

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Weekly Chat

Dearest Kiddies:— Here we are again saying farewell to another summer month, and isn't it sad to think that there is just one more to come. At least that is the way I feel about it, for I dearly love the summer time, especially when it brings lots of warm sunshiny and days pleasant enough to live in the outdoor world.

Answers To Letters

NORAH A.—Indeed, I did like your letter and am always interested in your doings. You will surely remember Peace Day from the very way you enjoyed and celebrated it.

MURIEL H.—Very pleased to have you join our Corner and with the many pals you have about you I am sure you have lots of jolly times. Hope the coming season will be a pleasurable one, and what a nice chance for you to tell me all about it when you return. I shall expect a real good account of it.

HANFORD PEARSON—Welcome to our Corner and hope you will enjoy being one of us. I like the name you have for your horse, because the first horse I remember had the same name, but we spelled it Gypsy. How good you were to those little birds and I am sure they chirped many a "thank you" to you for your kindness.

OLIVE P.—We are just as pleased to welcome you too Olive, and will hope to have a letter from you before very long. Lots of kiddies think of joining in the summer time, probably because there is no school to take up their time.

BERTIE P.—I think you won't consider the weather dry now, after all the rain storms of the last few days. Glad to hear from you again, and to know you were successful in finding so many bird's nests. Continue to enjoy your holidays and have all the fun you can while they last. Are you going to improve your writing next term. That will be something to plan for.

GERALD H.—What a busy fellow you are this summer. But work that keeps you out of doors is so good for you, especially if you don't do too much. Hope you get the bicycle you want so badly.

MARY G.—I think you must be a jolly little girl by the notes you write. They just show mischief in every line. Yes, the membership is very large, but you see it keeps changing as new ones join others become too old to belong. I don't think you write any too often at all nor I just enjoy getting the kiddies' letters and would not want to have a page for them.

JAMES B.—I certainly will be pleased to print on our page anything which the kiddies send if I consider it something which the members will enjoy, but you must reserve the decision of what is worth while printing.

MARGARET C.—It is a pleasure to enroll you as a new friend. Let me know how your brother succeeds in taming the rabbit. They are like all other wild things, rather timid and take some time to get acquainted, but kindness will do a lot toward winning them. Thanks for the invite, but it is not easy to accept. Hope to hear from you often.

WILLIAM KILLAM, High St., City. Myra Violet Smith, Sussex. Ronald Messer, Coburn. Isabel Gaskin, Kennedy St., City. Austin Cosman, Springfield. Max Yeoman, Brussels St. J. T. Great Moncton. Jean Carson Daly, West Quaco. Alta M. Coy, Oromoto. Rollie Sandwith, Royal Road. Lucille Wilson, King St., East. Mabel Short, Crown St., City. Lavilla Keith, Lower Ridge. Marion Merle Macarty, Roseway, Digby. Blair Jardine, Newcastle. Nathan Goldman, Lombard St., City. George Sharpe, St. James St., City. W. Russell Armstrong, Forters' P. O.

UNCLE DICK. The celebrated Lessing was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. Having missed money at dinner times, without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to a trial, and left a handful of gold on the table.

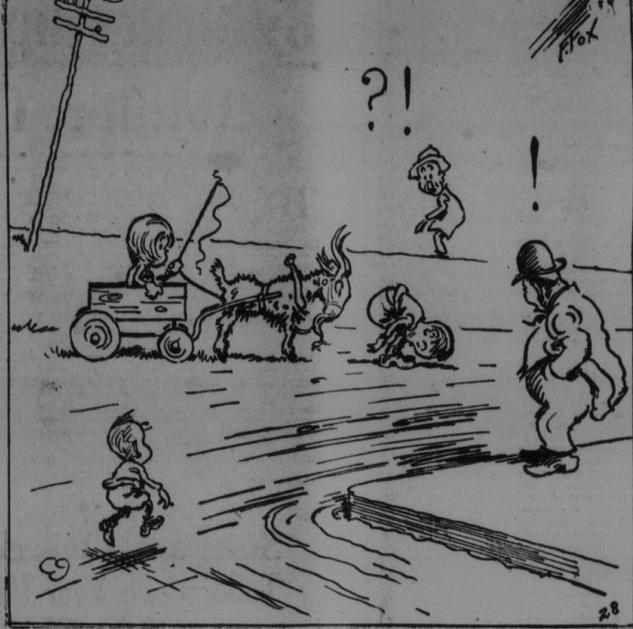
Moving Picture Funnies. "GOW ONE BUSTED THE JERKED FEET, TOTTER YES, AND IF IT FELLOW CUTTING DON'T LOOKOUT, HELLO DAWG!"

The New Church Organ. The merits of a new church organ were recently thus described by a local paper:—"The swell died away in a delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bedclothes."



CHILDREN'S CORNER

Jimmy's Goat Balked and Everything Else He Tried Had Failed to Start the Critter.



DICK DUBBIN'S DESPERATION For Older Boys of Children's Corner

Here is a chance to make pocket money for yourself. Good boys are wanted in every village in these provinces to act as agents for the Pictorial Review magazine. This is a magazine for women, the best of its kind printed in America, and is issued every month, usually reaching agents about the tenth. It is delivered to the agents at fifteen cents per copy, and is sold by them at twenty cents, so that the boys make five cents each copy. One had not thirty customers in one day in a little village and expects to double that number before the next issue comes out. Another secured eighteen in one day as a start and is getting more right along. These boys thus earn their own pocket money and are enjoying the work which takes very little of their time.

Half an hour later the Headmaster of Mappleton was considerably surprised when Farmer Bulltop requested the name of an interview. He was even more surprised at the nature of Bulltop's business. While thanking the farmer warmly for his unexpected generosity, Dr. Bailey naturally wanted an explanation. What he got was that suggested by Mollison. "I ain't been playing the game, sir," said Bulltop. "An' two of your boys 'as made me see things in a different light."

The great stage scene of the piece was a shipwreck, and after the vessel had gone down only the comic man and the heroine were to be seen tossing on a frail raft on the boundless ocean. The humorist had expected that his woebegone appearance would raise a laugh, but even he was astonished at the roar which went up when they saw him.

At last he was able to get a hearing. "I wish," he said to the heroine, "that we could get out and walk home, but it's so wet." The audience was too exhausted to laugh any more and the voice of the man in the gallery sounded painfully. "If I was you," he said, "I should do it. There's a cat been hopping about on the waves for the last five minutes, and she don't seem to have suffered much."

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Smile Kiddies, Smile

Pressure in Traffic. Those persons who cannot find pleasure in their own opinion, and fool in the opinion of the wise; they neglect the opportunity of amusement without which the rugged road of life would be insupportably tedious.

With Fear and Trembling. She who fears to undertake is already defeated.

"Look here, sir," said Johnston's neighbor, Jones, "that dog of yours has gone and bitten my mother-in-law."

"Good heavens!" said Johnston. "I'm very grieved to hear that. He must have broken his muzzle. I hope it won't be serious, and that it won't bring me into trouble."

"Trouble!" interrupted Jones. "No good fellow, not at all. Why, I came along to see if you wouldn't like to sell me the animal!"

"Pohhne—'Pa, am I made of dust?' Pa—'That's what they say.' Johnnie—'Are you made of dust, too?'"

Pa—"Well, your mother and sister seems to think so—and of gold dust at that."

Judge Owl sings for a wife and finds himself in an unpleasant situation. Peggy and Billy Begum sympathize with him, but can't help laughing at his troubles.

Judge Owl, held fast in the embrace of Miss Snowy Owl, struggled violently to get free, but she held him with a grip he could not break. Then Judge Owl tried strategy. He began to recite one of his poems.

"You are very, very handsome," said Judge Owl gallantly, but Peggy noticed that as he said it he edged farther away from Miss Snowy Owl.

"Oh, you flatterer!" noted Miss Snowy Owl in her harsh voice. "Don't you think I'd make a fine wife?"

"You surely would—for some nice brave young owl of your own age," said Judge Owl said this he winked toward Peggy and Billy and they had to giggle, for Miss Snowy Owl looked as though she had seen many a long Arctic winter.

"Of course I am a great deal younger than you," smirked Miss Snowy Owl, procing her feathers, "but then I'd rather have a husband who has some sense. I'll take you."

"Then I'll drive her away," declared Miss Snowy Owl. "Show me your nest."

Puzzles

One. I am a quotation from the greatest of poets, and as composed of thirty-three letters. My 13, 16, 27, 21, 23, 25, is a place to which we all wish to go. My 23, 16, 30, 25, is a talk with a friend. My 4, 20, 17, 21, 6, is a musical instrument.

Two. My first is a fruit, red, yellow, or black, by girls and by boys well liked, but liked better by robins and various birds. Who gather the crop without any words. On my second my first by a stem stem hangs; My whole a small hatchet hit terrible bangs. A hatchet held fast in a famous boy's hand, Which made it the famous one in the land.

Three. To each of following complete words you can change the letters or add a letter and name something found on meat table: Owl, lumber, ome, goose, low, bans, do, sort, mare, apex, soon, late.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles. 1. Broom; 2. letice; 3. sun; 4. wheat-barrow. 2-Diamond Acrostic. B E D N E V E R R

Judge Owl

The Acid Test

Judge Owl sings for a wife and finds himself in an unpleasant situation. Peggy and Billy Begum sympathize with him, but can't help laughing at his troubles.

"Can you tell me whether this is pure gold or not?" The question was asked by a stranger of a jeweler into whose establishment he came. As he spoke he laid a piece of jewellery on the plush pad of the glass-case before him.

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Judge Owl paused a moment, then thought of a way out of his dilemma. "Come on," he hooted, and led the way to the entrance. He stopped politely back as he removed the stick in front of it and let Miss Snowy Owl enter first. Then he snapped the stick quickly across the entrance and started to fly away, his quivering boots turning to loud chuckles as he thought how he fooled his two would-be wives.

But Judge Owl was not out of trouble yet. From the tree above him there sounded a wail, so loud and uncanny that Peggy grabbed Billy Begum in quick fright. He was startled, but as the wail came a second time he laughed.

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Advertisement for a company, partially obscured and cut off on the left edge of the page.