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e Standard, St. John, N. B.

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Weekly Chat

Dear Boys and Girls:—

Many are the regrets amongst you all, I suppose, as the holidays draw so near the finish. To some of you it seems just like two or three weeks since you joyfully carried the books home and threw them on a closet shelf with a big sigh of relief; thankful indeed that school was over. To others it may seem like a long, long time since the closing day and you may be delighted at the prospect of school opening again. In the latter group I imagine there are very few but still I can quite believe there are some with just such feelings in their little minds. However, kiddies, no matter just what your personal feelings are in the case you must admit the facts as they exist. The holidays have lasted many weeks and they are over and whats the use of fussing or frowning, you know very well that all play and no work would make Jack a dull boy. So it is up to you to show your good side and be cheerful, thankful for the perfect freedom, the outdoor sports, the pleasant outings, the blessed warm sunshine and the dozens of good frolics you have had and make up your minds that now you must settle down a little anyway and prepare for greater work as the term advances. The little short holidays which come at the different seasons give you something pleasant to look forward to all the time. So what's the use of worrying chums, go back to school with happy hearts and faces and show your gratitude for the eight weeks' rest from study by entering into the new grade with fresh vigor and interest. You probably know better than anyone else the weak spots of last year's school work, so they are the things which need your special attention and must be brushed up a little more, than the subjects which you were strong in.

Make good resolutions too, and better still, carry them through in regard to your deportment. Always keep in mind that one disturber or troublesome pupil can ruin the work of the whole school room. You wouldn't be that one I am sure, for it would be most unfair to all the other pupils who are doing their best in work and behaviour. Then most important of all think of your teacher. The one who can do so much or so little to help you according to your own attitude, indeed if you are a disturber the teacher must do a great deal less for every one in the school room, because of you. So little boys and girls of mischief think well of these things at the beginning of the term do not allow what you may think is harmless fun to enter the studious atmosphere to such an extent that it causes annoyance to pupils or instructors. You would be doing a grave injustice to yourself as well as to all those about you, if you do. One of the most important lessons which everyone must learn kiddies, is obedience to laws. No matter how young or how old we are, we are always subject to laws, whether they be of health, society, school, home or state. So you cannot expect to be an exception in the world, can you?

Just now, I think it is up to you little folk to find out the laws of the school and see how well you can obey them, then as you grow older it will not be hard for you to become a law abiding citizen. Here's good luck to all the friends who start the fall term of '19. May you be fit and ready to work well and steady. As ever yours,

UNCLE DICK.

Birthday Greetings

We wish many happy returns to the following boys and girls whose birthdays come within the next week:

Willie McCaw, Millidge Ave.
Ida McKnight, Marrtown.
Greta Anderson, Renforth.
Marjorie Hyslop, Riverside, A. Co.
Pearl Ward, Highfield.
Muriel Sharp, Sussex.
Florence Noonan, City.
A. Marion Innis, Norton.
Hilda Carlisle, Second Falls.
Emma Geldart, Parkindale.
Herbert Hansford, Belleisle Sta.
Dorothy Darrah, City.
Stanley Bremner, Chatham.
Yula Dennison, Kentville, N. S.
Maurice Dalton, City.
Murray Farnham, St. Stephen.
Cola Carr, Debec.
Leva Matchett, Sunny Brae.
Helen Olive, City.
Dorothy Blanchard, Perry's Point.
Cora Park, Fairvale.
Edna Heffer, Sussex.
Eva Dixon, Sackville.
Eileen Williams, City.
Sidney Torrance, St. Stephen.

A sergeant was so much given to using bad language on the parade grounds that some of the men complained, and the C. O. interviewed him, and told him not to let it happen again.

The following morning the sergeant was in charge of a very ragged squad and after keeping silence for con-

One little flower to a living man is worth more than a wagon load of floral emblems to a dead one.

Cut out the picture on all four sides. Then carefully fold dotted line 1 its entire length. Then dotted line 2, and so on. Fold each section underneath accurately. When completed turn over and you'll find a surprising result. Save the pictures.

Answers To Letters

JERRY S.—Pleased indeed to get your nice long letter and to hear all about your good times. The members dritt around so much in summer that they have lots of experiences to write about.

MARION G.—Too had you missed the celebration Marion, but never mind there are lots of good times ahead for you young folk. Yes, the busy days will soon be here again. Write me again.

GERALD M.—What a fine writer you are getting to be. I am always interested in all the fellows belonging to the C. C. and in the organizations to which they belong. I wish there were troops everywhere so that every boy might be a Scout. Indeed I think the boy living in the country needs it fully as much as the city chap.

GEORGE H.—You seem to be a busy bee alright and I am sure you have not many idle moments to account for. Hope your carpentry work turns out a success. It is fine for boys to learn how to use all sorts of tools while they are young for they never know when such knowledge may be most useful.

LAWRENCE D.—So you are enjoying your holidays too, that is fine for a fellow can do all the better work at school when he has had a nice change and better still a nice time during the vacation.

NORAH S.—Thanks for the words of appreciation, it is natural for everyone to enjoy them, especially when given voluntarily, as yours were. I am quite interested in your garden, and its success. Perhaps it is better to have the wet weather now after the gardens are so far advanced. Write again some day.

ANOTHER MISS MUFFET

(By Myra Kenton Lowden.)

Dolores was afraid of the spiders. She called the spinners of the pretty webs "horrid things." Dolores ran every time she saw a spider, just as the rhymes say Miss Muffet did. You can guess how much Dolores was like her if you will read this verse:

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
Along came a spider and sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

One fine summer day as Dolores played in the yard with her dolls, she cried out and ran to the kitchen.

"Oh, mother!" she shouted, "there's a something in my hair. Please take it out."

And what do you guess mother took from her little girl's pretty hair? It was a big brown spider. Dolores jumped up and down because she was afraid.

"Kill him, mother, kill him!" she yelled. "Is he gone? Step on him before he hides."

Mother smiled. Her little girl, jumping up and down upon the back porch like a wild Indian, seemed so funny. Then she told Dolores:

"Perhaps the spider thought your hair was some new silken web. He did not hurt you, and we should not harm him. He has his duty in the world just as we have ours."

Mother had some news for Dolores the next morning. The spider had built a broad web in a corner of the porch. It was round like a wheel and had wonderful spokes like silk.

"Oh, mother!" cried Dolores as she looked at the spider's house, "I know what he has done. He saw our fly-traps, and because we did not hurt him last night he will help us catch flies."

And just at that moment a fly shot into the web. Mother and Dolores watched the big fellow come out and wrap the fly into a white shroud.

When father came home from work Dolores told him all about the spider, then added:

"Mrs. Lange wanted mother to tear down the web. She said it did not look very nice on the porch, but mother said he's the best fly-trap we have. And he is, too, because he has caught almost a hundred."

But.

The modern practice of giving boys lines to write in lieu of corporal punishment does not find favour with the headmaster of a certain school. His ideas of discipline, in school and out of it, are enforced with a cane, or with anything else that happens to lie handy.

One of his pupils on one occasion went home to his father and bitterly complained of a severe thrashing. The master, he said, had broken a branch from an oak in the playground, and struck him several times with it across the shoulders.

"Pooh! my boy, that's nothing," said the lad's father. "Do you want to be wrapped in cotton-wool? I was a pupil under old W—— myself, when he was a deal younger and stronger than he is now, and he often thrashed me with branches from that self-same oak tree. But you don't suppose I ran home to my parents with my finger in my eye, crying, do you?"

"No, father, I don't," returned the lad, suppressing his tears, "but you must bear in mind that the tree's grown a bit since then."

Reasoned Out.

He was Irish by birth and a bricklayer's laborer by profession. But his one pet hobby was to lean on his hod and comment on the people who passed along the busy thoroughfare.

The cry of "Mortar, mortar," could be heard several times before he answered the call.

"Come," said the foreman severely, chancing upon Pat at one of the moments when he was enjoying a rest. "Why don't you attend to your mate's call, and keep him going?"

"Shure, now," said Pat, shifting his feet and turning one of his broad smiles upon the foreman, "if I was to kape him goin', he wouldn't have sorra a thing to say at all; an' if he didn't sing out sometimes how would I know if he was there? An' if he wasn't there, what would he be wantin' of me therry for, sorr?"

And Pat marched off with his hod, leaving the foreman not convinced, but certainly confused by this remarkable exhibition of the working of a logical mind.

To Trap the Special Train

The Amazing Secret the Priory Held.

Tinkle ting! Tingle ting!

The waiting crowd on the little platform of Picksford Station turned expectantly, and the stationmaster disappeared into his office to receive the telephone message.

The official quickly returned.

"That special train will be here in seven minutes now, gentlemen!" he announced; "she has just passed through Wrexhill."

"Hooray!" responded Farmer Rodd. Then, addressing the rest of those who waited there—"see to it, everyone, that Picksford gives Rupert Grayling a hearty greeting as he passes thro ugh!"

There was a murmur of assent. Young George Holker, a lad from the village, laughingly replied:

"You can trust us to cheer right enough, Mr. Rodd, seemg that we've come here at eleven o'clock at night for that purpose!"

"Rather!" agreed the policeman's son, Tom Coles; "but I cant say that I rightly understand about this Honorable Mr. Grayling who we're waiting to see; I don't quite know why he's so famous."

There was a general laugh at this avowal of ignorance, but good-humored Farmer Rodd promptly tried to make the matter clear to Tom.

"Perhaps you've heard of such things as big trusts, my boy," he said, "and, whether you understand about 'em or not, you can take it from me that they're no good to any country. Anyhow, there has just come along a millionaire—billionaire, as may be!—with a scheme to grab all the English farms he can with a view to forming a big farming trust. What would that mean? Why, to the small farmer, it would mean ruination!"

"That's it, that's it!" chimed in some others—"ruination!"

"But this millionaire," continued the farmer—"whose name is Katterley—Cyrus Katterley—hasn't had his way yet, and if there's one man to stop him it's the Honorable Rupert Grayling, M. P."

"Ay, he's the man—Grayling's the man!" shouted the rest.

"Rupert Grayling's a politician the country might well be proud of," went on Farmer Rodd. "Directly he heard of the new trust scheme he drew up a cleverly-planned Bill which will make it practically impossible, and this Bill will come before next Parliament. Meanwhile, he's going up and down the country lecturing—explaining what a rogue's game this proposed Katterley Trust is!

"For the past two months he's been billed to speak at Exeter tonight, and I'm only sorry that I couldn't go to hear him myself. Still, the special train which takes him back to London will be through here in a minute or so now, and——"

Crash!

The villagers swung round. Something had fallen in the little waiting-room behind them—hurled in through a window on the other side! What was it? Everyone rushed to see.

"A paper of some sort!" cried the station-master, getting in first and swiftly plucking a weighted object from the scattered bits of glass. "Why, what freak of madness is this?"

The paper, being opened, provided an extraordinary answer. The following was its typwritten message:

"To the People of Pickford:—

"If you wait for the Hon. Rupert Grayling, M. P., you wait in vain. Grayling by his anti-Trust campaign has won the sympathy of millions; but do not forget that Cyrus Katterley can also possess some staunch adherents.

"We shall prove this tonight in a scientific feat which will stagger the world. Rupert Grayling's single engine and coach, between the village stations of Wrexhill and Picksford, will be stopped; all those who are travelling by the special will be promptly transferred to an impregnable hiding place far away, and the special will be instantly destroyed.

"Destroyed, remember—utterly and completely! At our disposal we have a new discovery, a deadly and decomposing gas. This, applied as we apply it, is literally capable dissolving into thin air the largest and hardest of substances, metallic or otherwise, no matter how largely massed!

"Do not stay to scoff at this, but seek at once for the Grayling special train. Your immediate search will prove our claims. Twelve minutes ago that special was speeding through Wrexhill; at this moment it does not exist. It has been wiped out!"

CHAPTER II.

Surely no other missive, no matter how strangely or weirdly delivered, had ever before set forth so startling a message! The crowd gasped, but before a word was spoken the telephone bell rang violently.

With fingers that wavered, the station-master grasped the receiver.

"Who's there?" he muttered.

"Wrexhill Station," came the agitated reply. "I—I say, has that special passed through yet?"

"No; and we have just had a typewritten paper declaring—"

"You've had one!" cried the Wrexhill official—"well, I've had one, too! Pitched through skylight here by goodness knows who! Hoax or not, we must see to this sharp. Beat up a party of men and send 'em along the line towards here at once. I'll send another lot to meet them. Hurry up!"

The last injunction was not needed, for practically everyone there turned out of the room at once, and, led by Farmer Rodd, jumped off the platform and started up the single line towards Wrexhill. It was a clear moonlight night, so that lanterns were quite unnecessary.

Little was said, but all were intently eager. A mile was soon accomplished, another, a little more—and then was heard an approaching clatter of footsteps. The Picksford party pressed forward—to be met in a few minutes by the other band from Wrexhill! So they were forced to believe it now; the Grayling special had indeed disappeared!

Messengers were sent back to the two stations with the news, and the others then agreed to part company and hunt individually along the hedges and trenches bordering the railroad. Right through the night this continued and at dawn crowds of others came from the two villages to assist.

The alarming affair had happened on Thursday night; and Farmer Rodd, going home at nine o'clock on Friday morning, utterly wearied out, found another and a more personal trouble awaiting him.

(Continued next week.)

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Smile Kiddies, Smile

"Who's 'e?"

A tall gentleman in morning attire, looking like a country squire, was accosted by a one-armed beggar. He looked the latter over and then kindly said:

"How did you lose your arm, my man?"

"Well, it's like this, sir," was the reply. "The last time I went to sea, we was caught in a cyclone off Cape 'Orn. The ship went over on her beam-ends, so the cap'en, 'e orders me and Jim to go out on the yardarm to keelhaul the bo-sprit, an' ter splice the jib-boom to the mainmast. I was a-'angin' on to the top-gallant rattins, when Jim suddenly let go 'is end, an' I was pitched forty feet into the hold, an' broke my arm."

The gentleman laughed, but gave him nothing, and said as he went on his way:

"That's a capital yarn. You ought to have been a sailor."

The discomfited beggar watched his late interrogator with a malevolent expression, then saw a crossing-sweeper touch his hat most politely to him.

Going up to the sweeper afterwards, the one-armed swindler said:

"Who's 'e, when 'e's at 'ome?"

"Him!" replied the sweeper. "Don't you know who that is? Why, that's Admiral B——"

Up-to-date.

In Moscow (says a traveller) I saw a little child crying miserably one afternoon. He walked slowly down one of the principal streets, and his howls and gestures of despair soon brought a big crowd around him.

"What is the matter, my child? What troubles you?" everyone said.

The boy paused finally. He looked at the crowd which he had caused to assemble. Then, lifting up his voice, he shouted in a shrill treble:

"I am lost. WIH somebody please take me home to Ivan Troubetapoy, the champion clothier, who has just got in his new stock of winter overcoats, suits, neckties, shirts, hats, and umbrellas, which he will sell cheaper than any one else in the city."

As Put.

They were as sociable a set of passengers as ever sailed together, and talking and laughter were going on merrily when they sat down to the first dinner aboard.

Suddenly there came a terrific uproar from the neighborhood of the forecastle. The sailors had been a trifle too merry before starting, and were now engaged in pummelling each other for all they were worth. The first officer rose from the table to go and quell the disturbance, and in a few moments all was quiet.

"Things seem smoother now, Mr. Parger," said the captain approvingly, when the mate returned.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "I've just ironed some of the crew, sir!"

Fond Mother: "What do you think baby will be when he grows up?"

Exasperated Father: "I don't know. Town crier, most likely."

Parson: "Always speak well of your neighbors."

Mrs. Ginham: "I do! And yet I assure you she is one of the most detestable creatures on earth!"

Puzzles

Word Square.
One.

(a)—A harbor.
(b)—A state.
(c)—A grain.
(d)—Ten parts of the body.

Two.
A Railway Puzzle.

What are the following stations found on the I. C. R. between St. John and Moncton, and between Sackville and Campbellton

1.—Where boys like to be—to ring—a heavy weight.
2.—A Frenchman's little elbow.
3.—A chilly stream.
4.—In flower—where hay grows.
5.—Canada's emblem—a little river.
6.—A place of learning—a crossing.
7.—Something to burn and part of a tree.
8.—Not very old. A king's home.

Three.
Familiar Allusions.

What is meant by each of the following popular expressions:

1.—Albion.
2.—The Angelus.
3.—Arch of Triumph.
4.—Bard of Avon.
5.—John Barleycorn.
6.—Bastile.
7.—Black Prince.
8.—Defender of the Faith.
9.—Downing Street.
10.—The High Seas.

Four.

I'm always rather thin, and often slim;
I have a back, but neither head nor limb;
And, oddly, I have teeth, yet do not bite;
I serve both boy and girl, both man and beast.
The good the bad, the greatest and the least—
I smooth the rough, and set the crooked right.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

Riddles in Rhyme—Clouds.
Hidden Words—Children's Page.
An Ad. Game—1, Ad-dress; 2, Ad-here; 3, Ad-join; 4, Ad-judge; 5, Ad-just; 6, Ad-mire; 7, Ad-ore; 8, Ad-verse.
Jumbled Trees—So many of these names were incorrectly printed last week, that no one could guess the right names.

TREES.

Why are the apple trees friendly?
Why must the elms be proud?
What makes the maples so noisy?
Why do they jostle and crowd?

Why are the willows unhappy?
Why are the oaks so old?
Why are the birches so merry?
Why are the firs so cold?

What makes the poplars so timid,
Trembling their leaves in the sun?
What sets the spruces a sighing?
What have their poor bodies done?

Trees are like people, I fancy,
Or people like trees, one may say,
For they are as funny as we are,
And we are as funny as they.
—By Martha B. Thomas.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE CHRYSALIS.

"What a very ugly picture!"
Said a vain young Butterfly,
When he visited his friend Professor Mouse.
"I really never saw a thing
So positively plain;
I wouldn't have it hanging in my house."
Then he flew a little closer,
And he peered at it again—
"Who is the ugly wretch, Professor, who?"
"In the early days of summer,
Not so very long ago,
I fancy," the Professor said, "'twas you!"
—Lillian Holmes.

He Caught It.

The youth dashed down the street after the retreating tramcar.

Every muscle was strained, his breath came in quick gasps, the beads of moisture stood out upon his forehead. His feet were working like the pedals on a bicycle.

"I'll—catch—that—tramcar," he gasped, "or die!"

Faster went the tramcar. Faster went the pursuer. He knocked down children in his wild career. He collided with a bassinette. He drew nearer to the car. Nearer yet. He reached out his hand. He touched the rail on the rear platform. He gave one last convulsive effort. He was on the car. He sank breathless into a seat and mopped his brow. The conductor touched him on the shoulder.

"Git off," said the conductor. "We're a-goin' to the stables. No more cars tonight!"

"Did you see that lovely young girl waiting there in the lobby, with the pretty brown dress and furs?" asked hubby as he entered their taxi.

"What! That frowsy thing with the false puffs, enamelled face, gold-teeth, home-made dress, imitation mink furs, and torn gloves? No, I didn't notice her at all."

Baby Bear Stories

BY NELL MINOR.

BABY BEAR'S BROWNIE.

The Three Bears lived on Story Book Island and, of course, fairies, brownies, and elves lived on that island, too, but fairies are very shy little people and even Baby Bear seldom saw them.

Mother Bear had a great deal of work to do in the little brown house, keeping it neat and clean, cooking the meals and helping to store up food for the winter. One day she said: "I wish a good little Brownie would come to live in our house. Brownies love to play kind jokes on their friends and if one lives in your house, he makes beautiful surprises for you, such as sweeping the floor, or making the beds, or filling the wood-box—always when you are not looking. It is very lucky to have a brownie in the house."

Baby Bear heard and he thought in his wise little head: "I will find a brownie for Mother Bear and ask it please to come and live in our little brown house."

He went out into the woods and hunted and hunted for a brownie. He looked in the curled up leaves and in the pretty pink shells by the silver pond. He peeked into the flower cups and climbed trees to look into birds' nests. He poked under toad stools and in tiny caves in the woods. He had seen a great many brownies at other times, but when he wanted one so very, very much not one was to be found.

He had decided that he could not help Mother Bear and she would be disappointed when such a happy thought popped into his little brown head that he clapped his soft little paws and danced for joy.

"I'll be a brownie my own self. I'll be Mother Bear's own good little brownie."

He ran up the winding wood path and when he reached his own home he saw that Mother Bear was outdoors hunting for berries. He slipped into the house and such a busy little bear as he was for a few minutes.

Pretty soon Mother Bear came with a basket of berries for supper. She stopped in the doorway and looked about in surprise. Some one had worked in the little brown house, the kettle was bubbling and singing.

The table was set for supper and not one thing was mussed up or out of place in the cosy little room.

"Who's been in my kitchen?" she asked in her middle sized bear's voice.

Bay Bear tried to look very sober, but his little black eyes twinkled as he said: "I think it was a brownie. You wished for a brownie, Mother Bear."

"I should like to thank that good little brownie. Will you please find him and tell him that he helped me a great deal and I just love him?" said Mother Bear, and she took Baby Bear in her arms and gave him a big bear hug.

"Yes, I'll tell him," answered Baby Bear, with his arms about Mother Bear's neck.

When Father Bear came home that night his comfy chair was drawn up by the fire; his foot stool was waiting and his pipe ready to be smoked.

"Who brought all my things out for me?" he asked in his big bear voice. "Was it you, Mother Bear?"

Mother Bear shook her head.

"Do you know who it was, Baby Bear?" he asked.

"It was the brownie," Baby Bear answered in his funny little bear voice just full of laughs and giggles.

"I wish some one would thank that brownie for me. Suppose you hunt him up, Sonny Cub," said Father Bear, patting Baby Bear on the top of his little woolly head.

That good little brownie just settled down and lived in the little brown house with the Three Bears. Every day he filled the wood box and sometimes he brought in water and swept the floor and he was always on the lookout for jolly little kind surprise jokes to play on Mother Bear and Father Bear.

If you don't know on which side of your biscuit the butter is, drop it; the top side will be butterless.

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

Any boy or girl under sixteen years of age may join by sending in his or her name, address, birthday and age. For convenience the coupon printed below will be found occasionally on our page and may be filled out and mailed along with your letter to Uncle Dick, care of The Standard.

I wish to become a member of the Children's Corner.

My Name is .....

Address .....

Birthday .....

I was born in the year 19...