

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Weekly Chat

Dear Girls and Boys:— So glad to hear all the nice things about our page on doggies which you all read last Saturday, some liked one story better than another some liked the chat best, while other thought the verses just dandy, so I take it that you all know a little more about dogs than you used to, and that you all have the same weakness or liking for the dumb friends. Well, we have in many such friends and from time to time we will have whole pages devoted to them too.

Indeed we have other friends too for the serial story which finished last Saturday was contributed to the Children's Corner by one who is a friend to the boys and girls and we start another story sent by the same kind friend. There are several others to follow too, and I am sure you all are very grateful for such thoughtfulness from one who proves his interest in such a practical way. Friends are very valuable in every stage of life, kiddies, and I trust you will never feel the real need of them. You can even in your quietest moments imagine how lonely life would be without the clams you can claim and who help to make so many times pleasant. They become more valuable and necessary to you as you grow older and you have often heard that the belief of being without friends causes one to feel more wretched and distressed than if suffering from physical pain. That is hard for you little folks to believe and we hope the day will never come when you do realize it. Anyway, appreciate the ones you come in contact with each day, because the golden rule which says "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," and that will help you greatly in forming true friendships with those who are in winning friends that seem to be an individual and personal matter and rests with each one to accomplish for himself. One thing we can advise though and that is to be true under all circumstances to those we claim as friends. Since it is the best test of our depth, especially against what is unkind, untruthful and unfortunate.

So while we pledge ourselves to be friends to the dumb little dogs, let us be true to our friends. During those beautiful summer days I can picture many of you picking berries, others are playing on the beaches, while some are more fortunate enough to enjoy beautiful rides and drives while others are doing many duties and having many pleasures each day. Whenever you may be I hope you are happy and gay enjoying the summer freedom and among good friends. Hoping to be always one.

UNCLE DICK

GIMCRACK THE ELF.

Gimcrack the elf, said turnips to cottage people because he wanted to see the fairy wife was collecting three penny bits to make plates for her fairy dinner-party. She had only got twelve, and she wanted some more. He had invited twelve fairies to dinner that night under an oak tree too.

So Gimcrack hurried Bianco, his white rabbit, to the turnip cart, and drove off through the wood to the cottage below. When they were passing the last tree before they reached the lane, "Good-for-nothing, turnips and black brother," whispered the turnip and looked at the turnips till his mouth watered. All at once Bianco felt something pulling at the cart behind and stopped because he guessed what it was. "Get up!" squeaked Gimcrack. "Do you want the stick?"

"Not me, master—somebody else does!" said Bianco, with a start. "Don't answer back!" squeaked Gimcrack, and snatched Bianco by his stick, until the white rabbit galloped as fast as he could, good for nothing, repeated round the turnip and looked at the turnips till his mouth watered. All at once Bianco felt something pulling at the cart behind and stopped because he guessed what it was. "Get up!" squeaked Gimcrack. "Do you want the stick?"

CONSIDERATE.

Dr. Jekyll—"Yes, I am going to retire. I've got enough, and am willing to give somebody else a chance." "Fog"—"See. Your motto henceforth will be, 'Live and let live.'" "Nothing is so painful as some men's efforts to be funny."

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.....

Answers To Letters

BRAS.—Your jolly letter was very acceptable and I was much interested in all your plans for the summer. Hope everything turns out good for you. Well hope to hear again from you and to learn of your luck.

BETTY D.—So you are among the lucky ones to have a nice trip to the lake. Hope you enjoy every day of it and am sure you will when you get back and how nice for your cousin, to have him to play with besides giving a good home to a dog when he needs one. Well will be glad to hear from you and to know of your doings while away.

GERALD T.—Your letter was splendidly written and I was very glad for all the kind things you wrote about our C. C. You did well with your exams too, and I do hope you will have many good times in the holidays.

MATILDA R.—What a nice neat little letter you sent me and you are quite a stranger too, for I don't recall a number of answering one of your letters for a long while. You have certainly used your eyes for hunting, but for you report finding so many names as they usually do. This shower weather will be heard on them as I remember they could not stand much rain while young. You will be earning for yourself with your duties as well as for your father and mother, besides as you say there is no part work about them.

MAX G.—With such a big family of new chicks and turkeys to feed and care for I am sure you will be kept on the jump. Especially if the latter takes as many wandering trips as they usually do. This shower weather will be heard on them as I remember they could not stand much rain while young. You will be earning for yourself with your duties as well as for your father and mother, besides as you say there is no part work about them.

ELLA M.—So glad to hear of your recovery and to know you are all well again. Don't worry about missing the school, but think how much you have to be thankful for. Glad you enjoy our page so much.

GERTRUDE L.—So you were delighted with our doggy and liked all the stories and other things. Well it is nice of you to say so. We will have one about horses very long indeed. You write a very nice letter indeed.

HAZEL G.—Thanks for the nice appreciative letter you sent; it pleases me when the kiddies say they enjoy their page. Hope you will have a happy summer too and of course you will wish so much to give you a good time.

JACK C.—How funny that the poetry about the "no good dog" just applied to your case or very much like it. No doubt you regard Pip with more favor since he proved his worth. Hope you have fine weather for your camping, that is the most necessary for a real good time last it? Good luck anyway.

MAY B.—Your little letter was very neat and well written. It was good to hear from you again after so long a silence.

JEAN F.—How lovely to be surrounded with so many birds' nests that means a summer of song for you. Yess it is interesting indeed to read of the baby birds especially when the mother is teaching them to fly.

THE LOST DOG. Phil was lost! "It's your fault, Nora," said Phil. "You saw him last."

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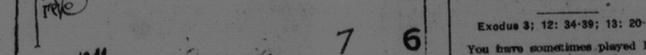
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He had. A small boy, who was sitting next to a very beautiful woman in a crowd of car, kept sniffing in a most annoying way, until the woman could stand it no longer.

"Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded. The small boy looked at her for a few seconds and then, in a dignified tone, answered: "Yes, I have, but I don't lend it to strangers."



CHILDREN'S CORNER



Moses the Leader Exodus 3; 12: 34-39; 13: 20-22 You have sometimes played Follow the Leader, have you not? Suppose you had to travel through dark woods and over deserts, and your leader had never been there before. He would go to some one who had been there, and know the best paths, and he would ask him to tell you all his secrets. Yes, all him the way to go. And when he was leading the others through dark woods, or travelling at night, he would need something to make him able to see the path. What would he need? A light. I am going to tell you about a man named Moses, who was a leader, one of the greatest ever lived, when I have finished their lives and we would send her some, too. But before he got half way he found he'd forgotten something very important and had to go back to the tool shed for it. The dots will show you what it was.

THE WESTMOUNT BOYS' CLUB STORIES

THE LOST IS FOUND.

By Jack Humphrey. CHAPTER I. The Boys Discuss a Proposition. On the bank of the St. John River, in the valley of the same name, is situated the little country town of Westmount. Quiet and peaceful, and offering few attractions, it is spoken of as "that dead town," by the dreamers who have it as a part of their territory. But ask one of the young people, especially a boy, and he will answer "some town." And he is right, for Westmount is veritably a boys' paradise.

The broad river offers excellent skating in winter, and swimming and boating in summer. The high hills about it are made expressly for coasting, and the woods near by offer the boys many chances for an all day hike, or a hunting or fishing excursion.

On one winter day, the afternoon session of the Westmount High School was drawing to a close, and the pupils already anticipating the coming hours of freedom were growing restless under the restraint of study. At last the welcome sound of the dismissal bell was heard, and after a hurried scowling away of books and papers, the boys and girls marched out to the entrance hall where they quickly scattered.

"The town had been in the grips of a driving snow storm the night before, and a deep mantle of snow covered the ground to a depth of several inches. As a group of the boys were ploughing their way through the snow to the street, they were hailed by Larry Evans, a stockily built youth, who came hurrying across the school yard.

"Say, what's your hurry boys?" he enquired, as he approached them. "Anybody would think that you were hiking out to a fire somewhere."

"Oh no," answered Tubby Williams, a stout, good-natured chap. "You know we haven't got much to do since that storm last night upset our skating plans."

"Well you fellows come along with me," Larry said, "I was just thinking something that father told me in connection with the plans for our club, and we will go down to his barn and talk it over."

Larry's father was proprietor of the Westmount Department Store, and was one of the town's wealthiest men as well as a prime mover in all its affairs. Outside of his work his great hobby was an intense interest in the boys' work, and many an enterprise started by the boys, was helped along by him; though he was careful to lay down conditions that would bring out their initiative.

The boys started out for the barn, losing some of their surplus energy on the way, by petting each other with snowballs, and they arrived a breathless but happy lot. Leading the way into the barn, Larry ushered the others into a large room on the second floor. This room extended the length of the building and had been used as a work-room. It was well lighted by windows at either end and in one corner there was a large wood burning stove.

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Puzzles

Riddles in Rhyme. Grows and blooms around the door, Has three leaves and sometimes four. Slim and tall but bright and gay, Nose and nails the liveliest day.

What kind always goes on foot? Word Square. 1. A transparent mineral; 2. A mountain goat remarkable for its horns; 3. Part of a battery; 4. The rod upon which a wheel revolves.

Altered Proverb. If you will change one letter in each of the following words: TAME, ANY, TIME, WANT, FAY, GO, MAN, in the order they are written you can form a well-known proverb.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES. Brain Test. Numerical Enigma. A Word Square. D O G O D E G E M

Birthday Greetings

"May you live long and prosper!" is the sincere wish of the C. C. to all the kiddies having a birthday during the following: Fred Boles, Rollingdun; Nellie Martin, Black Harbor; Annie B. Israel, Preport, N. S.; Elizabeth Coppitts, Grand Bay; Florence Kerrigan, St. George; Mary Colapitta, Grand Bay; Flora V. Granville, Cumberland Bay; Olive Brandage, Up Greenwald; Kenneth Ashford, Newcasville; W. Wallace Graham, Milltown; Hazel Sears, Centre Village; Jean Cowell, Mecklenburg St.; James Melick, Sewell St., City; John Bush, Norton; Annie Morrill, Newswaste; Percy Rowley, Foreston; Doris Brindle, Westworth St.; Evelyn McCarty, Oromocto; Gladys E. Vall, Gagetown; Estelle Elsie Murray, Fairfield; Eliza O. Shaw, Doyle's Brook; Louise Calder, Campbell Island; Marie L. Williams, Elliott Row, City; Florence Northrup, Coles Island; Kathleen McCone, Westworth St.; Frances Warren, Peter St.; John Warren, Peter St.; Eva Tompkins, E. Florenceville; Myrtle Ashford, Newswaste; Joe Brennan, West Bathurst; Margaret Ellis, Westport; Viola Berry, Rockland N. B.; Ruth Evelyn Cassidy, Sussex; J. Arthur Rigby, Hartland.

HOW A TELEPHONE "HEARS" If you unscrew the end of your telephone receiver you will find first a thin sheet of soft iron called the diaphragm.

This is held in its place by the force of two permanent magnets that bent at all times. These magnets are surrounded by long coils of very fine wire. These wires are connected through street lines and exchange boards with the transmitter at the other end of the line.

How do you suppose Moses knew the way to lead them? He had to have some one who knew the path he was to follow around the maze of the way in the dark? A light. But what a big light it would have to be to show the way to thousands of people! Bright light carried in street light, or an automobile lantern. Well, it was brighter than "many electric lamps"; it was the most wonderful light you can think of. It was a great, high cloud, which at night turned into fire, a pillar of fire they called it, and it was so big and bright that it gave light to all the people.

But there was something about it even more wonderful than the light boys gave. The angel of the Lord was in the cloud, and moved always ahead of them, showing them the way. Across the desert, over mountains, through woods and rivers, the cloud with the angel moved on ahead, always showing them the best paths, never letting them lose their way.

Let us see in our minds how they travelled. First the great cloud moving slowly ahead of them, tall and dark in the daytime, bright and shining at night. Then Moses, in long, flowing clothes, with a rod in his hand, leading all the people, who followed him as he followed the angel-cloud. Behind him marched the men and women, the boys and girls and little children, and last of all, behind the women and children, were more men driving the flocks, the sheep and goats, and keeping a watch at the back to see that no one was lost or left behind in the march.

Over all God watched and took care of them, and just as the boys cry and want to help them, so He hears us when we pray to Him, and watches over us, day and night. We do not see a shining cloud in the sky, and have with us God Himself seen us always, and loves us, and takes care of us. So we need never be afraid, even if we lose our way in the streets. Even if we are alone in the

People who take all things literally are apt to tread on other people's toes. The man who walked in where he saw a sign, "Walk in," and who was ordered out, was a literal man. The broker's shop and demanded 40c, because there was a placard in the window that read, "Look at this watch for 40c."

"I looked at it," said he, "and now I want my 40c." The most amusing incident we have heard of is that the countryman who, while sauntering along a city street, saw a sign, "Please ring the bell for the caretaker."

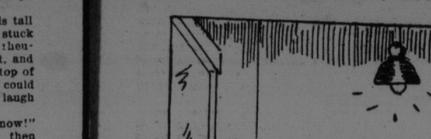
After reflecting for a few minutes he was waked up and gave the bell a pull that it nearly came out by its roots. In a few moments an angry-faced man opened the door, the countryman pulled light and the next instant flies away from the magnets. That makes it "snap" and gives you a reproduction of the speech made by the transmitter at the other end of the line.

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MAGAZINE

Give The Opposing Sex To

By Ring W. Lardner. To the Editor: Ladies and others of the female sex that is always thrilling for equal rights with the boys and want the same privilege of going shopping in a barber shop could enjoy the privilege of shaving themselves every A. M. and a special once in a while for a hair cut or something, but unfortunately most of the fair sex is like the Russians and either don't, or don't half to do neither. We've never known what they're up to, but in the business of pairing off, men can even guess at the delirious of a barber shop. Shaving yourself is sport enough and always keeps one laying in bed a couple of extra days, looking forwards to it. The real test, comes when the hair begins to drop, then down around the ears and you get a



Well he started out with the clippers and the skull as per orders—

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