

## Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

## WEEKLY CHAT.

My Dear Chums:— I must still keep on thanking you for all the nice kind sympathy you have sent me and also for the great many cards expressing the Christmas wishes and the New Year Greetings. It would be impossible to thank each one personally, so I trust you will accept this as intended for each and all. You are reading this Chat, which will be nearly over and the book will be opened once more to-day. I do hope you have all enjoyed the vacation and that you will go back to school full of fresh vigor and interest in your studies. This is a very valuable time in your young lives boys and girls, and I trust you all appreciate the opportunities afforded you. All the information you can store up now will need later in life, and each of you will grow up like so many have done—wishing that they had studied harder and been more interested in their school lessons. So many of my little friends write me that they like school so much and they like their teachers too. I am always glad to hear that. "That pupil will turn out well and must be a valuable member in the school which they attend."

During these evenings at home with my lessons, surely you have thought about our Corner enough to originate some clever puzzles or riddles. You remember a few weeks ago I asked you if you hadn't "jumbled" things up enough now in your puzzle column? Well, little friends, I am sure we have and yet you hadn't taken the hint at all and I am still receiving jumbled puzzles. I wouldn't mind so many of them coming in if they were a clever kind of puzzle at all, but you all know they are not, and so I am still going to expect some real puzzles for our puzzle column. Now I always think the boys can do most anything that they make up their minds to accomplish. Then how about getting some really good stories from the girls. Somehow I think girls can write good stories, of course I may be mistaken in my beliefs about what girls and boys can do, but I must first try to me. At any rate I think it will be a nice resolution for all the members to begin 1919 by sending in contributions of jokes, puzzles and stories to our Corner, then you will all feel more like claiming it as your own and feel much more interested besides. Think how much more interest the other members are when they see contributions sent by you. I am sure you will be able to do it. Trust you folks who send in stories know that "I'll enter the literary field, must begin in the right way," which is by writing on one side of the paper only; then when you get older and contribute stories to editors of other publications, they will know that your education along this line, at least, has not been neglected. I have received a nice long story from one of our members, but it has been written on both sides of the paper and has become so blurred that I don't believe the man who sets the type for our paper could read it. Let us all try to make it all out. Some day when I discover that you are contributing more of interest to our page, I will be able to give prizes, but I must first find out if we have some talent worth contesting.

Did Jack Pottle become stronger enough to make any good sport during the holidays? I do hope he made the job safe enough to give you heaps of fun and then perhaps the time coming gave the little ones a chance to use the new, as well as the old sleds and skis. How about the New Year resolutions kiddies? Do write me about the ones you made and of how successful you are in keeping them for after all that is what really counts, isn't it? Let us all try to do better in every way and best of all don't forget the little kind acts to be performed each day. Hoping the very best of luck, health and happiness will come to all the dear boys and girls of the Children's Corner in plenty. With much affection,

UNCLE DICK.

## BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

A happy Birthday to the following members who will celebrate during next week:

Mary McMurray, Fairville.  
Martha Golding, Wickham.  
Jean Brown, Salisbury.  
Annie Moushous, Centreville.  
Hazel M. Short, Central Greenview.  
Sarah Hoffman, Adelaide St.  
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Clara Robinson, Sydney St.  
Burpee Webster, Mechanic St.  
Eva Hooper, Cunningham's Cove, Deer Island.  
Lewis Fletcher, Upland.  
Thelma Kaye, Avonmore.  
Aileen Morrissey, Brierley St.  
Frank Dikeman, Bowler Jones St.  
Nellie Clark, Brierley St.  
Mary Young, Caracquet.  
Kenneth Simpson, Barnesville.  
Kings Co.  
Pearl Long, River Bank.

## NEW MEMBERS

Lawrence Baltzer, St. John St., West End.  
Reala Johnston, Sheba, Queens Co.  
Maude Rose, Riley Brook.  
Bernice Dysart, Shulee, N. S.

Explained.

For more than a week a teacher had been giving lessons on the dog, and so when the inspector came down and asked which subject there was no mention of, the class distinguished itself.

"Things were progressing quite satisfactorily and the teacher was congratulating himself on the trouble he had taken, when, after a question was asked which made him tremble for the reputation of his scholars.

"Why does a dog hang his tongue out of his mouth?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, my boy?" he said to a bright-looking lad who held up his hand.

"To balance his tail!" shouted the bright boy.

## ANSWERS TO LETTERS

ERMA PIERCE—I am sure you will appreciate the Corner more than ever now. If you really missed it such a lot when it failed to appear. If your Christmas card to me was your own work it certainly was very nice. Many thanks for it and your kind words.

BELLA JOHNSTON, Sheba—We certainly do wish you to join us and we hope the Children's Corner will be some cheer to your lonely times. Hope to hear from you often.

MAUDE ROSS—We certainly give you a hearty welcome to our club and hope you will show your interest in many ways.

STELLA GIBSON, Apohaqui—Mystery likes company Stella, so glad you are well in time to enjoy your Christmas. This was my good luck too, so we really had a great deal to be thankful for. Your letter was among the very best ones in this week's mail.

LITH WRIGHT, Muniac—So glad you missed the Corner so much when it did not appear. That is a pleasing sign to me. How about making up some road puzzles, be sure and read with my opinion of the jumbled kind in today's chat.

LAWRENCE BALTZER—Since you are a new member we must show our welcome by making you a puzzle. How you will always read and enjoy the Chat as well as the other good things on our page.

EVA RICHARDSON, Rolling Dam—Glad to hear from you again. Yes, we have had a lot of new members join us the past few weeks and as some of them are so young, we are sure that they will be a great help to the new members. Thanks for your kind wishes for the New Year to all the kiddies.

MILLICENT RICHARDSON—I so pleased to hear of the members enjoying their Christmas as you say you did.

GEORGE MANNING, Sussex—I am always delighted to hear of the members' success in their studies. Your marks for the Christmas examinations were just splendid and you are to be congratulated. Many thanks for kind wishes.

CENTRIDE STODDARD—I so pleased to hear of you improving in writing. Am so glad that Santa Claus was so good to you.

MILDRED STODDARD, Beaufort—Santa Claus was very good to the young friends very good. Your little drawing was very good.

ELISIE McMULLEN, Princess St.—Thank you for the letter. I am sure you will be able to do it. Trust you folks who send in stories know that "I'll enter the literary field, must begin in the right way," which is by writing on one side of the paper only; then when you get older and contribute stories to editors of other publications, they will know that your education along this line, at least, has not been neglected. I have received a nice long story from one of our members, but it has been written on both sides of the paper and has become so blurred that I don't believe the man who sets the type for our paper could read it. Let us all try to make it all out. Some day when I discover that you are contributing more of interest to our page, I will be able to give prizes, but I must first find out if we have some talent worth contesting.

(By Kate W. Hamilton.)

The twins were to take Trude for the first day at school. She had wanted to go for a long time, but mother said that six years old was quite early enough to begin. So when Saturday brought a birthday, Trude was to make it all out. Some day when I discover that you are contributing more of interest to our page, I will be able to give prizes, but I must first find out if we have some talent worth contesting.

"But the roads are all snow," said mother doubtfully.

"I like snow," answered Trude, "I like to go to school. I'll take care of her," said Don and John, holding up their heads as if two seven-year-old boys were wise and strong enough to take care of anything. Mother laughed at that, but she let them go and watched them out of sight down the snowy road, broken only by their tracks.

"It's fun," said Trude, with a brother on either side of her. "I like to go, and I will walk miles and miles to schoolhouse."

"So do I," said Don, aiming a snowball at a tree, but John remembered some stormy days when the snow had found one mile quite far enough. The difference between the two boys was that Don always spoke before he thought, while John always thought first, and sometimes did not speak at all. By and by they came to a place where the road along the side of a deep gully, and Don was a shadowing all the lights to his little sister, pointed to it.

"That's where Jim Bryce's horse and sled went down with a load of brush one day," he said. "Jim drove too close to the edge and over he went."

"Deary me," cried wondering Trude stepping off the road to look down. And then, in one quick moment, her foot slipped and she went tumbling and rolling to the bottom.

"My, my! what'll we do now?" said Don, but when he looked around, John was already scrambling down the bank. Don followed and they found Trude gasping and sobbing a little, but already picking herself up from a bed of snow and leaves. The boys brushed off her clothes and wiped her tears, and John said:

"Now one of us will have to take her home and the other can go on."

"I'll take her home," said Don, and she climbed bravely up the bank, and the three went on together, and Trude never will forget that first day at school.

"And now you are going to come this way every day," said the teacher, as she held the little girl good night.

"Yes'm," answered Trude. Then she asked soberly, "Not exactly the same way?"

A FAIR-SIZED BUILDING.

The largest office building of the navy and the other will furnish needed accommodations to the War Department. One unit of the immense structure will be the new home of the navy and the other will furnish needed accommodations to the War Department.

They will be heavy, Jacky, and you can't carry them all. Why don't you take your sled and draw them home on it?

Potatoes and apples, raisins, sugar and soap made a heavy load, but Jacky Jingle wanted some sugar and apples and raisins and soap and potatoes from the store and she was in a hurry for them.

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## ACROSS RUSSIA

A STORY FOR BOYS

(Continued from last week.)

But what are we going to do? asked Fred Temption, as the door shut upon them. It was quite dark, and the cold was very cold, so the two boys drew together for warmth and companionship. "That fellow, General Matinoff, or whatever his name may be, he's got a regular dinner on us both now. How can we get a message to our father Jack? If only he knew we'd be here at once, and we'd be free inside an hour."

"It strikes me the pair won't get to hear anything about it," replied Jack gloomily. "Not from the General anyhow. If my memory isn't at fault, that's the very man my father flogged like a cur for doing something or other that didn't please him. He's a terrible fellow, he's roused, as the governor, and in spite of their discomfort and the horrible noise that overtook them, the boys laughed aloud as they remembered the consul when in anger."

"We're in a big hole," said Jack after a while. "We'll get out of it somehow, you see if we don't." It was cold comfort, but it was all there was to be obtained, and after a little while both boys snuggled themselves down on the hard stone floor, and slept as peacefully as if they were in their own warm beds at home.

CHAPTER III.  
Marching through the snow—An Es-cape planned.

"Hill, Excellency. Look away! Pay no attention to me, but listen as though thinking deeply."

Jack started violently, and a flash of something that was almost hope crossed his face. He was white and haggard, for he had been tramping across Russia for nearly a fortnight now. Two days more would see them at the settlement, and once there, both his knees, no escape would be possible.

Jack stiffened as the voice came to him. He glanced out of the corner of his eye and saw that a big, stern-faced Pole was standing next to him. They had halted a few minutes before while one of the guards tramped the loose shoe of his sturdy pony. Jack several times noticed the Pole trying to catch his eyes, but had thought nothing of it.

"Excellency," said the man, "I have slipped beside you unheeded. It was my child you saved. I saw it all from the window of my house in the Senatorska. I did not know then that you were the son of His Excellency the English Consul, or I would have taken you to my home."

Jack's heart throbbed. He was a young man, and he was a Pole, but when Matinoff got you you would assuredly be sent to the settlement. Therefore, I went out and assassinated a policeman, so that I might be sent with you, and that I might help you to escape. Jack's eyes widened, and he spoke his lips hardly moving. "The small guardman is watching; be silent. I have heard."

These followed a period of waiting that was almost unendurable, for the lad's heart was beating tumultuously. But presently the guard turned away, and then Jack looked full in the Pole's face.

"Why did you do this thing?" he asked.

"It was my child, Excellency. I could do no less. You saved my child's life, and my life is yours in payment. It is the custom of our people."

(Continued next week.)

JACKY JINGLE AND THE SLED THAT WON THE RACE.

Pippin Hill is always covered with a thin crust of snow in the winter time, and the boys and in Mother Goose Village love to take their sleds to the tip-top of the old hill and coast down it and across the Lane, sometimes going far over the Pond.

One morning Jacky Jingle stood by the window looking very sober.

"If I could have a new sled," he said. "My old sled has such dull runners that I can't slide fast at all, and most all of the boys have new sleds for the race this afternoon."

After breakfast Daddy Jingle went out to the wood shed where the sled had been stored all summer. Bright red and gold paint and strong hard wood made it as good and strong as any new sled in Mother Goose Village or Boston Town.

Jacky Jingle turned it over and showed his daddy the runners. "They're all red and rusty and rough," he whined.

Daddy Jingle laughed. "I don't think they are red and rusty enough to keep you from sliding downhill," he said.

"And Jacky, if you are going to spend the whole afternoon on Pippin Hill you had better help your mother this morning. Now run into the house and see what you can do for her."

Jacky Jingle scowled a little but he did what his daddy had asked him. Mammy Jingle wanted some sugar and apples and raisins and soap and potatoes from the store and she was in a hurry for them.

They will be heavy, Jacky, and you can't carry them all. Why don't you take your sled and draw them home on it?

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## THE DOT PUZZLE



Eighty six will bring a Complete picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning at Figure 1 and taking them numerically.



Here is the funniest thing that you can do with a piece of paper and a pen. I will perform some tricks for you that will make you laugh again and again. If you will let him get control of his arms and legs.

First of all, he must be posted onto a piece of cardboard not too heavy to

If you have neither paper fasteners nor corner buttons try this way: Thread a piece of twine into a darned needle. Use a double thread and make a knot in the end so it will not come out. Put your needle through the dot in the arm, then the body and fasten it at the back with a tiny button. Put one strand of the

The umbrella thief fish real, he is earned, and he is shrewd. Just now he is very angry. An old, but good joke tells of a pugilistic individual who entered the corridor of an hotel and rested his "all sills" in a doorway with this piece of pasteboard fastened to it:

"The man who owns this umbrella can knock down an ox, and will be back in five minutes."

In one minute and a half the place was a mess of glass and in its place was a pile of broken glass.

"The gentleman who took this umbrella can walk ten miles an hour and won't be back at all."

THE GOLDFISH.

When Edith's father brought home a large glass bowl with two, of big, bright goldfish swimming around in it, she was a happy little girl. She never tired watching them swimming around in the bowl of water.

Mother told her not to stand too close, for she frightened the little fish, but Edith could not understand that for she knew she would not harm them, and it was such fun to see them jump and swim around so lively.

Sometimes, I am sorry to say, she would forget all about what mother had said and would press her two chubby hands against the bowl. How the fish would jump then! It made Edith laugh to see them.

One afternoon mother had to go out on an errand. It was a cold, blustery day and Edith had a cold, so her mother told her to stay in the warm sitting room with her fish and her toys. Mary was in the kitchen if Edith wanted anything, and mother said she would not be gone long.

It seemed long to Edith, though. She grew tired of her toys, then she went and stood beside the bowl, watching the fish. They were swimming so slowly and lazily Edith thought she would wake them up a bit, so she pressed her hands tight against the bowl and stood very close.

The fish did wake up then. They swam wildly around and around, up and down. Edith laughed aloud, but a moment later she cried in dismay for the biggest, prettiest fish jumped so high that he popped right over the top of the bowl and fell on the floor, where he stopped wildly up and down. Edith stopped and tried to catch the jumping, slippery little fish but every time she touched him he would slip out of her grasp.

"He'll die!" she cried in distress, for father had told her that fish could live only a short time out of water.

The door opened and Mary came running in. She had heard Edith cry. "I can tell you," she said, "I've been thinking of you ever being sick before. I saw a letter of Kathleen Miller's printed in the Corner. I met her eleven years old. I wish all the members a Happy New Year."

I am your niece,  
BERNICE DYSART.

Campbellton, N. B.

Dear Uncle Dick:— I haven't written you for a long time have I? I really have neglected you very much.

I saw that you were sick this week. I was very sorry about that too, for I don't remember of you ever being sick before. I saw a letter of Kathleen Miller's printed in the Corner. I met her eleven years old. I wish all the members a Happy New Year.

I am your niece,  
MARION LUNA.

Mother: "Tommy, have you eaten all your sweets, without even thinking of me?"

Tommy: "Oh, no, mamma. I was thinking of her the whole time. I was thinking of her before I had eaten them."

## A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

## SMILE KIDDIES, SMILE

Hurry Call for Doctors.

Back—It saw by the paper that at one station, I France, Salvation Army girls make and serve 2,000 4-agnusina a day to our soldiers." Robert W. I saw how they were calling for more doctors and nurses over there.

The Strenuous Life.  
The horse was lazily pulling the plough. Where it obtained the strength to move the noble implement, deponent sayeth not—judging by its physique it scarcely seemed capable of waiting to a knacker's yard; but, by strenuous flogging, it now and again evinced dangerous symptoms of desiring to increase the pace to at least a mile an hour.

A party of seamen, who had landed for drill, stopped and looked at hands and man. They were highly amused at this fine example of the strenuous life.

"Hi, mister," cried out a humorous blue-jacket, who evidently saw disaster ahead, "you'd better wait a minute or eight knot in the old mackerel's tail, or he'll slip through the halter!"

"Teacher—How old are you, little boy?"  
"Sonny (who has just gone into fractions): 'I'm six and five twelfths.'"

The Ton, Not the Coal.  
"Send a ton of coal to my house."  
"Dealer—Yes, sir. What else?"  
"Eaton (meaningly)—2,000 pounds, Harvard Lampoon."

Thoughtful William.  
"William," snapt the dear lady, victoriously, "didn't I hear the clock strike two as you came in?"  
"You did, my dear. It started to strike ten, but I sloped it to keep it from waking you up."—Tribuna.

"See here, Annie, don't you ever sweep under this mat?"  
"I always do, mum. It's so much easier than using a dustpan."—Harvard Lampoon.

"Oh let us go for a stroll along the cliffs. I cannot stand sitting."

Two diatriphed specimens of the genus tramp were crawling along the parade of a seaside resort when they came upon a coast-guardman looking through a telescope at a passing vessel. Thinking to have a little fun at his expense, one of the tramps saluted him with:

"Hi, coasty, have you seen any wrecks today?"  
After calmly looking them over he replied:

"Not until I saw you two!"

A Frenchman said to an Englishman, "Tare is con vord in our language I do not comprehend, and all so time I hear it 'tatteto, tatteto'—vat you mean by 'tatteto'?"

The Englishman insisted that no such word existed in the English language. While he was saying so his servant came in to put coal on the fire, when he said, "There, John, that'll do."

The Frenchman jumped up, exclaiming, "Tare, 'tatteto,' you say him yourself, sare; vat you mean by 'tatteto'?"

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