

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Uncle Dick's Chat With the Children

My Dear Kiddies:—It has been a great source of satisfaction to me to receive so many letters from you this past week, telling how much you enjoyed last Saturday's page. From different parts of the provinces you have written to tell me what you thought of the new features. I shall endeavor to continue these additions to the Corner, and then you will look forward with more delight than ever to your favorite paper.

The guesses you gave regarding the number of boys and girls who are now members of the Corner have varied considerably, one answer received giving the membership as one hundred. That of course was entirely wrong, as within two weeks of the Corner commencing there were over one hundred and fifty kiddies who had joined.

A number of good pictures have been received in response to my request for same, but I hope that during the next few days a large assortment will arrive. I know you will be very busy with your cameras, snapping pretty scenes, and also having your own pictures taken by your friends.

I think you must have forgotten about the stories which I asked you to write about your holidays, as very few have been received, although, those I do have are just good indeed.

I notice that you are enjoying the illustrated jokes which I am now giving in the Corner, very much. This feature will be continued with the rest, so don't miss a single issue of the Corner.

The other day, I had occasion to travel in a train when the following incident took place. The carrier, came through the car, and among others who bought the Standard, was a gentleman with his young son, about ten years of age, and as soon as the boy saw that his dad had the Standard, he said in a voice which many around him could hear: "Oh, papa, let me see Uncle Dick's page!"

Ans.—Send in your full name to Uncle Dick, stating that you would like to join the Corner, and promise to get the Standard every Saturday, and take a personal interest in the Children's Page. Also let me know your age, address, and what school you belong to.

Ans.—The main reason is not only that you are seeing too many pictures, but that you imagine the pictures to be real, whilst they are only picturization of some stories, and the actors, who for instance appear to be shot, or killed, are only acting, just as on the ordinary stage. Try to remember that it is all acting, when you see them next time, and perhaps it will help you to feel less nervous. Let me know how you got on. On the other hand, I would advise that you take your man's advice, and not go to see so many, one a week for instance is plenty.

Ans.—I am glad to hear that you are enjoying the Standard, and hope that he was a little boy once, and liked to have sunshine, when holidays were on, and give a big share for the remainder of the time.

With heaps of love and kisses, to the thousands of kiddies who watch for this page every Saturday.

From your Uncle Dick Children's Editor

One of the most famous story-tellers who ever lived, a man named Esop, was the first to write the story of the tortoise and the hare.

A brother Turtle that wanted that has been pictured for you here, to try and asked Cousin Esop to help him. He was a very fat tortoise, and he was very slow.

He was so fat that he could not see his own feet, and he was so slow that he could not see his own ears.

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THE MYSTERY

(Continued from last week.) Billie was rather taken back, but as his brother and sister came to the door too, he asked the old man what he wanted.

"Please can you let me have a drink of water?" Was the questioning reply.

"Certainly," answered Billie as he hurried off, soon to return not only with a glass of water, but an invitation for the poor man to come in and mother would give him a meal, as it perhaps help him.

But instead of the aged man accepting the invitation, he asked if the children would kindly go and get him another glass of water, and some tobacco for his pipe, as he had none.

As the children knew their daddy smoked, they went to ask mother for some for the poor old man.

When they returned with the desired articles, what was their surprise to find that the man had disappeared, not a sign of him remaining to be seen, although they ran up and down the street in search of him.

About half an hour afterwards another knock came to the door, but this time it proved to be their Uncle Jack, who explained that, having arrived the night before, too late to come straight to the house, he had stayed in a hotel over night.

The joy of the kiddies knew no bounds, as they gathered around him, and after he had told them many stories of his adventures since the last time he had visited them, he took them all down town to an ice-cream parlor, where they had the time of their lives.

One the way home, Billie told his uncle of the strange visitor of the morning, and asked him what he thought could have made the old man go away so hurriedly.

"Uncle, however, was unable to give any reason, or say who the old man might have been."

I wonder if you members of the Corner can say. Was he some poor man who had been in the hospital, or who was?

Now the Kestrel was wallowing all with fat sails, for not a breath of wind stirred the atmosphere. So she had wallowed on for five days.

Sir Roger had only a faint idea of his direction, which he had acquired from the periscope. Indeed, the wonder was that he knew he was a long distance from land. All around him, for hundreds of miles, lay the broad Pacific Ocean.

All this time the seamen were living on salt junk, until one by one the faithful fellows were stricken down with scurvy. At last Sir Roger himself succumbed to the malady.

This brought into prominence and responsibility young Francis Hawtry, Sir Roger's son. On being taken ill, the Kestrel's commander had given the lad charge of the boat. Right up to the moment when Francis had worked a bolt from the land, he had been studying the stars and charts and helping the men wherever he could.

With all he was a prisoner, shut up in a small cell, and the teacher was trying to see if the children knew what they were reading about as they had just read "and through the small window came a bar of sunlight, striking the grim wall, as if it wished to brighten the captive's dreary life."

He reached up to try and get a glimpse of the outer life, the outer world.

"Now, why was he so anxious to look out?" said the teacher.

"To see who threw the sunlight soap," was the smart answer.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE DICK.

WANTED—A TITLE

(See this week's contest particulars.) The following year, registered from the Soviet, will prove of special interest to the boys who are members of the Children's Corner, as it is a story of the Spanish Main.

Things were becoming rather awkward on board the English privateer Kestrel. Sir Roger Hawtry would have ventured as far out in her.

It was in the roving days of the good Queen Bess, and the Kestrel had started out from Torquay with the usual object of the English privateer of the day—that of plundering the great treasure galleons of Spain.

By the light of a full moon the party of armed men sailed the two boats of the Kestrel. With muffled rowlocks the boats went swiftly towards the Spanish galleon Francis Hawtry was in the first boat, and Jack Fairman directed the second.

The Spaniards were taken entirely by surprise. It was a short and sharp fight, helplessness engaged a great brave Spaniard. Finally, the fellow lunged forward with his great sword, but Francis dodged clear and only he sprang in and laid the giant full length with his sword through the chest.

He caught a glimpse of Jack Fairman-battling with two fierce-looking Spaniards and he rushed forward to his chums' aid. Down crashed one of the blows from Jack's sword and then Francis was borne away with the surge of the combatants.

Suddenly the Spaniard realized that he was in a perilous position. He became masters of the galleon.

Little more than an hour had elapsed since the Spaniards had been well and then set off. When the little sloop Tagarel with the captured galleon San Francisco had been taken, the party addressed asks, "What was in it?"

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Therefore the prizewinner is as follows: Clarence Beaumont, (7800) Edgett's Landing, N. B.

Whilist Hoyt Beaumont, (7,707) Edgett's Landing, N. B. receives a special consolation prize, as being the next nearest in the guess.

Bobbie run over to the next-door neighbor and take what eggs, and butter you find in the refrigerator.

"No, of course not. They are pacifists, and expect it."

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"To see who threw the sunlight soap," was the smart answer.

KIDDIES' GAMES

Each one of the children places a finger upon a table or upon the lap of the leader of the game, and each must raise his finger as soon as the leader says "Bird flies" (or he may name any special bird).

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THE RAVEN

Mrs. Van Loon was a widow. She had four little children. The oldest was Dirk, a boy of eight years.

One evening the poor mother had no bread, and her children were hungry. She folded her hands, and prayed to God; for she believed that He loved and would help her.

When she had finished her prayer, Dirk said to her, "Mother, doesn't the Bible say that God told the ravens to take some bread to a good man when he was hungry?"

"Yes," answered the mother, "but that was long ago, my dear."

"Well," said Dirk, "then the Lord may send ravens now. I'll go and open the door, and maybe they'll fly in."

In a trice Dirk jumped to the door, which he left wide open, so that the light of the lamp fell on the pavement of the street.

Shortly after the burgomaster passed by. The burgomaster is the chief magistrate of a Dutch or German town or city. Seeing the door open, he stopped.

Looking into the room, he was pleased with its clean, tidy appearance, and with the nice little children who were grouped around their mother.

He could not help stepping in; "Eh, my good woman, why is your door open so late as this?"

Mrs. Van Loon was a little confused when she saw so well-dressed a gentleman in her poor room. She quickly rose and dropped a courtesy to him, taking Dirk's cap from his head, and smoothing his hair, she answered with a smile, "My little Dirk has done it, sir, that the ravens may fly in to bring us bread."

Now the burgomaster was dressed in a black coat and black trousers, and he wore a black hat. He was very black all over, except his collar and shirt front.

"Ah! indeed!" he exclaimed cheerfully, "Dirk is right. Here is a raven you see, and a large one, too. Come along, Dirk, and I'll show you where the bread is."

The burgomaster took Dirk to his house, and ordered his servant to put two loaves and a pot of butter into a basket. This he gave to Dirk, who carried it home as quickly as he could.

When the other little children saw the bread, they began to dance and clap their hands. The mother gave each of them a thick slice of bread and butter, which they ate with the greatest relish.

When they had finished their meal, little Dirk opened the door, and, taking his cap from his head, looked up to the sky and said, "Many thanks, good Lord!" and shut the door.

The Geometry Mistress at the black-board.—"Now, boys, you must first take a dot or point, so that you may place your compass point on it."

"Furnish your own paper," said the Geometry Mistress, "and attend, please, as I am speaking."

"Please miss you are off your dot," Tommy said to the Geometry Mistress.

"Gran'pa: "How do you know they have?" Tommy: "Look at the bad ruler they have."

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

This Week's Contest

This week's contest is most interesting. What you have to do, is to carefully read the story, which has "Wanted" titles in place of the usual heading to the story, and then make up your mind what heading would be best for same.

Write the name of the title which you choose on a sheet of paper, attach the usual coupon filled in, and mail them to Uncle Dick, The Standard, St. John, N. B., so as to arrive not later than Sept. 4.

I shall award a pair of roller skates to the boy or girl whose heading is considered the most appropriate, and original, while a consolation prize will be given to the next in order of merit.

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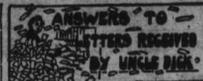
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A few of the many letters received answered in this occasion. Yes, certainly being in the story, then it is all interesting, I shall publish same. I am surprised that you did not receive an answer to the last letter, and story, as I try to answer the most interesting letters received.

George Manning, Sussex.—Very pleased to have your letter, George. You tried hard in the contest, and I am watching your work.

Wilmet Caldwell, Florenceville.—I am surprised to hear that the prize was never received, and am taking the matter up with those concerned. In the meanwhile, I have forwarded another and shall be pleased to hear of its safe arrival. There was no need to express the doubt in the letter received.

Blenda Macaulay, Bayside Point.—I am interested in the reply to the contest, and shall consider it with the rest, Blenda.

Maude L. Hemphill, Knowlesville.—Delighted to see that you are enjoying the page, and contests so much. Maude, and about watch for further letters. Write again soon.

Jessie Till, Andover.—I have your welcome letter, and am attending to the matter. Very glad to hear that you think the Corner is getting better than ever which I trust will continue.

Edith W. Mavor, River De Chute.—Yes, you are partly correct, but as right, so far, I am not publishing the answer until later. Don't tell the other members whom you may know, what the answer is. Later—I have decided to give the answer in my chat.

Ella Rae Kench, Corn Hill.—You are to have a good rest, I trust that you will keep up. I am pleased to have you as a member of the Corner.

Lizzie Keith, Corn Hill.—It must be some moose's head which you have, I should like to see it. How is your brother who was wounded getting on? The description as to what you have at your house is very interesting. Write again soon.

Miss Carrie Dixon, Point Wolfe.—I am pleased to see that you are enjoying the story, and am hoping to hear from you soon again.

George Mears, St. Andrews.—I was pleased to get your letter, and the matter is being given personal attention. Let me know the results. What a nice writer you are.

Carie Rigby, Hartland.—Although you have not as yet been able to win a prize, I am pleased to see that you do not intend to give in. It is only by trying continually that success will come. Your answer was not correct, but later, I shall give the right solution.

Gertrude Hemphill, Debec.—The story of your vacation was most interesting, and perhaps, if I can find room, I shall publish same.

Jimmy Newell.—I was quite pleased to get your short, but welcome letter, and shall look for the longer one to which you refer, later. You tried hard to draw the tree didn't you.

Bessie McMechan, Debec.—The may which you sent in arrived too late, but I should like to let you know, that I consider it was very well done indeed.

Irene Alward, Petticoatic.—Although you did not get the map here in time, I was most interested in your work. Write again soon.

Pearl Yeoman, St. Martins.—The different birds which you mention is very interesting. You seem to have a very good knowledge of birds.

Dora L. Wilson.—That was a splendid picture which you sent in, and at a later date, I expect to publish it with pleasure. I shall continue to watch for other letters from you.

Margery Smith, Home Farms.—What a great time you appear to have had during your holidays. That is a good idea to form a Greater Efficiency Club. You will learn much.

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America's plans and purposes.



WHAT YOU IMAGINED THE FIRST TIME YOU HAD THE MUMPS



MASTER Wm. HOPKINS IS THE DESCENDANT OF A LONG LINE OF HORSEMAN.

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"Now, why was he so anxious to look out?" said the teacher.

"To see who threw the sunlight soap," was the smart answer.

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THE DEBATING CLUB

In answer to the question, should there be home lessons for school children, I consider that there should be, as I think that if the boys and girls were taught enough in school there would be no cause for additional work.

I think that the school is the place to be taught, except that in just playing, or general reading, there is always something to learn, but have special suits to do, or questions to be answered.

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CONTEST COUPON

Name Address School Age Birthday Grade Name of Teacher



Here is pretty Joan Watson, who practicing a step for her dancing class last week we saw doing some kind of a dance in front of two chicks who were fighting over a worm, this time just try, and let me see the results.

A Re

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