

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Weekly Chat

Dear Boys and Girls

In some of your letters this week you have spoken about the heat and I hope you had the nice rain which came to us in the City on Wednesday and that you enjoyed the coolness and watched the plants and trees take on brighter colors after the refreshing showers. I hope the hay was safely in the barns.

In thinking what to say to you this week I came to me that I would ask if you ever thought what your name means and whether it was a good one or not. Now you will say "Of course my name is a good one, it is the same as my father's. What a queer thing for Uncle Dick to say." It is true that you may be named after your father, and while it is right to be proud of a father's honorable name still you are "John Robinson," or "Mary Jones." That is your own name and stands for you. A person's name is so much their own that any one can be put in jail for writing or signing another's name on papers or letters. It is called "forging" when a name is stolen.

You can get money for a piece of paper if the name on the piece of paper, called a check, is a good one. For instance if a man signs his name to that check it means that he will pay the sum of money named. When someone takes the check to a bank then the bank clerk looks first of all at the name signed and if it is a good one he will then look at the signature. If the signature is not the same as the one on the check, the bank clerk will not cash it.

When your teacher, or someone who cares what sort of a boy or girl you grow to be, says "Be a gentleman" we know they mean to be like the noble General Gordon who so heroically defended the Khartoum and who was beloved and admired by all who knew him. Today to say "Like Allen" or "Like Kitchener" means doing one's duty and finishing the task which was set one to do.

If the girls are asked to follow in the footsteps of Florence Nightingale or Edith Cavell those names stand for women who did not say "I can't do it" but went right ahead and did whatever there was to be done. In the case of Edith Cavell we know that to her came the duty of dying bravely for her country.

While all of us cannot be heroes or have statues put up in our honor we can make our names stand for something. Just think of over Chums and see if you would not rather have "Tom Brown" named a boy who is obnoxious, jolly, pretty well up in his class and healthy, than when Tom Brown is spoken of have people think of a cross weak boy who doesn't amount to much. And as for the girls, Marjorie Smith can stand for sunshine cheerfulness and mother's helper, or a lady little girl who is obedient and kind. It is all in your own hands except perhaps the health, and yet a lot of sickness can be helped if young people will drink milk, eat lots of bread and butter, go to bed early and stay in the fresh air. Aren't those cheap medicines and nice to take too, with no nasty taste either?

Just one more thing and then I will close or you will think Uncle Dick is preaching a long sermon. What about the name of our Corner "The Standard's Children Corner." Won't you look up, or have Daddy look up for you the word "Standard" in the dictionary and see what it means. There is nothing small, or mean, or horrid about that word. It would please me very much to have some letters telling me some names which you think stand for what is honorable, brave and true.

With lots of love to all,
Your Friend
UNCLE DICK.

It Worked.

A Japanese, Mr. Asaki Waseda, discusses Japanese humor in the Tourist, and offers the following selection: Said a wakekeeper's wife to her husband:

"The guest who came this evening carries a package that seems to contain things of great value. I wish he would leave it behind."

"I have a good idea," said the husband. "I will give him a great deal of myoga."

The wakekeeper carried out his plan and gave myoga to the guest. He supposed to produce forgetfulness, in abundance to the guest with soup and with vegetables, and soon after the guest had departed he hopefully inspected the room. There was no trace of the coveted package.

The landlady began to scold at the inefficiency of myoga as an oblivion producer, but her husband admonished her not to lose faith so easily.

"The myoga has had its effect," he declared.

"What do you mean?" demanded the woman.

"Why, he forgot to pay his bill," replied the husband.

All Explained.

Junior: It says here that ten grains of nicotine will kill a rabbit!

Senior: Yes, that's why you never see a rabbit smoking.

Answers To Letters

HAROLD T.—You must have had a fine camping trip and those are the kind of outings that a fellow remembers right through the long winters. I appreciated your letter so much and was pleased you took the time to write such a full account of it.

EDITH M.—What a lovely trip you must have had and indeed you are lucky to have such an opportunity. Do not worry over the school yet, that would only spoil your vacation. Enjoy all you can while you can.

DOROTHY S.—So pleased with your nice long letter and all the news about yourself. You must enjoy the holiday-making time when you little folks have such nice rides with the loads. I remember what good sport that used to be.

ROY D.—Not every boy has been salmon fishing so you have had an uncommon piece of sport. I am sure your letter was great and I enjoyed it. Send along another soon.

MARGARET F.—Very pleased to have you join us when you send your birthday date and age, we will be able to enroll you.

ESTHER L.—With so many pets to care for and amuse you the lonely hours must be few. Of course you love them all that is quite natural, and they all love you for the good care you give them.

JIM R. W.—Thanks for the good words in your letter. I am always glad to hear of the boys' work and play and of course you are no exception. You seem to be full of business and are ambitious anyway, that is a good way to be and generally means success. Good luck to you anyway.

MARY T.—That note of yours was very short and sweet and might have been larger for I am sure there is a lot to write about yourself, even if you are just a little girl. They can be very busy people you know.

LILLIAN B.—How nice of you to do such a kindness as you wrote me about. You are one little friend who took the hint from last week's chat and used it to very good advantage.

TEDDY C.—It must be a lively time on your farm with so many people at work and so much to be done. You have your share to do too and that is right, while having lasts it is fun and work both. Pleased to get your nice cheery letter and to know so much about your doings.

MAUDE E.—You have not written the C. C. for so long that one would almost think you had forgotten about its existence. However, better late than never, and you are very good to write such a nice letter.

Birthday Greetings

Happy birthday greetings to all the members having a birthday during the coming week. The following are on our list:

Vivian McKinney, St. James St., City.

Pearl Fisher, 249 Corn St., City.

Florence Arsenault, Sydney St., City.

Lawrence Dickson, City.

Harry Fowler, Florenceville.

Raymond Douglas, Pontypool, Ont.

Clarence Potts, St. George.

Elsie Urquhart, Hatfield St., Pt. St. Lawrence.

Laura Flewelling, Oak Pt.

Ada Bates, Freeport, N. S.

Mary Huda, St. George.

Bessie Brown, Parramora.

Florence Long, Sussex.

Clarence Potts, St. George.

Leonard Johnson, Ladlow St., City.

Mildred Wainman, Wolfville.

Harold Reid, Mecklenburg St.

Jessie Armstrong, Georges Creek.

Frances Dooly, Prince William St., City.

Winifred Thomas, Wawaseg.

Vera Simpson, Carletonville.

Marjorie Brannen, Sussex Cor.

Rosamond Friars, Paradise Row.

Opal Walton, Great Shomogque.

Norman Haney, Cummings Co.

Edward Williams, Long Creek.

"Little boy" asked the well-meaning reformer, "is that your mamma over yonder with the beautiful set of furs?"

"Yes, sir," answered the bright lad. "Well, do you know what happened to it?"

"It is that has had to suffer in order that your mamma might have the furs with which she adorns herself so proudly?"

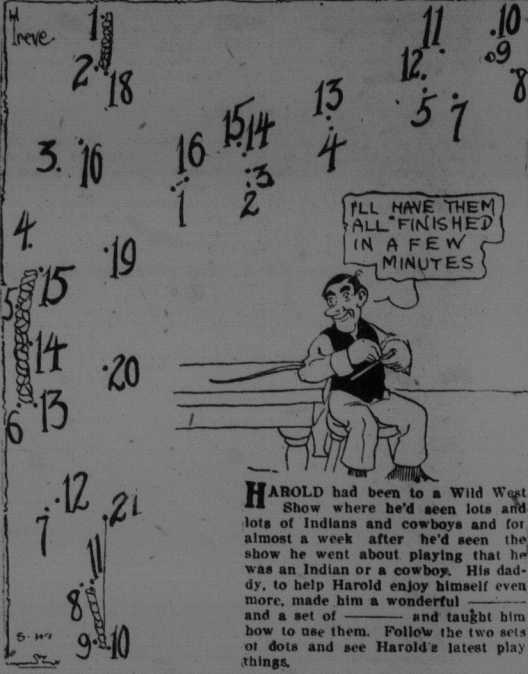
"Yes, sir, my papa."

The Irish drill sergeant was putting a squad of green recruits through the different movements. He gave them "right dress." Try as he would, he couldn't get a straight line. Finally in exasperation he shouted:

"What's the matter with you? Can't you line up? That line's as crooked as a corkscrew. All of you fall out and take a look at it!"



BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES



HAROLD had been to a Wild West Show where he'd seen lots and lots of Indians and cowboys and for almost a week after he'd seen the show he went about playing that he was an Indian or a cowboy. His daddy, to help Harold enjoy himself even more, made him a wonderful set of darts and see Harold's latest play things.

THE WESTMONT BOYS' CLUB STORIES

The Amateur Detective

(By Jack Humphrey.)

CHAPTER I.

Leslie Not Wanted. "I say we don't want him in our club," asserted Larry Evans, settling himself more firmly in his chair, "not that I have anything against him personally, but you know he wouldn't fit in with us at all."

The Westmont Boys' Club was holding a brief business session for the purpose of deciding the fate of several boys who desired admittance and the name that seemed to meet with the most opposition was that of Leslie Sufford. The boys so they thought, were justified in their opinion that Leslie was not of the right timber for their club, of robust physiques themselves, and athletically inclined they had only a tolerant contempt for any boy that differed from them, such as Leslie for instance.

Picture to yourself a tall slender boy of delicate constitution, caused by much earlier sickness: wearing heavy gold rimmed glasses, rather more fond of reading than was good for one, and impatiently, "We'll finish it by a

of a retiring disposition, and you have a good likeness of Leslie. Added to this, he was very sensitive and he repeated rebuffs he received at the hands of the other boys, who all too blind to his good qualities, persisted in teasing him, caused him to keep more or less alone.

Leslie had one staunch champion in the club, however, in Albert Rankine. Living in adjoining houses, these two boys had been playmates from childhood, and this close intimacy had resulted in a bond of mutual respect springing up between them.

As Larry ceased talking, Albert jumped impulsively to his feet, "I think you boys are all wrong in keeping Leslie out of the club," he declared. "You say that he is too reserved and doesn't want anything to do with me. That might be true, but I want to tell you, if you treated him here, you would find he wasn't such a bad sort of fellow after all. The trouble with you fellows is, that you don't give yourselves a chance to really know Leslie." Having said this, Albert resumed his seat.

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SEA HORSES

A long time ago, a very long time ago, there lived a Magician under the sea. And when the Sea People wanted anything from an ivory palace to a baby's rattle, they used to ask him for it. Generally they got what they wanted.

One day they all went to his house and banged the door.

"What is the matter now?" asked the Magician rather gruffly, for he was hungry and supper was cooling on the table.

"We want horses," they all cried at once—"horses to ride and drive and play with. Land people have them, why not we?"

"They shall be yours," said the Magician, "when you have brought me one thousand white horses, and horses to magic with,—not before."

So they went away, and sent east and west and north and south, and gathered they collected nine hundred and ninety-nine white horses without a speck of brown anywhere. But they could find no more.

"What shall we do?" said them. "There are no more white horses in the wide world."

Then a very cunning man got up and said, "Why not take a brown horse and paint him?" The Magician is very old. He will never notice.

So they brought a brown horse and white-washed him three times over to make sure, and they marched all the horses together to the Magician's house.

"Are they all white?" asked the man of magic coming to his front door.

"As you see," answered the man who had done the whitewashing.

The Magician knew at once, of course, that one of the horses was really brown, but he kept smiling in his face, though in his heart he felt very angry.

"You shall have your sea horses to-morrow," said he, and everybody went away very pleased with themselves, particularly the whitewasher.

Then the Magician made a mumbly jumbo so that the waters raged and boiled, and the thousand horses clamped and foamed and reared, and the next day the sea was covered, as far as you could look, with snow-white horses that rode the waves, their white manes streaming in the wind. But when the people tried to mount them they melted into foam, and the people all fell down and bumped themselves dreadfully, as you do when you sit on a chair that is not there. And everybody went again to the Magician and asked:

"What is the use of a horse that cannot be ridden?"

"I will tell you a little story," said the Magician in reply. "Once there was a man, and he wanted one thousand white horses. And he found nine hundred and ninety-nine, and when it came to the thousand—"

The people began to feel very uncomfortable, and one by one they slipped away, and before the Magician had finished there wasn't one person left. Then the Magician smiled and said, "That is an excellent little lesson. I will go to sleep now and have a long rest. Then when I come back I will give them real sea horses."

So the Magician gathered his robes together, and he disappeared into the middle of a whirlpool and went fast asleep.

The Sea People were all very sorry to lose their Magician, and they made things extremely uncomfortable for the whitewasher man. They always kept hoping the Magician would come back, but he has never once awaked. He is still fast asleep in the middle of the whirlpool at the other end of the world. As for the horses, they ride in with the tide, rearing their heads and tossing their manes, waiting for the Magician to wake again.

—Rosemary.

The Seven Wonders of the World. (According to Plato.)

His master. Meat. Children. Rage. The moon. Being tickled. Fleas.

No Wonder. I've noticed when they look the sky. The whole earth jolts. No wonder: Why up there they are. Big thunder bolts!

Uncle Wiggily was hopping home through the woods one day, with a cabbage cutter knife he had bought for Nurse Jane, when, all of a sudden, he met Jackie Bow Wow the puppy dog boy. And just then there was a rustling in the bushes and a grizzly growler next of a voice boomed out from behind a sumatran bush and Jackie cried.

"Come on, Uncle Wiggily! Run! I guess this is an adventure, and it isn't a very nice one, either."

Uncle Wiggily gave one look back over his shoulder and cried:

"I should say not! The skilley-skilley alligator is after us. Oh, Jackie! How shall we ever get away?"

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Puzzles

Riddles in Rhyme.

My first is in Jar,
My second in bowl;
My third is in cliff,
And my fourth is in knoll;
My fifth and my sixth both in comet
are—
And my whole cleaves the night
Like a shooting star!

BRAIN TESTS.

"Paid" answers the first description, now see if you can guess the others. Remove 1 from liquidated and leave a small cushion.

Remove 1 from clasp and leave a standard. Remove 1 from clamor and leave a facial feature.

Remove 1 from damp and leave the greatest amount. Remove 1 from deposited and leave a boy.

Remove 1 from to elevate and leave a standard. Remove 1 from perfection and leave a board.

Remove 1 from concealed and leave a large wagon.

How Many Boys.

ACRIRVING
CHARLESSE
EELMBRSLO
RSPHCNIIIR
I THAROLDIG
LEROYNAAE
JOHNROTIS
PQFRANKDH

Reading from left to right and also downwards, how many boys' names can you make out?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

1—Rite.
2—Spending, Agate, Preach, Each.
3—Marion, Esther, Miriam, Louisa.

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Uncle Wiggily and Jackie's House

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Uncle Wiggily gave one look back over his shoulder and cried:

"I should say not! The skilley-skilley alligator is after us. Oh, Jackie! How shall we ever get away?"

"You can't get away!" growled the skilley-skilley alligator with the double-jointed tail.

"Well, we can try!" barked Jackie, as he caught hold of Uncle Wiggily's paw in his own. "I'll help you run, and we can hide away from the alligator in my hollow log and hide away from the skilley-skilley alligator with the double-jointed tail."

Uncle Wiggily and Jackie ran on as fast as they could, and the bad alligator crawled after them, but the bunny gentleman and the puppy dog boy managed to get to the hollow log first.

"You crawl in first, and I'll crawl in after you, Uncle Wiggily," said Jackie. Then the bunny gentleman tucked his red, white and blue striped rump under his paw and crawled into the log. Jackie crawled after him and there the two hid.

They could hear the alligator come up and they heard him stop. Then the bad chap spoke and said:

"Well, I saw them here a minute ago, but they have disappeared. I guess they must have run on. But I'll catch them."

Then the alligator ran on and, after a while Uncle Wiggily said:

"I guess we can go out now, Jackie."

"I guess so," agreed the doggie boy. But alas! When he went to crawl out backward he couldn't do it. He was stuck fast in the log.

"What's the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "Can't you back out, Jackie?"

"No," answered the doggie chap. "I can't. You had better crawl out of your end."

Uncle Wiggily tried, but he couldn't. He was stuck fast, too.

"Oh, shall we have to stay in my play house forever?" barked Jackie.

"No, I can make a hole in the side with Nurse Jane's cabbage cutter."

Uncle Wiggily, and this he did. Then he and Jackie crawled out, and the alligator had no sense that day.

And if the June bug doesn't ring the front door bell and make the ash can believe he's a rag man, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Jackie's shoes.

WHEN WAS HE BORN.

Request anyone in the room to write down the number of the month in which he was born. Next ask him to multiply this by 2,