

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Weekly Chat

Dearest Chum:

Some of you deserve an apology for not having your letters answered sooner, but you all know how delightful holidays are and how they simply must upset the regular routine of one's work, so that explains everything. While going about from place to place seeking the beautiful bits of scenery, which this part of the country has great reason to be proud of, my thoughts were often with you, though separated from some of your interesting letters for a short time. It was good to find so many "new member" coupons waiting as they are always acceptable. You will all read with much pleasure the letter in today's page from one of our members telling of a very delightful trip to the great New York City, I only wish that all of you could have that treat, for it would not only be pleasurable, but educative as well. Such good news about the schools re-opening faster than expected must have brought great joy to many young hearts. It makes all feel satisfied when the last summer public holiday, Labor Day, can be celebrated without a break in school sessions for a week, forcing us to acknowledge that autumn has really begun and the time for all play and to study is over.

Crowd in all the good times you possibly can in the remaining week. We are gradually coming to another change in the Mother Nature work. The harvest is ready and some of the flowers are forming their seeds or in other words are going to sleep ready to take a much needed rest. You see they do just the opposite from what you do, for while in the Spring you look for the rest—they don't—and in the Autumn they find their task while you are about to begin yours.

In travelling country roads this year one is so impressed with evidences everywhere of a glorious harvest, the grains look so thick and heavy just laden with good results from their summer growth. Could we not draw some little lessons from these outdoor signs of success? How about making the next school term show a rich harvest of knowledge for each boy and girl? No better examples could you find to copy from and the best time to begin is the very first day, just like the seeds begin. While they require sunshine, rain and wind to aid them in fulfilling their mission, so the little students require plenty of fresh air, sleep and wholesome food to aid them in making their harvest of knowledge a big and useful one. As we watched and reported the signs of spring, so we may do the same for the signs of Autumn. Let us know what you discover among these latter signs and thus give the bright eyes a chance to look about in the beautiful Nature World.

With heaps of the best to the best,
UNCLE DICK.

New Members

Here is another group of new friends to join our Children's Corner. We welcome everyone of them to our membership list and trust they will become helpful, and interested in our page. I am sure each one of them would appreciate getting a letter from some of the members who have been one of us for some time. Choose some about your own age and send them a nice little letter of welcome:

Our new friends are:
Doris A. Bradshaw, age 9, St. Martin's, St. John County.
Gladys Graham, age 14, Royatton, N. B.
Kathleen White, age 11 years, Upper New Horton, Albert Co.
Ralph Carleton, age 12 years, Oak Bay, Charlotte Co.
Mildred W. Lindsay, age 10 years, Lawrence Station, R. R. No. 2, N. B.
Maxine Jeanette Graham, age 9 years, St. Stephen, N. B.
Ronald B. Smith, age 12 years, East Florenceville, Car. Co.

THINGS TO WEAR.

If you wear a woven ring
Made of grass.
You can hear the fairies sing
As they pass:
You can hear them rush and scurry
When they're rather in a hurry.

If you wear a daisy-chain
Neat and strong,
You can hear the goblin train
Rush along.
You can hear it hoot and whistle
As it dives beneath a thistle.

If you lace two grassy blades
In your shoe,
You can dream of fairy glades,
Fairies, too.
If you've found a four-leaves clover,
You can dream this four times over!
—Agnes Grosier Herberston.

Little Arthur, taking part in a geography examination, should be awarded a prize for his definition of "horizon," which is as follows: "The horizon is where the sky and the water meet—only they don't."

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.....

Answers To Letters

LEAH G.—You do deserve an apology for I expect you have decided long ago that your box did not arrive safely. Well, Leah it did just as a little holiday trip was starting, so it was quite impossible to acknowledge the cherries at the time, but the thanks are just as sincere though rather late. You were indeed, very kind and thoughtful to think of me and of course you now understand why your little letter was not answered sooner. Hope to hear from you again soon.

DORIS B.—You did not think your first letter to me was going on a holiday trip, did you. That is why you have not seen an answer to it before now but it has been travelling about the country in a trunk, so at this late date you deserve a very hearty welcome to our happy club. We are very pleased to have you join us and will expect baby brother too when he gets a few years older. You write very well and you sent such a neat tidy letter it was a pleasure to read it. School will soon begin and it is nice to welcome the change from the pleasant holidays.

GRACE H.—Thanks so much for the riddles they are good, and you will find them on our page today. Glad your birthday was so happy. I will look forward to getting some returns from your camera. Perhaps your writing will be a little bit better next time. What say you?

RONALD S.—Hope you did not take too long in considering joining us for we welcome all the boys and want them to be just as interested in our page as you are. You write a very good letter and more will be coming I am sure.

GLADYS G.—Certainly you may come into our Jelly Corner, we want all the friends who enjoy our page to be one of us and therefore we welcome all. What a nice way to spend the vacation by going on trips, I know of no better.

MURIEL H.—Hope the picnic came off alright, as that is always a means of having a good time. How well you are doing in the water. Swimming is such fun and a necessary sport to learn too. I am sure you are a brave little girl to attempt the wharf stunts. Hope your planned trip materializes, (is that too big a word?) but father can explain it to you, the free time is getting short isn't it and the summer will soon bid us adieu.

MILDRED L.—You write very nicely for your age and I enjoyed your letter very much. What a great help you are, but I am sorry your school has been closed so long. This is the time when study is so necessary and important for your welfare, however, I trust your school life will soon begin again. Such a big family of dolls to care for must keep you busy and I know the play house must be a lovely spot under the spruce trees.

GEORGE M.—Will you be pleased I wonder to see your interesting letter printed today? The other fellows will enjoy reading of the sights you saw while on that wonderful trip, another member of our C. C. saw the very same things too last Spring and it is an education for you to have such a privilege. Thanks for writing so well about it.

WILLIAM G.—Thanks for your very kind letter, it is nice to have the fellows say what they enjoy most on our page. You are having pretty good weather for your harvest work and it is much easier now on the helpers than it used to be years ago, so think of that when feeling weary. Good luck and white again some slack time.

MARION W.—Such a stranger as you are and no excuses to offer either. Well, with happy days and many playmates you are probably too busy and lively for letter writing. Thanks for the snap, I liked it.

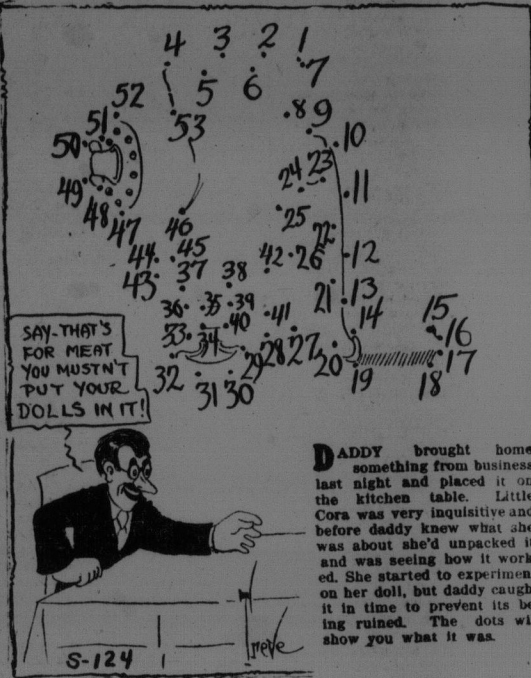
OSCAR T.—You write a fine letter and I enjoyed reading of your pranks, etc. It is always heaps of fun to dress up in funny costumes and you reminded me of some fellows I saw the other day—as Cowboys—and such rigs as they had on, but they looked and acted the part alright.

HAZEL L.—That was a jolly picnic party I am sure and you just agreed with last week's chat—when things tasted so much better out of doors. Hope to have another nice letter soon.

THE BARBER-POLE.
The Prophet Ezekiel mentions barbers—Take thou a barber's razor—but the distinctive barber-pole is of much later date. The barber in medieval times was also a surgeon, and as the principal operation then was bleeding, he hung out his brass bowl and a pole with a red stripe to indicate the bandage. Our modern gold-tipped, red and white pole comes from these symbols.



BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES



DADDY brought home something from business last night and placed it on the kitchen table. Little Cora was very inquisitive and before daddy knew what she was about she'd unpacked it and was seeing how it worked. She started to experiment on her doll, but daddy caught it in time to prevent its being ruined. The dolls will show you what it was.

THE WESTMONT BOYS' CLUB STORIES

The Amateur Detective

(Continued from last week.)

"You did quite right," declared Butch, "now boy what have you got to say for yourself," coming over to where Leslie sat cowering. Noticing his distress the man added, "come now we're not going to hurt you. Butch, we just want you to tell us what you mean by saying that there were thieves here."

"Nothing," stammered Leslie. "Are you a Westmont boy?" suddenly asked the man by the stove.

"Yes," "You know about the robbery there then don't you?" Leslie nodded.

"Ah, and you thought we were the thieves," cut in Spike, "what made you think that?" Come out clean with your story, sonny, or it'll be the worse for you."

Realizing that he was cornered, Leslie decided to tell the truth. Starting from the beginning, he falteringly told the facts, while the men listened closely.

"Well I'll be switched," exclaimed

the man at the stove, looking at Leslie in admiration, "you're a regular detective, ain't you, why—"

"Shut up, Slim," growled Butch, "You didn't tell anybody about what you were doing?" he asked turning to Leslie.

"No," said Leslie sensing the sudden tension in the air.

Butch breathed a sigh of relief. Well we're safe for awhile," he said, turning to his companions, "but after we finish that job tonight, we'd better vamoose."

"What are you going to do with the kid?" asked Spike.

"Oh, we'll keep him here with us today and when we leave tonight, we'll turn him up until we get back. I guess it would be all right to let him go then."

"No that's too risky," Spike said, "we better leave him until we get to a place of safety and then we can mail a letter to his folks telling where to find him," and he winked slyly at his companions, for he well knew that he would never bother his head about the boy after he once got safely away.

Leslie had not contemplated such leniency at the hands of his captors, but still he realized that he was in for an unpleasant experience.

"Well draw up and get something

to eat," said Butch breaking in on Leslie's thoughts.

CHAPTER IV.
Leslie a Prisoner.

After a meal which was surprisingly good when one considered the cook, one of the men pulled out a greasy pack of cards and the long hours of the afternoon were passed in poker, the men meanwhile keeping a close watch of Leslie. At six o'clock supper was quickly disposed of, and then the men settled down to wait for darkness.

"Alright men," said Butch at last, "it's dark enough now and as we've a long walk ahead of us to Burton, we'd better start."

Their preparations were simple, and in a few minutes they were ready to go. Slim who had been prowling around upstairs spoke up, "I've found a good room to place the kid in, have you any rope ready?"

Butch produced a piece of rope after some running around, and then he approached Leslie.

Now Leslie didn't like the idea of being tied up, and he registered his protest in no uncertain tones. Jumping to his feet, he made a wild dash for the door. If only he could reach that friendly darkness would swallow him up he thought desperately. With an oath Butch dove after him, and picking him up in his burly arms, he ran up stairs, followed by Slim with a lantern.

They entered a bare room, and though Leslie struggled and twisted in an effort to escape, the ruffian laid him on the floor.

Seeing that further efforts towards escape were futile, Leslie lay still. While his companion stood by with the lantern, which cast only a faint light around the room, Butch turned the boy over on his stomach and commenced to tie his wrists together.

Leslie had one more card up his sleeve, and now he played it for all he was worth, hoping that the poor light and the evident hurry that the men were in would screen his movements. Tensing his wrist muscles, he kept his wrists slightly apart while the men tied them. His feet were then securely bound, and with a parting snarl, the man walked out closing the door after them.

Fearing their return, Leslie lay quiet until he heard them go out of the house, and down to the road.

Now's my chance he muttered tentatively trying his bonds, "I only hope I fooled them."

Relaxing as much as he could, he was overjoyed to find that the rope only loosely circled his wrists. He soon found, however, that it was quite another matter to get it over his hands, but Leslie was not to be denied, and gradually by much pulling and tugging, he worked the rope off. Leaping over, he quickly released his feet, and after resting for a time, he stood up.

Moving over to the door, he tried the knob. "Just as I thought they've locked me in," he said to himself. "Well the window is my best bet now."

Leslie threw open the window and looked out. He could dimly see the ground seemingly a long ways beneath. Turning from the window in despair, he walked back to the door. Like the doors in most country houses, it was of light construction, and this Leslie noticed.

(Continued next week.)

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Puzzles

Riddles Sent By Grace Hudson, Juniper, N. B.

1. Why are all policemen well-behaved and polite?
2. What similarity is there between a postage stamp and an ass?
3. Why is a young lady curling her hair like a house-breaker?
4. Why is a good cabbage the most amiable of vegetables?

Transposed Flowers.

Kykholol, Nongettim, Ratsa, Faldifou, Simcarus, Rutngame, Socoru, Hurahymmetue, Cella.

Decapitations.

1. Behold a word meaning young girl and leave a word meaning assistance.
2. Behold a word meaning a grate and a small serpent.
3. Behold forty and leave fifty.
4. Behold a kitchen utensil and leave a part of speech.
5. Behold a nut and leave a cereal.
6. Behold a fraud and leave warmth.
7. Behold a vegetable and leave a beverage.
8. Behold a synonym of beautiful and leave a necessity of life.
9. Behold anger and leave an arithmetical term.

Bees Without Stings.

- A bee which is near the water?
A bee which is seen afar?
A bee which is an ornament?
A bee which is a bow-wow?
A bee which birds have?
A bee good to eat?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

1. Tip-pet.
2. Weser, Elbe, Thames, Ganges.
3. Flamingo, Linné, Chickadee, Albatross.

Birthday Greetings

Uncle Dick wishes to express congratulations to the following members of the Children's Corner, whose birthdays fall within the week, which commences today:

Edna Piercy, City.
Alan McLane, Bristol.
Willie McCaw, City.
Ida McKnight, Marlowtown.
Greta Anderson, Riverdale.
Marjorie Hyslop, Riverdale.
Pearl Ward, Highland.
Muriel Sharp, Sussex.
Florence Noonan, City.
A. Marion Innis, Norton, R. R. 3.
Hilda Carlisle, Second Falls.
Emma Geldart, Parkdale.
Stanley Bremner, Chatham.
Joseph Branch, Burnsville.
Maurice Dalton, City.
Cola Carr, Debec.
Helen Olive, City.
Lena Matchell, Sunny Corner.

THE CHINA PATH

If ever you see when you walk abroad
A little gold house with a roof of green,
And silver panes on either hand,
And a China Pathway lying between—

Knock at the Door. The knocker is made of brass.

Of the twisty horn from a Dragon's Tail.

The Door of itself will open wide,
And then, if your courage does not fail,
Lift up the curtain, narrow and thin,
And ever so boldly peep within.

Once I walked up the China Path,
Once I opened the Dragon Door,
I saw a Mopsey beside the fire,
With broken stars on the shining floor.

He beat and hammered them whole again,
Working with all his might and main.

Stars that were worn like a broken shell,
Stars that were faded, stars that were old,
He took them up in his crooked hands,
And patched them all with his wimpsey gold.

He gave me a star for my very own,
A little broken and crooked star,
But to me it's the loveliest thing in the world,
And I am the luckiest child by far.

For now, whenever I wish to go,
It shines on the China Path, you know.

It is East of the Sun and West of the Moon,
But, whenever the world is dull and grey,
I can find the thin little golden Door,
Where every sorrow is smoothed away.

And, praps if you promise you'll never tell,
I'll show you the Path I know so well.

There you will see just what you will see,
There you will hear just what you will hear,
But you must be always as brave as brave,
For only a heart that knows no fear

Can find that house, so narrow and thin,
And over so boldly walk within.
—Thom Stowell

All the afternoon he had toiled in the brooding sun, manfully trying to erect a new clothes-post in the garden. After digging a small hole in the hard ground, he had endeavored, with much struggling and heaving, to coax the post into the hole, and by flinging his arms desperately round it managed to get it steady.

"There!" he said to his wife. "Why make a fuss over a little thing like that? It's as firm as a rock! Even all the combined forces of the elements cannot bring it down."

But a few minutes later he returned, to find the wretched post lying prone on the ground.

"Did you do this?" he roared angrily to his eight-year-old son.

"No, father," said the youngster, "but I saw a sparrow perch on it, and the next time I looked the post had fallen over."

A Peep Into Uncle Dick's Mail

Will these little friends allow me the privilege of printing some of the very nice letters I have received recently? There is not room for all. Some little folks like to gather ideas of how to write to our C. C. and here is an opportunity to read some real good ones. The writing is all splendid, too, and I regret you are not able to see these very neat letters as they are received:

Sussex, N. B.,
Aug. 16, 1920.

Dear Uncle Dick:—
I thought I would write you and tell you about my trip to New York.

We went by car and saw some very beautiful scenery in some places on the way, but in other places there was nothing but rocks.

In Boston I went to an auto race, but I did not see much of the race for dust.

In New York I was to the Aquarium where they keep the fish, there I saw some very large turtles, one measured 10 1/2 feet across the back. I was also in the museum of Natural History, there I saw some very funny things.

I was in the Zoo too, and saw a great many animals and birds there. The last day I was in New York I went to the top of the Woolworth Building, which is the highest building in the world, from which I could see for miles around.

The people on the street below did not look any bigger than good sized dolls. I was in the Stock and Produce Building, too.

Yours very truly,
GEORGE MANNING.

St. Martins,
Aug. 4, 1920.

Dear Uncle Dick:—

This is my first letter. I am nine years old. My birthday was the 13th day of July. I like to go to school. I will be in grade III, and will be glad to go again. I like my teacher very much. I have no sisters. I have a baby brother, five months old. I love to play with my dolls, but I help mother. I must close before my letter gets to long.

Your little friend,
DORIS BRADSHAW.

East Florenceville,
Aug. 22, 1920.

Dear Uncle Dick:—
I have decided to join the Children's Corner. The first thing I look at in the Standard is the Children's Corner, for I take great interest in it. I like to read the letters sent brother boys and girls and I like to read your answers. Well, I guess this is all I'll write this time, but I will write again soon.

Yours truly,
RONALD SMITH.

Meredith, N. B.,
Aug. 12, 1920.

Dear Uncle Dick:—
I live in the country on a big farm. I help papa weed the garden and rake in the hay field. We have not had any school here for a year. I pick berries and play with my dolls. I have ten dolls. I have a play house under big spruce trees.

Your niece,
MILDRED LINDSAY.

HOW IT STARTED.

Pen-Knives.

The handy little knife you carry in your pocket was evolved of necessity in the days when people wrote with quill pens instead of steel. The quills were down or broke, and it was necessary to resharpen them. Scribes found it unhandy to have a straight knife always with them, so the present folding article was invented to fill the want. The name survives though the use has gone.

ELECTRIC LAMP RAISES BREAD DOUGH

To keep bread dough at a uniform temperature throughout the night, the vessel containing it is set underneath a box which has a hole cut in its top for the insertion of a 25-watt electric lamp. The heat from the burning lamp is slight, but sufficient to raise the dough nicely and prevent its "rising" with a drop in the outside temperature.

STONES BROKEN BY HOT WATER

Any large stone whose presence is undesirable in the field or yard, may be broken up without the aid of explosives. The earth is dug away around the stone until about three-fourths of it is exposed. A fire is built against the stone and allowed to burn until the latter is thoroughly heated throughout. When a temperature approximating red-hot is reached, pails of cold water are thrown on the hot stone, which will crack open in pieces that one person will be able to remove without difficulty.

FILMS OF HUDSON BAY WILDS REVEALS ROMANCE OF TRAPS

All the mystery, adventure, and thrill of the unknown Hudson Bay country, made famous by the ancient British fur-trading company that is now celebrating its 250th anniversary, have finally been condensed into some thousands of feet of extraordinary motion-picture film. From the Labrador coast to the Great Slave Lake region two camera expeditions journeyed, from June to January, filming the incidents and dangers of the wild animal hunt and the ceaseless strife with wilderness hardship. The result is a most remarkable series of pictures now being shown free in Canada, and revealing the actual life of the Hudson Bay posts and their tributary forests, lakes, and turbulent streams.

Seedy Boarder: "Haw! You may not believe it, don't you know, Polly, but I was born with a silvah spoon in my mouth."

Polly: "Well, fancy! And me an' mother thought you spoke like that on purpose!" —Society Bulletin.

