

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

UNCLE DICK'S
WEEKLY CHAT

My Dear Boys and Girls—

I suppose that most of you have a great big letter in your little hearts at some time or other to be grown up. I have so often heard little folks wishing to be big boys like their mother and father. They think it would be perfect to have their own way, so just where they liked and come home just when they liked. Buy what they like and eat what they like and in fact just be their own bosses. Well, of course that might all seem good to you, but after all it takes some years for little folks to learn how to take care of themselves, and to have the good judgment which they will surely need to use to really know just what is best for their health and good living, so that they may grow up to be the very best types of womanhood and manhood. But outside of all these little wishes you may have, does it ever occur to any of you that you are very lucky just to be boys and girls at this particular time in the world's age. To think that you are just old enough to remember so much about the greatest war that the world has ever known and best of all, that you only are just growing up while all the great nations are settling the most important affairs that have ever needed settling. Of course you have heard of the marvelous things that the doctors have learned to do to help the wounded soldiers, which shows that medical science is just advancing, in leaps and bounds. Why the poor boy that lost his ear has been deformed all his life, but now the soldier boys who were unfortunate enough to lose any of those limbs and placed over the pieces of bone so that where the experiment was a success and it generally was, a soldier had his ear again. Besides all this wonderful surgical discovery the wounds were treated with new solutions which meant healing the cuts and sores in a very few weeks, whereas it used to take months.

Then think of all the wonderful inventions which have been and will be made as an outcome of the great war. Perhaps some of the boys particularly, have been reading of the successes the air machines of all kinds have achieved and to think that you will be able to watch the progress made in this direction right from the very beginning until it reaches the perfect stage and by the time you are grown up you will become as used to seeing people travel through the air as you are now accustomed to seeing them travel by autos, trains and boats. Just think of it. Why only a few days ago there was an article in our newspapers about a plan to start very soon building these air machines right in our own province. When the time comes for those machines to operate all around us and when we are able to see just how fast they can go, and how much they can carry, then we will realize the greatness of the undertaking as you have often heard: "seeing is believing." And all this when accomplished will be only a step in the great ladder of progress. So after this don't any of you wish to be grown up by I believe every man and woman really envy you young folks and wish you could change ages with you because of the great future ahead of you, and because of the great things you are going to learn to do as well as see.

With my best wishes to all the kids,

UNCLE DICK.

KIDDIES' LETTERS

Here are some of the very neat and well-written, as well as interesting letters which I have recently received and am sure you will all enjoy reading them.

River de Chute, N. B.
Dear Uncle Dick:—

It has been quite awhile since I wrote to you last, but I thought that I would drop you a line now. I am enclosing three good riddles on another sheet of paper. I think that I will trap some this winter. I have a fifty dollar Victory bond which I bought last year and a five dollar United States War Savings Stamp that I just got. Our school is closed here as there are no more "Flu" (all in the house) and another family is suspected. There were two families here that had it in October but so far that is all that we have here. I think that we are pretty lucky don't you? I was out picking potatoes for about two weeks this fall and earned ten dollars. I guess that I will have to close.

Your nephew,

HOLLIS S. BAIRD.

River de Chute, N. B.
Dear Uncle Dick:—

I have been enjoying the Children's Corner for a long time. I have not had the Spanish "Flu" yet, and hope you haven't had it. There have been quite a few cases at Upper Kent and Canada.

I am going to school today, and I build fires for seven cents a fire. I don't like to go to school. I wish Carl Rigby would write to me as he is a Lone Scout of America. Below you will find a puzzle. I will close with good wishes to Uncle Dick and the Kiddies.

JOHN CLAIR.

Muniac, N. B.
Dear Uncle Dick:—

As I am very interested in reading the Children's Corner, I thought I would join it.

My age is twelve years, and my birthday is on September 21. I like to do your puzzles very much. I have one sister, Nellie, and two brothers, Murray and Barry. I live near brother Murray, where there is lots of fish, and a mill close by.

The chick-a-dees are very thick round here, there was one winter that

ANSWERS TO LETTERS

ALICE LEVER, Rolling Dam—Before you are welcomed you should be congratulated on being such a pretty writer and it was a great pleasure to read so neat and clear a letter.

RONALD BAIRD, River de Chute—do many of the new members were girls this week Ronald, so I was glad to know that a new nephew had joined. Show me what a good writer you can be next time you write.

NELLIE WRIGHT, Muniac—Sorry to hear of your misfortune, and that was a sore knee I am sure to need eleven stitches, but you are likely to be playing by now. We bid you and your sister welcome to our Corner.

FLORA LOUDOUN, Fredericton—That was a very neat little letter you sent me and I think you have a great many subjects to study in school for a little girl of nine years. So you seem to like Maud and St. the best of the funny pages. I find out that boys and girls have different tastes just as big folks do.

FLORENCE IRVING, Little Ridgeton—It was quite a pleasant surprise to hear from you again. Yes, indeed Christmas is probably too near to suit grown ups and too far away to suit little folks. Perhaps Gladys McKnight will write again, especially when she knows you are very anxious to hear from her.

PEARL HARDING, Chatham—We are very glad indeed to have you as one of our members. There are no prizes you know for the puzzles, they are just to give you the information you want to know and they help the young minds to think.

ETHEL MAXWELL, St. George—I hope the members will know through this that to correspond to the Corner with some of them. I suppose one near your age of eleven would be preferable.

MARY A. DEMPSTER, Barnesville—Your membership with us was a little late to be mentioned in last Saturday's page, so I trust you were not disappointed. Of course we all bid you welcome and the information you wanted has probably reached you by now.

CONNIE PAINE, South Musquash—You were the first little girl to write me about preferring the Shemmagans Kids. Yes! It will be a very happy time in some homes when the soldiers come marching home. I am going to watch for an improvement in your writing, so do not disappoint me.

LEILA YORK, Black River—You must have a jolly time with all those pets you wrote me of. I know of lots of little city folks who would be delighted to have one pet of their own. We are glad to have you join our happy Corner.

CATHERINE SHEPPARD, City—You will see I thought your contribution to the puzzle column worth printing. Many thanks.

KATIE HAINES, Springfield—I hope all the little girls were not so disappointed as you were about the contest, of course you would not want to get any prize you did not deserve, but how sorry I felt not to be able to give the beautiful drawings which I received for that contest, then you would know how sorry I felt not to be able to give at least fifty prizes.

PEARL PARKES, Blair P. O.—Do you know that nearly all the three hundred drawings of the last contest were accompanied by letters also. So you can easily see how impossible it was to answer all of them. There must be some room on our page for the stories, Chat and puzzle.

FLORENCE DACEY, Union Street—Of course we accept you as a member and I feel honored to get the very first letter you ever wrote. Try and write your writing better next time.

HILDA DUNCAN, Barnesville—You will see your name among the new members in this Corner. Your first letter came during the very busy week, so it was left over. We all welcome you.

they were so tame they ate out of our hands. I will be glad when school opens, for I love to go to school. I am in the 4th grade and 2nd arithmetic. And that very glad that the war is done. My papa is working out in the woods about seven miles from home. He is cutting logs, then when he gets done cutting he will raft them down the river to Woodstock. I will close now.

I remain your loving niece,
EDITH B. WRIGHT.

Apoahqui, N. B.
My Dear Uncle Dick:—

I am so glad that the ban is lifted that I don't know what to do, and to think we could have church the first Sunday after peace, it was great. I was glad to get back to Sunday School and Church again. But as we sat there and looked at our "Honor Roll" (all in the house) and another family is suspected. There were two families here that had it in October but so far that is all that we have here. I think that we are pretty lucky don't you? I was out picking potatoes for about two weeks this fall and earned ten dollars. I guess that I will have to close.

I like St. and Maud the best of the funny pages and so does everybody in our family. We all see who can get Saturday's paper first when it comes. Don't know whether I can get anybody to take The Standard or not. I think everybody takes it around here. I will have to close.

Your loving niece,
STELLA GIBBON.

Jemseg, N. B.
My Dear Uncle Dick:—

It has been a long time since I have written to you. I almost forgot that I was one of your nieces and I guess that you are not the only one of my uncles that have heard from me in quite a long time. But I do intend to be more prompt about writing after this and especially to my Uncle Dick. Well, it is beginning to look like a little snow storm the other day, but it did not amount to much. The lake where we skate in the winter has been frozen over twice and one day it did not open all day. Well we certainly are all glad that this dreadful war is over and peace once more reigns. I have a brother, Francis, where there is lots of fish, and a mill close by.

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A POLLY AND SUKEY STORY

Polly and Sukey were the only little girls in Mother Goose Village who didn't have pretty bags of some kind to carry to Little Dame Trot's school.

Lacy Locket's bag was brown and shaped like a pocket with a wonderful blue ribbon binding all around it. There was room enough in it to carry something to eat at recess, a handkerchief, some knitting, a book and a pencil. Little Miss Muffin's bag was pink and gold and Peg Leg's was bright red. It seemed to Polly and Sukey that those who had dear faces and kind aunts or sweet fathers or white-haired grandmothers and there was no mother or aunt or grandmother in Polly's and Sukey's little home.

Old Grandpa Hippie-Hopple shook his head sadly when the little girls told him about the pretty bags, for of course he didn't know how to sew, but he pointed to the old iron chest that he had brought with him when he left his home in dear old England and moved to this new land, and then he went on smoking.

So Polly and Sukey opened the chest. The lid was very heavy and it was all they could do to lift it, but there they found some pieces of cloth. They were all pretty but not one piece was large enough to make a bag! But they made the best of it and sewed and sewed for a long time with the tiniest stitches and finally the bags were finished, just as large and as just as pretty as Lacy Locket's and Little Miss Muffin's and just as near like them as could be except that they were made of small pieces and sewed together.

Polly and Sukey were so proud of their bags that they couldn't wait until the next day to carry them but started down the Lane without looking up at the sky. If they had taken just one look at it they would have known that such dark heavy clouds always brought rain to Mother Goose Village.

Down the Lane they walked, past the Village Green and up Pippin Hill and all the time the pretty new bags were swinging back and forth on their straps.

Now Polly and Sukey were not the only little girls out walking in Mother Goose Village that day. The dear little Princess of Hearts was walking too. Away on the top of Pippin Hill, in a beautiful castle lived the good King and Queen of Hearts and all of their dear little princesses and princesses. The little

princesses liked to gallop over the country on smoky white ponies and the little princesses liked to ride in their tiny gold coach, all except this princess. She liked walking best. She started before there were any rain clouds in the sky. She was dressed in her best white dress and her white slippers and she wore her crown on top of her bright curls and carried a parasol.

And these three little people met on Pippin Hill. Polly and Sukey hurrying to their little house in the Lane and the Princess of Hearts hurrying home to her beautiful castle. Half way down the hill a tiny rain drop pattered down on Polly's nose, then pitter-patter, splash-splash—fast and faster they came until it was raining quite hard.

Then Polly and Sukey began to cry. They really couldn't help it for they had worked so hard on those bags and now they were going to get wet and perhaps be spoiled. But in another minute they were smiling for when that dear little Princess of Hearts found out why Polly and Sukey cried this is what she did. She put Polly's bag inside of Sukey's bag and slipped it over her own arm. Then

up went her little white parasol for an umbrella and pitter-patter-splash came the rain drops on top of it keeping the precious bags all dry. Polly and Sukey were so happy and heaved a sigh of relief. The little Princess of Hearts was so kind and she was so good and she was so pretty and she was so brave and she was so

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HERE'S A GAME ALL CAN PLAY.

Here's a game that you all can play. It's a splendid game for a rainy day. Makes a square or an oblong figure of dots like this:

Every one who is going to play must have a pencil, and each one in turn draws a line from one dot to another and at one time each one can only draw the one line. The object is to try to form a square and at the same time put your line in such a position that it hinders anyone else from making a square. The lines must be drawn crossways or up and down but not cornerwise across the figure. For a while it is very easy to keep anyone from forming a square by putting separate lines all over the figure but soon the dots become scarce and then some player has to put the third side to a square. The first one who has to do this is given a square and chance as a reward, and so complete a square. This, of course, makes it easier for others to make the following squares. Each one that puts the fourth side on a square puts his initial within it and when all the figure is filled up the score is counted. Whoever has the most complete squares to his credit is the winner.

SMILES.

Flatbush—So he's taken a house in the country? Bensonhorst—Yes; and he says they have running water in every room. "Oh, yes; the roof leaks."

There was a man in Tennessee who was locally famous for his eating capacity. His name was Tom Raines and he was under discussion at a village store one night. "How many rain oysters do you reckon Tom Raines kin eat?" asked one of the sitters. "I dunno," replied another, "how many is they?"

There was once an old man of the sea. He was hearty as hearty could be; So buoyant his laughter He cracked every rafter, And made himself deaf as a tree.

There was once a trying pen mender, Who all things could mend, hard and tender; One day all his ribs Were broken to squibs But he splined them up with an old tender.

Irish foreman, looking down into excavation: "How many of yous are down there?" "Seven." Foreman—"Then the half of yous come up."

Little Tommy, who is only 6 years old wanted to do his bit in saying to suppose you are one day without anyone saying a word to him about it he came to his mother and said: "Mother, since Daddy and you are both giving up your tea for me to help the war out I want to give up something too!"

"Why of course you can, Tommy," answered his mother in pleased surprise. "What will it be, sugar?" "Well, can't it be soap?" asked Tommy, anxiously.

As half in shade and half in sun This world along its path advances May that side the sun's upon Be all that 'er shall meet thy glances!

Tomorrow and Yesterday, Don't rest your laurels, An ounce of tomorrow is worth a pound of yesterdays.

THE DOT PUZZLE

What is the difference between a fisherman and a hooker the other hates his books.

What is the most dangerous time of year to go into the country? When the trees are shooting and the bull-rushes out.

What thing is lengthened by being cut at both ends? A ditch.

What flower most resembles a bull's lip? A cowslip (a cow's lip).

What does an artist like to draw best? His salary.

What is that which never uses its teeth for eating? A comb.

Why is the desert the best place for a hungry man? Because of the sandwiches there.

What key is the hardest to turn? A stubborn donkey.

Sent in by Catherine Sheppard, City.

Q—What is the smallest bridge in the world? A—The bridge of your nose.

Q—Why is there no such thing as an entire day? A—Because every day begins by breaking.

Q—Which travels fastest—heat or other.

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A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

SMILES

Easily flattered. Dinner—I can hardly find this breakfast on my plate. Waiter—I'll bring you a smaller plate, sir.

Fattery That Failed. "Your daughter has a beautiful voice." "That ain't my daughter singing now. That's the windmill outside, squeaking I told Pa to grease that thing a week ago."

How Its Done. A clubman had been reading a great deal concerning farming, food conservation, etc., and it occurred to him that it might be a good idea for him to have a try at the game. Turning to an old friend in whose wisdom he had absolute faith, he asked: "Say, old man, what does a chap have to do, anyway, to be a gentleman farmer?"

"It is very simple," said the other, "one simply stays in town all winter and makes money."

The Upper Class. "So you wish to marry my daughter," said the proud parent. "Yes, sir," replied the young man, "with much money are you making?" asked the governor. "Forty dollars a week," was the reply.

Time to Salute. Several officers were standing on a street corner talking when a "cloudy" dressed girl passed. One of them turned to his comrades and said: "Here boys, salute the colors; there goes plenty of 'em."

Her Preference. A wee four-year-old was having her young uncle, an enthusiastic canvasser. To illustrate his talk he ended it by giving her two quarters. "Now these will buy you two Thrift stamps," he said. "Two Thrift stamps," she repeated, smiling.

A few minutes later her grandmother came into the room. The uncle, eager to display the effect of his oratory, ordered: "Mary Ellen, show grandma what you have."

Obediently Mary Ellen displayed her two quarters. "Now tell grandma what you're going to buy with them," he smiled in anticipation of the answer.

But his smile didn't hold. In Mary Ellen's sweetest tones came the information: "Tandy and tookies."

Somebody Was Shy. In times of peace Smith might have again, see that they had drifted into some useful occupation, such as that of a blacksmith, but just now he is cook to the Blankshire officers' mess. Smith sent Murphy into the village to bring home some chickens ordered for the mess.

"Murphy," said Smith the next day, "when you fetch me chickens, please say that they are fastened up properly. That lot you fetched yesterday all got loose, and though I scoured the village, I only managed to secure two of them."

"Sh!" said Murphy. "I only brought six." "Titt-bit."

Good evening, little star; Why do you shine so bright? Why, don't you know, it's my delight To gladden and glow on each dark night?

The sun is big and round, While I am little and straight; But I can shine on my playmate By being loving and kind.

MY WISH.

On Monday and Tuesday we wash and iron, On Wednesday we always bake, And I am so glad when Wednesday comes.

For I love to help make the cake, And I make it of course, I'm not very big, So I can't help to mix or stir, But mother gives me the big yellow bowl.

And I make it all clean for her We sit on the door step, Tom and I, And we each have a nice big spoon, And we scrape off the batter that sticks on the sides.

And we find it all gone very soon. Never a bit is there left in the bowl, As it shiny and empty stands; For we've eaten it all, except just a bit.

That sticks to our faces and hands. It's nice to help mother round the house When there's sweeping or beds to make. But these are not half so much fun, for me.

As helping her with the cake. And if I am ordered wishes three Some day by a fairy queen, I'll ask for Wednesday each day in the week.

With plenty of bowls to clean. ROBERT SEAVER.

Q—Why is a little man like a good book? A—Because he is often looked over.

Q—Why is a pig in a parlor like a house on fire? A—Because the sooner it is put out the better.

Q—What is the difference between a soldier and a bombshell? A—One goes to war, the other goes to pieces.

Q—Why is it dangerous to sleep in a train? A—Because every train runs over all the sleepers on the line.

Q—What houses are the easiest to break into? A—The houses of bald people; because their locks are few.

Q—Which is