MOTTO:- "KINDLY DEEDS MAKE HAPPY LIVES"

Uncle Dick's Chat With the Children

My Dear Kiddies:—

Now that the days are so warm, and the sun is shining so brightly, I can just imagine some of you spending all your spare nickles on ice cream. That is just what I feel like doing myself. In fact if this weather continues with as much heat, there is danger of your Uncle Dick melting to a grease spot, and then what would you do for your weekly chats, eh?

That reminds me, how would one of you Kiddies like to be in the place of your Children's Editor? I am going to give you a chance. Oh, no, don't misunderstand me, I don't mean that one of you are to come down to the Standard Office, and occupy his desk, or edit the Children's Page. Joking apart though, I have been wondering what kind of a letter you would write each week, to the thousands of Kiddies who read this Corner if you had the job to do.

Just to find out what you would say, I am going to offer a special prize, to be awarded to the boy or girl who sends in what is considered as the most interesting, and appropriate chat to the rest of the members. Just imagine yourselves in my place, and write a letter to the readers of this page. Use one side of the paper only, and don't forget to sign your name to the letter, as well as enclose the usual coupon, filled in. I shall publish the best chat received.

This contest is open to every boy and girl who reads the Corner, so get busy and let us see what kind of editors you are likely to be when you grow up.

Although a number of letters have been received regarding the proposed Bird Protection Society, which was suggested last week, I have not heard much as to whether you consider it would be very interesting or not. Personally, I think you would enjoy being members of such a club, as apart from the kind deeds which it would prompt you to do, you have a chance of learning a great deal about the different birds. Have you ever tried to find out the individual characters of these little feathery creatures? Whilst you are staying in the country you have a unique opportunity of making a study. For instance, having found out where a bird's nest is, just take up a position near, remembering to keep perfectly still, and you will learn much which you never knew before.

Just the other day, I was sitting in Kings Square near where a little girl was throwing bread crumbs down for the birds to get, when I noticed one sparrow, which took particular care that another bird did not manage to steal any piece of bread which it may have secured, but instead, took the crumb, and dropped it among long grass.

Presently it flew away, but in a few minutes returned, with another smaller bird, and both alighting near where the crumbs were, in among the long grass, proceeded to feed the younger creature, which I soon concluded must be it's "baby" bird.

The incident was small, and unimportant, but it just goes to show what might be learned as to our feathered friends, if we watch their little actions. If you come across any such, just write and tell me about it, as I would love to publish such little stories, for the interest and benefit of others.

With best wishes and heaps of love,

From your

Uncle Dick

Children's Editor.

A Kindly Deed

By F. C. McD.

The summer holidays had begun, and Jimmie had seen all his little friends depart, one by one for the country. He had coaxed his mother very hard to take him too, but she was very poor, and had to work hard for a living—sometimes she washed, and sometimes she went out by the day, and that was when Jimmie found it so long and lonely. His daddy that he loved so, had gone to the war and had been killed, and he felt he had a very big position to fill, in looking after his mother. Still he was only a little boy after all, and he certainly did want to go to the country. He was sitting on the steps in the back yard wishing that he had something to play with, when it began to rain—great big drops that chased him into the house. Then the sun began to shine again, and there was oh! such a beautiful rainbow. Now Jimmie had always been told that at the base of the rainbow, where it goes down to meet the earth there is a pot of gold, and he thought oh! how lovely it would be if only he could find it. Then his mother would not have to work any more, and they could go into the country and stay as long as they liked. So he got himself ready a lunch and away he started to look for the wonderful treasure. He walked and walked and was beginning to feel pretty tired, but he could not seem to reach the beautiful shining rainbow. He came to a brook at last, and sat down to eat his lunch. He was just biting into a nice piece of bread when he saw the funniest little fairy that you could imagine sitting on the edge of a daisy at his feet. "Good morning" it said,—and "Good morning" said Jimmy. "Are you looking for something?" said the fairy. And then Jimmy told it, how he had heard about the pot of gold at the base of the rainbow, and of how he wanted so to find it, because his mother was poor, and he wanted her to have nice things to wear, and be happy like other people.

The little fairy was very sympathetic, and came nearer as Jimmy talked, and then it said. "If you will watch carefully for some kind deed to do, perhaps I can help you, and who knows, we may even find the pot of gold, or something equal to it." So Jimmy finished his lunch, he offered the fairy some of it, but the dainty little creature had just eaten of rose leaves spread with the butter from buttercups, and then Jimmy started again. Sometimes he missed his new found friend, but when he stopped to look for it, he always found it chatting to some flower or bumble bee; and once, when they came to another brook the fairy called a butterfly, and sat on its back, while it caried it to the other side. And still they did not seem to get any nearer to the rainbow

Then Jimmy heard such a sound that made his poor little heart ache with pity. A poor old man sitting on a rock crying with pain. He had stumbled he said and turned his ankle, and he could not get to his home without the aid of a crutch, and he did not know what to do. Jimmy looked and gazed longingly at the rain-bow that was still shining, but was getting more dim every minute, and then without another glance he turned and went into the bushes and hunted around until he found a stout stick that would make a good crutch. He padded the top of it carefully with grass, and bound it firmly with a long daisy stem, and then he took it to the old man, who stopped moaning at once, and thanked Jimmy very much. "But, my boy," he said, "I will need to lean on something else besides this crutch; so if you can walk beside me, and let me lean on you as well, I can manage much better." Jimmy did not even glance at the rainbow this time,—he knew his mother wiuld rather have him give a helping hand to a poor old man, than have all the gold in the world, so he looked at his little fairy friend, who was singing on a wild rose bush, and who gave him a bright smile and an encouraging nod, and then bracing his young shoulders, he helped the old man along as best as he could.

Very slow and tiresome work it was too, and the old man groaned at every step. Deeper and deeper they went into the woods, and oh! how beautiful everything was. Jimmy could not help but admire it. Then they sat down to rest, and Jimmy could not help it, (poor little chap) he was so tired, that before he knew it, he went sound asleep.

And when he awoke:—why there sitting all around him, was a whole band of fairies! and they all clapped their hands when he opened his eyes; and the little fairy who had travelled beside him for so long came and sat on his knee, and told him the most wonderful thing! He said the old man who was so lame was really a very wealthy prince and a member of their fairy ring, and they had turned him into the old man, just to test Jimmy and to see what kind of stuff he was made of. "And now Jimmy, you are to come with us to his castle in the hills, for he wants to talk to you." So the small boy followed the bright little fairies again until they came to the prince's home, where the gates were opened by unseen hands for them, and closed noiselessly after them. And the prince welcomed him with a charming smile that made Jimmy forget all about how his shoulders had ached under the old man's weight. "Jimmy," the prince said kindly, "you did not find your pot of gold at the base of the rainbow, but your kindly deed to the old man who needed help is so appreciated, that I want you to bring your mother hear to my castle, and live with me all the days of your lives.

Jimmy was delighted of course, and when his mother came and heard the story, she was very proud indeed of her little boy. And on his twenty-first birthday, the prince presented him with a golden pot filled with golden coins, and so, they all lived happy ever after.

Birthday Greetings

Uncle Dick wishes many happy returns to the following Kiddies who will celebrate their birthdays during the next few days.

Elizabeth Hinzkes, Bathurst, N. B.
Willard Hawkes, The Range.
Anna Hayes, Hd. of Millstream.
Frances R. Spright, Welsford.
Griffith Bishop, 77 Meckleburg St.
Alma Price, Evandale.
Nan Coleman, City.
Helen Robinson, Perry's Point.
Katherine McLaughlin, Milltown.
May Brooks, 31 High St.
Hugh McVicar, Summer St.
Grenville Craft, St. Stephens.
Willie Killam, City.
Myrna V. Smith, Sussex.
Autine Cosman, Springfield.
Edward Howard, City.
Le Baron Stubbs, City.

A tall man walking down a road, saw rushing towards him, what he took to be a monstrous dog, in a very wild manner. To the man it appeared to be suffering from madness, so that although he loved animals, the sight of such a dog, made his heart beat fast, and beads of perspiration stood out on his brow.

At last the two met face to face, when—lo, what was the man's surprise to find that instead of a mad dog, it was but a playful puppy, of mild aspect, and soft tender eyes, with tail all awagging.

Dropping a stone which he had been carrying in his mouth, the young dog looked up at the man's face, as if to say: "I'd be obliged to you if you would throw the stone for me to run after, and thus play with me."

Puppy looked foolish, awkward, but lively, and as innocent as could be, whilst the man ceased to tremble, as hitherto, feeling quite relieved to find that instead of some savage beast, here was a playful puppy.

How often one finds it thus in life, instead of some bugbear full of sickening dread haunting us, it "Dissolves as morning dew."

DOGS GUARD THE CHILDREN.

Police dogs as life guards may become common soon, says the Minneapolis Journal. The other day, when the children of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Phipps dashed into the surf at Palm Beach, they were accompanied by two large police dogs.

The children swam about, the dogs swimming alongside of them as guardians. The dogs had been trained as life guards, and amazed the spectators by their skill and fidelity.

The children, who are expert swimmers, played at being in distress. Whichever way they swam the dogs were right beside them. Mr. Phipps had them trained to swim close to a child in difficulty, offering their sturdy backs as supports.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE DICK.

The Toad

The Toad lived under one of the large flat stones that made the garden wall.

It was not a very pleasant place to live. The sun was never able to creep in. The rain and the frost did not dry out of the ground. There was no room underneath the stone to have company, but no one visited the Toad. No one wanted to visit him. He was the most despised creature in the whole garden.

Every one liked the garden cat who sat in the warm garden path. She had a beautiful yellow and white coat. She could purr when she was stroked. Every one liked the cricket. He came to the garden in the evening and chirped a wood-night song. Everyone liked the butterfly who flew from one garden bed to another. Her wings were orange and brown, and she was very pretty.

But the toad was dressed in a suit of dull green. He could not sing and he could not fly.

"Step on him; He's only a toad," said the little children who came to play in the garden. So the Toad came from under his stone only very early in the morning and toward evening. He did not want to be stepped upon.

It was a very hard season for the peach trees were eaten. There were not so many red cherries, and pink peaches as there should haves been. The buds on the rose bushes were eaten, too. The vegetables were eaten through and through by nibbling insects. But this was not true in the garden in which the Toad lived.

Here, the trees were loaded with bright cherries and large peaches. Their branches almost touched the ground. The rose bushes were covered with red, and pink, and white, and yellow roses. Every one who passes said:

"The garden was never so lovely before. Just see row much prettier it is than the gardens across the road." That was just what the gardener thought, too.

"Who has been helping me to take care of my garden?" asked the gardener.

II.

The cat sat and basked in the path and purred. She had done nothing to help the gardener. The cricket chirped as if he were playing a little fiddle. But he had done nothing to help the gardener. The butterfly flew from one part of the garden to another. Her orange and brown wings were bright in the sunlight. She was very pretty to look at. But she had done nothing to help the gardener.

From his dark hole beneath the large flat stone in the garden wall, the Toad peeped. He wanted to see if anyone who would step on him were near. No, he saw that it would be safe. Out he hopped, a tiny black insect was flying toward the red rose tree. The Toad opened his great ugly mouth wide. Snap, he closed it again and that was the end of the insect.

"My good little friend," said the gardener, "It is you who have helped to make my garden beautiful." This was quite true. Very early in the morning and toward evening each day the Toad had been busy and useful. He had eaten the insects that would have hurt the garden.

"You are the most useful one in the garden," said the gardener, and the Toad was very happy.

The children watched him beside his dark little house. "Our friend, the Toad," they called him now.

THE FIRST LESSON

"The school bell is ringing. I can't play with you any longer, Snowball," Molly said as she set the white kitten down on the kitchen floor beside its mother.

The old cat looked up into Molly's face and then at her fluffy little white baby. She put one soft paw on Snowball's little pink nose. Then she washed her own face, and, presently, the kitten was washing her face, too, for she had learned the way.

"Kittens must learn their lesson, too! mewed the old mother pussy.

Molly ran out of the door and down through the garden. She passed Biddy Top Knot, her little bantam hen, with the brood of little chickens about her.

"The school bell is ringing and I have my new school bag here," Molly called back. "I can't feed you, Biddy Top Knot, until I come home."

The little bantam hen looked at Molly and then at her wee chickens. She scratched about with her two yellow feet in the dirt of the garden walk very hard for worms. Her brood of chickens watched her. Then they, too, began scratching with their yellow feet in the dirt very hard for worms. Biddy Top Knot watched them. Then she clucked as loudly as she could, and it seemed as if she were saying:

"Chickens must learn their lessons, too."

Down the road by the side of the pond Molly ran. At the edge of the pond was Mrs. Paddle Foot, the duck, and behind her in a long row were all the little Paddle Foot ducklings, round and fluffy and web-footed.

"The school bell is ringing Paddle Foot, and I shall see my new teacher," said Molly. I can't stop to give you any bread crumbs now, but I will save some from my luncheon for you."

Mrs. Paddle looked at Molly. Then hen she quacked loudly to all the little Paddle Foots and jumped into the pond and swam about a moment. She swam back to shore and came up on the bank, and quacked again to the little Paddle Foots. She jumped into the water again. This time all the little Paddle Foot ducklings jumped in, too, and swam about in a long yellow line behind their mother.

"Quack, Quack," said Mrs. Paddle Foot, "ducklings must learn their lessons, too."

Then Molly came to the pretty white school. The bell had stopped ringing and she went inside with all the other children.

Then the new teacher gave them their beautiful new books and they began learning just as happily as Kitten Snowball, and Biddy Top Knot's chickens, and the Paddle Foot Ducklings. Creatures and children, and every one have lessons, to get, some in school, and some outside.

Animal Stories

The following are a few stories selected on account of their interest and value, as showing the wisdom, and devotion of some of our dumb friends.

If you know of any others please send particulars in to Uncle Dick, The Standard, and where possible enclose a picture of the animal in question.

A CAT'S DEVOTION.

In Dauphan county, Pennsylvania, in a country burial place, there is yet to be seen a child's grave. If you read the stone, you will learn that the little grave was made more than eight years ago. But what you will not see nor may not read is that among those who mourned for the little girl that was buried there so long ago was one whose grief was such that it led her to come twelve miles across the snow and through the bitter cold to lay down her own little life upon that grave.

Just a little house cat.

The dead girl was my father's sister, and so many times one would speak ill of a cat or say, "The cat loves the home not the individual," I have heard him say, "No, you are wrong, they love so well that they die of it."

Then he would tell of this cat,—tell how his sister had cared for her and how they had been always been together, and the last days, when the end was near, the little girl had asked them all to take care of her pet when she was gone. They had all promised and all meant to be faithful. When they returned from the funeral they searched for the cat, but she was nowhere about. Two weeks of violent storms followed, at the end of which a visit was made to the graveyard. Here they found the faithful little cat, half buried by the snow, dead across the grave of the child. My father liked to add to his story, "They are little strangers, the cats; we must get a better acquaintance with them."

LETTER RECEIVED FROM GIRL WHO CAPTURED FOX THE FUGITIVE.

Sussex, N. B.
July 24th, 1917.

Dear Uncle Dick:—

I received the two dollars you sent me today. I was so pleased when I got it and I want to thank you ever so much. I am glad now that I tried hard to get Mr. Fox and also glad that I am a member of Uncle Dicks Corner. I am sorry that I have no picture to send you. Thanking you for your nice letter and gift, I know that I shall always have your good wishes.

Bye, Bye,
Stella LeClair.

The Princess' Desire

Once upon a time there was a little Princess who was very unhappy because she was not pretty to look at as she thought a little princess should be.

She sat in a garden and was sorrowful and cried a great deal of the time because she felt sure that no one would ever make her a queen.

One day she sat by the wall of the garden with her hands in her lap and was looking very sad. An old woman, very bent, and gray, and carrying a bundle passed along the road, outside and looked over the wall.

"Why do you cry little Princess," she asked.

"Because I am not beautiful," the little princess replied, "and so I shall never be made a queen."

"Why don't you go out into the world and find someone who can make you beautiful?" asked the old woman as she started on her way. And this seemed like such a new adventure that the little Princess went out and through the garden-gate and started down the road.

The old woman had disappeared as if the road had taken her into gray dust.

But before the little Princess had gone very far she overtook a boy. He was stumbling along the road as if it were hard for him to find his way. He put out his hand and touched the little Princess's sleeve.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I am going to find someone who will help to make me beautiful," the little Princess said. I am not pretty enough to be a queen."

"Wait awhile and help me," said the little boy. "I am blind and I cannot find my way home.

So the Princess took the blind boy's hand in hers and walked along with him, leading him very gently, until they came to the cottage by the side of the road where they lived.

Then the little Princess went on hurrying, for she felt that she had lost a great deal of time. But before she had gone very far, she saw a little girl standing by the edge of the woods and crying. When the little girl saw the Princess, she looked up and asked, "Where are you going?"

"I am going to find someone who will help me to be beautiful," the little Princess said. "I am not pretty enough to be a queen."

"Wait awhile and help me," said the little girl. "My mother is ill, and I went to the dairy to fetch her some milk and eggs; but I have no money, and they say that I must pay."

The little Princess pulled from the silk bag at her side a bright gold piece She had but two of them to buy herself food on her journey, but she gave one to the child. "This is to pay for the milk and eggs," she said. Then the little girl laughed with happiness. Her smile was as bright as the sunshine that came through the trees and lighted them both.

"Now I must make great haste," thought the little Princess. "It is getting on in the day and I am no more beautiful than when I started." But she had gone only a little way when she came suddenly on the same old woman, who had spoken to her in the morning.

"Did you do as I bade you?" asked the old woman.

"Yes said the little Princess. But I am still ugly to look at," she added dropping her head.

"Oh no you are not," said the old woman, "Look," and she held a little mirror before the face of the Princess.

A strange thing had happened. The little Princess's eyes in leading the blind boy had grown as bright as stars Her hair was as shining as the gold piece she had given away.

"Shall I ever be Queen," asked the little Princess.

The old woman took a small gold crown from the bundle she carried and set it upon the little Princess's head.

"You are a Queen, my Dear," she said.

Scout Notes

The idea of training boys as scouts, dates from 1884 when Sir Robert Baden-Powell applied it to recruits in his regiment and, in revised form, from 1897 to young soldiers in the 5th Dragoon Guards. He had found the good of developing the man's character before putting upon him the routine training of drill at that time cosidered necessary for a soldier.

The system was based on education as opposed to instruction and was an evolution of the ideas of Epictetus, the code of the Knights, the Zulus and Red Indians. The possibility of putting responsibility on to boys and treating them seriously was brought to the proof in Mafeking with the corps of boys raised by Lord Edward Cecil there in 1899, which led Sir Robert to go into it further.

When he went back to England in 1902 he found his book, "Aids to Scouting" being used in schools for teaching boys. As this had been written for soldiers it was unsuitable for boys and in 1908 Sir Robert re-wrote it (after an experimental boys' camp held in 1907.) It was not then intended to have a separate organization of Boy Scouts, but that the Boys' Brigade, the Junior Y. M. C. A., the Church Lads' Brigade, and other recognized boys' organizations would utilize the idea.

The movement grew up of itself, and assumed such proportions that in 1910 Sir Robert gave up the army and took charge of it. The methods, aims and organization of the movement underwent close examination by the Privy Council in 1910, and a Royal Charter of incorporation was granted to it. His Majesty the King became its patron and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales became Chief Scout for Wales.

The idea of the dress of the scouts was taken from a sketch of Sir Robert's dress in Kashmir in 1897—in every detail. The fleur-de-lys badge was that which Sir Robert used for Scouts in the 5th Dragoon Guards; it was taken from the sign of the north point of the compass, as shown on maps as a guide to their orientation.

The Blue Dishes

They were almost as large as real blue and white dishes. They were a great many of them, a teapot, and a sugar bowl, and a milk pitcher, and four cups, and four saucers, and four plates.

They came to Dolly's and Molly's house early in the morning of Thanksgiving Day. As soon as Dolly and Molly saw them, they jumped up and down and clapped their hands and shouted together.

"Oh they are mine! The blue and white china dishes are mine!" Then Dolly took the box of dishes in her arms and hugged, and Molly took away the box of dishes from Molly and hugged them. Then Dolly tries to take the box back. This made the dishes feel badly. They rattled about and said as well as they could:

"Dishes for two, dishes for two, Some for Molly and some for you."

So Dolly and Molly set the blue and white china dishes on their little round table, and Dolly began to divide them.

"One blue and white plate for you, Molly and one for me," she said. "One for a little loaf of bread for you, and one for a little loaf of frosted cake for me."

Then Dolly looked at the dear little blue and white cups and saucers. There was a blue flower on each cup. On each saucer there was only a blue band.

"Two saucers for you and two cups for me," said Dolly. Then Molly reached out her arms and pulled the blue and white teapot and the sugar bowl and the milk pitcher toward her.

"Here is one cover for you, Dolly, and here is another cover for you," she said, holding the teapot and sugar bowl fast. "Then I shall have the milk pitcher," exclaimed Dolly taking it away from Molly.

Then Dolly and Molly looked at each other's frowning face and at the little play table with the mixed up play dishes.

The little china dishes did not look as beautiful to Dolly and Molly as they had at first.

The two litle sisters went away from the play room. After they had gone, the wind blowing in through the play room door rattled the little blue and white dishes. They seemed to say again:

Dishes for two, dishes for two
Some for Molly and some for you.

Then mother came in and heard the rattling, clattering, song of the mixed up little dishes. She began straightening them out, putting each cup in its own saucer and the covers in their proper places upon the tea pot and sugar bowl and milk pitcher. Upon each of the little blue and white plates she laid two fat hurkey sandwiches and a thick slice of frosted cake.

How beautiful the table and the little blue and white china dishes looked now! Then Mother called Dolly and Molly. They came back laughing with happiness and sat down to their Thanksgiving party.

And Dolly made Molly eat one of her turkey sandwiches becausei t had a little more turkey inside than Dolly's.

And Dolly made Molly eat a piece of cake because it had thicker frosting than Molly's. Then both little girls sang together the song of all the little blue and white dishes:

"Thanksgiving for two, Thanksgiving for two,
Thanksgiving for me, dear, but first for you."

A GRATEFUL DOG.

The Scotch collie is one of the most sagacious of our highly bred dogs. As I walked across the college campus today a beautiful young collie that belongs to one of the professors met me and lifted a most appealing look to me, as if to test me," writes Dr. H. B. Arbuckle in Collie Folio. "Seeing that he was limping, I spoke in kindly tones and quick as a flash his splendid brush waved his appreciation, and with a trustfulness rare to see he turned back to me and held up his lame foot, as if to see if my friendly tone and manner were genuine. I stooped to offer help, and did all I could by extracting a piece of glass, and treated him as I would one of my own. He could not thank me enough for the kind turn, and now he is my friend forever. He never passes me by without a cordial greeting and a thank you that is as true as any word man could offer.

ARE YOU ENTERING THE SPECIAL CONTESTS

ANSWERS TO LETTERS RECEIVED BY UNCLE DICK.

Carle Rigby, Hartland—Yes all kinds of pictures. Glad you are enjoying the stories. They are better than big contests, etc. are they not, at least when the chhools are closed. What you say regarding conscriptin is very true. Hope your dad's good shooting accounts for a number of the Huns. No, only once.

Blanche Scott, Summer Hill—Glad to hear from you again, and to know that you are all well. You appear to be having a great time.

Doris Beaman, 153 Canterbury St.—You should arrange to have the Standard left for you at the house, and then when you return after the week-ends, you will have all the pleasure of reading the Children's Corner. I know of several boys and girls who are doing that. What a neat seal you use.

Helen McMullin, Sand Point—So you received the pendant safely. Glad to hear that you like same. Pleased to hear that Dorothy is helping to make the Corner better known than ever.

Julia Bernard, Sunnyside—I am delighted to hear that you want to join the Corner, but can hardly make out what it is you do not understand as to the page. Except that regarding Fox the Fugitive of whom you speak. He was a man who was being sought for by readers of the Standard, and other peaple, but who was caught in Sussex, by Stella LeClair, who therefore won the prize, which I offered as well as that awarded by the Standard. Write again soon.

George Manning, Sussex—What a splendid report you had from school, I don't imagine that there are a great number of members who received such a good one, at least I have not heard of them. Yes, Fox the Fugitive was caught in Sussex.

Bertha Branscombe, Cumberland Bay—I was very sorry to hear that your Grandmother is no longer living. You have my sympathy. Although you tried very hard in the contest, you were not so successful as the winners, eh? You have quite a number of pets. You are allowed to enter the contest, until your sixteenth birthday. Write again later and let me know how you are enjoying your holidays.

Margaret Randolph, Gooseberry Cove—I have the letter, Margaret and the watch is being sent you. I trust that you receive it safely. Please let me know.

Kathlen Caldwell, Florence Ville—I have the letter regarding the second prize, and have made enquires about same. I am sorry it has not as yet reached you, but I expect that ere you receive this letter you will have got the prize. Please let me know if it arrives safely, also if you are pleased with same, by return mail.

DECLINED $7,500 SALARY TO SERVE PUBLIC FREE

MR. JOHN G. KENT, a man of wealth and extensive business interests, who has refused to accept any remuneration whatever for his services as General Manager of the Canadian National Exhibition, preferring to serve the public free of charge. He is President of the Toronto Board of Trade and has been on the Exhibition Board since 1905, always showing a close interest in the work. He was President in 1912-13, the two best years in the history of the institution. Mr. Kent is head of the Boy Scouts in Toronto and is identified with many philanthropic enterprises. Long and continued illness has compelled Dr. Orr, Manager since 1903, to seek a long rest.

TWELVE BABIES ARE DYING EVERY HOUR IN GREAT BRITAIN

Ignorance and Neglect Are Responsible for Much of the Infant Mortality in Canada

Parents, Teachers and Educators Can Do Much to Ameliorate These Conditions

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