

## Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

## Weekly Chat

Dearest Chums:—

So many of you write me about the different pets you have and I have often thought it would be nice to have a "chat" about them and indeed the whole page for one day might be on certain pets which many of you possess. For instance, how many are there among you who have not dogs? Not many I think, so today we will have a "dog-page." I have almost become acquainted with some of the dogs you write me about. Of their tricks, their looks their size and useful acts, I am kept well informed and indeed I enjoy immensely hearing all about those you love so dearly. You do love your dogs; one can read that quite easily between the lines of your nice letters. Like human beings the dogs are divided into many races and so there are a great many kinds, they are as different in appearance as people are and as you know there is no end to the number of true accounts which have been written of the very wise and prudent things which dogs have done and are able to do. Why during the war, a nurse who spent several years at the front told me she had kept a diary of the wonderful things she saw which dogs had done at the front, thus they helped in many, many ways to win the war. She said we would thereby believe it possible that they could understand the serious conditions which surrounded them and could so easily be trained to do many helpful things. Some scientists consider that the dog is the ancestor of the cat and that by taming and educating one there is only a slight difference between them. Their habits and instincts are very similar and their bony structure much the same. I am sure many of you have seen a dog which makes you think of a wolf.

I know I have, and I have been puzzled many times to tell whether it was right or wrong. No doubt if the wolf was tamed and educated and went about as the dog does, we would very often be unable to tell one from the other, but knowing the former to be always cruel or wild we do not realize the likeness as it exists.

After much study the naturalists agree on some points concerning our dumb friends, one is that they follow their quarry either by sight or scent and will hunt singly or in packs. All the dogs are blind when they are born and the age to which they will live varies from six to twenty years. These facts seem to be permanent and universal attributes with the dog, but as to color, form, size, make of the hair, instincts and aptitudes there is an almost endless variety. Nearly every boy and girl has at some time longed to own a dog and fortunately many who live in the country districts have the longed-for dog. It may not always be possible in city life, still many little ones have them in spite of the obstacles to be overcome. One funny writer says: "Man is the god of the dog; he knows no other. See how he worships him. With what reverence he crouches at his feet, with what delight he looks upon him, with what eagerness he obeys him, with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him. I think that expresses the relationship between the dogs and their owners beautifully and accounts for the great affection which one has for the other. Instead of giving you my experiences of the intelligence which I have known to be shown by the very faithful friends I am going to give you many little stories and verses to be printed in today's page which I know you will enjoy very much and they show you the amusing as well as the useful and faithful nature which are displayed by our canine friends."

No doubt your personal experiences with your pet dogs want to be well worth listening to and I am sure they have as clever ways and habits as any we read about. If so let us know about them. With best regards to all the doggies.

UNCLE DICK.

## FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

The Newfoundland dog that was shot dead by a robber in a raid on a restaurant last night died for his friend, just as he died for a man who was his friend. Summoned to his aid by his master, already wounded by a bullet, this dog, of a noble but vanishing breed, did not stop to reason. His master was in danger; to his master's aid he rushed even against the muzzle of a revolver pointed at him. He grappled with one of the two thieves, the other shot him through the head. He dragged himself to his master's feet and there died with his eyes searching those of his master, doubtless with the question that dogs have asked of man through the ages since dogs ceased to be wolves: "Have I done well?"

This Newfoundland dog did die. He did supremely well. He deserves to be named in the day's record of life; because he displayed the highest moral attribute of men and of dogs alike—fine instinct of loyalty.—N. Y. Mail.

"These short skirts are rather bewildering."

"Yes, it isn't safe any more to offer to take what you think is a little girl on your lap!"

## 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

JACK H.—Many thanks for manuscript, have not had opportunity to read the same yet but expect to find them very acceptable. Please to have you take such an interest in the C. C.

ERMA P.—Hope you really enjoyed the day off and am sure you deserve many of them after such a service. You show signs of being a very business-like little lady by acknowledging the parcel so punctually. It pleases me to see my young friends do such things at the proper time, and in the proper manner as you have, all our members do not show the same promptness you know.

RONALD G.—So good to know of your recovery from such a long illness you have a good chance to build up now and hope you keep out in the fresh air continually. It is the best of health. How nice that our page cheered so many lonely hours, no wonder you wished for it daily. Good luck.

MARION H.—You were certainly an exception when you felt sorry that school was over. Nevertheless it is better for you and your future studies that you should have holidays and now begin to enjoy them as much as and even more than you did the school sessions. Wish I could see your books too for I am sure they show neatness and good penmanship by the letters you send.

JEFF M.—I guess I could almost hear you shout for joy when the last of school days arrived. Don't blame you for throwing your cap and other things about for it surely is a "grand and glorious feeling" to be really free once more. Hope you have heaps of fun.

MATILDA G.—How I should enjoy some of those nice berries too, but as you say they are not easy "sellers," so I must take the will for the deed. You seem to be plentiful this year and as I have seen some so large too, for the wild kind. That faithful dog of yours is just the guard you need for going away on berry hunts. Does he like the fruit too?

EVA T.—You have a lot of little duties to perform and there is no fear of your becoming lazy in the holidays. O. C. means more to you as a large one, I have seen some so large too, for the wild kind. That faithful dog of yours is just the guard you need for going away on berry hunts. Does he like the fruit too?

GEORGE N.—Glad to get your cheery letter and to read of all your doings. How well you did with your exams too; those marks are fine and show ability even if you did work hard. Congratulations.

JEAN B.—So you were another leader of your class, how splendid that is in several cases. It is a great honor you could send and I was delighted to read it. Hope your visit will be a very pleasant one and know it will with so many promised rides in the new auto.

DONNA G.—Very pleased indeed to enroll you as a new member and niece. Hope you continue to enjoy our page even more now that you are one of us. Perhaps some of your brothers and sisters are the right age to join too. Hope to hear from you often.

HARRY C.—Enjoyed your neat little letter and the incident which related the diary is to commence with right as you will see by today's puzzle answers.

## Birthday Greetings

This is such a nice time to celebrate a birthday, with all studies over and the glorious summer weather to make any outing possible so those having one during the coming week have the best wishes of the Children's Corner for a very happy day. On our list are:

Lawrence Elliott, Young's Cove Rd., Etna, N. B., 11.  
Bertha Thorne, Brittain St., City.  
Della M. Sears, Central Village.  
Katherine Dickson, Queen St., Moncton.

Edna Weldon, City Line.  
Emerald Woodworth, Harrison St., Etna.  
Edna Bragdon, Grafton, Car. Co.  
Belinda, McCauley, Simond St., City.  
Robert Rideout, Bannockburn.  
Heber Cripps, Ratter's Corner.  
Holmes Reed Darling, Duke St., City.  
Harold Summers, Sheriff St.

Francis McCavour, Princes Wm. St.  
Sarah Zwicker, Clemensport.  
Gertrude Belyea, Tower St., West.  
Mary MacNicol, Campbellton.  
Wadsworth Weston, New Horton.  
Yvonne Kern, Sewall St.  
Morton Poynt, Dorchester St.  
Doris May Queen, Armstrong's Corner.

Robert Ross, Wright St., City.  
Alice L. Lever, Rollingdam.

"Plenty of room in the front end of the car. Step forward, please."

"Jack," he called, having learned the boy's name from Tubby, "I'm going to throw this stone over your head. Don't try to grab it but just wait till the attached string lights on you. Do you understand?"

"Yes," shouted Jack as he waited expectantly.

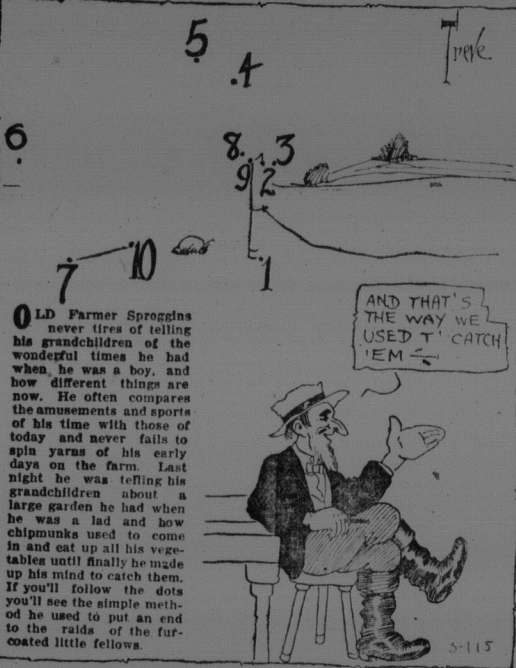
Taking careful aim Mr. Thornton launched the stone into space. It sailed low over Jack's head, the twine streaming out like a huge tail, and as the stone splashed into the water the string settled on his knee.

"Just hold that twine for a second," shouted Mr. Thornton as he picked up the coiled rope. Making a large noose at one end, he tied the string to it and entrusted Jack to pull.

Seeing that Jack now had the rope



## BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES



## THE COWARDLY HERO

(Continued from last week.)

He was instantly carried away and though Jack dared he continued his fight to keep afloat. Every second brought him nearer to the edge of the falls and at last almost buried in a swirl of spray he was swept over. Reaching the bottom of the falls the weight of the descending water carried him under the falls and Jack knew no more.

After seeing Jimmy go to Jack's rescue the two boys ran down the bank until they were below the falls where they anxiously watched the brave fight that Jimmy put up. As they, too, helpless to do anything, watched Jimmy disappear a man came running down the bank to them. Hastily kicking off his shoes, he dived into the water close to the edge of the falls and a short distance beyond the falls was a comparatively quiet stretch of water and here Jimmy came up. Quickly the man jumped in and in a few vigorous strokes he was at the boy's side, just as he was going under again.

Jimmy was quickly brought ashore and, laying him on his back, the man started feverishly to work over him. Meanwhile an auto party passing on the road above had witnessed the whole occurrence. John Thornton, the proprietor of the hardware store in the village was one of the occupants of the car and after seeing Jimmy's rescue he turned to the lonely figure of Jack lying on the rock.

"Max," he said as he jumped out. "There's only one way to save that boy and that is to throw a rope to him. Run back and get a long length of rope. And," he added thoughtfully, "bring back a ball of twine and hurry."

As the auto quickly disappeared around a bend in the road Mr. Thornton and his companions hurried down the bank opposite the rock.

"By Jove," Mr. Thornton exclaimed, "He's moving!"

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asked.

"Yes," Jack answered shortly as he remembered how vindictively Tubby had been to Jimmy. Then with a pang of remorse he recollected how he had also treated his rescuer and a feeling of unworthiness swept over him.

As if divining his attitude towards him Tubby blurted out, "I say Jack I wish somebody would kick me good and hard for the way I have treated Jimmy."

"Same here," agreed Jack. "But I'm going in now and square myself. Want to come?"

"By all means," cried Tubby. "You just bet I do," and side by side the boys entered the building.

Miss Andrews, the infirmarian nurse, caught sight of the boys in the hall and conducted them to the room where Jimmy was recuperating. The boys entered but drew back abashed as they noticed a man talking with the invalid.

But Jimmy had noticed them and he called out, "Come on in fellows." Then smiling up at the man he continued, "This is my father, boys. Come in and meet him."

A little apprehensive Jack and Tubby shuffled up to the bedside, fumbling the caps in their hands.

Jimmy, who seemed to be pleased about something, smiled reassuringly at them. "Father, this is Tubby Ransome and Jack Kearns," he said introducing the boys.

At the mention of Jack's name Mr. Collins exclaimed, "Oh! So you're the boy my son saved yesterday?"

"Yes sir," answered Jack flushing slightly. "I've come up to thank Jimmy." Turning to the boy on the bed he continued, "I want you to know that I appreciate what you did for me yesterday Jimmy, and I'll try and make it up to you some day."

Mr. Collins chuckled. "You can make it up to Jimmy today, Jack if you want to. I've got a little story I want to tell you and I'd like you to repeat it to the other boys in the school. If you will do that I think Jimmy will feel amply repaid."

So with the boys sitting at the foot of Jimmy's bed Mr. Collins commenced a story which he told about a dog fight he had participated in a few weeks ago and it seems he didn't appear to the best advantage. You boys of course know about that," and he glanced at them inquiringly.

With a shamefaced look Tubby spoke up. "Yes, in fact Mr. Collins that's what brought me here. You see after what happened I've, well, I've been a little different now. I'm here to apologize," and he glanced apologetically at Jimmy.

"Forget it," Jimmy spoke up. "Wait till father tells his story. You're right, Tubby. Jimmy was not scared then and I'm going to tell you now why he needed it."

When he was a little boy—he wasn't more than three years old at the time—he was in a lot of trouble. One day he was playing with a number of other people their lives but by almost a miracle Jimmy was unharmed. But, though not hurt, he was naturally nervous and a pretty severe shock in seeing the sight of blood was what affected Jimmy at the time.

"Well, I wasn't as badly hurt as I thought I was so I was able to get Jimmy home that day. In the days that followed I noticed Jimmy was not as active as he used to be. I was sure he would get over that soon. I was mistaken for some time later when I accidentally upset a bottle of red ink Jimmy saw me mopping it up. The sight of me wiping up what to him looked like blood, was too much for him and he fainted dead away. Of course we have been careful since then so as to not let him see any blood as we thought he would outgrow his aversion."

"Now we come down to the dog fight. In questioning Jimmy about that he mentioned that the girl in the case had been hurt and that he was bleeding quite badly and that, boys, is what made him faint as he did. As regards the train accident he had forgotten all about that and as we had guarded him since that time he naturally didn't know why he fainted. So when the boys heard of him a coward he wasn't able to defend himself. I am sure though that this affair of yesterday has set him right in the eyes of the school. What do you think boys?" and Mr. Collins looked at them.

Jack and Tubby jumped to their feet. "What do I think about it?" almost shouted Tubby. "Why I am going out now and tell everybody about it. Eh, Jack?"

"I'm with you," Jack exclaimed and then reaching over he grasped Jimmy's hand. "This is my chance to pay you back Jimmy and believe me I'll make a good job of it."

After the boys had gone Mr. Collins said, turning to Jimmy, "Well son, you need not worry after this about how the boys will treat you."

Jimmy made no reply but only smiled sleepily up at his father.

(The End.)

Thoughtful Child.

"Have you seen your prayers?" asked Willie's mother.

"Of course," replied the child.

"And did you ask to be made a better little boy?"

"Yes, and I put in a word for you and father, too."—London Tit-Bits.

Impossible.

It's hard to love your neighbor And hope he'll go to heaven If he mows his dratted lawn At noon from five to seven.

## A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

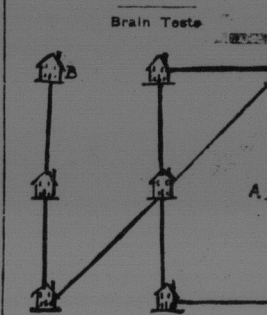
## Puzzles

Numerical Enigma.

My 2, 8, 11, 10 is a girl's name;  
My 5, 8, 7, 2, 12 is belonged to;  
My 8, 10, 12, is a short name for father;  
My 9, 5, 4 is not height;  
My 7, 5, 6, 11 is part of speech;  
My 9, 5, 6, 12 is noisy;  
My 4, 6, 11, 7, 2, 9 is useful for filling bottles;  
My whole is the name of a large and noble species of dog.

A Word Square.  
(Three letters each way.)

1. An animal many kiddies have.  
2. A song.  
3. A treasure.



Brain Tests.

In this small community of nine cottages the man who dwells in each house marked A supplies milk to each of his eight neighbors.

The continuous line shows his daily route, the final customer occupying cottage B.

It will be observed that six straight strolls carry the milk merchant over his route.

Now, we are not going to ask what would be his shortest route to the eight customers. Perhaps, like many milkmen of our acquaintance, he was in no particular hurry. But there is really an interesting and ingenious puzzle involved in the following question:

What is the least possible number of straight moves in a continuous route that will take him from A to B? The diagram shows six. What is your best suggestion?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

Word Diamond.

F A R  
J A M E S  
R E D  
S

Riddles.

1. A bird's egg; 2. A dandelion; 3. A Robin; 4. Apple blossom.

HOW THIS COLLIE HELPED.

It was in a Vermont hayfield that we came upon the dog first—a beautiful golden-brown collie with a white ruff about his neck and big lustrous eyes. There was a threatening black cloud in the west, and plainly the dog felt the gravity of the situation. He ran from one haystack to the next, barking furiously. He wagged his tail approvingly whenever a forkful was pitched to the top of the load. If the steep slopes made hard pulling, he encouraged the horses by leaping up and bounding ahead almost frantically.

"He thinks he is helping," doesn't he?" we said patronizingly, when we had watched the pretty scene for ten minutes or more. And a half-grown boy in his shirt-sleeves turned from his work to answer: "He does help. He's just as much help as another man. He's so interested that he keeps a fellow feeling good in spite of anything."

Many a time since we have thought about that dog in the hayfield, and we have come to the conclusion that the freckle-faced boy was right. Butchers' dogs and herders are always helpful dog spirits that never flag so much for others as the busiest pair of hands can possibly accomplish. While we should do our best to become skilled workmen, those of us who are never very wise or very experienced are not altogether shut out of the privilege of helpfulness. That golden-brown collie in the Vermont hayfield could not hold a pitchfork, but he could show zeal and enthusiasm, and could rejoice in all the workers accomplished. It would be a pity if boys and girls could not do so much.

A NO-ACCOUNT DOG.

(Louella C. Poole.)

"I think we'd better send away this dog of mine," said Farmer Gray. "He's really of no earthly use. He brings in dirt, and scratches loose hairs on our clothes and furniture—(Down, Zippo, down! Down, sir! Down, sir!)"

"Down, sir!"

He really isn't worth his keep. He's certain sure no good for sheep. No watching her, for not a bark he gives at footstep in the dark. He can't do earthly good now. Though kind and gentle, I'll allow. But wise old grandma shook her head.

"He's very good to love," she said. But Farmer Gray was obstinate. The cost of living was so great. It was decreed the dog should go. And little did the farmer know That he was planning thus to send forth from his home the truest friend.

"Oh, where is Willie? Where is he?" cried everyone distractedly. And searched in vain, below upstairs—Then out the house they rushed to where.

O horrors!—their sweet three-year-old. His garments clutched in Zippo's hold. Hunk over the well-worn in such way. The curb bent with his body's sway. And had not watchful Zippo been on guard, he would have plunged with him!

Oh, oh, the praise the good dog had from everyone, all were so glad. That Baby Willie had been found. Without a bruise, but safe and sound! "Well, Zippo," then said Farmer Gray, "calculate you'll have to stay."

Giving the dog a kind caress, Whose eyes were raised in gratefulness: And grandma stroked his rough brown head.

"I'm sure you're worth our love," she said.

"Our Dumb Animals."

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"If you refer to robbing a bank, no, yes."

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## Three Little Turks

Tinker, Tattler and Tim were three little brother puppies. They were fat and frolicsome, roly and rollicky and the only difference between them was that Tinker had three black patches. Tattler had two, and Tim had none at all. As to which was the naughtiest, their own mother couldn't have told you that. They were but little pups, all three. "Three Little Turks," so Cook said, and she ought to know, considering what a life they led her.

One day these three little Turks had used up all the mischievous pranks they could think of, so they offered a prize for the one that should go off by himself and do the daringest piece of mischief. The prize was a nutcracker, and they hadn't exactly got it ready, but they'd seen it on the lowest pantry-shelf, so they said, "It's ready when we want it." Thinking of how they would extremely had they were.

Tinker went off first. "Hurrah!" said he to himself, "I've got a plan. I'll walk right upstairs into the nursery and eat the Babby's Golliwog; if that doesn't get the prize I don't know what will!" So he waddled so quietly, and crept upstairs—this was dreadfully difficult for him, because his legs were so short—and then made a wild bolt into the nursery and dragged away the Golliwog. Tattler, who sat on the floor playing with it.

Tattler at once began to go munch-munch, crunch-crunch, chew-chew; but goodness! he had never guessed that Golliwogs were so tough. "It will take me a month to do this!" he thought. And at this moment the Babby, who had been up a awful howl, cried to speak, set up an awful howl. "Stop that silly creaking-wailing," said Tinker, very cross, "you'll spoil everything. I'm doing this for a prize."

"You creakers are all the same!" Then Nurse rushed in and Tattler rushed out, dropping little bits of Golliwog all down the stairs. He was so scared, and that was all. He hadn't a scrap of anything left to show, by the time he tumbled down to the two others. When he had recovered his breath he told them all.

"Fah!" said Tattler scornfully. "I don't think much of that for an adventure."

"No more do I," said Tim. "I don't suppose the Golly ever tasted nice." "I didn't," said Tinker dolefully and he rolled up to a ball and pretended he was asleep.

Tattler went next. "What fun!" said he to himself, "I've got hold of the very thing. I'll go into the drawing-room and play football with the potatoes. Nothing could be naughtier than that!"

So he wobbled along and wiggled into the house, very cunningly, like a fat cat, and hid in a shadow. He hid doors, till he was in a room in through the drawing-room door, which was ajar. And scrambling up, he reached the table this was exceedingly difficult for him because his legs were so short—he knocked over the pot plants, and he began to roll the pots along; and of course whenever a pot got to the end of the table, over it he crashed!

Tattler tried to save the last one by catching the plant in his teeth, and he did it, but it only pulled him over with it, and then the Housemaid flew in and saw what all this was about. Tattler escaped in the end, but nearly scared out of his wits, and he hadn't even a bit of Golliwog or a leaf of a plant to show.

When he fell a bit better, and had told the others "Him," said Tinker, "I don't think much of that for an adventure."

"No more do I," said Tim. "I expect you got bumped and bruised when the flower-pot fell down with you." "I did," said Tattler ruefully, and he sat down to lick his bumps and bruises.

Then it was Tim's turn last, and he really had got the naughtiest portion of all. "I know what I'll do," said he to himself, "I'll go into the pantry and eat the butter. There's a story for you! I shall make some use of getting it that way." So he waddled, as best he could, into the kitchen, and Cook was bending over the fire and didn't see him; and he walked straight into the pantry.

Yes, there was the nutcracker, and all the doors were open. He had only got to seize the prize and run, but running was very difficult for him, because his legs were so short. "Now or never!" said Tim to himself, and he climbed upon boxes and barrels and reached the shop upon the shelf, and he was just snatching up with it again as fast as his legs would carry him, when Cook turned round and tripped up over him; and before he could get away she had jumped up and shut the door.

What a spanking Tim did get! He had never been so punished in his life, and that's saying a good deal. The time Cook had done with him, however, the nutcracker had been knocked about all over the floor and looked even more mischievous than Tim. Cook opened the door and shoved him out.

Then you'd better think it now," she said, and she angrily threw the chop at his head.

"Good!" said Tim, and he finished the chop. Then he crept home, very sore all over.

Well, what have you been up to?" said Tinker and Tattler suspiciously. "It's quite clear you've had no luck. You won't get that prize."

"No, I suppose not," said Tim, "the nutcracker, you see, I've had already!"

With summer comes sunshine and flowers and lots of other joys and sorrows. Little Dorothy's mother was fully alive to the nation, and made preparations beforehand. She sent her little daughter into the kitchen to go through the parcels from the grocery and pick out some of the papers. But Dorothy, returned from the place of cooking, and not mother so impatient. "Hurry up, dear," she called from the dining room. "Can't you get them?" "No, mummy," came a sad little voice in response.

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