

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Uncle Dick's Chat
With the Children

My Dear Kiddies:—
You may remember that some time ago I told you that very special preparations were being made to celebrate the third birthday of the Children's Corner. Well, now the date has been fixed for June 15, that is to say next Saturday. I want you to tell your friends about the Corner and see that they get a copy of the Standard for that day, even if they don't see the paper during the rest of the week. Not only will the stories be better than ever, but there will be several. Not I had better not tell you, so that the surprise will be all the greater.

In the drawing contest several very good copies have been made of the soldier, but I hardly think that on the whole you have done as well, as you used to, or has there been some passing as usual. Possibly the weather has interfered, too, or the holidays have interfered, eh?

Speaking of the weather and holidays, I wonder how you are using your eyes these days, when you are able to get out of doors every day. Are you using those two useful members to good advantage? Are you developing the power of observation? I wonder. No doubt you have all read in your school readers about the wonderful observation exhibited by the Dervise or Turkish Monk, who, meeting two merchants as they were journeying across the desert, told them they had lost a camel.

"Indeed we have," they replied. "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" asked the Dervise.

"He was," replied the merchants. "And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and with wheat on the other?"

"Most certainly he was," they replied, "and, as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can in all probability conduct us to him."

"My friends," said the dervise, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you?"

"A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels," repeated the dervise.

On this, they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the cadi; but, on the strictest search, nothing could be found. The faint impression of evidence whatever be added, to convict him either of falsehood or of theft.

They were about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervise with great calmness thus addressed the court: "I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I find ample scope for observation even in the desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no sign of him, and I stepped on the same route. I knew the animal was blind of an eye, because it had dropped the herbage only on one side of its path, and that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand. I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because wherever it had grazed a small tuft of herbage had been left ungrazed in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast the busy ants informed me that it was wheat on one side, and the clustering of the grass on the other, and I was right."

The above story has a very important lesson, which every member of the Corner would do well to take heed of. Practice using your eyes, and you will thus learn a great deal which you would otherwise miss.

Now don't forget about the special birthday issue of the page next week, and let it be a Red Letter Day in the history of the Corner. If you can get a large number of new members before that date, do so, as I am going to announce the number of kiddies who are reading this special page for kiddies, then.

With best wishes from your

Uncle Dick

Children's Editor.

ALICE E. MILLER, Upper Magistrate, N. B.—For neatness and good work your drawing is highly commendable, and will be carefully judged with the rest. The result of the contests will be announced next week.

MYRNA V. SMITH, Sussex, N. B.—I am glad to see that you are still enjoying the contests and Corner.

WALTER A. STUTZ, Steeves Settlement, N. B.—You are quite a clever artist. You must be having a busy time as a Soldier of the Soil. Yes, the country must be very pretty at present. I have yet to see this year.

"INJUNS"

(Continued from last week.)

Angus had worked in under the overhanging grass, but he knew his shelter was not sufficient to deceive the Indian's keen eyes. The Indian remained motionless. Angus believed he had been discovered and that the savage was playing with him. It did not seem possible to hold his rigid pose longer when with a deep intake of breath, he noted the savage was wearing a spotted head-dress. It was Spotted Tail himself, war-chief of the Sioux. This redoubtable warrior was blind in one eye and Angus was hiding on his blind side. Otherwise he knew he would have been discovered immediately.

Slowly the chief began turning his good eye in a sweeping circle, but before he could move to begin his scrutiny loud shout caused him to turn and run towards the main group of his fellows.

Angus could stand the suspense no longer. He interpreted the shouting to mean that the ambulance had been captured. With his heart swelling to the bursting point he raised his head and peeped out. The first thing he beheld made him want to exclaim aloud in joy; it was a small cloud of dust far in the distance. The warriors were racing homeward. Quickly shifting his gaze he next learned why the chief had been recalled. A warrior was pointing to the grass and then to the gully. It was where Angus had rolled into his hiding place. Before the boy could think to duck his head a whole battery of savage eyes were sweeping the length of the waterway and had spied him. With a prolonged "whoop" the band rode down upon him. There was but one chance, and in the next second the boy was sliding down the bluff and running towards the canon's mouth.

Some of the Indians began shooting at him but being poor marksmen, missed. Spotted Tail gave an order, and his warriors ceased firing to stream down the slope in pursuit, some afoot but the majority horseback. Angus afoot madly down the huge boulders, turning and twisting from one mass of stone to another and bearing away from the plum grove where he could be more easily discovered. On striking the broken ground the Indians abandoned their ponies and took up the chase.

"That boy of yours knows a thing or two, upon my word," said the smith turning round.

"Well, isn't it true?" asked the man. "It was a small little child of my own that I have," answered the man, "and he told me too, that it was the bad iron that you gave into my hand, and the good one that you threw on the floor?"

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CONDUCTED BY UNCLE DICK.

Good Night
Stories

PRIGGSY PIG'S ADVENTURE IN
A NEW WORLD.

Of course, Prigsy Pig's world wasn't very large. Just a small yard fenced in with a rail fence. In the centre was a lovely mud hole where Prigsy and his seven little brothers and sisters loved to wallow, and to one side stood a little roofed place where they slept at night.

Prigsy Pig's mamma often took them to the edge of the fence, but she always warned them of the dangers that lurked beyond.

Prigsy Pig couldn't see why she never allowed them to go beyond the rail fence, so one day, after a hard storm had blown a few daisies down from the fence, making a nice hole between the rails, Prigsy Pig squeezed under and scooted across the field to visit the chicken yard.

All the chickens began to cackle and crow when they saw Prigsy's pink nose poked under the fence.

"Shilly things!" grunted Prigsy Pig. "Don't you know who I am?"

"Sure we do!" crowed Red Rooster. "And you'd better run back to the pen where you belong!"

"Indeed!" grunted Prigsy Pig. "I'm plenty big enough, and I'm out to see the world."

Then he shook his little corkscrew tail and ran for the barn. Lucy, the old gray mule, resented his entrance into her stall, and with a loud "he-haw" she kicked at Prigsy Pig until he squealed.

"The barn's no place for pigs," exclaimed Lucy Mule. "Go back to the pen where you belong!"

"But I'm out to see the world," replied Prigsy Pig. "I'm plenty big enough."

So Uncle Jim hadn't forgotten his birthday after all. Jackie felt tempted to follow the "truth" without bothering to dress. But he remembered the commands of the letter so he scrambled in to his clothes with surprising speed.

Then he picked up the trail and started. For a time he thought that the present was concealed in his room, for the "trail" led him a wild goose chase through the field. But all he found there was another piece of paper.

"Pick up the trail and wind it carefully into a ball as you go," Jackie read. So he had to stop and wind what he had in his hand.

Then the "trail" led out of Jackie's room into the hall. An unusual ball stove stood at one end. The trail disappeared beneath the top cover of this. Jackie peered in. The stove was empty. The trail led out again to the kitchen.

Somewhat covered with soot, Jackie recovered his trail, and started off again. This time he went into a room where Uncle Jim kept his spare machinery. But after a hot chase the trail only led out through a side door.

I couldn't begin to tell you the places where the trail led Jackie, I only know that about an hour later Jackie stood parting on the front steps of the ranch with a large ball of white twine in his hand. The trail was by no means finished.

Underneath a short cedar tree Jackie found another note waiting for him. "After you have eaten that you may go," said Uncle Jim.

In a short time Jackie was of to wards the cedar tree. The trail was still there as he left it.

In about half an hour Jackie found himself in the horse barn. The "trail" led into one of the box stalls. Jackie followed wondering when it would end. A pony which Jackie couldn't remember being before occupied the box stall. Above his head was a great sign which read,

PROPERTY OF JACKIE BELDING. There was a space for the pony's name but didn't notice that. He was too excited.

Breathlessly, he rushed into the house.

"Uncle Jim," he cried. "I've found the 'trail.' Will you come out and help me ride him?"

By and bye a man came and had the pony's name printed above Jackie's in his stall. The name he painted there was, "TRAIL."

HAROLD STUTZ, Steeves Settlement—Very pleased to have you as a member of the Corner and trust that you will continue to enjoy same. Your first attempt in the contests was very commendable.

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

THE TENT

When the three Berry children spied the little white tent in their neighbor's cornfield, Hazel thought it might belong to gypsies—one gypsy, anyway; Nat guessed river drivers; and Blanche the youngest Berry, commonly called Bunchberry, said it was a house Mr. Hale had built for the birds.

"The littlest one is the nearest right," said Mr. Hale, who was jogging along the road with his load of big cream cans for the creamery at the village. "I built it to hide in while I watch for crows. They are pulling up my acre of corn almost as fast as it comes out of the ground, and the only way to stop it is to kill a crow and hang him on a pole to show his mates what will happen to them if they don't keep away. I hate to kill one of the black scamps, but I've tried putting up scarecrows, and strips of tin, and bells that ring when the wind blows, but the crows keep coming just the same. As likely as not they'll pull up twenty good hills of corn while I'm at the village."

"We'll watch the corn for you while you're gone," said Nat. It's Saturday and we've nothing else to do, except our knitting. We can knit in the tent, when we're out to bark at him."

Tops was the little black dog, now busy hunting up Nat's ball of yarn, which had rolled away down the roadside bank. Nat's knitting was sticking out of his pocket. It was a stocking too—one of a pair intended to cover the bare feet of some little brother over the sea.

"We are making knitting bags," explained Hazel as she held up her's. When Mr. Hale asked what it was, "Nat makes fun and says that it's just as well to keep your ball in your dinner-pail cover at recess; but all the girls at school have knitting bags—such pretty ones some of them! Mother didn't have anything to make bags of, but Grandpa Berry gave us two big balls of pink twine out of the store, and we thought we could knit some bags of it. Look—mine is most done! And we can knit for the Belgian children all the faster when we have some good bags to keep our work in."

It was pleasant enough in the tent in the cornfield. The front was open, and they curled upon the ground inside with their knitting; Tops sat at attention, ready to rush out the minute he saw a crow. It was the kind of game that just suited him and he sent the thieving birds flying in fine style. But one old crow gave him a good deal of trouble. The big black fellow seemed to see no reason why he should be afraid of the little dog. Tops would rush round, barking with all his might, and the crow would rise into the air in a lazy way, sail round a little, then settle down to pull up another hill of corn.

"I never saw a crow act like that before," cried Hazel. "He's in his pocket from feeding his doves. He scattered some grains of it outside the tent and a few just inside."

The crow was watching of course, although you might not have thought so. In a few minutes he flew down, picked up the corn outside, then walked in and snatched up the grains that lay close to the three little knitters. After that he hopped on a box in the corner of the tent, looked the company over, and said in pretty good English, "Hello, how are you?"

"I know him now," whispered Nat. "He's Black Diamond, the tame crow that Jed Spinney had, and that he taught to say words. The Spinneys have moved away, and we could have him for ours as well as not!"

Hazel clapped her hands, but Nat be- while, and he'll think this crow is a crow to look worried."

"Mr. Hale will be back in a little just as good as any other to hang on a pole."

"He shan't have Black Diamond!" cried Bunchberry. "he wouldn't take him to hang on a pole, would he, if we said we wanted him?"

"I don't now about that! It's some trouble to shoot a crow. Mr. Hale has been trying for two weeks and may not get one for two weeks more. By that time the corn would be ruined."

"See here, I know a way!" cried Hazel. "Grandpa says there's never a crow will come near a piece of corn that's all crisscrossed over with strings. You set sticks up in a row round the edge and tie strings to them. Let's do it that way, then Mr. Hale won't need a crow."

"I can cut sticks over in the bushes," said Nat. "But what shall we do for string?"

"You get the sticks set up and you'll see," said Hazel, giving him an excited little push.

By the time Nat had surrounded the corn piece with birch limbs stuck in the ground, the little girls came racing down the field with two balls of pink twine.

"I raveled out my bag and Bunchberry had only four rows knit on hers, as it didn't take long," explained Hazel breathlessly.

Mr. Hale laughed when he saw his field crisscrossed with so much twine that not a crow would alight there for fear of being caught.

"I guess you've earned Black Diamond," he said. "I wish all birds had as good friends as that old black crow seems to have."

THIS WEEK'S

PRIZE WINNERS

The result of the voting contest as to whom the Thermos Flask is to be awarded has been decided upon, and the flask has been won by Number 16, Miss Freda Hoyt, St. John, N. B., who received twenty-six votes. The prize is being sent her, and it is hoped that she will acknowledge receipt of same so that her reply may be published in the Corner and those who voted for her may see what she has to say.

USEFUL BIRDS

Please notice, children, what birds you see doing useful work in your gardens and tell your playmates about them. A writer in "Dumb Friends," says:

One year some redpolls came to visit at our home. That summer my wife and I saw the mother bird hopping around our potato stalks, and then to her young ones. Watching her closely we observed that she held in her mouth some newly hatched potato bugs. I never knew till then that any bird would eat the ugly things. After this we welcomed and protected these useful creatures.

Besides this, the birds used to sing at our sitting-room window. My wife died and I moved away. Who will care for our little friends now? I often wonder if the kindly little woman from where she is can listen to her feathered pets and her favorite robin's song! Anyway, she can hear the holy angels as in hallowed worship they raise their soft and mellow song of praise to Almighty God, and so will we if we serve him here and are loving, kind and good to all around us.

Through The Bottle

Betty was a very properly trained little girl; she knew that it was not polite to interrupt when mother was talking to anyone. But the temptation was too much for her small soul. For three squares she had walked beside her mother in the silence of perfect manners, but all the time there was an anxious look in her eyes that grew and grew. Would mother remember and turn up Hilary Street?

Mother knew—oh, yes, mother knew. But she was deeply absorbed in a discussion of various food subjects with Mrs. Granger, and there was no indication that she would turn when they reached the corner. Betty was sure—

"Mother, she whispered softly. "It was so that mother did not hear; and in a moment more they would pass the street. Betty squeezed her mother's hand and tried again: "Mother, please!"

That time mother heard and looked down.

"It's the bottle corner, mother," said Betty.

Mrs. Percy glanced about. "Why so it is," she agreed. "Of course we are going to turn up here. You may run ahead if you want to, Betty."

Betty danced ahead; the world seemed all sunshine again. Mrs. Granger looked after her in bewilderment.

"The white corner," she asked. "The bottle corner, I admit it sounds queer; but she means Marlow's drug store, where there are wonderful colored bottles on the window. I remember how I adored them when I was a child, so it's understood that we go home through Hilary Street. What is the child doing now? That's something new."

Betty was pressing her small face against the window and looking earnestly through the bottles cornwise. She turned a wondering face as her mother came up.

"Mother, if you look through them you can see everything red or green! I don't like it, mother—not looking through them."

Mrs. Granger laughed. "Betty isn't the only one that looks through bottles into an abnormal world. Think of poor Lella Wood who sees all the world inside through her medicine bottles!"

Then they smiled at each other. "It takes the children to point the moral, doesn't it?" Betty's mother said.

JACK MACKAY, Newcastle, N. B.—Glad to have you as a member of the Corner and trust that you will write me again soon. Your artists work is good.

MARION PORTEOUS, St. John, N. B.—I was sorry that I was not in when you called to see me the other day. You have made a good attempt in the contest.

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CONTEST COUPON

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

Special Announcement to the Members of the Children's Corner

On Monday or Tuesday, June 10th or 11th, the first number of the monthly magazine for boys

CANADIAN BOY

will be on sale at all book stores throughout the Maritime Provinces.

Here's a little idea as to the Contents:—

The Outlaw's Surprise—A Story of the Lumber Camps. The Lone Captain—A German Submarine Captured Single Handed. The Western Union Boy's Bravery—Clever Capture of German Spies. The Editor's Sanctum. The Boy and His Pets. Talks to Boys on Scouts of Boys from Canada from Sir Percy. The Scout Movement by H. O. Eaman. And a host of other good things.

Although it is the official Organ of the New Brunswick Boy Scout Association, and as such will appeal to Boy Scouts, it will prove a big favorite among all boys, yes, and girls too. Get your copy at the store now, only 15 cents, or better still, send \$1.50 to the Publisher, and have the Canadian Boy sent direct to your address post free for one year.

Whatever you do, don't miss the first number.

Address all communications to

Publisher CANADIAN BOY, P. O. Box 279, 102 Prince William Street
St. John, N. B., Canada

MOVIES
LAYERSRESTING MEET-
ING OF ROYAL
STANDARD CHAPTER

actory Reports Received
Mrs. E. Atherton Smith,
ent, Presided.

atisfactory reports from the
es in charge of the two en-
s given lately by the Royal
Chapter were heard at their
meeting on Thursday evening.
Atherton Smith, regent, pre-
sided the meeting was largely at-

ceipts from the Cadets' enter-
amounted to \$220.00, which
given to the N. B. Auxiliary
lighthouse Home for the Blind.
Thanks were passed to R. J.
for the use of St. An-
think and to the Depot. Bat-
and for their services on that

the "Twilight in an Oriental
the good receipts are ex-
be \$1,700, though all the tick-
has not been handed in.
ity votes of thanks were pas-
ed for the use of St. An-
H. Golding for his splendid
in planning for the musical
to the Y. W. P. A., who acted
s, to H. O. Grant and L. R.
arranging about the suburban
d to the members of the cast
the affair so delightful an
ment.

J. B. Tennant has offered the
residence on Orange street
reception which will be given
bers of the cast, the date to
be decided later.

ROYALIST CHAPTER
to the unpleasant weather the
Chapter who had proposed to
meet at the residence of Mrs. W.
d at the residence of Mrs. W.
d yesterday afternoon.

and Cross Work for the month
pairs of socks and 8 pairs of
A gift to the St. James St.
Hospital of a gramophone was
also that the hospital had
pled through the month with
other delicacies. A satisfac-
tory was given of the Band Con-
recently.

number of members handed
names as willing to help with
struction work on June 22.
um of \$50 was voted to the
the Young Women's Christian
on St. John.

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weather seconded by Miss
church and presented to Miss
Miss Church.

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