

## MOTTO: "KINDLY DEEDS MAKE HAPPY LIVES"

### Uncle Dick's Chat With the Children

#### MY DEAR KIDDIES:—

As week by week passes, and Saturday, with the Children's Corner, is reached, only to be left behind before it is realized that it has arrived, I continue to get hundreds of letters from the boys and girls who are enjoying the special page in the Standard for the Kiddies. These letters are not only most welcome but are read by me from beginning to end, as I take a personal interest in the young writers whose little thoughts are expressed in same.

It has been a great pleasure to receive so many letters recently from members who live a long way from villages and towns, or whose parents are not alive, asking advice, etc., and in other ways letting me know that I may be able to add their names to the long roll of members.

This week I am publishing a letter received from P. E. L., telling of "Allies Club," the youthful members of whom correspond with some soldiers over in the firing lines.

I think the idea is splendid and would like to hear of the C. C. members doing similar work. Of course the Allies Aid Society have already cheered many scores of soldiers by sending parcels and letters but I am convinced that they could be extended to that of regularly corresponding with some individual soldier.

Owing to the large number of Kiddies who leave the city for the country during the summer, the "A. A." will not be collectively engaged in work until the fall but trust to continue the work from wherever they may be residing.

This week's Corner contains a number of stories, which, I am sure will suit almost every reader. In this I should like to have some of you write short stories, which if suitable will be published, together with the name of the young author. Judging from the entries received during the last series of Composition Contest, there are a great number of Kiddies in the Maritime Provinces, who can well handle the pen in story writing.

Just get to work and let me have the result of your efforts for publication in the Corner. It does not matter what the subject may be, but you must write the story in original or not.

The new Contest ought to prove of interest as it will be a splendid recreation for your studies, particularly at a time when school lessons are so much harder than usual.

Owing to the large number of letters received and also the desire to give as much variety of articles and stories as possible the answers to the letters received are given in abridged form, but I should like the sender to understand that each letter is read carefully through from beginning to end and valued just as much as though a column of news print was devoted to replying to same.

Now I shall have to close this rather lengthy letter, with best wishes and heaps of love to the thousands of Kiddies who read this page every week.

From your

Uncle Dick

Children's Editor.

### This Week's Contest

Here is something quite new in Contestions. In "Uncle Dick's Chat," this week, two words have purposely been missed out. What have you to do this—find the places, and write on a clean piece of paper what you think the two words ought to be, in fancy lettering.

To the boy or girl who sends in the most correct words, original, which is interesting beyond compare, or if you have already won a camera, some other prize of equal value, of your own choice.

All entries must have the usual coupon filled in and attached, and reach this office not later than June 19—addressed to Uncle Dick.

St. John, N. B.  
Whose decision must be considered as final.

#### DRAWING CONTEST.

The result of this will be announced next week.

### ANSWERS TO LETTERS RECEIVED BY UNCLE DICK

Raymond Hanton, Alma.—Very pleased to see that you are enjoying the Contest.

Arthur Barton, Mill Cove.—You tried hard in the Contest, Arthur. Thanks for your letter.

Nita Golding, Wickham.—What a nice little artist you are Nita. Beatie, Reeds Point.—Yes be sure and call. Hope the toothache has gone. It won't be long before the holidays.

Myrna Smith, Sussex.—Thanks very much for soldiers' letters, which is being published in due course. It is most interesting I am sure.

Helen Harvie, Durham Centre.—What a good writer you are Helen. I was pleased to get your letter.

Glenn Potter, Kouchibouguac.—Thanks for your letter Glenn. Shall look for another soon.

Hollis Vantassel.—Your work is good and I am watching same.

Reta Worrell, Dumbarton Sta.—

Certainly, only too pleased to have you as a member. I shall try and send you a badge.

Maude L. Hemphill, Knowlesville.—You should have had your camera before this, as same was sent you.

Grace McNeilly, Cantabury, St.—You made a very good attempt in the Contest, Grace.

Myrtle Murray, Murray Road.—Very pleased to hear that you are enjoying the Contest, Myrtle.

Louise Christie, Harvey Sta.—I am watching your entries with interest, as you try very hard.

Olive Carter, Pennfield Ridge.—It was a pity you did not use a straight edge to rule the lines, as otherwise the drawing was good.

Myrtle Moore, Moore's Mills.—Don't take any notice of people who suggest that you send money before being given prize awarded in Contests run by them. The Children's Corner has nothing to do with such.

Leslie Hall, Demerchere Creek.—It is a pity that you did not send the picture earlier.

Janet Jenkins, Eel River Bridge.—Very sorry to hear that you are enjoying the Contest, Janet.

Mae Ward, Blaisfield.—Received your most interesting letter and shall watch for those to follow, of which you speak.

Gladys Fashay, Lower Jemseg.—You appear to like the drawing contests, Gladys.

Joanna Andrews, 71 Metcalf St.—Very sorry to hear that you are somewhat better now. I expect that the A. A. will not be doing much during the summer.

Greta Wetmore, City.—Your drawing was remarkably well done, Greta, and although the results were published last week, have decided to award an additional prize to you.

Hazel Robertson, Robinsonville.—Don't forget to enclose the coupon with entries in future, Hazel.

Christy Ivey, Maxwell.—Although you did not win a prize, your work was good.

Olive Carter, Pennfield Ridge.—Thanks for interesting letter, Olive. Alberta Carter, Pennfield Ridge.—Hope you had a nice time on your birthday.

Hazel Demerchere, Andover.—Yes, all the Kiddies are pleased to see their names.

Phyllis Rolfe, Presque Isle.—You can use the crayons very well.

Alberta Carter, Pennfield Ridge.—I said to Phyllis, as same applies to you.

Olive Greenlow, Lords Cove.—Glad you are enjoying the Contest, Olive. Francis Marchbank, Sussex.—Your list of words was neat, but not long enough to win a prize, Francis.

Emmett Hall, Newington.—Thanks for letter, Emmett.

Leroy Doda, St. George.—Yes, but busy among all the Kiddies.

Gladys Dewar, St. George.—Very glad to hear that you are enjoying the Contest so much. Thanks for letter.

Cecil Long, St. George.—Don't forget to send the Coupon in future, Cecil.

Margaret Stephenson, Mt. Pleasant.—Glad to have your entries in the Contest.

Lloyd Grass, St. George.—Very glad indeed to have your letter and enter your name as a member, write again soon.

Lester Grant, Elmercroft.—You are quite a clever little artist.

Alma Wheeler, Centerville.—The color picture was very nice.

Lillian Ivey Clark, Dipper Harbor.—It was a pity you did not send the Contest entry earlier.

### Of Interest to Scouts

#### OFFICIAL RECOGNITION OF BOY SCOUTS UNIFORM.

Official recognition of the Boy Scouts uniform in Canada has been given through Canadian militia general orders in the terms following: "The Boy Scouts uniform (B.P. hat or Sea Scout cap and tie, and scout badge essential) is recognized as the uniform of a public service, non-military body."

A similar recognition was granted the Boy Scouts Association in England early in the war and the Boy Scouts of America have also been recognized in their active incorporation by U. S. Congress.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Chief Scout of the Boy Scouts of the British Empire, has sent the following interesting message to Mr. Colin H. Livingstone, president of the National Council, Boy Scouts of America:

"On the great historical step taken by the United States in coming into the war I feel that I must send you one word of greeting from the Boy Scouts' point of view."

"We are already bound to the Boy Scouts of America by the tie of brotherhood in working under the same laws and the same badge for the same ideals, and that tie is further strengthened by our mutual blood relationship and history."

"The new bond of alliance in a common cause for justice and right will be yet a stronger link in our mutual relationship in the future."

"We have done war-work over here in various forms behind the scenes, not necessarily involving the taking up of arms by boys under the age for military service, but by acting as watchers over railway bridges, telegraph and cable lines, reservoirs, power works, etc., the lads have done valuable national service."

"Also they have performed the duties of orderlies in large number for the War Office, Admiralty, government and other offices and have carried out the coast watching service ever since the first outbreak of war. They have also supplied trained signallers and ambulance men who require special mention these facts in case they may be suggestive to you in arranging duties for your Scouts in their different localities."

"I feel sure that with the training they have received the Boy Scouts of America are in a position to do very valuable service for their country here and the scenes in the present crisis and we over here shall watch their doings with the greatest interest and most cordial sympathy."

"If there is any service that I can personally render I hope you will command me."



CONDUCTED BY UNCLE DICK.

### Harold's Two Pets

Harold had been ill. Being ill isn't much fun—not when you're ten. But when the doctor just laughs a great big jolly laugh and says: "No more bottles or powders, old man! A dog, a pony, and a sleeping-tent out there on the lawn, with three good meals a day and a lunch between times," why, then being ill isn't so bad after all.

Harold knew a lot of things to do with a pony and a dog. But this story isn't about the good times they had and the long jaunts they took, Harold riding Star, with Ponto racing ahead after rabbits, or barking up a tree at a squirrel which scolded him roundly at having been chased. It is about the time when Harold forgot to give Star her supper, and what happened after.

Harold had played late, and had come home just in time to sit down at the table. It was a rule that he should feed Star before he came to the table, but he was so tired that he forgot to do so. He went to the barn first. Surely just this once it would not matter if Star waited.

It did matter, though, for after supper he forgot all about it. He never thought of it once until he woke up next morning and started out to feed Star as usual. Then he remembered. "I'll give her enough this morning to make up," he thought, as he hurried toward the barn. He heard no well-known whinny as he entered the stable. Star's stall was empty. He stopped more than once, thinking it foolish to follow the dog farther, and not knowing where the chase might lead him. But Ponto always said "Come on!" so plainly there could be no doubt that he knew where he was going.

Then he was frightened! He ran to the house, calling loudly as he ran. "Oh, Papa, Papa! Star is gone!" Then, as his father came out of the house, he added soberly, "I forgot to feed her last night, and now she's gone!"

Harold's father came and looked the barn over. The halter was gone—he thought it must have been untied. "Horse-thieves, I'm afraid," he said. "Oh, Papa, Papa! Star is gone!" Then, as his father came out of the house, he added soberly, "I forgot to feed her last night, and now she's gone!"

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### How Peter Was Naughty

Concluded from last week.

It fell with a splash into the river below, and sent quite a lot of water over his feet.

When he had kicked off his shoes and hung his stockings over the side of the boat, he tried what he could do with the other oar. But it was even more tiresome to manage than the first, and afraid lest he should lose this, too, he put it back safely at the bottom of the boat.

Peter began to wonder how he was going to get home again. They were moving swiftly now. They had left the narrow stream, and a strong tide was carrying them out to the great open river.

He pressed Pluff against him, and looked around with frightened eyes. Not far away was a group of tall reeds, and towards them, by chance, the boat drifted. And there it stopped, and it seemed to Peter that unless he could make somebody hear he would be lost.

Although he was so hot, Peter shivered. Perhaps it was because he was so frightened. But he was very brave about it. Mummy would be certain to miss her son, and to send someone to look for him. After all, it was nice and cool here in the shade.

Peter looked up to see where the shade came from. Overhead was a great willow. It stood on the edge of the bank, and its wide, sweeping branches bent almost to the water. One of them hung right down over his head. It looked so strong and firm that it seemed to Peter for all the world like a kind arm held out to save him. Peter's heart gave a great bound. If only he could reach it he might be able to pull himself to shore—the spears which held the dinghy were only a very little way from the bank.

He jumped up on the seat, and stretched out his arms. Alas! it was too high for him. But only a very little too high. If he had been two inches taller he could have touched it easily.

It was a great disappointment, and Peter was doing his best to swallow a big lump in his throat, when suddenly, without any warning, Pluff leapt up on to his shoulder. The shock and the little jerk almost sent Peter over. He was just going to jump down, when the kitten gave another leap and landed on to the overhanging branch.

A minute later and she had found her way to the ree-trunk, and was scrambling down it.

But the weight of the venturesome little creature as she leapt on to the bough had sent it down—right down into Peter's outstretched hands!

He caught it and held it firmly, and pulled. The boat moved. Peter pulled harder, and it moved a little more. One more pull, a real big one this time, and the keel grated against the bank. And then all at once there came the sound of running footsteps and a great joyful shout, and then a big splash, and Peter was safe in Daddy's arms.

It was very naughty of you, Peter, they were home again, and Mummy was crying—"very, very naughty! You might have been drowned! We could have found another Pluff, but there is only one Peter in the whole wide world."

Saucy bird, alert and quick. Languishing on stone and brick. Little children linger too. Who perhaps are found of you; Pale and pitiful to see. Sick and sorry, maybe. They can dream but never go. Where the ferns and daisies grow. All the sultry summer through. They will hear no bird but you. Cheap and common, sharp and shrill. Chirping, chirping, chirping still. Picking bugs and crumbs and things. Ypt—you have the gift of wings; Where the grass and clovers grow. Free and high to tree and sky. Only little comrades given. Who can bring them news of heaven!

Sparrow, when I go away, Is that why you choose to stay?

Little bird of dusty brown, Why do you stay here in town. In the noise and dirt and heat. Hopping in the ugly street? Other songsters choose to go. Where the grass and clovers grow. Where the daisies are on the hill. And the shady woods are still; Where the baby rivers skip. And the cool green grass drip. There to-morrow I shall be! Sparrow, do you envy me?

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## ARE YOU ENTERING THE SPECIAL CONTESTS

### Tales for the Kiddies

Do any of you little boys and girls know Biddy? Well, she is a little girl with long golden curls, just like the ones Goldenlocks had, only Biddy's just looked as if she wanted to play in them all day long. Biddy had lots of dolls and toys and books to play with, but she got tired of playing with them sometimes, and because she lived in the country she liked to go out and sit under a tree, and talk to all the little living creatures, and Mother Nature loves. Her Daddy had built her a little seat in a great big oak tree, and on fine days she used to take pretty colored cushions out there with her to make it nice and comfortable, and sometimes the sandman would come and talk to her, and quite often she would go to sleep. But this day that I am telling you about she did not feel sleepy, and that is why she could not quite understand all the lovely thing that happened to her. You see, even if she did not think so, she did close her eyes, and she just must have gone to sleep, what do you think?

—She sat for a long time looking at an ant-hill, watching the busy little ants going to and fro, when all at once she sat up very straight, and listened, for she was sure she heard bells ringing. Yes! there it was again. Biddy looked everywhere, but could not imagine where the sound came from, until she saw coming up the path, a little procession of ants. Some of them looked almost like fairies, they shone so bright in the sun, and some of them had silvery wings. Perhaps they were fairy ants. The ones in front were ringing the bells, and they looked like tiny blue-bells. They had little conical hats, and wore automobiles, just big enough for themselves, and at the end of the procession ten little ants were pulling the biggest grasshopper that Biddy had ever seen. Of course it was dead, and they were taking it home with them to cook for their dinner. Well, Biddy watched them, and oh! how she wished she could just be small enough to go with them. All at once the whole procession stood still. They must have seen the little girl sitting there. Then one of the flashiest of all the ants got out of the carriage and came towards her, and as it came, Biddy began to grow small, and before she knew it, she was able to talk to them in bug language. The ants must have thought she was very wonderful, for they helped her up into the automobile beside their king, and then they started on their journey again.

By and by they arrived at the ant-hill, where a king and a queen were waiting to welcome them. My! such a pomp and ceremony there was. They all bowed, and sang queer sort of chants, and then after a few minutes they all entered the ant-hill. They went through all kinds of passages until they came to a great big room. The king of the ants came to Biddy and asked her if she would please reign in his place for awhile, as he had other work to do, so they led her to a little chair in the corner, and placed a crown on her head, which really made her look quite queenly, and then they all awaited her orders. First of all she asked for food, so they set a table in front of her, and brought her roast grasshoppers legs, and boiled rice, with rose-water ice cream and a glass of milk for desert. When she had finished this dainty little meal she felt better, and ordered all the little ants to sing her—some of their queer little chants. They were right in the middle of a soft kind of a lullaby when with a loud crash all the walls of the ant-hill fell in, and all you could hear was cries and screams from the poor little ants who had been hurt. A man had walked that way they said, and his foot had made sad havoc with the ant-hill. Well, Biddy got busy right away. She sent some of the ants in the automobile for Dr. Beetle, and some she sent in the coaches to the Flying Ants Red Cross Association for nurses. In good time they all arrived, but in the meantime, those who had not been injured and not sent on errands, made beds and tore up cotton for bandages, so when the doctor and nurses got there there was no time for Biddy to be kindless itself, and helped them all so tenderly. She sang to them, and read Bug Fairy Tales to them, and they all felt rather glad to be sick. She ordered all the carpenters to work too, and in a few days they had the ant-hill built over as good as new, and when they were finished it, she said they must keep it for their Parliament House, and told them to find a safer place under a tree, where human feet would not step on it, and they built a much larger and finer one this time.

Then came moving day! They all had treasures to take, and it got to be almost too big a job for Biddy. She just could have cried sometimes. But they were settled at last, and then she told them she must leave them—that her mother and her daddy she knew must be very lonely without her. She was so sorry about it, but she promised she would go back again someday. Then they called the king, and Biddy took the crown from her own head and placed it on his. They called the procession in order again and put her into the little automobile and took her to exactly the same place where they found her in the oak tree. She waved her handkerchief to them as they wound out of sight, and then she put her head on her arms, and went to sleep. A cowbell in the next field awakened her, and she rubbed her eyes, and could not imagine at first where she was. She picked up her cushions and hurried home to her Daddy, and told him all about it. He said she just must have been dreaming.

### Playmates

"I am going calling," said Patty. She came out on the porch and looked at herself in the big window. The big window was quite as good as a mirror for looking at yourself. Patty was so pleased with what she saw that she walked up and down to get a better view. Shall I tell you what she saw?

In the big window was a little girl wearing a long skirt—that belonged to her mother! and a pair of gloves—that belonged to her father! and a silk scarf—that belonged to her big brother! She carried a fan too—and that belonged to her big sister! For you see she was very much dressed. It was hard for Patty to get enough of looking at herself—the long skirt swished so beautifully, and the big fan waved so gracefully. Patty wished she could take the window calling, too!

At the foot of the porch steps Dicky Dog lay asleep. "Good day, Dicky Dog," said Patty. "May I call on you?" "Do