

BEDTIME STORIES FOR THE CHILD REN

Uncle Wiggily and the Bushy-tails.

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Tap! Tap! Tap" some one rapped ingo!" mumbled Billie.
on the door of the underground house where the Littletail family of bunny

a the door of the underground house here the Littletail family of burnsy bibts lived, "Tap! Tap!" sinckered Johnnie.

"Oh, what queer talk!" cried Uncle Wiggily, "But I see what is the matches here only the contests. You forgot to fill in all the coupon. Remember next time. Warry Northrup, Belleile Station—Very sorry to hear that you are enjoying and you are.

"Austin Cosman, Newton—Very pleased to see that you are enjoying the contests. You forgot to fill in all the coupon. Remember next time. Warry Northrup, Belleile Station—Very sorry to hear that you are still sick, but trust you will soon be better again. What a clied little pet you head only in the profit years. Which HAVE HAD TO REMAIN the peak with the big nuts in their mouths.

"Come in!" invited Uncle Wiggily. "But I see what is the matches the contests. You forgot to fill in all the coupon. Remember next time. Warry Northrup, Belleile Station—Very sorry to hear that you are enjoying the putsons were sent off. You did a fine act in saving the coupon. Remember next time. Warry Northrup, Belleile Station—Very sorry to hear that you are enjoying the contests. The buttons were sent off. You did a fine act in saving the coupon. Remember next time. Warry Northrup, Belleile Station—Very sorry to hear that you are enjoying the contests. You forgot to fill in all the coupon. Remember next time. Warry Northrup, Belleile Station—Very sorry to hear that you are enjoying the contests. You forgot to fill in all the coupon. Remember next time. Warry Northrup, Belleile Station—Very sorry to hear that you are enjoying the contests. You forgot to fill in all the coupon. Remember next time. Warry Northrup, Belleile Station—Very sorry to hear that you are enjoying the contests. You forgot to fill in all the coupon. Remember next time. Warry Northrup, Belleile Station—Very sorry to hear that you are enjoying the contests. The buttons were entout off. You did a fine act in saving the contests. You forgot to fill in all the coupon. Remember next time. Warry Northrup, Bellei

row. Nurse Jane Fuzzy. Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, also came with Uncle Wiggily.

The door opened, Uncle Wiggily was home all alone in the burrow that day. Nurse Jane had gone shopping with Mrs. Littletail, sammle and Susie were at school and Mr. Littletail, the rabbit papa, was working in the button factory, where he gnawed the holes for the needle and thread to Jump through, like a circus rider lady in paper hoops.

In scampered Johnnie Bushytail, the boy squirrel, and his brother Billie.

"Hello, Uncle Wiggily:" chattered with the big nuts in their mouths.

"I wonder how I can get out the muts." Uncle Wiggily said. "I known lift in the muts." Uncle Wiggily said. "I known lift in the muts." Uncle Wiggily said. "I known lift in the muts." I nut a little greasy butter-scotch and you are enjoying the contests so much. Write again soon.

Mary Gagnon, Bathurst—Very pleased to get your nice little letter, and to have you as a member of the Corner. Write again soon.

Lucy Thorne, Havelock—Did you will do, read the conditions. You will have to hurry to get in same by next Wednesday.

helped Mrs. Bushytan make a make for supper.

"Do you like nuts, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Billie when they had finished playing a game called "Hide the Toy Steamboat but don't lose the Whistle."

"Oh, I love hickory nuts," said the rabbit gentleman.

"T'll get some for you," 'offered Bil"T'll get some for you," 'offered Bil"T'l

Steamboat but don't lose the Whistle."

"Oh, I love hickory nuts," said the rabbit gentleman.

"I'll get some for you, 'offered Bille."

The squirrel boys' mother gave them some nuts from the winter store in the hollow tree, but Uncle Wigsily said:

"Oh, Billie and Johnnie." It is very kind of you to bring me the nuts, but the shells are so hard I cannot crack them with my teeth."

"Well crack the nuts for you, and pick out the meats," offered Billie, and he took up a nut in his paws, and be gan gnawung on the hard shell with his sharp teeth.

"I'll gan wa nut, too, for Uncle Wiggily," said Johnnie."

"Creid Billie.

"On can't! I can open my mouth wider than you, and I can gnaw the biggest nut!" chattered Johnnie, boast It! Il it.

A queer thing to brag about, wasn't it! I can open my mouth wider than you, and I can gnaw the biggest nut!" chattered Johnnie, boast It! Il like.

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A queer thing to brag about, wasn't will like.

A queer thing to brag about, wasn't will again soon.

Alene Selig, The Glades—Pleased to have your neatly written to the Corner, load how to enter you made to have your neatly written.

Well and you will now often write me.

Ruby Poore, Oromocto—Pleased to have your neatly written to the corner, load to have your neatly written.

Aleine Seligh to have your detter, Ruby, and to see that you are enjoying the Contests, and trying to make for your like for your like for you have tried hard in the last contest and deserve the speci

The second of th

were of the Bushytalis, there being, besides Johnnie an Billie, their page and mamma, cousin Johnnie Chipmonk, who used to dust the dishes and sweep and mamma, cousin Johnnie Chipmonk, who used to dust the dishes and sweep and mamma, cousin Johnnie Chipmonk, who used to dust the dishes and sweep and mamma, cousin Johnnie Chipmonk, who used to dust the dishes and sweep and mamma, cousin Johnnie Chipmonk, who used to dust the dishes and sweep and mamma, cousin Johnnie Chipmonk, who used to dust the dishes and sweep and mamma, cousin Johnnie Chipmonk, who used to dust the dishes and sweep and mamma, cousin Johnnie Chipmonk, who used to dust the dishes and sweep and mamma, cousin Johnnie Chipmonk, who used to dust the dishes and sweep and mamma, cousin Johnnie Chipmonk, who used to dust the dishes and sweep and mamma, cousin Johnnie Chipmonk, who used to dust the dishes and sweep and mamma, cousin Johnnie Chipmonk, who used to dust the dishes and sweep and mamma, cousin Johnnie Chipmonk, who used to dust the dishes and sweep and mamma, cousin Johnnie Chipmonk, who used to dust the dishes and sweep and mamma, cousin Johnnie Chipmonk, who used to dust the dishes and sweep and mamma, cousin Johnnie Chipmonk, who used to dust the dishes and sweep and mamma, cousin Johnnie Chipmonk, who used to dust the dishes and sweep and mamma, cousin Johnnie Chipmonk, who used the set which the summer days, with all diright. Can you let me have any the the visit of the bright summer days, with all the accompanying delights, to say the the bright summer days, with all the accompanying delights, to say the the proper days, with all the accompanying delights, to say the the proper method the bright summer days, with all the accompanying delights, to say the the bright summer days, which the bright summer days, which all the accompanying delights, to say the the bright summer days, which the bright summer days, which all the accompanying delights, to say the the bright summer days, which the bright summer days, which the bright summer d

Uncle Duck

Birthday Greetings.

Gladys Van Buskirk, Lower Jemseg,

Archie Clarke, Douglas Harbour, Lillian Barbour, Fredericton Jct.

Evelyn Wanamaker, R. R. No. 2, umberland Bay. Harold Gaunce, Carsonville. Billie Black, Sackville. Mary Morrissey, 65 Marsh Rd., City. Muriel Graham, Enniskillen.

"I am!"
"Yet you ain't got wi'te 'ands."
"They were white once," said I.
"An' I don't see as your ways is soft
"None the less, I am that cove!"
"Oh!" repeated the Pedler, and, having turned this intelligence over in his mind, spat thoughtfully into the ""Wh

iliting his brooms, made towards the cottage door!

"Where are you going?"

"To sleep in this 'ere empty 'ut."

"But it isn't empty!"

"So much the better," nodded the Pedler, "good night!" and, with the words, he laid his hand upon the door, but, as he did so, it opened, and Charmian appeared. The Pedler fell back three or four paces, staring with round eyes.

mian appeared. The Pedler fell back three or four paces, staring with round eyes.

"By Goles!" he exclaimed. "So sure you are married then?"
Now, when he said this I felt suddenly hot all over, even to the very tips of my ears, and, for the life of me, I could not have looked at Charmian.

"Why—why—" I began, but her smooth, soft voice came to my rescue. "No—he is not married," said she, "far from it."

"Not?" said the Pedler, "so much the better; marriage—I'm a married cove myself, so I know what I'm a-sayin; if folk do talk, an' shake their 'eads-over ye—w'y, let' em, only don't—don't go aspillin' things by gettin' churched.' You're a woman, but you're a fine un—a dasher, by Goles, nice an' straight-backed, an' round, an' plump—if I was this 'ere cove, now. I know what—" "Here," said I hastily, "here—sell me a broom!"

The Pedler drew a broom from his bundle and passed it to me.

"One shillin' and sixpence!" said he, which sum I duly paid over, "Don't, he continued, pocketing the money, and turning to Charmian, "don't go spilin' the saby lettin' this young cove so adarryin' an' a-churchin' ye—nobody never got married as didn't repent it some time or other, an' wot's more, when Marriage comes in at the door, Love files out up the chimbley—an' there y' are! Now, if you loves this young cove, wy, very good! If this 'ere young cove loves you—which ain't to be wendered at—so much the better, but don't—don't go a-marryin' each other, an'—as for the children—"
"Come—I'il take a belt—give me a