

## Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

## Weekly Chat

Dear Girls and Boys:—Just a "Hello, hello, chums," for a chat this week. Since it is holiday time you will not want too much advice or information either, but just to know that you are not forgotten. It is good news of happy holiday times, which all the letters carry these days and I am delighted to know that the little friends are enjoying themselves. At the same time they may give enjoyment to others too, and that fact should be always kept in mind. One little member writes of her very successful flower garden and tells of taking bouquets to those having none. That is indeed a lovely way of giving pleasure as all love to receive flowers. I tell you of this in case there are others among you who have the same opportunity for spreading kindness, but who may be enjoying themselves too much to think of such kind acts as they could easily perform. Let us all as faithful members of the children's Corner live up to our motto, which we keep before us each week. All may not have flowers to distribute but there are many kindnesses which little folks can do for others and in the midst of jolly times stop and think. You will find many ways if you try hard. Hoping the holidays continue real jolly to the end.

As ever your friend,  
UNCLE DICK.

## Birthday Greetings

Birthday greetings to all the kiddies having birthdays during the coming week. On our list are the following: Marion M. Markey, Rosway, N. S. Roy Brown, Corn Hill, N. B. Nathan Goldman, Lombard St., City. George Sharpe, St. James St., City. W. Russell Armstrong, Porter's, N. B. Blenda Short, Central Greenway, N. B. Pauline Layton, Cameron, Miss. U.S.A. Myrtle Patterson, King St., East, City. Kathleen McGorman, Charlotte St., City. Clara Flagg, City. Jean Atkinson, Havelock, N. B. George Hunter, East Florencioville, N. B. Lillian Gillies, Belleisle St., N. B. John Grass, Moncton, N. B. Ella Goodfellow, South Bk. Glenna Beazley, Andover. Margaret Baird, Bairdville. Doris Forster, Queen St., City. Dorothy King, Charlotte St., City. Geneva Anderson, Allard's Creek. Cecil Gaylor, 50 Millidge Ave., City. Elmer Sutherland, Amherst, N. S. Phyllis Sage, Princess St., City. Barton McLean, the Range.

## RESCUED.

A little brown mouse—unhappy and lonely—  
Sat crouched on a shelf in the garden's shed;  
Then she gave a deep sigh, stretched herself, and "I only  
I'd someone to save me!" the little mouse said.

"Good-day to you, Ma'am; 'tis a fine morning—very.  
Come into the garden, the sun is in the sky;  
I can offer you peas—or a peck at a cherry—  
A bath in a pool—you can shake yourself dry."

On the potting-shed window a blackbird was tapping—  
He whistled his greetings with voice like a flute.  
"Oh, thank you, kind Sir—but it's no good you rapping;  
I don't care for baths, and I'm not fond of fruit."

"And if I liked both, it's useless denying.  
I couldn't have either just now—for you see  
I am shut in this shed; and I'm weary with trying  
To nibble away through the wall to get free."

"I came through a hole that leads out of the garden,  
But somebody saw me and settled my fate;  
I didn't discover that soft things could harden  
Till the fact was accomplished—and then 'twas too late!"

"Two hours and a half I've been hard at work scratching—  
I've blunted my teeth and my paws are quite bent;  
But I've made no impression; some mischief is hatching  
I fancy they've filled up my door with cement!"

The blackbird, first this way, then that way, went seeking,  
Till a little round hole filled with white stuff he spied;  
He looked at it sideways, then thrust his great beak in.  
"Hurrah! You'll be free in a minute!" he cried.

"No doubt he was clever, that gardener," but he  
Forgot that such creatures as blackbirds exist;  
It isn't cement, he has only used putty!"

His strong yellow beak gave a peck and a twist.  
And in went the putty, and out, with a scumper,  
Came little Miss Mouse, to feast upon peas!

"Many things," chuckled she, "there I tasted, but nothing so juicy as these."  
"Kind Sir, I must thank you; you really are clever!  
How very angry the gardener will be! He'll find his old bulbs that I've nibbled, but never  
Discovered who nibbled them—lucky for me."

—Lillian Holmes.

## Answers To Letters

MURIEL W. L.—Very pleased to enroll you among the new nieces and will hope to have a nice long letter from you soon, telling of all yourself and doing. That is our only way of becoming acquainted with each other, you know.

MURIEL H.—How well you have progressed in swimming, you must feel quite proud of yourself, glad your outing has been so pleasant and am sure the next one planned will be lovely too. Indeed the holidays are going too quickly. Did you not send riddles too this week. If so, thanks.

ERNEST T.—It was so good of you to write at such a busy time and I did enjoy your letter immensely. Can picture you a very busy also a very happy fellow at your daily duties. Good luck.

EVA G. R.—You are a very good writer indeed and your letter would make a good one for a sample of penmanship and neatness. Your home description of your surroundings is a splendid description you sent me and I know you have many good times with those cousins as visitors. Write again.

RALPH G.—Very glad to have you join our Club and know you will be a valuable member. Will expect a letter from you telling of yourself and how you spend your time. Have you any pets?

KATHLEEN W.—Enjoyed your first letter very much and how can I feel like an old friend after such a good description of your surroundings. Hoping the holidays continue pleasant until they finish for they slip along all too fast for most of little folks. You forgot to put the date of your birthday on the coupon, so please send it along next time you write so you can be entered on our birthday list. Would any of the brothers care to join our club too?

FRANK J.—It seems quite a while since you wrote, so your letter was very acceptable. Glad you are enjoying the water sports, that is the way to have good fun and one can always learn more about swimming and boating through experience.

ALLAN S.—You have had hard luck alright and I am real sorry, but cheer up. You know the saying "the boy who whiles is the boy who can smile when everything goes dead wrong." Prove you are that sort and write again. Glad you have enjoyed those stories so much and the other things on our page too.

WINIFRED K.—Your garden must be very pretty and I am sure you must feel rewarded for your labors in the Springtime. How thoughtful of you to take your flowers to those. Not so fortunate for everyone is glad to receive flowers. Your writing was very good and I don't think it needed any apology. Hope to hear from you again soon.

DONALD S.—Thanks for your kind words. It always helps one to know when things (even the C. C.) please. You are evidently very proud of your new dog and should be able to train him to do many cunning things. Hope to get more of your good letters.

In a certain Sunday school which is well organized, the four departments have each their separate opening and the Superintendent of the school Mr. Day, was moving to another town, and on the Sunday before his departure, at the close of the session, the hymn "Speed Away" was announced. During the singing the general superintendent came into the room, and noticing the levity soon detected the cause. He hastened to assure Mr. Day that there was nothing personal intended, that they all wished him God speed, but would not hurry him away. After a few more words lamenting the loss to the department and school, he announced the last hymn, which proved to be "A Better Day is Coming." This was too much for the boys.

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## HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

Any boy or girl under sixteen years of age may join by sending in his or her name, address, birthday and age. For convenience the coupon printed below will be found occasionally on our page and may be filled out and mailed along with your letter to Uncle Dick, care of The Standard.

I wish to become a member of the Children's Corner.

My Name is .....

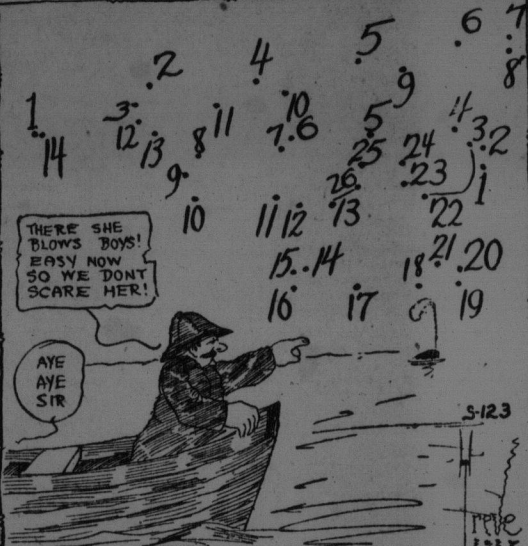
Address .....

Birthday .....

I was born in the year 19.....



## BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES



TEDDY'S father had been reading aloud to him from a book of sea stories and Teddy listened eagerly as his father read a thrilling tale of whale fishing. Every detail of the whaling schooner was described; the long whale-boats, the spouting of the whale and the manner of catching it. If you'll follow the dots you'll see some of the things they use to catch whales and you'll realize it must be exciting sport.

## THE WESTMONT BOYS' CLUB STORIES

## Rover To The Rescue

(Continued from last week.)

But what of the dog all this time? Mrs. Rankine had telephoned to the Animal Rescue League that morning, asking them to call around, as she had a stray dog for them, and the Society had agreed that a man would come that afternoon. While awaiting his coming, she had placed the dog in the vestibule for safe keeping, and to be doubly secure, she had tied him to a rope, the other end of which was fastened to a large nail in the wall. As it happened in sniffling around in his temporary prison, the dog nosed into one of Albert's old coats.

Recognizing a familiar scent, he took it into his canine brain that he ought to be with his young master, and he started tugging at the rope. Alas, for the vain hopes of Mrs. Rankine, the rope parted and the dog was free, though within the confines of the vestibule. At this moment the door of fate was stretched forth to help in the shape of a blundering tool, helped grocer's boy. He opened the

outside door, and not noticing the dog, went on into the kitchen to deliver his parcels. Without further ado, the dog slipped through the open door to freedom. How to find his friends was the next question. Circling the house, the dog again picked up the scent, and the next instant he was hopping up the street with his head close to the ground. Once or twice he left the trail, but an instinct inherited, perhaps from one of his many progenitors, brought him back again.

Leaving the town behind, he ascended Thatcher's Hill, and seeing the boys at the bottom, he started for them at a gallop. Noticing that the group of boys were wildly excited, he approached them with a puzzled air. What could all this excitement mean?

## CHAPTER IV. To The Rescue.

Suddenly he stiffened at what he saw. Albert, hampered as he was with his heavy clothing, and finding little support on his sled, was just about all in. The light seemed to be fading, and a strange desire to let go and have done with it all swept over him. With the speed of an express train, the dog ran towards the hole in the

ice, and giving a tremendous leap, landed beside the now almost unconscious boy. As the dog grasped the back of the boy's collar, Albert instinctively put his arm around the dog's neck, and in that way the dog towed him to the edge of the ice.

Headed by Larry, who was now quite cool and collected, the boys quickly formed a living chain, and as the dog brought Albert to the edge, Larry leaned over and grasped him. Thus, altogether the boys pulled and he was dragged to safety. The dog placed his fore-paws on the ice, and tried weakly to climb out, but the effort was too great, and he was just sinking back when the chain re-formed again and salvaged him.

The dog soon recovered from the effects of his immersion, but Albert did not fare so well. Seeing his condition a man who had been attracted to the scene, picked him up in his arms, and rushed with him to the house of Dr. Cameron, which bordered the pond. The other members of the club followed with the dog in their midst, and he received many a pat on the head, and a good word spoken for his gallant act.

Under the influence of a brisk rubbing by the doctor, and a warm drink, Albert was soon ready to journey homeward. As he was still feeling somewhat shaky after his involuntary bath, Dr. Cameron decided to take him back in his auto, and while he was gone to the garage to get it, Albert's young friends gathered around him with many expressions of thankfulness at his narrow escape.

"Well," said Larry addressing Albert, "I guess when your mother hears of this, she won't be quite so anxious to get rid of the dog."

Albert smiled weakly and putting his arm around the dog's neck, drew him close, saying, "I'd just like to see her get rid of him; she would have some job, believe me."

"That's the right spirit, Albert," the Doctor said, appearing at the door, "and if your mother doesn't want him by any chance, I'll take him myself."

Bundling the boy up warmly in blankets, Dr. Cameron carried him out to the auto, and placed him in the rear seat with the dog smuggled beside him. Larry and the dog climbed in, and the trip homeward started.

"I wonder what is keeping that pesky boy," Mrs. Rankine peevishly exclaimed to Mr. Rankine. Here it was long after dinner time, and he hasn't shown up yet. Just at this moment the door bell rang. Mrs. Rankine opened the door, and a man stepped in. "I'm the man you telephoned for from the Animal Rescue Home," he explained, coming in. "I believe you have a dog for me?"

"Er, we had a dog for you," Mr. Rankine answered, smiling ruefully, but he escaped from the house this morning, though my wife had him securely tied up. Why, here's the dog now, he added, starting back as the dog came through the open door, but what's this?"

The next instant Dr. Cameron walked in, carrying Albert in his arms, just as Mrs. Rankine came into the hall from the dining room.

"Your son's all right," the doctor quickly exclaimed, as she came forward with a white face. "Come into



This is about the reason of the quest.

## A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

## Puzzles

## Riddles in Rhyme.

I have no wings  
And yet I fly  
With just a tail  
Up in the sky.

And when you try  
To pull me low  
The higher up  
I try to go.

But when you let me  
Have my way  
I fall to earth.  
And there I stay.

## Brain Tests.

Remove the first letter from the following words and find something unfinished. Repeat once more and you will see the finish.

Remove the first letter from a species of stone and find an entrance. Repeat once more and leave consumed. Remove the first letter from a word which means to instruct and leave a word which signifies to arrive at. Repeat once more and leave a word which means separate things.

## Missing Names.

EMILY.  
SOPHIA.  
RUTH.  
MABEL.  
CONSTANCE.  
NORMA.

If you will take one letter from the first name, one from the second, etc., you will be able to spell the name of another girl. If you will repeat this same thing three times, you will have the names of three more girls. Naturally all four new names will be six letters each.

## ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

1—Jackal, Woodchuck, Chinchilla, Goat, Catamount, Beaver, Antelope, Moose, Muskox.

2—New Westminster, B. C. Banff, Alta. Battleford, Sask. Portage LaPrairie, Man. Kenora, Ont. Three Rivers, Que. Bathurst, N. B. Digby, N. S. Georgetown, P. E. I.

3—Brain Test—At the food show Miss Muffet weighed 111 1/9 pounds when she arrived. She ate 1 1/9 pounds of breakfast food, and gathered 19 pounds of samples, which increased her weight ten per cent.

A young man of Boston, who had failed to pay his laundry bill, endeavored to turn his Chinaman aside from inquiry by an attack upon the Celestial's manner of speech. "Why do you say 'Filday,' John?" he asked. "Say Filday because I mean Friday," replied John stoutly. "No say Filday and mean maybe week after nex', like Melican man."

Two children, aged five and seven, were watching the lightning at the window during a thunderstorm last summer. The little boy, named Chet, after a particularly loud explosion, said to his sister, "Ethel, who makes the thunder?"

"Why, Chet, don't you know? God makes it."

"I didn't believe that God would make such a noise," replied the lad; "I always thought it was the devil."

Gordon was scrubbing up for the annual school concert, and his aunt cautioned him to wash his face clean. A few minutes after, she asked him if he had washed well.

"Yes," was his reply.

"But, Gordon," auntie said, "did you wash your ears?"

"Well, now, auntie," he replied, "don't my ears conclude my face?"

SMILES—  
Mother: "Willie, what's your little brother crying about?"

Willie: "Just 'cause he don't want to learn anything. I took his chocolate and showed him how to eat it."

P. R.: I have a cold.  
A. V.: What are you taking for it?  
P. R.: Make me an offer.

the parlor and I'll tell you about it. In a few words he stated the circumstances of his visit while Albert lay on the sofa with his hands in his mother's.

"And do you mean to say, Doctor, that the dog jumped in and saved Albert?" Mrs. Rankine gasped, her other hand involuntarily going out to stroke the dog.

"Mother," Albert interrupted, "you wouldn't send him away after this would you?"

"Bless your heart, no," she ejaculated, putting her arms around the dog, who tried to lick her face, "and as long as he lives he will always have a home with us."

"Well, I guess I'm not needed here," the man from the Rescue League exclaimed to Mr. Rankine, smiling as he moved to the door.

A week later the Westmont Boys' Club was in session when the door opened and Albert, followed by the dog, came in.

"Welcome to our club," shouted Larry, springing forward. "How are you feeling now, Albert?"

## A Muffin from Plain John

One day as Plain John the Muffin-Man was on his way to the village to sell his muffins, he trod on a silver leaf just as the clock was striking.

Then the silver leaf stuck fast to his shoe, and Plain John heard the clock strike only "One..." and after that it seemed not to strike, but to sing this song in a soft little voice: "Come on, everyone who can, Here's a big live Muffin-Man."

With a loaded tray; Harry, gnomes, and eat your fill; The silver leaf will hold him till Each one has got away."

"That's a funny kind of song!" said Plain John. "I wonder who is singing it?" And he looked about, here, there and toward the village, but he could not see anybody.

"It must just have been the clock striking!" said Plain John. Then he hurried on, and when he reached the village he cried, "Muffins for sale!"—I mean to say he meant to cry, "Muffins for sale!" but what he really cried was:

"Muffins, muffins! I have many. Pay a pin or pay a penny. If you like, there's nothing to pay. Only take my muffins away! Only take my muffins away!"

"That's a funny kind of song," said Plain John, and he stood quite still for a minute thinking how silly he was singing it.

Then he felt somebody tweak at his coat, then he felt somebody tweak at his ear, then he felt so many tweaks, and the tray of muffins on his head grew dreadfully heavy.

"Dear me, this is a funny kind of thing to happen," said Plain John to himself, and he tried to hurry through the village. But he could not hurry, not a bit; and he could feel a tweak here and a tweak there, and hear little feet running about his path. Then he heard a soft bumpety-bump, and that was a muffin falling from his tray and a little gnome falling after it.

Plain John saw him quite plainly, and presently he saw another little gnome, and then another. A gnome seemed to be in every tiny corner, and almost everyone was eating a muffin. And it was plain to Plain John that these were his muffins.

"Come now this won't do!" cried Plain John. "Before you eat your muffins you must pay for them!"

Alack, he had no sooner said these words than he felt a sharp prick-prick and that was a little gnome sticking a pin into his jacket. And in spite of himself Plain John began to sing: "Pay a pin or pay a penny. Pay a pin and run away. Pay a penny, what do you have any?"

"But I do bother!" cried Plain John; and he rang his bell hard. But a gnome had been talking to the bell, and it sang:

"Muffins really are a treat; Gnomes and goblins, cones and eat. Steal them while they're nice and hot. The Muffin-Man has quite a lot."

Then Plain John really was frightened, and he clutched his tray and ran so fast that he fell over a stone, and his muffins fell from his tray, and he only knew that he was late as late, and he wondered why he had so few muffins.

So he hurried along and cried, "Muffins for sale, muffins for sale!" And all the people came running to buy; and for some reason or other they seemed to think Plain John's muffins were nicer than usual; and some of them gave him a penny, and some of them gave him two pence, and the Goodwife in the Green House gave him a threepenny-piece, and asked him in to tea.

And Plain John, as he sat in the chimney-corner, thought, "I haven't done so badly after all!"

Adapted from Herbertson.

HOW IT STARTED.  
The first stamp for letters as a revenue-producing agent was introduced into Great Britain by Sir Rowland Hill in 1840. For a while the stamps were simply bits of paper, which had to be pasted on the letter by the purchaser. The first adhesive stamp was the English "one penny black." It was not until 1854 that perforated stamps came into use. Before this all stamps had to be cut apart.

Jim: Do you know Mortimer?  
Alice: Oh, yes, he's a bookkeeper.  
Jim: I know it. He's had one of mine for over three years.

Teacher: An abstract noun is the name of something you can think of but cannot touch. Give me an example.  
Cullerton: A red-hot poker.

She: How is Myrtle getting along with her knitting?  
Jacky: About ten knots an hour.

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall; Shrieking and shouting, "High prices must fall!"  
But kiddies found where they went, All day suckers were still one for a cent!

A pessimist and an optimist were discussing life from their different viewpoints.  
"I really believe," said the former, "that I could make a better world myself."

"Well," returned the optimist, "that's what we are here for. Now let us get to work and do it."

Mrs. Gazippe—I'm rather hard to please. Have you had much experience as a mail?

The Applicant—I worked for the Scrapheap Blues for six months before they separated.

Mrs. Gazippe—I'll engage you. Now tell me all about it.

Industrial accidents in Philadelphia suffered 20,222 accidents during the last year. Of that number 266 were fatal, 5,397 were serious, and 15,659 were of a minor nature.