

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Weekly Chat

My Dear Boys and Girls:— I don't believe many of you had a really jolly celebration of any kind on the last public holiday, at least none of you have reported such to me, and I was so sure you would have fishing trips, picnics and all sorts of rackets to write about.

Have you noticed many of the bird's houses empty? I have. Those little morsels seem to shift for themselves very early and evidently learn the art of walking and flying quickly.

We might learn lots of lessons from the little birds. If they can't fly, they try to hop about. So let us think every time their mothers tried to instruct them it would take them many months—instead of days—to learn to fly and hop about.

How about it chums? Will we just sit back and enjoy the Children's Corner during the summer or will we have a contest? It is for you all to decide, so let me have many opinions. Of course I need not remind you that all contributions are welcome at any season.

Let us talk matters over during the holiday time and then we can have things well thought out by the time when we should settle down to work again.

I surely hope that many of you are enjoying the beautiful country with its fields and trees, its hills and dales all covered with the beautiful shades of green and dotted here and there with a touch of color made by the many blossoms so much in evidence.

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Answers To Letters

BRUNST 8.—Yes, it is a long time since I heard from you so your letter was all the more welcome to me.

MARIE G.—That must be a very pretty garden to see it. Your little brother is at a very interesting age now, and I can imagine him creating lots of fun for you girls.

HAROLD E.—This would be a good chance to practice your writing. Hard, especially on the rainy days. Glad to hear of your experiences on that pleasant trip.

ALTON R.—Good for you in your school exams. This was great to pass with such good marks and of course I understand now why you couldn't keep up the writing to me as you were so busy.

MAY H.—You are certainly a little girl to write such a neat letter and many older ones could not do as well. Hope your party was a success and that all the little friends brought their dolls.

ROY G.—I am sorry I can not give you that information, but will write you if I do succeed in getting it. Yes, we have a large membership, but of course the older ones have to drop out as new ones join, so it keeps the list well balanced.

MABLE B.—You are certainly a busy bee these days. Mable, I did enjoy your letter immensely and admired your writing very much.

TOM B.—That was a fine trip you had alright and a good way to start the holidays. How is the garden coming? With all the hot sun and nice warm rains occasionally you should feel encouraged.

HAZEL T.—You will be very welcome as a new member and I think the coupon is just what little folks needed, as they didn't seem to understand that all readers may join who are under sixteen.

ROB. W.—So pleased to enroll you as a member of our Club Bob, and hope you will enjoy the Corner as the other fellows do.

ROBERT M.—Welcome to our midst also, it is fine to have new members joining as the older ones have to drop out. Hope you will be as glad to be one of us as we are to have you.

THELMA F.—You don't write any too often. I always enjoy your letters and as yours is the most interesting in this week's mail, I want the other members to enjoy it, too.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

DICK DUBBIN'S DESPERATION

(Continued from last week.) "Or play with him!" said Mollison. "Or sit on his head till his heart softens!" suggested Trimm.

Eventually Dubbin's proposal was agreed to. They would visit Farmer Bulltop and reason with him—gently, politely, but firmly.

They had little difficulty in finding Mr. Bulltop, who was bulging some of his men in the stackyard. He regarded his visitors with an eye of suspicion.

Mr. Bulltop's suspicion was in no way lessened when Mollison—who had won the toss for "first go at the brute!"—removed his cap, pressed it over his heart, and made a bow which might have satisfied a savage potentate.

"Well!" demanded Bulltop. "We have no desire to trespass on your valuable time, Mr. Bulltop," began Mollison, very politely, "but the fact is we've come about our parson."

"My parson?" grunted Bulltop. "Oh!" unanimously from the self-appointed deputation. Then Trimm had a try.

"Really, Mr. Bulltop," he said, still politely, "we built it, y' know!" "An' I'm very much obliged to y', grunted Bulltop.

A momentary silence, then Dubbin, more firmly than politely proceeded to take up the attack. "That's absurd, y' know!" he said. "All the same, to save time we'll split the difference and call it the parson."

"Well!" again from Bulltop. "You don't really intend to insist on your claim?" We built it, y' know!" "On my land!" interrupted Bulltop. "And, being a building within the meaning of the law, it's mine. See?"

The boys did not seem at least, as Mr. Bulltop wished them to see. "Come, come, Mr. Bulltop," put in Mollison again, still striving to be polite. "You are acting—er—some what harshly."

Bulltop smiled. "Like a—er Grand Duke, y' know!" said Trimm. Bulltop grinned.

"Like a bully and a thief!" said Dubbin, slowly and distinctly. Bulltop neither smiled nor grimaced now. This he considered, was passing the bounds of fair argument, and swaging his stout stick, he made a wild dash at the fully-prepared Dubbin.

Running his hands as far up this thigh as possible, he suddenly backed almost under the descending stick of the pursuing farmer.

A short, sharp run, and Dubbin, aided by the pull of the bounding bough swung himself clear, and shot forward like a stone from a catapult.

In mid-stream he retraceed his hold, and much to the mortification of the astounded Bulltop, Dubbin landed safely in a clump of nettles on the further bank.

"Done!" gasped the perishing Bulltop. "Brown as a toast, and on both sides!" chuckled Dubbin, even while the nettles stung.

Little Children of Mother Goose Village

Little Polly Flinders was feeling very badly for she had lost her dearest dolly. Polly Flinders could see quite nicely for a little girl and Mother Flinders had just given her a scrap of beautiful pink silk for a new frock for her doll.

She looked in every corner of the house, upstairs and downstairs and in the playhouse and at last decided to give it up.

Daddy Flinders had gone to market with a great load of apples and warm white woollen nightgowns for the little Hush-a-Bye-Baby and she had been fast asleep. Then she thought she would straighten her mother's sewing basket for a surprise.

Mother was making little woollen dresses for Polly Flinders to wear to school on the cool autumn days and warm white woollen nightgowns for the little Hush-a-Bye-Baby and she had been fast asleep. Then she thought she would straighten her mother's sewing basket for a surprise.

Such a surprise for little Polly Flinders! There was her own dearest doll, sitting right up at her with her big brown eyes, and her hair was tied with a big pink ribbon bow!

Polly Flinders remembered now that her mother had given dolly a new hair ribbon and she had forgotten to take her out of the sewing basket.

That was Polly Flinders' surprise and a happy surprise may be waiting for you. In a kind, loving deed that your loving hands do.

Then, secure in the knowledge that there was no bridge within a mile, Master Dubbin proceeded to lecture Bulltop on the folly of supposing that, at his time of life and in his plump condition, he could catch anything speedier than a garden snail!

"You really ought to know better, Mr. Bulltop!" he chuckled. "You think you're the fustiest fellow round here. You think you're the fustiest fellow round here. You think you're the fustiest fellow round here."

CHAPTER III. Now, Master Dubbin was a boy who having once set his mind on a thing, was not to be easily discouraged.

Before morning school on the following day, without a word to his chums, he set out once more for Bulltop's farm!

He had no particular desire to see Farmer Bulltop this time. Oh, dear no! On the contrary, he had decided, if possible, to keep out of that worthy's way.

But Dubbin had heard, as indeed all Mappleton village had heard, that there was one individual capable of putting a great and deadly foe into the heart of Farmer Bulltop.

That individual was Farmer Bulltop's wife, and her name was Veronica. Once, when driving alone to market, Mrs. Bulltop had had some trouble with her pony. Dubbin had gallantly stepped forward, had seized the pony's head, and had led him through the gate, for which service he had been thanked by the fair Veronica.

(Continued next Saturday.)

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Smile Kiddies, Smile

Entitled to An Extra Flower. "Mother," says the younger sister, "I think it is too bad, I am sixteen, yet you make me wear such short dresses that it mortifies me terribly."

"My dear," said her mother, "you cannot wear longer dresses till your elder sister is married."

"Well," answered the younger sister, "she is so good as engaged to Mr. Doolittle, and I think I am entitled to an extra flower."

Happy Though Rejected. "What a wonderful way you must have of rebuking a man! You seem to send them away supremely happy."

"Just so," said the speaker, "I tell them that the report that I am a great believer in a mistake."

The humblest occupation has in it materials of discipline for the highest heavens.

A Japanese Umbrella. A Japanese umbrella is not at all like one of ours. It is about three feet across the top, and has a straight handle of wood. The top is made of thick colored paper with little wooden slats to hold it in position. The Japanese are very proud of the color and style.

A Clever Mouse. Great praise of mind is reported to have been shown by an American mouse which fell into a dish of cream. He simply swam round and round victoriously until he was able to crawl up on the butter.

A Whimsical Singer. John Abbot, the celebrated alto singer, who lived in the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century, was always whimsical, and sometimes would sing and sometimes would not, just as he took it into his head. When he was at Warsaw he refused to sing before the court, but his objections were overcome by the somewhat summary method of suspending him in a chair in the middle of a large hall, while some of his admirers were singing.

Poor Galin. When Aristotle was asked "What a man could gain by calling a falsehood" he answered, "Not to be believed when he speaks the truth."

Birthdays Greetings

To all the little friends having a birthday during the coming week we wish them many, many happy returns. On our birthday book are the following names:

- Oliver McKenna, Sussex. H. C. Webster, Westport Pt. Olive Parks, Queen St. James Tierney, Creek Hill, Kings Co. Bunco Nera, Horsham St. J. S. Kirke Steele, Barnsville, in a branch. Ruth Pierce, Bloomfield St. John W. Chair, River de Chate. Kenneth Whitaker, Salisbury. Gertrude Rice, Canterbury St. Flora Arnold, Sussex. Andrew Laskov, Lunenburg. Eldon Fletcher, Whitchurch Beach. Raymond Wetmore, Bloomfield St. Olive E. Moxon, Marguerite. Beatrice Edridge, Beaver Harbor. Gertrude Rice, Westport. Nelson Kage, Avonmore. Phyllis Barber, Broad St. Albertina Beaman, Bathurst. Marion Hopkins, Bridgetown. Betty Mason, City.

Blossomed-burdened branches, Briared banks betide, Bright, bewitching bluebells, Blooming, bend beside.

But beware be breaker, Bare blasts brooding black, Bitterly bemoaning, Broken banks borne back.

"Dogs' Wood." The splendor of dogs' wood proved a success, and several others have been opened in London to receive and prepare the combings. The Ladies Kennel Association receives the wool, and collies is especially beautiful. The light riffs is a particularly beautiful. The old grey sheep dog is the most responsible and collies is used to stuff pillows for the wounded.

A Scotsman who was dressing for the New Year festivities was discovered by his wife pulling weird faces in the mirror.

"Jock," she asked, "What are you doing?" "Oh," said Jock grinning, "I know what the kids are giving me as a present this year, and as I'm not supposed to know I'm practicing a host of intense surprise!"

of the dresses, that she didn't see Grandma take from the lower tray a mysterious looking little package. How surprised she was, when Grandma laid it in her lap, saying "I thought the dollies needed something new this summer, so I've brought my little granddaughter something for herself, something to wear, which Grandma wore when she was a little girl."

With excited fingers, Mary untied the wrappings and discovered a little carried box, one that Mary had often seen on Grandma's table at home. Mary's time Grandma had told her about Sorrento, over in sunny Italy, and all about the wood-carving and inlaying there. Mary's cry of delight at having the dainty box for her own brought her mother to see, and together they turned the string key in its lock; inside they found a tiny key of beautiful amber, which Grandma had given her when she was a little girl.

Why, Mary, what a treasure!" said her mother, almost as delighted as Mary herself. "They seem like bumps of sunshine. Don't they, Grandma?" said Mary softly, as she turned them round and round, fondling them.

"Years ago these bumps were just little drops of rain, and I'll tell you about those amber-pines of Sorrento, that were buried in the sea, and changed to amber when the waves tossed up on the shores again. Sometimes, I think I can detect the woody smell in these very bumps."

Grandma fastened the beads about Mary's neck, and away skipped the little girl, happy in the knowledge that the story of her treasure was only half told.

Tomboy Taylor's Mother Was on Her Way to Report to the Police the Disappearance of Nearly Every Knife in the House.



Moving Picture Funnies

"The Story of an Ice-cream." I'll tell you a plan for gaining wealth better than banking, trade, or loans; take a bank-note and fold it up. And then you will find your money in creases.

This wonderful plan, without danger or loss, keeps your cash in your own hands, where nothing can trouble it. And every time that you fold it across, it's plain as the light of day that you double it.

Cardinal Virtues. The cardinal virtues are benevolence, justice, purity, truth, and order.

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THE S

By William T. The International Lesson For July 20 Supper.—Matt. 23:30.

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