Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Weekly Chat

My Dear Young Friends:—

What a lot of nice things you have written me about last week's chat. It does make one feel good to know when their efforts are appreciated and little did I think that the "doings" of the little busy bees would be so new and interesting to you. Don't forget the many lessons which their habits and system can teach us. Indeed many and perhaps nearly all of our dumb friends could teach us many valuable lessons if we would but learn. They know what they know from instinct and why should we not know much better and clearer than they the right and wrong from instinct too. If little folks just asked their inner selves when they were doubtful about their words and actions, I believe they could always find the answer to direct them in the right paths. We do not want to think that the dumb friends have better judgment than we and yet we are very ready to excuse our mistakes by saying "I did not know, "No one ever told me that was wrong" or "How was I to know?"

Well, perhaps some people do want others to even think for them, but next time when trying to decide between right and wrong in words or deeds try asking the inner self and see how wisely you are able to answer the little problems of every day life. No doubt that many of you are looking forward to seeing the very distinguished visitor which our province is to have very soon. I surely trust that many of you will have the privilege of seeing the Prince of Wales for in the years to come when that young man becomes our King you will be very proud to be able to say that you saw him. Just as some of you have parents or relations who are able to boast of having seen our King George or the late King Edward. As the Prince of Wales was so closely associated with the Canadian corps on the battlefields of Europe during the late war, he seems much nearer to us than the other Royal visitors who have come here before him. I think many of our soldiers must feel that he really belongs to the Canadians and I have no doubt that his Royal Highness would appreciate that kinship of feeling amongst us. So if any of our members have the opportunity of entering into the celebration of welcome, I hope they will consider it a great privilege to assist in every way possible. The older you fortunate helpers grow the more you will realize the great opportunity it was to help on such a memorable occasion.

Yours as ever,
UNCLE DICK.

PUZZLES AND ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

One.

Although you may not be very large, yet you carry on your body—

1.—What Napoleon wished to leave his son?
2.—Two coverings for the head?
3.—Two established measures?
5.—Two coverings of kettles?
6.—The house of parliament when a vote is taken?

Two.
Word Square.

1.—A place we all want to claim.
2.—With the voice.
3.—What we are all pleased to get.
4.—A girls' name.

Three.

Fill in the spaces of each sentence with three words which are pronounced the same ,though differently spelled:

1.—I need a —— of hands to —— a nice ripe ——.
2.—It is quite —— to —— down the addresses given at a ——.
3.—Some —— think that a fine day is —— us where there is —— on the ground.
4.—To —— as boss of the —— demands skill after a ——.

XIV.

My 'first' is made of a million,
And a million times a billion,
Yes, more than ever you reckoned,
Of the small things that are my 'second.'

My 'second' are round and shiny,
And sometimes, too, they are briny—
The Briny kind roll down faces,
And the ancients caught them in vases.

My 'whole' in a drouth bring gladness,
In seasons of wet bring sadness—
They flood the lowlands and cellars,
And open ten thousand umbrellas.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.
1—Quotation.

How poor are they that have not patience.

2.—Cherry-Tree.

3.—Bowl, tumbler, toast, goose, bowl, beans, cod, roast, cream, peas, spoon, plate.

Moving Picture Funnies

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

GERALD R.—It does seem like a very long time since I had a letter from you so this late one was very much appreciated. What a help you have been in haying time and I am sure the work has seemed like good sport, too.

MARGARET H.—Such a nice letter you sent me Margaret and thanks for so many kind words about the C. C. I surely hope you will continue to enjoy it. Yes, any of your friends may join our club.

FLORENCE H.—That must have been a very successful party which you gave to your chums. How about improving your writing next term? It must be heaps of fun riding horse back with such a good old horse as Fred.

JACK R.—You should enjoy that outing you described for this week, very much, I believe Tige, will be very useful too for when dogs are well trained they can help out a lot on camping trips. Yes, I certainly can promise you a contest by autumn if not sooner.

GORDON A.—Sorry not to be able to answer your questions Gordon, hope to help you out better next time. What a good thing you rescued that nest in time and how grateful that mother bird must have felt toward you.

HELEN G.—Such a newsy letter as you do write and all so well worded and written, I should like to see those pets you have so much fun with.

WALTER B.—I hope all the kiddies enjoy the page as you say you do. Yes, the bees are very interesting things to study and I am glad so much of that chat was new to you.

PRIZE STORIES

What do our kiddies think of these two stories? They took second and third prizes in Upper Canada in a kiddies' contest. Could our Club members do as well or better?

(Second Prize.)
FOR BEING PATIENT.

Twelve-year-old Jean was very disappointed. A few days ago the postman had brought a letter from their Aunt Annette inviting her brothers and sisters to spend the Easter holidays with her in her home in New York. Jean had never been in New York and she longed to see the many sights and enjoy the happy time that her brothers and sisters would have, but she was crippled and could not make the journey.

She thought that if she was patient surely something nice would happen to her.

The holidays passed slowly, and she was very lonely, but at last they were at an end.

One day, about a week after school had started, Jean was looking out of the window watching her brothers play marbles, when the express wagon stopped at the gate and the man lifted down a big box and came toward the house with it. Jean wondered what could be in it, and her brothers did, too, for they ran to the house.

Through the slats of the box a small collie dog polked her nose and when their father had opened it the dog ran straight to Jean as if to let her read the words on the card attached to his collar. Jean read: "To Jean, for being patient during the holidays. From Aunt Annetta."

Jean was glad that she had missed the journey to New York, because it had only lasted a week, but the collie dog would last many years and be company for her.

—Florence Walker, aged 11.

(Third Prize.)
JEAN'S ACT OF KINDNESS.

It was Easter Sunday. Jean came home from Sunday School with a worried look on her usually smiling face.

Her teacher had been telling the class about the need of food and clothing for the Armenian children. Jean always liked to help a good cause, so she decided to send to them the five dollars which she had received as a birthday present on her twelfth birthday. She gathered together her cast-off clothing and placed it with the five dollars in a large box.

Whilst taking it to the Armenian headquarters on her brother's artillery waggon she found an expensive gold watch. She took it home and asked her mother what to do with it. Her mother said that it would likely be advertised as lost in the evening newspaper.

This turned out to be the case. Jean returned it to the owner who gave her five dollars as a reward. She was delighted with her good fortune, as she now was able to buy the collie dog upon which she had set her heart.

Next morning the postman brought her a letter from her aunt, asking her to come and spend the remainder of her holidays with her at her lakeside home. Jean accepted the invitation, and after a pleasant journey arrived at her aunt's home. During the visit Jack (which she had named her dog) rescued a child from drowning. The child's parents bought Jean a splendid collar and leash for her dog. Upon the name-plate of the collar was inscribed:

"A token of gratitude to brave Jack. Easter, 1919."

—Muriel Arthur, age 13 years.

A well-known nobleman was entertaining at dinner a distinguished party. The dinner went on admirably. Nothing marred the general enjoyment save the silly talk of one young man.

This youth seemed bent upon monopolising the conversation. He insisted on talking about himself—about his books, his work, his sports. Finally he jumped to his feet.

"Her," he said, "I must show you all my new cuff links. I got them this morning. They are malachite."

And he passed from one guest to another, exhibiting the buttons, which were neither beautiful nor costly, nor in any way out of the ordinary.

"Malachite," he kept repeating. "Genuine malachite."

The nobleman watched the young man's progress with a gleam in his eye. When the links reached him, he touched them with his finger, and drawled:

"Ah, malachite, eh? It is a handsome stone. I have always liked it. I have a mantelpiece of it in the next room."

The Powerful Katrinka Was Told That If She Blew Out All the Candles in One Blow She Would Have Good Luck For a Year.

A PRIZE ESSAY

A STORY OF LONDON BOARDING SCHOOL LIFE

"I wouldn't endure it if I were you, Grace."

"If you were me you would have to endure it," Grace replied.

Grace Halliday was a tall slender girl of about fifteen, with a clear, well-cut face, pale and thoughtful. There was a quivering about the sensitive lips now, and then soft hazel eyes were filled with tears as she stood talking to her friend in the comfortless little room she called her own.

Both girls were pupil at a fashionable boarding-school in the West-end of London, where the higher education was afforded; its circular recorded the names of former pupils who had graduated at Oxford and Cambridge.

"I can't see why Madam should stop you from competing," went on the younger gal, indignantly. "Unless, indeed, she wants Selina Dixon to get the prize."

"That may be one reason, no doubt, Elsie; but the chief one is, that I am not a profitable pupil," and she gave a little hysterical laugh. "You know my dear mother is a widow, and she has made a great effort to give me an education, so that I may be able to make by living by keeping a school like this, after I take my degree. But mine shall not be like this; it shall be much better." Her face flushed and she wiped her eyes. "It shall, for I could never be mean enough to show favour to a girl simply because her father happened to be a baronet, and influential." Her soft eyes brightened as she went on: "I would do my best to help a good, honest, clever girl, I——" She paused suddenly, and burst into a laugh. "Can't you see, Elsie, I am illogical? A governess ought to be quite impartial; I blame Madam, and yet I would imitate her."

Elsie shook her head; she failed to see the point, and she said, simply—

"You are very clever, Grace, but I think a governess ought to help a girl like you, who has no rich papa, and who is working away bravely."

"I suppose Madam thinks she helps me sufficiently, Elsie; you see I have the benefit of the classical and mathematical masters, and only pay the ordinary fee."

"Yes, but don't you give the young ones music lessons?" put in Elsie; "she takes it out of you twice over."

"It was an arrangement; mamma very gladly accepted the terms, and I oughtn't to complain. Only I did think it rather hard, when the English master told me I should certainly take the prize, that I might not be allowed to compete. But let us say no more about it, Elsie; only thank you, dear, for your kind sympathy." And Grace kissed her champion warmly. "Now run away and brush your hair; the dinner bell rings in a few minutes."

But after Elsie had gone, Grace was not to be left in peace, for very soon a girl with a round, rosy face and reddish hair stepped in without the ceremony of a knock, and closed the door behind her. She looked extremely amiable, and her lips wore a perennial smile.

"So you're not to compete for the prize in English literature, Grace?" she said.

"And if I am not, pray what does it matter to you?" asked Grace, in an irritated tone. She was not prepared to discuss her misfortune with anyone except her true friend Elsie.

"It matters a lot to me," replied the girl, with her unchanging smile. "My pa's rich, as you know, and I've never won a prize; they'd be so proud at home."

"But what in the world has that to do with me, Maria?" asked Grace, fastening up her hair, and turning to look at the girl in sheer astonishment.

"Well, it has this to do with you. You know Selina Dixon hates you because you're cleverer than she is, and we all know you would take the prize if you went in for it, and it's real mean of governess to hinder you, and Selina—no, I mean it would be fine to disappoint Selina, wouldn't it, now?" she asked, coming over to Grace and speaking coaxingly. "You know she called you all sorts of names, and says that old cashmere gown you wear has belonged to your great-grandmother and that no poor girls like you ought to be admitted to a ladies' college."

The blood leaped to Grace's pale cheeks, and a dangerous light gleamed in her eyes, as she asked, fiercely—

"Do you want to insult me when you come to tell me all this?"

"No, no; pray don't get angry, Grace. Of course no one minds what the spiteful thing says. I only tell you that you may do what I want you to do, and that is, give me your essay; I'll copy it out before the competition, and pass it for my own. No one has seen it. The prize is nothing to me. You can have the two guineas, just as if you competed, and I can have the certificate and the honor; and, think what a sell it will be for Selina!"

Maria had a trick of degenerating into slang when much excited, and she was excited now.

"But it would be cheating," said Grace, after a pause. Her first impulse had been to refuse indignantly; but she hesitated, and was lost.

How much falsehood and dishonor is poverty answerable for! The two guineas would purchase a new gown, which she sadly needed, no one should be the wiser, and she would disappoint the girl who had openly and covertly insulted her. It would be a sweet revenge. She knew that Maria was of very indifferent character in the school, and she also knew that this very girl was known as the willing slave and flatterer of Selina Dixon; but a worm will turn. Still she hesitated.

"If there's any cheating," went on Maria, seeing her hesitation, "I do that part of it, not you; and I can't see that it would be cheating at all. The essay no doubt deserves a prize, and is sure to get it. You wrote the essay, you get the prize; I am only the humble instrument."

"How do you know but that your own might be successful?" suggested Grace.

"I know well enough because I haven't written a line of mine, as we all know what you can do in the form. Aren't you so far ahead of us all that Madam gave that as an excuse for turning you out? "No chance for the others," she said to one who told me."

"But it might be suspected," said Grace, putting forward her very weakest plea.

"It can't; who's to know?" I'll copy it this afternoon."

The clang of the dinner-bell interrupted them.

"Give it to me now, theres a dear," insisted Maria, seeing her advantage.

Grace pulled open a drawer, and handed Maria a roll of manuscript.

"Thank you, thank you," said Maria, as she hastily pushed the roll into her capacious pocket, and darted out of the room.

Grace followed her slowly with an uneasy feeling at her heart. For the first time in her life she had been deliberately guilty of an action which her conscience protested against.

Somehow during that afternoon everything seemed to go wrong; her little music pupils were more tiresome and stupid; her own lessons for her masters were done in half-hearted fashion. Her conscience whispered, and would not be stifled. Several times she was on the point of demanding her essay back again but as often she put aside the impuse with the specious arguments: What would Maria think of me? What is done cannot be undone. And so that miserable afternoon drifted on while Grace discovered by experience the truth of the words, "The way of transgressors is hard."

When she found herself alone in her room that night instead of retiring to rest, Grace sat down to reflect, and after about twenty minutes of this exercise she started to her feet, exclaiming—

"It is mean and unworthy; what would mother think? I can't be such a hypocrite as to say my prayers, and I won't either, after doing wrong, just for petty revenge and for money."

She opened her bedroom door, looked out, and, finding the coast clear, she descended the stairs with a light, rapid step, stopped opposite a door in the corridor below, turned the handle and entered. Two girls occupied this room, one of them Marra Clifton. Already they were both in their beds and asleep. Grace shook Maria, and spoke to her quietly. The girl started up with a frightened face, looking paler than its wont in the moonlight.

"What is it; what do you want Selina?" Then suddenly recognizing Grace, she went on—"Oh, it is only you!"

"Where have you put the essay I gave you today?" asked Grace.

"I—I haven't copied it yet," she replied stifling a yawn. "I've only done half of it; I'll finish it tomorrow, time enough. They're to be given in tomorrow afternoon you know."

"I know; but I must have it back," insisted Grace. "I am sorry I gave it to you; it is not honest on your part, nor on mine."

"Oh, never mind the honesty; I don't."

"But I do," went on Grace, steadily. "I gave it to you for money and for revenge; I couldn't sleep tonight with the sin and shame of it upon me. I must have it, I tell you.

(Continued next week.)

An ingenious method of finding the long and the short months is to close the hand and begin with the knuckle of the forefinger, and take the knuckles and hollows in order, returning from the little finger towards the forefinger. All the long months land on knuckles, and the short months in the hollows between.

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

"Oh dear!" sighed the little willful Princess one morning as she sat in the royal garden waiting for her governess to appear, so that she might recite her daily lesson, "I don't feel the least bit like studying. As far as I can see only 'humans' and horses work. The flowers and fruits and insects are no care to anyone, not even themselves; they just keep on growing and living and having a good time. The world would go along just as well if fathers and governesses would only let things alone. They'll have to do without me this time, anyhow!" and the little willful Princess arose and, walking quickly down the garden path, slipped through the gate in the great hedge. She felt very willful indeed as she hurried across the green meadow that lay between the garden and the dark forest beyond.

Now, the little Princess had always wished to revisit the forest since the day she had followed the river brook until it had led her to the poor peasant's cottage. This was now over a year past, during which time she had grown taller and, I hope, a little wiser. But, perhaps, she had grown more in stature than in wisdom. Still, she had never forgotten how worried the royal household had been until her safe return, and for this reason had never cared to remind anyone of her wilfulness on that occasion by expressing a desire to see the forest again.

"Little Princess," cried the voice of her pet monkey, as he suddenly appeared from behind a tree that grew quite close to the path through the flowering meadow, "yonder forest is full of many wonderful things. Would you enjoy having me tell you a few of the legends? I have often heard my former master, the poor peasant, speak of them."

The Princess was very much startled by the sudden appearance of her pet monkey, and she blushed very red indeed.

"Will you take me to the forest?" asked the little willful Princess; "I think, it would be nice if I were there when you told me the story; it would be more real."

She knew that her royal papa had implicit faith in this wise little monkey, and for this reason she could go anywhere with him. Her conscience began to trouble her as she thought of her governess waiting for her in the garden, but she dismissed the idea with a shrug of her shoulders and, turning to the monkey, impatiently waited for his answer.

"Yes, we will go there," he replied, "for I would show you some beautiful things," and at this they both proceeded on their way.

"See," cried the monkey, bending over the leaves of a wild carrot, from which a gorgeous butterfly had at that moment flown away; "see with what care that beautiful creature has placed her eggs on the underside of the leaf, so that when they are hatched the little caterpillars will have what they like best to feed upon. And do you know little Princess, how hard the beautiful butterfly had to work before she became the lovely thing that she now is? Is it not wonderful to think how she was once only a worm, crawling on many legs among the grasses and leaves? Think how often she had to change her skin and grow a new one. But she kept on doing her work faithfully until it was time for her to spin her cocoon, in which she rests and grows until she comes out a beautiful butterfly. She has gone through much labor, but is it not worth while, little Princess?" She looked at her small playmate with a wistful expression in her big blue eyes. All the willfulness had left them, and instead there were some tears on the long lashes.

"Sit down, little Princess," he said, as they entered the forest, "this fallen tree will make a comfortable seat for you. Listen and I will tell you a tale that my master, the poor peasant, heard from his father, who heard it from his father, many, many years ago." So the little willful Princess sat herself down on the big log, and her faithful friend, the monkey, perched himself on a branch at the other end and commenced his story: "Once upon a time there was a shepherd who tended his sheep on a mountain where there were a great many kobolds and fairies. He was a poor man, but very cheerful, and always singing, but sometimes he would wish to have a little more money, so that he need not have to work so hard.

"It was in the beautiful summer time, with all the flowers in bloom, when suddenly, as he was following his sheep, he saw a wonderful blue flower, blue as the sky, the like of which he had never seen before in all his life. He stooped down and looked at it for some moments. As he gently broke the stem, a wonderful thing happened. A door in the mountainside slowly opened, disclosing a passage leading into the earth. Although he had been over the ground many, many times before, yet had he never seen this door and it took him some time before he could pluck up enough courage to enter. After walking in for some distance he found himself in a large hall full of chests of gold and diamonds. Sitting in a chair beside a large table in the middle of the hall was an old old kobold, with a long, white beard. The poor shepherd was very much frightened at first, but the kobold said in a friendly voice, 'Take what you want and don't forget the best!'

"In a few minutes the shepherd had filled his pockets with the gold and diamonds and was about to leave when the kobold said again, 'Don't forget the best!' Whereupon the shepherd, looking around and picking out the biggest diamonds he could find, filled his cap to the brim with them. He was about leaving the hall when again the kobold cried out, 'Don't forget the best!' But the shepherd could carry no more, and, moreover, he was anxious to get home with his precious load, so he did not wait. Just as he reached the doorway he heard again the voice of the little old kobold saying 'Don't forget the best!'

"But, alas! when he once more found himself out on the pasture the door had disappeared, and instead of gold and jewels in his pockets and hat, there was nothing but withered leaves. He was again a poor shepherd, and all because he had forgotten the best. And, little Princess, do you know what was the best? Why, it was the skyblue flower which he had left on the kobold's table. The key-flower, which when found opens the door to treasures. If the shepherd had only kept it, the gold and the diamonds would not have changed into dry leaves, and the door would always have remained open to him.

"Every day after that the poor shepherd spent all his time looking for the flower. He neglected his sheep and his work, not knowing that only by him who faithfully performs his duties each day will the key-flower be found.

"Little Princess," said the monkey, coming closer to her, "this blue key-flower is opportunity, and it only comes to those who do faithfully what is set before them. It doesn't matter whether it be lessons or plowing, or printing or tending sheep."

"Let us hurry back to the castle," said the Princess with a catch in her voice, "mayhap my governess is still in the garden awaiting me."

(The End.)

THE PRICKLY PEAR.

(By Edwin Tarrisse.)

It appears that the prickly pear is so tenacious of life that a leaf, or even a small portion of a leaf, if thrown on the ground, strikes out roots within a short time and becomes the parent of a fast-growing plant.

Mischievous though the African prickly pear may be, it is not without its good qualities. Its juicy fruit, though rather deficient in flavor, is delightfully cool and refreshing in the dry heat of summer, and a kind of treacle is made from it.

Great caution must be exercised in peeling this curious fruit, the proper way being to impale the fruit on a fork or stick while one cuts it open and removes the skin. The individual who undertakes to pluck this treacherous fruit with unguarded fingers meets with an experience he does not soon forget. Concentrated essence of stinging nettle seems all at once to assail hands, lips and tongue; and the skin, wherever it comes in contact with the ill-natured fruit, is covered with a group of minute bristly hairs apparently growing from it and venomous and irritating to the last degree.

For Older Boys of Children's Corner

Here is a chance to make pocket money for yourselves. Good live boys are wanted in every village in these provinces to act as agents for the Pictorial Review magazine. This is a magazine for women, the best of its kind printed in America, and is issued every month, usually reaching agents about the tenth. It is delivered to the agents at fifteen cents per copy, and is sold by them at twenty cents, so that the boys make five cents each copy. One lad got thirty customers in one day in a little village and expects to double that number before the next issue comes out. Another secured eighteen in one day as a start and is getting more right along. These boys thus earn their own pocket money and are enjoying the work which takes very little of their time. Now any of you lads who are interested should write at once to H. V. MacKinnon & Son, St. John, and you will receive a sample copy of the magazine to use in securing your orders. You must also hustle to get your customers for the September issue will be sent out about August 10th or 12th, and before that time you will have to let MacKinnon & Son know just how many copies you will require so that there may be no delay in mailing them to you. This is a splendid chance for our boys and I think that many of them could easily earn a nice lot of money for themselves.

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...