



BEDTIME STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN

Uncle Wiggly and the Starling Bird.

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

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"Nurse Jane! Nurse Jane! Fussy Wiggly!" called Uncle Wiggly Longears, the rabbit gentleman, as he arose from the breakfast table at the underground boarding house of Mrs. Little, the rabbit lady, one morning. "I want to go out, Nurse Jane, and I can't find my rubber boots."

"Oh, dear! I am so sorry, Wiggly," cried the nursemaid, who was a very kind hearted rabbit. "I will look for them for you."

"Sent my rubber boots to be mended!" cried the rabbit gentleman. "Why did you not put a piece of court plaster over the hole or paste on one of the leaves from the rubber plant?"

"Oh! That would never have done at all!" Nurse Jane said. "Your boots were sent to the shoe shop. But why do you want them now?"

"Because I want to go out for a walk, and it is raining. Without my rubber boots I will get my feet wet, and my rheumatism will be worse."

"Can't you wear your leather boots?" asked Nurse Jane.

"No, for the water will leak through them."

"Not if you grease them with a piece of suet," spoke Mrs. Little, the rabbit lady, coming in just from the kitchen where she was making the beds.

"When I was a little rabbit girl none of us had rubber boots. And when we had to go to school in the rain, or snow, we would grease our shoes or leather boots with suet or tallow from a piece of meat. Then our feet would not get wet, for water can't go through grease."

"So put some suet on your leather boots, Uncle Wiggly, and they will be as good as rubber ones."

"I will!" Uncle Wiggly said. "Thank you for telling me."

Mrs. Little gave the rabbit gentleman a nice piece of white suet, which is what the butcher puts extra in the package for your mother, when you go to buy a steak for supper. And with this piece of suet Uncle Wiggly greased his boots, and he was ready to start out for his walk.

He stepped right into a puddle of water with his leather boots, and, sure enough his feet did not get wet at all, for the water ran off the greasy boots as rain drops run off a duck's back.

"Oh, this is just fine!" cried Uncle Wiggly. "It is as good as wearing rubber boots. I'll take a piece of suet with me and rub it on before I start back."

So off he went for his daily walk in the rain, wondering what sort of an adventure he would have. He had not gone very far before he came to a place where a lot of snow had melted, and with the rain, had made a big puddle of water right across the path.

"Well, if I have to wade through that," thought the rabbit gentleman, "I'd better rub some more suet on my boots to keep out the water."

Uncle Wiggly was doing this when all of a sudden he heard a whirring of wings at his side, and a voice begged:

"Oh, please give me some of that! Just a few feathers! I am hungry!"

Uncle Wiggly looked and saw rather a large bird, with speckles of golden brown, blue and green on its back.

"Who are you and what do you want?" asked Uncle Wiggly politely.

"If you please I am a starling bird," was the answer. "Starling is my name and I came from England. I am very hungry now because the snow and rain have covered up whatever food I might find. Will you please give me some of that suet with which you are polishing your boots?"

"I am not polishing them," Uncle Wiggly said. "I am just greasing them to keep out the water, as a duck oiled her feathers. But would you eat suet?"

"Oh, I just love it!" chirped the starling. "Suet to us birds in winter is as good as hollyhocks to Sammie and Susie, the rabbit children. It keeps us warm just as seal-butter, or tallow candles keep the Eskimos warm up at the North Pole. Please give me a bit of suet."

"Of course I will!" cried Uncle Wiggly, breaking off a clean chunk of it up in his beak.

"Oh, how good it is!" cried the starling. "Thank you very much, Uncle Wiggly."

So the hungry bird ate the suet and felt much better and warm before it flew away. And Uncle Wiggly felt happy as he walked on, not getting his feet in the least wet because the suet kept out the water.

And about a week after this, when the rain had stopped, it was very breezy and dusty. Uncle Wiggly was going to the store for Nurse Jane, when all at once there came a gust of wind and filled his eyes with dust, so the rabbit gentleman could not see.

"Oh, dear!" he cried, twinkling his pink nose. "What shall I do? I can't see which way to go."

"Wait a minute! Stand still," called a chirping voice. "I will blow the dust out of your eyes with my strong wings." Then Uncle Wiggly felt a more gentle breeze in front of his face and soon the dust was all blown out of his eyes so he could see as well as ever. And in front of him, flapping its wings, was the starling bird.

"You saved me from starving by giving me suet," said the golden brown and green bird, "and I am glad I could blow the dust out of your eyes."

"I am glad too," said the rabbit gentleman. "Have some more suet," and he gave the bird a large piece. Then the starling flew away, and Uncle Wiggly put his handkerchief over his eyes so he would not get so much dust on his face as he had when he was blown out of his eyes.

So if you have any suet you don't want put it out these cold days for the starling bird. And if the rabbit gentleman doesn't jump over the piano and take the keys out to lock the front door, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and the snow tunnel.

Arnold Sharp, Lower Jemseg—You have written me the example in regard to making the face-clothes. Arnold, and the parcel you sent were very well made. I hope all the other members of the League will send in as many.

Ruth Robinson, Rothesay—Thank you very much for your kind invitation, and if the opportunity occurs, I shall avail myself of same. Did you do the typing yourself? Because if you are quite clever at it, I like getting your letters.

Stephen Trueman, Campbellton—I am pleased to see that you are entering the contests, Stephen, and hope you will continue to enjoy the Corner.

Harry P. Waite, Brown's Flat—You are to be greatly complimented on your drawing, Harry. Let me know.

Albert E. Pearce, Oteville Church—Very pleased to have you as a member, and there is plenty of room for any of your playmates also. Thanks for the good wishes.

Elsie Vail, Gagetown—You seem to like painting very much, and can do some very well indeed. I am sorry you have not managed to get the first prize, but don't be discouraged. Don't forget to fill the coupon up completely, next time, Elsie.

Bessie Starrett, Grey's Mills—Your remarks as to any prize which you may win are in order, as many things may be won. You are a very clever girl, and I am sure you will win many prizes.

Arthur Byers, Fairville—You are quite clever with your drawing and painting and have got a good idea as to how to carry out the work.

Muriel Green, Upper Greenfield—Very pleased to have you as a member of our very large Corner, Muriel. I have made a note of your birthday.

Mabel Byers, Marsh Bridge, P. O.—I don't appear to have received any attempt from you before, Mabel. Was the drawing and your first try in the contest? Glad you are entering now.

Donald Millican, 4 Courtenay St.—You are a clever little artist, to be only eight years of age, and I wish you had sent in all the sketches of the animals.

Edna Pierce, 43 Canon St.—Very glad you are joining the Corner, and entering the contests, Edna. You made a very good copy of the animals. Write again.

Gordon Piersy, 43 Union St.—No, the letter may only be used once in the original contest word. For instance in "Patriotic" you could not have "patriotic" in it more than once, either "a" or "p." Glad you are enjoying the Corner so much.

Eleanor O'Leary, Richibucto—Glad you are entering again, and remember Eleanor, if at first you don't succeed, try again. Read my weekly letter to this.

Ella Osborn, Penobscot—Very pleased to have your letter Ella, and sorry you do not enclose the coupon with your letter and attempt, Louisa, and I have not your full address. Let me know where you are living. Yes, glad to have you. Thanks for wishes.

Maitland Miller, St. Martin's—I am sorry that although your drawing was good, it was not equal to the prize-winners, therefore you have not managed to get the books.

Alan Graham, Montrose—Yes, glad to have your letter, Alan. It is getting bigger. What a fine dog Laddie must be. Quite clever too. Yes, it would be nice to have the Spring here now. Write again soon.

Marjory Lindon, Newcastle—What a nice letter you can write, Marjory. Glad to hear that you like the page so well.

Lena Jenah, Hillsboro—I have letters from other kiddies in Hillsboro, and they seem to get a fair amount of time for the contests. You will not notice that about ten days is allowed. You tried hard in the word making one.

Myrtle Cox, Young's Cove—I was not surprised to learn that you were short on sending some fascicles. I remember how well you did last time. I am sorry about the letter, but am so busy these days. Look out for it soon however. Thanks for card.

Arthur Cox, Young's Cove—In your drawing in future, Arthur, watch carefully for the details in the sketch. You do better work than most boys of your age.

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that this week your work is not quite good enough to get the prize. Don't be discouraged.

Louisa Johnson, Somewhere in Canada—You have not enclosed the coupon with your letter and attempt, Louisa, and I have not your full address. Let me know where you are living. Yes, glad to have you. Thanks for wishes.

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Uncle Dick's Chat With the Children

My Dear Kiddies:—

It seems a great pity that so many hundreds of boys and girls who compete regularly in the contests, week after week, should be disappointed when they do not see their names among the prize winners. I often feel sorry, myself, that I have not dozens of prizes to award, as the work is well done, and many kiddies just miss getting first place by a few points. Don't get discouraged, if you do fail, as that does not by any means prove that you are not doing splendid attempts. This week for instance, the drawings were very good, and many of the sketches were really beautiful. Many of the sketches have to go unrewarded.

Nevertheless I would like you to all understand that, though you do not win a prize, you are still doing very well. I think a great deal of your work, and am watching the efforts of each boy and girl carefully. Remember also that the time you spend in writing, drawing, word making, puzzle solving, etc., is time well spent, as it acts as training for your future life, besides affording you a recreation from your school studies.

I have glad to hear so many letters from those who have been successful in winning the story book, telling me how much they enjoy them. They certainly seem to be about the most popular present that I could give, don't you think so? I am also pleased to find that you are taking such an interest in the making of face-clothes, in connection with the Red Cross Helpers' League. Many kiddies have already sent me in their sketches, and others write telling me of the work they are doing. Go on with your good work my boys and girls, you are helping in your own small way to relieve the sufferings of many a brave wounded soldier.

I hope those of you who receive letters from relatives in the firing line, have not forgotten, that I am offering a nice story book each month, for the most interesting sent in to me during that period. We wish to publish the parts of the letters which may be of general interest, of course, the references to personal affairs will not be published.

As many of you are anxious to correspond with other members of the Corner, I am not only publishing the names, when requested, but as you will notice, giving the address when replying to the letters, so that you may write them direct. If, however, you wish to write to some members of the Corner, and do not know the address, just send the letter in to me, and I shall complete the address and forward the letter.

I hope you have not forgotten the rules published in my letter last week, and are watching for a chance to help others. I shall be pleased to hear from any kiddies who are doing little good turns, like those the Boy Scouts are expected to do each day. Write and tell me all about it. With best wishes and heaps of love, to all my boys and girls.

From Your Uncle Dick

Rothesay Scoutmaster wins Prize.

The prize of an original pen and ink drawing by our artist, which is being offered to the sender of what is considered the most interesting item of news, relation to Scout, is being sent to Scoutmaster Murray, of the Rothesay Troop this week.

All communications for these columns to be addressed to the Scout Editor, The Standard, St. John, N.B.

Canadian B.P. Boy Scouts

NEWS OF THE CITY AND PROVINCIAL TROOPS CONDUCTED BY PERCY GIBSON.

The Scouts in War Time.

The following article is the first of a series taken from the "Winchester Magazine," England, specially written for that paper by Lieut. General Sir Robert S. S. Baden Powell, K.C.B. We expect to publish it week by week, as they ought to prove of great interest to the Boy Scouts of Canada, telling as they do, how their brother scouts in the Old Country, are faring under war conditions.

Scouts on Active Service.

The Boy Scout, as you know him, is a bare-kneed, happy-go-lucky boy, with a possibly an ugly face and probably a good heart, and at any rate with a bicycle, dressed like his British brother, and imbued with the same ideals, but French for all that.

"Mister," said a citizen who had witnessed our meeting, "these boys—these are different from the boys of other folk; they are different from us, they are different from their parents. They foresee, they have second sight."

If they really have this in England, and we have only looked forward to it, then they are different from us, they are different from their parents. They foresee, they have second sight."

A Feat in Rapid Mobilization.

The outbreak of war found us, as a nation, somewhat unprepared. We had only looked forward to it, then they are different from us, they are different from their parents. They foresee, they have second sight."

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A Patrol Leaders Letter

A bandman should never allow a chair or door handle at home to remain long broken.

A carpenter ought to be that there is a bookcase at his troop headquarters, that there is a nice little stool for a Scout who wants to sit down, and that the frame for the picture of his Scout is not needed to be purchased from somebody outside.

A boy who has carried his Scoutmaster's badge will try continually to make himself more proficient in order that he may help things along at a Scout meeting.

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Willie Harris, Fairville. Willie Brock, Cumberland Bay. Donald Millican, 4 Courtenay St. Edna Pierce, 43 Canon St. Hired, Wilson, Coal Creek.

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