



CHILDREN'S CORNER

SOLDIERS' "KIDDIES"
TREAT A GREAT SUCCESS

Dolls, Toys, Etc., Given by Members of the Corner. Help To Make Hundreds of Children Happy.

The large hall of the Knights of Columbus in Coburg street was crowded on Tuesday afternoon by more than 600 children, who had been invited to participate in a treat provided under the auspices of the Soldiers' Wives League. It would be difficult to describe in a limited space how much the kindly thoughts and action of others were appreciated by the young people. With happy faces and childish excitement they provided a picture that, even but a misanthrope could fail to appreciate. Some of them were little more than babies, but the arrangements made for their comfort and entertainment had been so carefully prepared that all were well cared for and there was no hitch in the proceedings throughout.

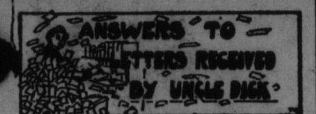
In the centre of the hall was placed a large Christmas tree resplendent with bright and attractive decorations so dear to the heart of the young folk. Banners, tiny stockings and other things that suggest the great annual festival were hung on its branches and the whole was made additionally pleasing by miniature electric lights. On one side of the hall the boys were placed, the girls being on the other; seating accommodation was provided for all. After Mrs. E. Atherton Smith described in appropriate language the many and noble pictures on a screen by means of a lantern operated by Rev. Mr. Barralough, ice cream and cake were distributed. The cones of cream disappeared with remarkable rapidity, but the ladies had provided for a large demand, no less than sixty gallons having been sent in for consumption. In course of the proceedings Mrs. Curran sang patriotic songs and a

feature that gave much pleasure was the ambulance display given by No. 1 troop of the Boy Scouts of Waterloo St. Baptist church. The scouts also helped, with six comrades from the St. James' church troop, to keep order and assist in many ways to add to the success of the gathering.

Each boy received a large red stocking filled with toys, fruit and candy, and each girl was given a large white stocking similarly filled. The little ladies also received a dressed doll, Miss Helen Sidney-Smith being the head-dressed Santa Claus.

A large number of the toys was obtained by means of "Uncle Dick's Toy Fund," in connection with The Standard's "Children's Corner." Many toys and girls in various quarters have for some time past worked hard to make the toy fund a success and they will be glad to know that their labors afforded the occasion for many a smiling face yesterday.

As showing some of the incidental features of the occasion it may be mentioned that separate cloak rooms were provided for the boys and girls, wherein coats, hats and so forth were placed in safe custody during the afternoon, tickets being given in exchange for all articles. The stockings were graded as to contents so as to be suitable for each child according to his or her age. A room for those mothers who elected to wait for their little ones was provided and this was a privilege much appreciated. It will not be out of place to mention that those who had forgotten that for varying causes, many children of the soldiers, for whom alone the treat was provided, would be unable to visit the hall and had thoughtfully made arrangements for supplying them with stockings in their own homes.



Thelma Kaye—Your interesting letter was received safely, and I am pleased to see that you are enjoying the Corner. I am also glad to see that your papa takes the Standard regularly. Write again soon.

Winnie Brock—How you do try in the Contests, Winnie. I am sure you deserve special praise for the way you try. I am pleased you find so much enjoyment in the Corner.

Willie Brock—The last contest is much better for you than the last isn't it Willie? You have made a very clever coloring of Santa Claus.

Edith Francena Welch—What a clever little artist you are Edith, and your work is so original too. I hope to see more of your work.

Ada Walton—You have made a good coloring of dear old Santa Claus but made the red far too much pink. Infact it is really that color. However, your work was neatly done.

Clara Louise Kirkpatrick—Yes, certainly Gladys, I am always pleased to have additions to my large number of kiddies. You have done the holly part of the sketch much better than the face, particularly the eyes. Practice drawing these.

Hazel Demichant—I am sorry that you have not been able to win the watch, but I am afraid that you placed the picture of Santa Claus under the paper you used, did you? I should like to know.

Ronald Bates—Many thanks for your good wishes, I hope you will have the same. Your coupon was not in the envelope last week.

Eldon A. Tait—I am pleased to see that you are hoping to join the colors, and trust that you get through all right. You have my best wishes, and I shall expect to receive further word from you before you go. Many thanks for your good wishes.

Greta Wetmore—What a clever drawing you have made of Santa Claus, standing up. Thanks very much for the amount enclosed in your letter.

Gladys Hornsall—You have a warm welcome to our large Corner, which I hope you will continue to enjoy. I am pleased to see that you are such a good writer.

Ada Hanlin—You have made a very clever coloring of the picture, and well deserve the place given you in the prize list. Let me see more of your work.

Herbert Hansford—You have made a very good drawing; but take more care as to the details of the sketching.

Elia Langmuir—Your letter and one cent stamp came alright, but I have no heads to color, the picture was published in the Corner, and it was that which you were asked to color.

Irving Robertson—You were quite right about the extra A, but of course the correct sentence and result will be published next week.

Helen McGee—What nice writing you do, Helen, I am always pleased to get your letters, so be sure to write me again soon. The result of the contest will be published next week.

Roy Webster—No, of course not, always enter the contests, and write me as often as you like. I hope you will continue to enjoy the Corner.

Earl Milner—Many thanks for your good wishes Earl. I hope you will have the same, and enjoy yourself. The result will be given next week.

George Semple—You have made a good drawing and well deserve the place given you on the prize list. You are a clever artist, and I should like to see more of your work.

Willie Semple—I am pleased to see that you are also very smart with your pencil, and can draw so well. You well deserve the place awarded on the prize list.

Extracts from The Mail Bag

Interested in Corner.

Dear Uncle Dick:—

I would be very much pleased to become a member of the Children's Corner. I have been reading the Children's Corner for some time, and think it very interesting.

Your loving niece,
Isabella Wasson.

Still Another Member.

Dear Uncle Dick:—

I am a new niece, I am going to try to get a watch. I am disappointed about Uncle Wiggly. I suppose he has gone back to his Old Hollow Stump, or the bad Old Sea Lion has got him.

Your loving niece,
Mariam M. Holt.

Gets Standard Every Saturday

Dear Uncle Dick:—

I am nine years old, we buy the Standard every Saturday. May I write a letter some day to you? Uncle Dick's Corner is dinky.

Your nephew,
Harold Melvin Steeves

Another Member of Circle.

Dear Uncle Dick:—

I would very much like to join your charming circle, and so would you let me do so. I am twelve years old.

Your loving nephew,
Obed B. Jonah.

Yes, Plenty of Room.

Dear Uncle Dick:—

I hope that you have room for one more niece, as I have been reading about some of the contests and would like to try them.

Your new niece,
Dorothy Lee.

Uncle Dick's Chat With the Children

My Dear Kiddies,—

How excited you all must be this morning, wondering what Santa Claus is going to leave you tomorrow. I can just imagine the look on your happy faces as you peep into your stockings, because last Tuesday I saw the same expression on the faces of the Soldiers' kiddies as they received the large well filled Christmas stockings at the Treat given them, and for which so many of you have been working hard for the last three months. I am sure you would have all felt well rewarded for the great work you did, if you had seen the hundreds of children enjoy themselves, and partake of the good things provided for them. I am giving a full account of what happened in another column, so I need not say any more, except to thank my kiddies, who have done so much to make the Fund a huge success, with all my heart. I only wish I could manage to see each one and thank you personally.

You have sent in a large number of sketches and coloring which are splendidly done, but I was to remind you that when making the drawings from a copy, please don't use tracing paper, or thin tissue paper, as of course to get the prize, the work must be hand done. A number of you have already sent in the entry for next week's contest, and even at this stage I must compliment you upon the good handwriting. You have also been working to get the Beautiful Bound Volume, I see, as a number of well written stories: "How I would like

to spend Christmas Day" have reached me; but I hope a great many more will be sent in ere the competition closes.

I shall be glad if any boys or girls who still hold collecting cards, and have any cents collected, will please send same in to me at once, as I wish to close up the Fund, and let the balance go towards additional toys, etc., which had to be purchased.

Now my kiddies, in case some of you did not see my letter last week, I want to again wish you a Most Happy Christmas, and hope that tomorrow you will have a right joyful time. One of the best ways to make sure of this is to try and take some of your happiness into other homes, which for many reasons will have sadness, and sorrow in them this year. Let your motto be that of sharing your joys with others.

Heaps of love and best wishes from

Uncle Dick

Mrs. Cochran's Tom.

By Ruth Huntington Grey, St. John. Junior shoved his hands into his pockets, dejected fashion, as he leaned against a lamp post. Jimmy had released him from the grocers scarcely ten minutes ago, and he was dreadfully tired.

Nobody wanted to buy papers. He had yelled until his throat was sore, and what good had come of it? A young man had snatched a paper from beneath Junior's arm, satisfied himself with the headlines, returned the paper, and walked away smoking his cigarette.

Nobody had treated Junior that way before, and he was quick to resent it. In spite of the fact that he was on "business," he planted his sturdy little legs on the middle of the pavement, wrinkled his stubby pecked nose almost up to his eyes, and extended a small red tongue towards the retreating offender. Then he returned to his rolling position against the lamp post in no gentle mood.

For the past week Junior had been in what Jimmy called a "tall huff." There had been no snow for some time and consequently the streets were forced to be idle. Rent was due and mother was continually worrying how she should pay it. Her mistress had decreased her servants because of the war, and mother was one of the unemployed. No one else would do her work, and her savings were almost gone.

But what seemed dreadful to her was the threat of her burly landlord. He was not let the tenants "who paid" and announced to her that morning, he would give her one more day's grace. Then if she could not pay him she must "git out," and leave him the "furniture."

So Junior was in a "tall huff" with a reason behind it. He didn't know how he could obtain even a few coppers to spare the rate landlord.

But Junior wasn't a lad to give up quickly, so he leaned against the lamp post, to discover a way out of what seemed to be an insurmountable disaster.

Surely something must be done. His small sisters couldn't stand the bitter cold all the time. Junior wouldn't permit himself to think of his mother under such trying conditions. It was too terrible.

The Charities! The thought of them brought tears to Junior's eyes. They would not let the starve to be sure; but then their home would be gone and "Be it ever so humble —"

Yet Junior was resigned to his fate. He knew that he and Jimmy wouldn't have to work so hard, but that did not help him. Junior's affections would die with his home, and he would be nothing more than an automaton.

With a sigh he shifted his papers to the other arm, and waited for customers.

Just then a man rushed by, all out of breath. He was dressed as a butler, but the crowd of newboys thought him some time lord.

(To be Continued.)

Games, Jokes, Etc.

Three Deep.

The players form a double circle, one within the other. The distance between the players must be two steps. One player stands directly behind another. There are two "its" one trying to tag the other, as he runs around the outer circle. Just as he is about to be tagged, the runner quickly moves to the inside in front of a pair of players (making three deep), and then the last, outside player, must run. If the runner succeeds in touching the runner before he jumps inside, they reverse the running, the one who has tagged trying to get in front of a pair at once. The children should never run across the circle or between circles to reach inside. This game is a particular favorite with older children.—Sent in by Hilda Chosen.

Riddles and Jokes

If a man was born in Scotland, educated in England, died in the United States; what would he be?

Ans.—A dead man.

Pat went to visit the priest, and the priest treated him to a glass of wine. The priest said, "Pat this ought to be good wine, Pat, for it 120 years old."

Pat held the glass up in front of him, and said, "Well Father, it is very small for it's age.—Sent in by Florence I. Middleton.

A Sunday-School teacher had been telling a class of little boys about crown of glory and heavenly rewards for good people.

"Now tell me," she said at the close of the lessons, "who will get the biggest crown?"

There was silence for a minute or

two, then a bright little chap piped up: "Him who's got the biggest 'ead."—Sent in by Hilda Chosen.

Harry had attended the Christmas Party of a little friend and enjoyed it very much, especially the candy and other goodies.

A few days later the mother of his little best friend met him and asked: "Did you have a good time Harry at Alice's party?"

"I should say so!" responded Harry enthusiastically. "Why, mama had to sit up with me three nights, I was so sick."—Sent in by Mary Walsh.

Result of The Standard Contest.

First Prize.

Hollis S. Baird, River de Chute, N. B.

Second Prize.

Robert Faulkner, Watson Settlement, Carleton Co., N. B.

Certificates of Merit.

A. Maude Barker, River de Chute, N. B.

Velma E. Vout, Oldridge.

Willie Semple, Traveller's Rest, P. E. I.

Honorable Mention.

Robert Faulkner, Audrey Etta Waddell, Kathleen McKenna, Ada Walton, Edith Francena Welch, Leta Blumme, Willie Brock, Gladys Van Buskirk, Marion Brown, Edna Morehouse, Ada Hanlin.

GAMES CONTEST RESULT NEXT WEEK.

THE USUAL PAGE OF BOY SCOUT NEWS WILL BE PUBLISHED ON MONDAY.



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GET OUT AND GET ON TOP!

In Your Giving Remember the Belgian Bread Lines!

Let your generous Christmas spirit reach out beyond your own circle, and do something for those who need it a thousand times more!

\$2.50—the price of a trifling gift—would provide daily bread for a Belgian mother and child for a month! \$5.00 would feed one of them the whole winter! Can we go on spending freely for conventional and often extravagant presents when Two Million Belgians depend for their very life on the

Belgian Relief Fund

—and the Fund depends on us for contributions—

Canada's generous subscriptions with those of the rest of the Empire and of the United States, have saved the Belgians so far. But more and more is needed every month as their resources dwindle and fail. In spite of the tremendous burdens she is bearing, the Motherland is doing her best to help her Allies.

We in Canada, feeling the War much less, and with our abundant crops and returning prosperity, are in far better position to swell the Belgian Relief Fund with substantial contributions. You will enjoy the Christmas Season more if you have done something to feed the hungry and comfort the fatherless in martyred Belgium.

Send your contributions to Local or Provincial Committees, or to the Central Executive Committee, 59 St. Peter St., Montreal

\$2.50 FEEDS A BELGIAN FAMILY A MONTH

MAKE HER DREAM COME TRUE