centre. This shield would be given to the Knight who had proven himself able to draw the sword from the block of red marble. So Sir Galahad knew that the sword was his own, and he rode away from Camelot to claim it.

After four days wandering through the forest, he came at evening to the abbey. There, after some adventure the shield was proven his; and fully armed he rode away to seek the work which was waiting for a true Knight to do.

Which are you going to do—eat that five cents' worth of candy, or send the nickel to the Fund?

BIBLE STORIES

On day Jesus went up to Jerusalem as there was to be a great gathering of people there

At the gate which enters into Jerusalem there is a pool of water, which was said to be at that time different from any other little pools or ponds of water.

People said that an angel came down from Heaven and stirred the water of this pool. If a sick man stepped into the water directly after the angel had stirred it, he would become well. The first man who stepped in was healed; but if the other men were slow or too weak to step into the water first would not become well.

When Jesus went to Jerusalem he was passing by this pool of Bethseda, when he saw many sick people lying near the pool, waiting for the angel to move the water, so they could step in and become well. Some of these people were blind; some were lame; one man among them had been ailing for many years.

When Christ saw this man who had been sick for so many years he felt **sorry for** him, and asked him, "Would you like to be made well?" The poor sick man said: "I have no one to help me into the water when it is troubled; and so always some one steps into the water before I can get in."

Of course he thought Christ might help him into the water. But he was not acquainted with Christ—he did not know what Christ could do. Christ did not put him into the pool of Bethseda.

Christ said to him: "Rise, take up your bed, and walk."

Then the man who had been sick so long became well, just as quick 'as a flash," for Christ had healed him. The man went carrying his bed with him for he felt strong, and he wanted to go and tell the people that he had been made well.

When Christ met this man later he said: "Now you are a well man. I want you to be always to be a good man."

He was very gla dto meet Christ, and after that he told the people that it was the wonderful Christ who had made him well.

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.

5,000 NICKEL FUND

Uncle Dick has much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of the following donations received during the past week, for the little Halifax sufferers.

	Nkls.	Cts.
Previously acknowledged	755	$37.75
Elsie Urquhart, Hatfield Point	5	25
Margaret C. Sears, Centreville	2	10
Katherine Dickson, Moncton	1	5
Madge Fenwick, Millstream	1	5
Cora Kierstead, Canaan Forks	2	10
Dorothy Kierstead, Canaan Forka	2	10
Margaret Pierce, Bloomfield Station	1	5
Erma Pierce, Bloomfield Station	1	5
Gordon MacKay, Newcastle	2	10
Paul F. Smith, Middlesex	5	25
Grace Love, Point Wolfe	3	15
Verna Osburn, Penobsquis	5	25
Jean Daley, West Quaco	5	25
Etta Beaumont, Edgett's Landing	3	15
Clarence Beaumont, Edgett's Landing	2	10
Evelyn Steeves, Edgett's Landing	3	15
Ruby Elliott, Sisson Ridge	2	10
Albert Sparrow, Danville	2	10
Sadie Frame, Danville	2	10
Mary Belding, Chance Harbor	2	10
Lena Belding, Chance Harbor	5	25
Eva Belding, Chance Harbor	5	25
Cladys Belding, Chance Harbor	4	20
Ralph Belding, Chance Harbor	5	25
Clifford Belding, Chance Harbor	2	10
Muriel Thimpson, Chance Harbor	5	25
Hazen Thompson, Chance Harbor	5	25
Margney Thompson, Chance Harbor	10	50
Harry Wayne, Chance Harbor	5	25
Mildrew Wayne, Chance Harbor	5	25
Lizzie Tiner, Chance Harbor	5	25
Gertie Belding, Chance Harbor	5	25
Beatrice Belding, Chance Harbor	1	5
Jimmie Thompson, Chance Harbor	2	10
Mary Abbot, Chance Harbor	2	10
Arthur Abbot, Chance Harbor	2	10
Beatrice Nesbitt, Chance Harbor	2	10
Two children, Chance Harbor	4	20
Ermo Mawhunney, Chance Harbor	5	25
Louisa Mawhunney, Chance Harbor	5	25
Victor Thompson, Chance Harbor	5	25
Atha Hepburn, Chance Harbor	4	20
Stanley Hepburn, Chance Harbor	5	25
Vera Chaffey, Chocolate Cove	2	10
Gordon Leisson, Lissonville	5	25
Curtis Leisson, Lissonville	5	25
Faul Leisson, Lissonville	5	25
Phyllis Leisson, Lissonville	5	25
Mildred Folkins, Folkins P O	1	5
Elma Folkins, Folkins P. O.	1	5
Annie McCracken, Armstrong's Corner	1	5
George McCracken, Armstrong's Corner	1	5
Harry McCracken, Armstrong's Corner	5	25
Beverley Macaulay, Castalia	20	1.00
Herbert Macaulay, Castalia	20	1.00
Dorothy Smith, Ben Lomand	1	5
Gladys McKnight, Collina	2	10
Myrtle R. Tuckey, Belleisle Creek	1	5
Clara Akerley, Springfield	6	30
Irene Le Secord, Sackville	5	25
Marjorie A. Scribner, Smith	5	25
Dora Wilson, Harvey	5	25
Carrol Caulder, Fair Haven	2	10
Charlie Caulder, Fair Haven	2	10
Dyer Caulder, Fair Haven	2	10
Herbert Stover, Fair Haven	5	25
Muriel Thompson, Chance Harbor	5	25
Erma Mawhunney, Chance Harbor	5	25
Beverley Macaulay, Castalia	20	1.00
Herbert Macaulay, Castalia	20	1.00
Lewis Bustard, Mechanic's Sett	5	25
Leslie Bustard, Mechanic's Sett	5	25
Vera Brien, Moss Glen	2	10
Ina Brien, Moss Glen	2	10
Lillian Brien, Moss Glen	2	10
Vernon Brien, Moss Glen	2	10
McKeney Kiddies	10	50
Marion Porteous, City	1	5
Hazen Matthews, Sussex	3	15
A Pearl Jarden, Maple Glen	20	1.00
Melba Branscomb, Moncton	5	25
Minerva Olsen, Benjamin R.	1	5
Johnny Olsen, Benjamin R.	1	5
Lena Olsen, Benjamin R.	1	5
Glenna Logan, Rolling Dam Station	2	10
Donald ———, Middle Sackville	5	25
Ida Embletch, Harvey Sta.	2	10
Kenneth Simpson, Barnesville	3	15
Eva Whipple, City	5	25
Flo Hazen Holder, Lower Cambridge	5	25
Altha McNeil, Chocolate Cove	3	15
Douglas McNeil, Chocolate Cove	2	10
Fannie Tompkins, McDonald's Point	5	25
Nellie Sobey, Maple Glen	20	1.00
Total	1123	$56.15

TALES FOR KIDDIES

Once upon a time there was a Spanish hen who hatched some little chickens. Among them was a queer little chick. He had only one leg, one wing, one eye, and half a bill—he was a little Half-Chick. Now this little Half-Chick was very naughty and always wanted to have his own way. One day he said to his mother: "I'm going to Madrid to see the King."

"Don't do that," said his mother, "it wouldn't be safe at all." She begged and begged him to give it up, but he said:

"Nonesense, I want to go, and I will!" And away he went hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, as fast as he could go.

After he had travelled for quite a while he came to a Brook that was caught in some weeds. It was gurgling and choking, and it called out: "Little Half-Chick, come and help me, please come and help me."

"I have no time to bother with you, I am off to Madrid to see the King." And on he went hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, leaving the little Brook to choke if it must.

Farther on the little Half-Chick came to a fire which was smothered. It was trying so hard to burn, and when it saw the little Chick, it called out "Oh Little Half-Chick, Little Half-Chick, please come and help me."

The little Half-Chick tipped his little half bill in the air and said: "You are very foolish if you think I will take the time to bother with you. I'm off to Madrid to see the King." And off he went hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, leaving the poor Fire to smother.

When he had travelled a good way and was near Madrid, he passed a clump of bushes. In them the wind was caught fast. It was crying pitifully, and begging to be set free. The Little Half-Chick pretended not to hear.

"Oh, Little Half-Chick, Little Half-Chick, please come and help me!" the Wind called.

"The idea," said the Little Half-Chick. "Why should I bother with you? I'm off to Madrid to see the King." And on he went leaving the Wind held fast in the bushes.

At last he came to Madrid, and the courtyard of the King's palace. The cook was just leaning out of the kitchen window. When he saw the Little Half-Chick, he called out: "What luck, I was just wanting a chicken for the King's supper," and he seized the little chicken and threw it into a pot on the fire.

The water came up over the Little Half-Chick; it filled his eye, and choked him. "Oh Water, Water," he cried out. "Don't come up so high. Please don't drown me!"

But the water said: "Oh, Little Half-Chick, Little Half-Chick. You wouldn't help me when I was in trouble, and now I can't help you!" And the Water came up higher and higher.

Then the Water began to get very hot as the Fire crackled and burned underneath the pot. The Little Half-Chick danced up and down, and cried out, "Fire! Fire! please don't burn so hot! You'll burn me to death! Oh! stop!"

But the Fire said: "Oh, Little Half-Chick, Little Half-Chick, you wouldn't help me when I was in trouble, and now I can't help you." And the Fire burned hotter than ever.

Presently the cook took the lid off the pot and looked in. "Dear me," he said, "this chicken is burned black; it's not fit for the King." So he took the Little Half-Chick and threw him out of the window.

He was caught by the Wind and whirled around. He was bumped and thumped and blown this way and that. "Oh, Wind please don't blow me so hard," he begged.

But the Wind said: "Oh, little Half-Chick, little Half-Chick! You wouldn't help me when I was introuble, and now I can't help you!"

And the Wind blew him harder than ever. It tossed him up above the tree-tops, and finally blew him against the church steeple where he stuck.

And there he stands on his one little leg to this day. He turns when the Wind blows, and never gets his own way at all—he has to tell all the people which way the Wind is blowing.

Over one thousand nickels have been subscribed to the 5000 Nickel Fund. Is yours among that number?

Christina Tweedie—Delighted to have you as a member of the B. P. S., but there are no badges at the present moment. The best way to show that you are a member is by kindly deeds to the birds.

Hazel Carson—Delighted to know that you are enjoying tthe Children's Corner so much. What a nice writer you are.

The Stone Kiddies—Am glad to know that you have at last decided to join the Children's Corner, and I trust you will enjoy the stories, etc., in same. Write me again soon, as I am always pleased to have your letters.

Johnnie Keefe—To know that you find much pleasure in writing is much appreciated by me, and I trust that I will often receive notes form you. I also trust that you will continue to enjoy the Chats week by week.

John Thompson—Glad you thought the plan so good, and sent in a donation. I was delighted to have it.

Alice Stewart—Thanks for good wishes. I trust you have the same. I was pleased to have your donation.

Pearl Fisher—You must have had a great time at Christmas. You can sometimes make a better scrap book of brown paper than you can buy. I trust that you have a Happy New Year.

Margaret Randolph—It was quite all right sending the money without any coupon. So long as the names are signed there is no coupon required in connection with sending donations to the Halifax Fund.

One member of the Corner not only gave her own nickels but collected from others an amount of $5.00—one hundred nickels — What have you done?

Vera Chaffey—Very pleased to know that you are enjoying the Corner, and to have your donation to the Fund.

Dora Wilson—Yes, the others showed a very good example and I was very pleased to have the contributions from you, also to hear from you again.

Marjorie Schriver—Best wishes for your birthday. It was a good plan to think of the Halifax kiddies at that time. Very pleased to have your letter.

Irene Secord—No, the money will be used for school children who are needing assistance, according to the discretion of the Relief Committee at Halifax to whom the proceeds will be forwarded. I think your story was very good and I am giving it my attention. You appear to have had a great time at Christmas. A number of the kiddies called to see me. Write me again soon.

Clara Akerley—Yes, I got your donation safely, and was very pleased to have it. Thanks for the good wishes.

Myrtle Tuckey—Delighted to have you as a member of the Corner. The picture was quite nicely colored. Thanks for the donation.

Gladys McKnight—You appear to have been most fortunate at Christmas, of which I am pleased to hear. I trust that more of the kiddies will

A great many members of the Children's Corner have denied themselves of much, so as to assist in the raising of the 5000 nickels, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

write you.

Dorothy Smith—Best wishes for your birthday about which I am very pleased to hear in your letter.

Beverley MacAulay—Glad you had such excitement at Christmas, and that you did not forget the Corner in spite of it. Thanks for your good wishes and the donation.

Frances Roche—It was a most interesting incident you told me of, and I trust to publish the story as soon as possible.

Eva Belding—I consider that you did simply splendid Eva, and I wish that a few more of the kiddies had thought of collecting from where they live as you did. The $5.00 will go a long way towards assisting some poor little school child in Halifax, and you will have your reward in knowing of that.

Ruby Elliott—Delighted to have you as a member of the Corner, although no buttons are being given at present My address is simply, Uncle Dick, The Standard, St. John, N. B.

Evelyn Steeves—Yes, I received your donation safely, for which many thanks. I was also glad to have your good wishes.

Osburne—Very pleased to hear that Santa was so good to you. Write me again soon. I was very pleased to re-

Have you sent in your nickel towards the Halifax Fund Yet?

ceive your donation.

Gracie Tearo—Delighted to hear that your are enjoying the Children's Corner so much. What a number of pets you must have. Thanks for your donation and the good wishes.

Blanche McIntyre—I don't quite understand your letter Blanche! What makes you say that I won't fulfill your letter? Write me again soon and let me know.

George Duplisea—Your question as to the prizes was answered in last week's Corner. As to the two subscribers, they will be receiving their papers now. A big rush of business in one of our departments prevented attention earlier.

Archie McLeese—I think Mr. Kinney will be receiving his paper now, as it has been going for months to Back Bay, Charlotte Co. Let me know

Marion Pearson—I expect the two subscribers you refer to will now be receiving their papers.

Charlie Folkins — The subscribers you refer to will probably be receiving their papers all right now. If not let me know.

Erma Pierce—I think the necessary change will have taken place in connection with your papers. If not let me know, and I will look further into the matter.

Katherine Dickson—There was no prize offered in conection with this contest, Katherine, but you did very well in solving the puzzle. Thanks for your donation.

Annie Foshay—Why not write to any of the girls whose names you see mentioned. Gladys McKnight of Collina who is sick, would be very pleased to have letters from you, and to correspond with you.

Margaret Sears — Thanks for your letter in which that you state that you have enclosed three nickels. I have only been able to find two and have acknowledged same in another column

Elsie Urquhart—Glad you think the Fund is such a good idea, and to have your donation for same.

Gertrude Hemphill—The button was sent to you but it has apparently gone astray, and I am forwarding you another which I trust that you will receive all rght this time.

Norma Von Ritcher—You must be quite a little mother in your family now, even if you are only ten years of age. You are doing remarkable well at school. Write a story and let me see it.

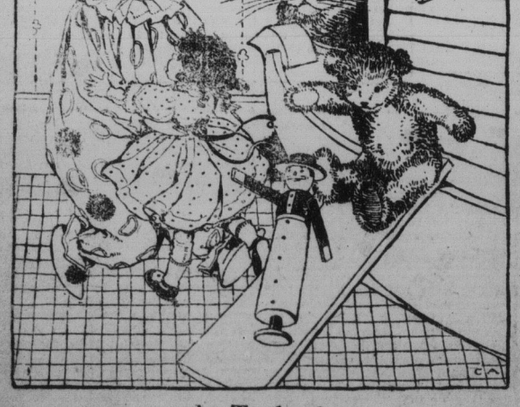
Myrna Smith — Glad you got the prize safely ad that you received it at just the right time.

Margaret Randolph — I was very pleased indeed to get your picture and most interesting letter, also to hear that you like your pendant so much. Thanks for good wishes. I trust that you will write me again soon.

Flora Loudoun—You raised a splendid amount of money for the Halifax Relief through your school concert. Yes, certainly you may join the Children's Corner. Very pleased to have you as a member.

McKenny Kiddies—Many thanks for your letter and the money for new subscribers paper, also 50 cents towards the Halifax Fund which I am acknowledging in the Corner this week. I think you are all doing splendidly in your district in this respect. I hope you will have success with your concert.

Something To Write About



In Toyland

stories to tell to his friends between supper time and bedtime, I mean—for when she went to bed, Tom Puss had to come in and watch for mice, but sometimes——! Can you guess what Tom Puss did sometimes at night when the clock struck twelve and what he saw when he reached—well—wherever he went. One night, the doll from Paris and the clown doll and the Teddy bear wanted very much to—there I almost told. You just see if you can think of what happened that night when Tom Puss went up-stairs.

Such a tale as Tom Puss had to tell one night to his friends whom he met the other side of the fence. He was supposed never to go upstairs you know—but he was a very gentlemanly cat and—well—perhaps you know more about his manners than I do. But anyway—the children upstairs—for of course there are children where there are toys, liked Tom Pussy very much and he used to go up the back stairs—oh—I mustn't tell you that—for the cook might find it out and then he never would have any more wonderful

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

UNCLE JOHN'S CONVERSION

By F. C. McD.

Biddy had an Uncle John, a great big jolly uncle, that the little girl loved with a very large portion of her childrish heart. But there was one thing about him that she neither liked or understood. Uncle John simply would not believe in fairies.

Biddy would sit on his lap for minutes at a time telling him all about her little friends; but he always laughed and pinched her cheek and said "Oh Biddy—you were dreaming." And nothing she could say or do would make him think otherwise.

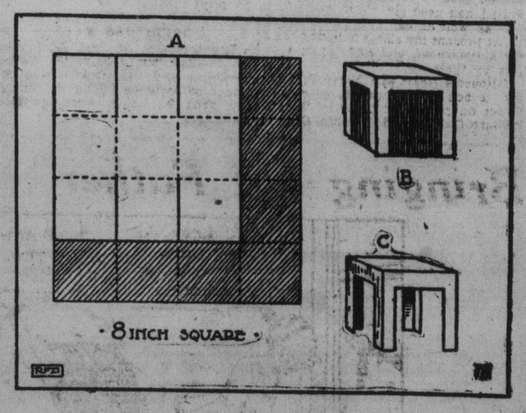
Biddy thought a great deal about it, and so one morning when the sun was nice and warm, she bundled up and put on her snowshoes and started out to the forest to find the fairy castle i the old hollow stump of the tree. It was quite a long journey but she knew if she could once reach it. The Fairy Queen would keep her in some way to make her uncle believe. She stopped many times and once her snowshoes came untied, and she was so tired she almost fell in a heap, trying to tie it up again. But by and by she arrived in the big forest. At first she did not know which way to go—but in a little while she spied the hollow stump, and she knew it right away by the happy, peaceful look about it. All the little paths around it were nicely shoveled and tiny red sleds and little red shovels were stacked neatly against it. Biddy wished the fairies would all come out and play with her.

But what bothered her now was—how was she ever going to get into the castle? She looked in every direction thinking there might be a stray fairy about—but she did not see any, and she was just going to give it up and go home again, when she saw a little bird up in the pine tree, close by. It twittered three times, and as Biddy understood bird language she knew it meant for her to rap three times gently on the side of the stump—and when she did so, a door slid back, and there stood Bright Wing! Of course it waved a wand and Biddy got small enough to enter, and then they went as fast as they could to the Queen, who welcomed her with open arms. And all the other little fairies were so glad to see her that there was great rejoicing.

Then she told about her Uncle John, and of how it grieved her because he did not believe in fairies, and of how it spoiled half the fun in everything for her.

(Continued Next Week.)

Something To Cut And Paste



A Dolly's Table

Can you make this table? It is very easily done. Here are the directions.

Do you see Fig. A? How many small squares, are there in the large one, which is eight inches on each side? You can make these squares by folding the top edge of your large square to meet the bottom edge. Now fold it again the same way, and you will have three lines across your square when you open the folds. Next fold the left edge to meet the right edge. Fold again, and when you open, you will have three lines which run up and down, dividing your large square into many smaller square. Cut away the shaded parts in Fig. A. Cut on the heavy lines and fold on the dotted lines. Paste the sides and you will have a box which looks like Fig. B. Cut away the shaded parts, as drawn on the sides of the box. Now your figure looks like Fig. C, and stands on firm legs. If you use heavy, strong paper in making this, you will find that the legs will not bend. Some tables can be made by having four small square to form the top.

THE HOME THE WORLD

Here are Related Fa Activities of Indi Home, Fashions a

LIFE MEMBERSHIP PRESENTED TO REGENT MRS. E. A. SMITH

Good Meeting of Royal Standard Chapter I. O. D. E.—Excellent Reports Received—Much Patriotic Work Accomplished.

A largely attended meeting of the Royal Standard Chapter, I.O.D.E., was held at their rooms, Germain street, on Thursday evening. After the reading of the minutes the treasurer's report was given showing $893.83 in the returned soldier's fund and $557.87 in the general fund.

Letters of thanks were read from Major Hooper, Mr. Matthews, Miss Green, Major Wetmore, Mr. Bennett and Mr. H. J. Evans. A letter was received from Capt. Kirkpatrick asking for mitts for the Canadian Forestry unit. This brought a response from the chapter of 25 dozen pairs and it was decided to make a special appeal to increase the number, for the life of a pair of mitts is a very short one.

It was unamiously voted to make a donation of $25 towards the expenses of the Soldier's Club and the secretary was asked to write a note expressing the warm thanks of the chapter for the use of the building for the peddlars fair. The chapter also expressed their willingness to assist the Military Y.M.C.A. in their work.

Mrs. Peters reported that Christmas cheer in the form of turkeys, nuts, raisins and apples had been sent to the Military Hospital, the Discharge Depot, the Composite Battery, the Home Guard and the Epidemic Hospital.

The committee appointed to look after the chapter's ward in the Military Hospital (Mrs. J. F. Fraser, Mrs. F.A. Peters and Miss Travers), reported that they had filled twelve pairs of hand-knitted socks with gifts for the patients and had supplied greening and Christmas trimming for the ward, all of which had been much appreciated.

Plans for the meeting of the Provincial Chapter to be held next Tuesday in the Union Club were then brought up. Mrs. Fraser reported having thanked all generous doners to the fund for dinners for the 26th. Over $1,100 had been cabled to Major Mackenzie in time for Christmas.

Several ladies present pledged them-

AWFUL ATTACKS OF HEART TROUBLE

EASED BY SECOND DOSE OF

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

One of the first danger signals announcing something wrong with the heart is the irregular beat or violent throb. Often there is only a fluttering sensation, or an "All-gone" sinking feeling, or, again you may experience a smothering sensation, gasp for breath and feel as though about to die.

In such cases the action of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills in quieting the heart, restoring its normal beat and imparting tone to the nerve certres, is beyond question, marvellous.

Mrs. Frank Arseneau, Newcastle, N. B., writes: "I had awful attacks of heart trouble for the past five or six years, and as I had tried many kinds of medicine without getting any better, I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and to my surprise I found ease from the second dose. I continued taking them until I had used six boxes, and now I feel as well as can be.

"At present my sister is taking them for nervousness, and finds great comfort by their use."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Bringing Up F