

A PAGE ESPECIALLY FOR THE KIDDIES

BEDTIME STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN

Uncle Remus tells more Stories.

Miss Cow falls a Victim to Mr. Rabbit.

"Uncle Remus," said the little boy, "what became of the Rabbit after he fooled the Buzzard, and got out of the hollow tree?"

"Who? Brer Rabbit? Bless yo' soul, honey, Brer Rabbit went skippin' long home, he did, des ez sassy ez a jaybird at a sparrer's nest. He went gallopin' long he did, but he feel mighty tired out, en teiff en his list, en he wuz mighty night dead for sumpin fer ter drink, en bimeby, w'en he got mos' home, he spied ole Miss Cow feedin' roun' in a field, he did, en he 'termin' fer ter try his han' wid er. Brer Rabbit know mighty well dat Miss Cow wuz givin' 'im no rest, kaze she done fruse 'im mo'n once, en w'en his ole 'oman wuz sick, at dat, but never mind dat. Brer Rabbit sorter dance up 'long side er de fence, he did, en holler out:

"Howdy, Sis Cow," sez Brer Rabbit, sezze.

"W'y, howdy, Brer Rabbit," sez Miss Cow, sez she.

"How you fine yo'self dese days, Sis Cow?" sez Brer Rabbit, sezze.

"I'm sorter toler'ble, Brer Rabbit; how you come on?" sez Miss Cow, sez she.

"Oh, I'm des toler'ble myself, Sis Cow; sorter lingers'n twix a bank en a break down," sez Brer Rabbit, sezze.

"How yo' fokes, Brer Rabbit?" sez Miss Cow, sez she.

"Dey er des middlin', Sis Cow; how Brer Bull gittin' on?" sez Brer Rabbit, sezze.

"Sorter, so-so," sez Miss Cow, sez she.

"Dey er some mighty nice 'simmons up dis tree, Sis Cow," sez Brer Rabbit, sezze, "en I'd like mighty well fer ter have some um," sezze.

"How you vinetier gitt um, Brer Rabbit?" sez she.

"I 'low'd maybe dat I might ax you fer ter butt 'in de tree, en shake some down, Sis Cow," sez Brer Rabbit, sezze.

"Cose Miss Cow don't disko' dat Brer Rabbit, en she mare up ter de 'simmon tree, she did, en hit it a rap wid er haws—blam! Now, den," continued Uncle Remus, tearing of the corner of a plug of tobacco, and cramming it into his mouth—"now, den, den 'simmons wuz green ez grass, en nader one never drap."

Miss Cow butt de tree—blam! Nader back off little, en run agin de aol 'simmons never drap. Den Miss Cow back off little fudder, she did, en hit her tail on er back, en come agin de tree, kerblam! en she come so fas', en she come so hard, twi' winner her haws wuz span' down de tree, en dar she wuz. She can't go forrads, en she can't go backrads. Dis racky w'at Brer Rabbit waitin' fer, en he no sooner seed ole Miss Cow all fas'n'd up dan he jump up, he did, en cut de plidin' wuz.

"Come he's me out, Brer Rabbit," sez Miss Cow, sez she.

"I can't climb, Sis Cow," sez Brer Rabbit, sezze, "but I'll run ter Brer Bull, sezze; en wid dat Brer Rabbit put out fer home, en twan' long to here he come wid his ole 'oman en all his chilluns, en de tree—blam! Nader bly wuz totin' a pail. De big uns had zig pails, en de little uns had little pails. En dey all 'rounden ole Miss Cow, dey did, en you hear me, honey, dey miikt'er dry. De ole uns miikt'er en de young uns miikt'er, en w'en dey done got nuff, Brer Rabbit, he up'n say, sezze:

"I wish you mighty well, Sis Cow. I 'low'd bein' how dat you'd hatter sorter camp out all night dat I'd better come en swaje yo' bag," sezze.

"Do which, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Go long, honey! Swaje er bag. W'en cows don't get miikt'er, der bag swells, en you'n't hear em a moanin' en a beller's des like dey wuz gittin' hurtid. Dat's w'at Brer Rabbit done. He sembled his family, he did, en he swaje ole Miss Cow's bag.

"Miss Cow, she stood dar, she did, en she study en study, en strive fer ter break loose, but de hawn done bin jam in de tree so tight dat twuz way 'fo' day in de mornin' 'fo' she loose it. Ennyhow hit wuz endurin' er de night, en after she git loose she sorter graze 'roun', she did, for ter jestify er stummuck. She 'low'd ole Miss Cow did, dat Brer Rabbit be hoppin' 'long dat way fer ter see how she gittin' on, en she tuck'n lay er trap fer 'im; en des 'bout sunrise w'at de ole Miss Cow do but march up ter de 'simmon tree en stick er hawn back in de hole? But, bless yo' soul, honey, w'ile she wuz croopin' de grass, she tuck one mouful to menny, kaze w'en she hitch on ter de 'simmon tree agin, Brer Rabbit wuz settin' in de fence corner awatchin' 'em. Den Brer Rabbit he say ter haws:

"Heyno, sezze, 'w'at dis yer gwine on now? Hole yo' hosses, Sis Cow, twel you hear me comin', sezze."

"En den he crope off down de fence, Brer Rabbit did, en bimeby he come—lippy-clippy, clippy-clippy—des a sallin' 'roun' de big road."

"Mawin', Sis Cow," sez Brer Rabbit, sezze, "how you come on dis mawnin'?" sezze.

"Polly, Brer Rabbit, polly," sez Miss Cow, sez she. "I ain't had no res' all night, sez she. 'I can't pull loose, sez she, 'but ef you'll come en ketch holt er my tale, Brer Rabbit," sez she, "I seckin may be I kin fetch my hawn out," sez she. Den Brer Rabbit, he come up little closer, but he ain't gettin' too close.

"I seck I'm nigh nuff, Sis Cow," sez Brer Rabbit, sezze. "I might git trompled, sezze. 'You do de pullin', Sis Cow," sezze, "en I'll do de gruntin'," sezze.

"Den Miss Cow, she pull out 'er hawn, she did, en tuck after Brer Rabbit, en down de big road dey had it. Brer Rabbit wid his years laid back, en Miss Cow wid 'er head down en 'er tail curl, Brer Rabbit kep' on gainin', en bimeby he dart in a brier-patch, en by de time Miss Cow come 'long he had de head stickin' out, en his eyes look big as Miss Sally's chany assers.

"Heyo, Sis Cow! Where you gwine?" sez Brer Rabbit, sezze.

"Howdy, Brer Rabbit," sez Miss Cow, sez she. "Is you seed Brer Rabbit go by?"

"He des dis minit pass," sez Brer Rabbit, sezze, "en he look mighty sick," sezze.

"En wid dat, Miss Cow tuck down de road like de dogs wuz after 'er, en Brer Rabbit, he des lay down dar in de brier-patch en roll en laff 'tweel his sides hurtid 'im. He bleedid ter laff. Fox after 'im, Buzzard after 'im, en Cow after 'im, en dey ain't ketch 'im yit."

Birthday Greetings

Uncle Dick wishes many happy returns to the following kiddies who will be celebrating their birthdays during the following week:

Velma Burt, Tracey Station.

Leannara Belyea, 66 Llenster St.

Albert Sturney, Moss Glen.

Mac Ford, Ford's Mills.

James McVane, 230 Union St.

John Bishop, 77 Mecklenburg St.

Marion Mercer, 119 Carmarthen St.

Dorcas Powell, Freeport, N. S.

Lillian McFee, 2 Rosedale Ave., Hav-

erhill, Mass.

Minnie Estabrook, Sackville.

Margaret Fagan, Newcastle.

Elsie McMullin, 74 St. James St.

Ruth Robinson, Rothery.

Cecil Semple, East Florenceville.

Cecil Nickerson, Hibernia.

Edward Ritchie, Yarmouth, N. S.

Olive Stanning, Greenwich Hill.

Gracie Hawkes, Coal Creek.

Floyd Cleveland, Alma.

Sadie Porter, St. Andrews.

Reginald White, Harvey Bank.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE DICK.



MY NIECE'S WEEKLY RECIPE.

Banana Custard.

Three tablespoons cornstarch
three-quarters cup sugar, two
eggs, three cups milk, two ba-
nanas, lemon juice, four table-
spoons powdered sugar.
Scald the milk in a double
boiler. Mix the sugar and corn-
starch together and add milk
gradually. Return to double
boiler and cook until thick
(fifteen minutes). Add beaten
egg yolks. Peel and mash the
bananas and sprinkle with one
teaspoon lemon juice and place
in bottom of a glass dish. Pour
custard over. Top with cream
whites until stiff and fold in
powdered sugar. Drop by spoon-
fuls on top of custard. If desired,
the pudding may be put in a
baking dish and baked until
meringue is brown.

not forget my Canadian niece in
Maine. Now try her each week to
win one of the splendid prizes.

Florence Sherwood, Howard Brook—
That is the thing to do, Florence,
but why did you not let me know be-
fore that you wished to join the Cor-
ner? Now you will have to do your
best to win one of the splendid prizes.

Vera Davidson, Southfield—I was
pleased you entered in the last con-
test, and tried so hard, although you
did not manage to get the most num-
ber of words.

Catherine Carton, 69 Elm Street—
From which I am pleased to note that
you are enjoying the Corner. You
will not have to be disappointed this
week in not getting the prize, but try
still harder, and then success will come.
You must call and see me some day,
when down this way.

Hilda Chown, Milltown—I got your
letter, and must say that you have
done remarkably well in the
contest to get so many words, Hilda.
I am pleased you have managed to get
other four new members, and shall
send you the button as soon as ever
the new stock arrive.

Eva Hawes, Parrsboro—Although
you did not succeed in winning the
prize, I think you tried hard, and I
shall watch for more of your work.
Eva. Now write me again soon, and
let me know how you are getting on.

Willie Sharp, Lower Jemseg—Many
thanks for the riddles, Willie, which
I shall use as soon as I can find space.
I think you are improving greatly in
your writing.

Clarence Williamson, Albert—Al-
though you say you have tried your
luck in the word-making contest, I
hardly think it was a case of luck,
as it depends entirely upon your-
selves as to who wins the prize. Now
try more hard than ever, and let me
see what you can do.

Eileen McGoldrick, Hartland—I
was glad to hear of your letter and at-
tempt in the word-making contest.
Eileen, and shall watch for more of
your efforts, as you seem to be en-
joying the Corner. Write again soon.

Jessie Hill, Andover—What a nice
writer you are, Jessie. You tried hard
in the contest, but I think if you had
succeeded in winning even better.

Bessie Haines, Plaster Rock—Very
pleased to have your letter, Bessie, and
to see that you are enjoying the con-
tests so much. Although you have not
managed to win this time, you will
not have to be discouraged, but try
again.

Cecil Porter, Woodstock—Have you
written to me before, Cecil as I do
not remember having entered your
name on the membership roll of the
Corner? Write me again soon, and let
me know how you are enjoying the
contests.

Harry Waite, Brown's Flat—Glad
you got the letter safely, Harry. I
found it among some others, and re-
turned it at once. Yes, I received the
letter and enclosure, and acknowledged
same by return, did you not receive
it? The drawing for the picture will
take place in about two weeks, time,
as the first meeting of the Allies Aid
will be held this morning and arrange-
ments will then be made. The result
will be published in the Corner.

Viollet Kerr, 5 Waterloo St.—Glad
to have your attempt in the contest, Vi-
olet result of which will be given next
week. Call and see me some day as
I like to get to know my city kiddies,
as well as those in the country.

Archie McLean, 66 Elliot Row—Glad
to hear from you again, Archie, as I
was beginning to think you have for-
gotten all about your Corner. What
a clever little writer you are getting,
and you found quite a number of
words.

Ida McCutcheon, Springfield—So
you like the Corner, Ida. I was glad
to have your interesting letter. Watch
for what I shall have to say in regard
to the drawing contest next week.

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LET YOUR SCHOOL- MATE SEE THIS PAGE

The One Who Came Along.

(Continued from last week.)

What Has Gone Before.
Diana Mayes simply hated music
lessons, and after trying again and
again to succeed, told her mother that
she wouldn't try any more. Mrs.
Mayes felt sorry for her daughter and
said that there were plenty of girls
who would be glad of her chance to
study music. "Well," said Diana, "they
are at liberty to have it."

A short while afterwards, Kitty
Crews (Kitty's mother was Mrs.
Mayes' wash woman) called, and Mrs.
Mayes asked her if she was the girl
who was fond of music. "Yes," said
Kitty, "I do love it, but—but you see
we have a large family—"

"And so your mother cannot afford
to give you a musical training. Is
that it?"

Kitty blushed. "Yes, that's it," she
said, with a sigh.

"Then you're just the girl I want. I
suppose you know that Diana has been
taking piano lessons from Professor
Ford. Well! today she decided that
she would stop and give her chance
to the first one who came along. You
happen to be that one, Miss Kitty."

Kitty jumped up with a start.

"Oh, Mrs. Mayes, you don't really
mean it. Are you sure Diana said