

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Weekly Chat

Answers To Letters

Dear Kiddies:

After such a long chat last week I must try to be brief this time. I hope that every one of our members was out in the country for the 24th and I also hope that you all had some fireworks to celebrate the day in the old-fashioned way. Perhaps you know that during the war not very many fireworks were made so that the last few years the holiday was just about like other holidays—with out the noisy noise. Now it will be easier to get them and they do give little folks such a lot of pleasure. Of course before playing with them at all boys and girls should be taught how dangerous they can be when not properly handled, but very harmless when a few rules are obeyed. Most of the accidents occur from kiddies picking them up too soon after they go off, or perhaps when they have time enough to explode, then I have seen so many standing over them just after they have been lighted and of course that is a sure way of becoming injured, so to be always on the safe side, throw them away from you as soon as they start to catch from the match and then do not be impatient if they do not immediately explode, for some take longer than others and some will fool you by making a buzzing sound as if that was all the racket they intended to make, whereas that is usually just introduction or warning of a greater noise soon to follow. These bits of advice will be in good time for any left overs or for the next public holiday. Indeed I was in the country on last Saturday and it certainly looked like God's world, with the beautiful new green carpet spread over all the land, and the trees just beginning to show their new green dresses. One I noticed in particular the leaves were not green at all, but more of a reddish brown and do you know kiddies by evening the greatest lot of white blossoms had come out all over that tree during the day. It was so good to breathe the nice fresh air, and helped me to realize all the more why so many letters from the chums are full of joy over the Spring being really here and that they are having the playing out doors again. It just makes one feel like new when the air is warm and especially to those who have been shut in a smoky dusty city for months. There will be so many more wild flowers coming out each day and to some it would seem a pity to have closed our eyes, but I know the reasons which I gave you for doing so will be quite sufficient for all sensible little members to understand. But as I told you before, the contest was just to start your interest and now I want you to keep right on taking notice of everything which grows and finding out the names and other information about your discoveries. It is too soon yet to receive other suggestions from you as I want you to take time and think of things which would make a real good contest. Some little friends seem quite content with the puzzles we have for they are not sending me as many letters, but I am just as pleased to receive them and will promise to publish all that are worthy.

Who can find the greatest number of birds' nests in June? That will be worth writing about alright for they will be nearly all built and occupied by their owners soon, and you of course know how wrong it is to touch the eggs or baby birds. Many a mother bird has deserted her home because of folks having handled her eggs, she always knows even though a little distance away and perhaps out of sight, but she can tell whenever she returns, so make sure that you are all very careful about this and I want you to tell me in your letters just how many nests you have found, and it will be all the better if you can tell me what kinds of birds are occupying the new homes. We have some chaps about our bird friends during the summer and may help you to know the different kinds.

Lots of good wishes to all the boys and girls.

UNCLE DICK.

Birthday Greetings

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

Many happy returns of the day to the members having a birthday during the coming week. On our birthday list are the following names: Hattie McIntosh, First St. Eva McAllister, Coal Creek. Elva Rankin, Duke St. A. Florence Whitaker, Holdenville Helen Arsenau, Germain St. Florence Arsenau, Sydney St. Mary Walsh, Coal Creek. Harold Stirling, Golding St. Carl Weir, Smith's Cove, N. S. Edna E. Boone, McAdam. Evelyn Hanson, Duke St. Marguerite Merritt, Sandy Cove. Edgar K. Pearson, Cyrene, Kings Co., N. S. Laura Patterson, Mt. Middleton. Ella Hatfield, Prince Wn. St. Beulah Parks, Upper Derby. Angelo LaJonne, Campbellton. Leopold Miller, Andover. Lloyd Hooper, Back Bay. Phoebe Teakles, Jacksonville. June Innis, Petticoat. Louis Cartright, Queen St. Marjorie Harding, Hammond River. Hazel Jenkins, Clifton. Blanche eve, Horsfield St. Clifford Wanasaker, The Range. Charles Roberts, Long Pt.

NEW MEMBERS.

We accept the following new friends as members of our Club and trust they will all add to the interest of our page, as well as receive much pleasure from it: Irene Cassidy, Newcastle, age 10 years. Laura Waddell, Moss Glen. Gordon Lydon, Goshen, age 14 years. Johnnie Lydon, Goshen, age 12 years. Thelma C. Fountain, Cumming's Cove, Deer Isle, age 12 years.

Maid—There's a mendicant at the door, mending shoes. Mrs. Newrick—Well, tell him we haven't anything to mend just at present.

ANNA AIRD—Your very nicely written letter was a pleasure to read. Sorry the Signs of Spring were so late appearing where you live. Yes, indeed, fishing is real good sport, especially when you have luck, and I hope you will have lots of pleasure when water in the brooks is lower.

IRENE CASSIDY, Newcastle—We give you a sincere welcome to our Club and trust you will contribute as well as receive much pleasure from it.

MILNER STODDARD, Beaufort—It is really lovely to have Spring again and I am sure the country must look lovely now. What a pretty sight it must be to see the dew coming out of the woods in numbers. They are such refined looking animals and age pretty to watch, but I always wished they would let me pat them, don't you?

GERTRUDE STODDARD—That was a nice little letter, which you sent me, and I hope you will watch and protect that robin's nest, but I love to play with them at all times. I love to play with them at all times. I love to play with them at all times.

DONALD AIRD—The dot puzzle and moving pictures on our page are just for little boys and girls to enjoy and indeed lots of the older folks say they enjoy them too. Peanut is a funny name for a calf.

THELMA C. FOUNTAIN, Cumming's Cove—We certainly have room for you in the Corner, as members are always dropping out here celebrating their sixteenth birthday. Am glad you have enjoyed our page so much. You have sent me the best garden report to date and I hope all your flowers will mature. All members or other friends may contribute to our page such as puzzles, stories and suggestions.

MARGARET, WILLIE AND RUTH PIERCE—Your thanks for the prizes awarded in our Contest were the first to arrive and it is comforting to know you are all so appreciative. As this is the gardening time I know that it must be attended to, so will hope to hear from you when not quite so busy.

GORDON AND JOHNNIE LEYDON—We all give you both a welcome to our Corner and hope you will enjoy belonging to us. Having sent all the necessary information you are now enrolled and any puzzles, stories or suggestions which you may care to send in to add to the pleasure and interest of the page will be used if worthy.

THE LONELY REDBIRD (By Harriet Ives.) Annie May was very happy when her father bought a new home. She found many large rooms to play in, and wide spaces in which to run and skip, and she was very glad. She found many large rooms to play in, and wide spaces in which to run and skip, and she was very glad.

THE OVEN BIRD. This bird is to be found in the dry woodland. He builds his nest of dead leaves on the ground, in shape of a dome. The side entrance suggests an open oven. This undoubtedly is the source from which he derived his quaint name. In the cozy structure are deposited several little brown-spotted eggs which later develop into soft-feathered, brown nestlings. The ovenbird belongs to the family of warblers, but his plumage is not exceptionally brilliant. He is about half the size of the robin. His breast is white, streaked with black, his back olive green. His crown is golden brown, incised by two black lines. In the woods it is a common occurrence to see this bird walk down a path or along the ground, calling "Teacher, teacher, teach!" This song rises from an ordinary note to a very loud note. From this, as also from his practice of warbling instead of the usual hop he is called "creeping chicken."



CHILDREN'S CORNER

Good Night Stories

(Illustrated by Gruelle.) DAVID VISITS THE BLUEBEARD OF BIRDLAND.

There was a rattle in the tall weeds at the side of the road. Out flew a pretty gray and brown bird, who sailed to the top of a thorn tree just in front of David. "Now what kind of a bird is that I'd like to know!" exclaimed David out loud. "Looked something like a robin, only he didn't have on his red vest. I wish I was a bird!"

Before David could finish his sentence a gray little laugh greeted him, and his little old friend, Happy Giggles, from Makkabellie Land, hopped up beside him. "You see, all you have to do is wish, and I'm here!" he laughed merrily. "Thought Butcher Bird was Mr. Robin, did you, David? No, indeed, their habits are not at all the same, although Butcher Bird is about the same size, and at first glance they may look a little alike."

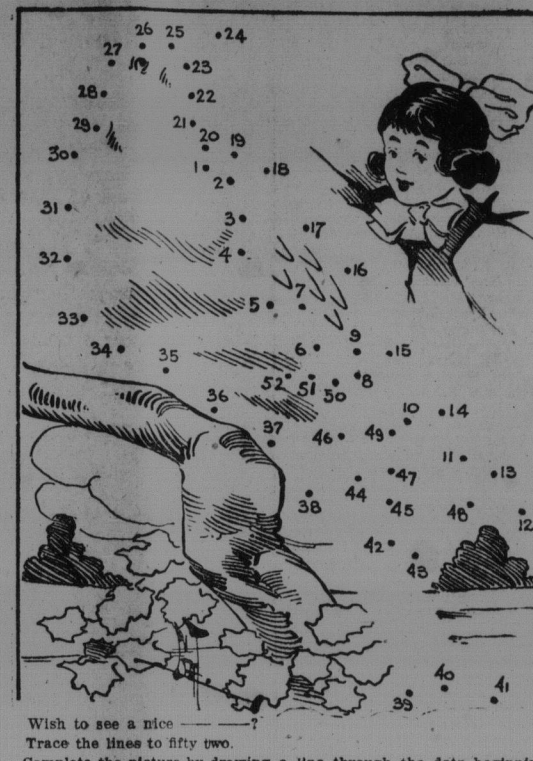
Butcher Bird! exclaimed David in surprise. He had never heard of a Butcher Bird before. "Does he keep a butcher shop?" "Well, no, not exactly," laughed Happy Giggles. "Unless you might say he does for his own benefit. But to the little folks of Bugville he's known as the Bluebeard of Birdville."

"What a strong fellow he must be, for Bluebeard was a terrible fellow," laughed David. "You don't suppose we could visit his castle?" "Surely we can," replied Happy Giggles.

Before David knew it he was standing beside a queer nest in the top of a thorn tree. "Butcher Bird, this is David," laughed Happy Giggles as he shook Butcher Bird's wing. David became interested when I told him the bugs called him a Bluebeard! "Well, it certainly looks like it," laughed David as he glanced around at the dead beetles, bees, spiders and two tiny flies hanging on the wall of the thorn above the nest. "But where's your castle?"

"Right here among these sharp thorns," replied Butcher Bird, nipping a bluebottle fly from the little dead mouse. "But not until they were dead, you see, I eat live bugs and insects, so I have these things up around my nest, and then the days I don't feel like searching for food I just sit at home and catch the bugs and flies that settle on them. You might say I'm lazy," he laughed. "I guess that's it, for I really don't think Butcher Bird is really cruel, joined Happy Giggles. "I try not to be," chirped Butcher Bird. "I've never yet found pleasure in torturing my prey, even if I do have to eat live things, but they call me Bluebeard in Bugville just the same."

THE DOT PUZZLE



Wish to see a nice Trace the lines to fifty two. Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning at Figure 1 and taking them numerically.

TWO BOYS AND TWO DOGS

"John look at my rope," called Harold, running up to his friend. "It's awfully strong. We won't lose our dog this time!" "That's nothing," returned John, as he began to pull a short, stout piece of rope from one of his coat pockets. "My!" exclaimed Harold. "Who gave it to you?"

"My brother," answered John, with pride. "He gave me most anything I ask him for." "Did he ask you what you wanted to do with it?" "No, he just told me to have some fun with it, but not to lose it, cause he wants it back. Who gave you yours, Harold?"

"I found mine down cellar," answered Harold. "We can catch two dogs now, can't we? We'll bring them home and feed them and then they'll want to play with us. They'll be ours because we found them, and one will be yours and the other will be mine. Won't it be dandy?"

"The pair of youngsters scampered off, ropes swinging. They headed for the park. They walked and ran and skipped and were very happy, now throwing their ropes over tree stumps and playing that they had caught a big dog, and now running toward a dog on whether or not he had a collar on. The boys knew that any dog with a collar on belonged to some one, so they must not try to catch him, but they had heard that dogs without collars might be lost or might not belong to anyone. They hoped that the dogs that they would find, without collars, would be of the latter sort."

Almost every dog they saw had on a collar and was also accompanying his owner, but the boys kept going farther and farther into the park. At length, in a portion of the park thickly wooded, the boys heard a low howl, and they knew that was some where in the woods, not easily located; but the boys, after quite a hunt, found that the sounds came from two Harold in delight. "Come here, nice doggie!" "Yes, two; and without collars. Come, nice dog!" called John. The puppies, glad to see some one, wriggled up to the boys, wagging their tails, as puppies usually do, and quickly making friends. "We'll have to hurry up and get home with them," said John. "Doggie, why didn't you meet us before?" He fixed his rope around the neck of one puppy which would have followed him quite willingly without it. Harold started off at a little run. "See how my dog likes me," he called. "I'm not going to put any rope on him. He knows he's my dog now."

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Smile Kiddies, Smile

Answers To Puzzles

The Responses to Kindness. An Englishman in charge of fifty mules, sent to the front untrained and more or less wild, writes home: "I have never allowed a switch to be used, or a mule to be hardly treated by beating, nor have I allowed them to be put in stocks when being shod. Kindness has paid in a wonderful way. Our mules let us do what we like with them. There are still one or two timid ones, but we have no difficulty in harnessing, shoeing, or handling, and they are the most willing and sensible of beasts, except when they are up against a load which cannot move, and in that case they jib. They have no disease of any kind. Indeed, I was congratulated the other day on having the best-conditioned mules in the division, not a poor one amongst them."

A Wise Precaution. A country minister, was driving a spirited horse through a village in the wide territory through which his duties took him, when he overtook the local physician, who happened to be on foot.

"Jump in, doctor!" he said, pulling up, "I've got a horse here that goes pretty well." The doctor jumped in, and the minister drove off. Within ten minutes the horse had been found in the woods, and the doctor pulled out his feet and felt himself over to see whether he was injured. "Look here," he exclaimed, "what do you mean by inviting me to ride behind an animal like that?" "Well," gasped the minister, "luckily this time there's no horse broken, but I always like to have a doctor with me when I drive that horse."

Two Little Old Ladies. Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay, In the self-same cottage lived day by day. One could not be happy, "because," she said, "So many children were hungry for bread, And she really had not the heart to smile, When the world was so wicked all the while. The other old lady smiled all day long, As she knitted, or sewed or crooned a song; "She had not time to be sad," she said, "When hungry children were crying for bread, So she baked, and knitted, and gave away. And declared the world grew better each day. Two little old ladies, one grave one gay, Now which do you think chose the wiser way?"

A Small House No Obstacle. "If I give my daughter to you, young man," said a father, "where will you take her?" "Well—er—I thought," said the young man "perhaps we might stay here with you until I can get things straightened out a bit."

"If you're a good fellow," said the father, "I had quite overlooked that easy solution of the difficulty. But my house is very small."

Good and Bad. Good people can be more easily understood and people than these can understand the good. "You seem to be very fond of jazz music."

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumro; "you don't have to put on formal attire when you listen to it; nobody asks who you wrote it, and you don't have to try to understand it."

Proprietor (Just demolished). "Yes, I've been through it—officers' cook for two years—wounded twice." Tommy (tasting the soup). "You're lucky, mate. It's a wonder they didn't kill you."—London Opinion.

into better hands." "The boys are very fond of the dogs," added Mrs. Paxton, "and we were wondering if you might sell the dogs, at a price within our reach. But you may not care to sell them at all."

"I'll give you all the money in my bank for this dog," said Harold. "But I offered a reward for the dogs," said the man, "and I'm ready to pay it. Wouldn't you rather have a reward than the dogs?" "No, no," answered both boys at once. "I intended to give ten dollars apiece reward," said the owner. "Now, do you want to keep the dogs?" The boys answered, "Yes," without a moment's hesitation. "It's a bargain," said the man, heartily enjoying the boys' choice. "You know that you really like dogs now, and will take the best of care of them. You may be able to take better care of them than my men do, as they have about fifty of my dogs to look after. You must come to see them and bring these puppies along with you. I'm glad the puppies fell into such good hands, and I'm not going to take them away. Now, I'll have to go, but don't forget to come to see me, before long, or I may send after the dogs."

PUZZLES AND ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

Jumbled Names of Song-Birds. 1, ranshadow; 2, torchhawk; 3, wood-sparrow; 4, glowworm; 5, redstart; 6, breata negarit; 7, crook.

Hidden Proverbs.

1. Take me outside; I feel rather faint. 2. Perhaps your heart is weak. 3. Are you never coming? 4. Tell me, who won the match? 5. I don't think that is quite fair. 6. Who was the lady you spoke to on the car?

Behandings.

1. Behad a tempest and leave a beverage. 2. Behad a boy's name and leave a color. 3. Behad a jewel and leave a title. 4. Behad a conveyance and leave a form of water. 5. Behad a question and leave something to wear.

Enigma.

I am composed of ten letters. My first is in France, but not in England. My second is in Africa and Asia as well. My third is in Chatham, but not in Shading. My fourth is in St. John; but not in Fairville. My fifth is in Frederickton, but not in Woodstock. My sixth is in Perth and also in York. My seventh is in Moncton and also in town. My eighth is in Riverside but not in Albert. My ninth is in Campbellton though not in North. My tenth is in West but not in South. My whole is the daddy of all daddies.

Thrift Problems.

1.—A boy had \$1.15. How many Thrift Stamps can be purchased for this amount and what change will he have over? 2.—How much more will it cost for 25 W. S. S. if bought in August than in February.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

1.—Fire-crackers. 2.—Bird Riddles. Swallow, Crane, Lark, Weaver, Bunting, Kite. 3.—Enigma. Glue.

4.—Words Filled in Are:

Bare bear, bear. Right, write, rise. Reign, rain, rain. Do, due, dew.

THE OLD WITCH.

Two little children went into the woods. To look for food one day. They wandered far away from home, And soon they lost their way. Along came Mr. Sandman. And into their eyes he threw A lot of sand, and the two little kids Fell fast asleep—wouldn't you?

And when the sunbeams woke them, What do you think they spied? A fairy house, made of sugar and cake So close the door they tried. "Who raps at my door?" called the witch from within. And the little children replied. "The wind, the wind, the great North Wind. Your sugar and cake he has tried."

The house of sugar and cake was so good That the children ate more and more. When out glides the witch, and what do you think? She has them right through the door. And first she kindles a great big fire. Then she rides on her broom around As she chases the children, for she thinks all the time. What a good morsel she has found!

She says to the boy, "put out your hand. I will see if you're well fed. But the little girl gives him a push. And shows her a stick instead. And then she says to the little girl, "Do you know what I want you to do? Creep into my stove, so that you can see. If my honey cakes are through."

"But you must show me how," says the girl. "In a stove I have never been," and the witch bends over to show her how. And she pushes the old witch in.

And then she slams the iron door, And the old witch cannot flee. And the flames they crackle and burn and roar. As the children laugh with glee. Soon the old stove falls to pieces. And standing in a row. Are beautiful little children. Who were cakes before you know.

Now they laugh, and all made merry. And the sugar house they take. And what do you think has become of the witch? She has turned into a horsey cake! "Pat," said the excise officer, "I'll give you ten shillings if you'll take me to a private still!" Pat agreed, pocketed the money and off they started. For many weary miles, over mountain bog and moor they tramped, until they came into view of a bar-racks. Pointing to a soldier seated on a step inside the square, Pat said, "This is the bar, me brother Mike; he's been a soldier for ten years and he's a private still!"