

## Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

## Weekly Chat

Dearest Chums—

The novelty of having holidays over and over and you are not settled down to the free life the same as you were to the school life of a few weeks and months ago. Judging from the letters I have read some are busy even though it is vacation and some would be busy no matter what would happen. Yes, kiddies, some of you little folks remind me of bees and ants always on the go. Did any of you ever take time to watch the little black and red insects we call ants. I think they are such busy, clever and hard-working little creatures and it is so wonderful what they can do that if I hadn't stopped to watch their doings myself I could hardly believe them to be true if simply told to me. If you really want to be amused and greatly interested just sit down and watch them and you will find out how to see them after their lodging place has been disturbed. That was once my good luck. They are so insignificant looking that you may never have thought them worth more than a glance, they don't sting, so one does not need to be afraid or continually on the watch—though they can bite—and you can blow them off with one breath.

I have watched hundreds of them trying to carry loads much larger than they were themselves, and the way they managed to carry and climb what must have appeared to them to be an enormous hill was indeed amusing and clever. The black ones have one little knob at the waist and the red kind which live under the garden soil have two little knobs at their waist. Then there is the hill or mound ant which makes those little mounds that you must not sit down on. If you were to cut right down through one of their nests you would be surprised to find that it is not solid, but is built of little sticks and leaves as well as earth and is divided into all sorts of little rooms, with little passages and galleries running all around the hill between these rooms. And you would see hundreds of ants all scurrying and hurrying away carrying large white things nearly as big as themselves. "Ant-eggs" people call them, but they are really the baby ants. All wrapped up in blankets of white spun-silk. They were hatched out of the tiniest little egg and after being fed on honey they were able to spin these bags about themselves. Can you imagine how you would have managed to do such a thing, well it just proves that the ants, small as they are, are born wonderfully clever and they just want to work right away. As the ants grow up they do all sorts of things which it takes you years to learn. You know how it takes to teach a new boy and girls how to keep themselves clean, well the ant has a sort of thing on her front less which does for her brush and comb and this she uses herself many times a day. Just say it to be dirty. Do you? What do you think of them holding on to each other and using their bridges for other ants to cross over. They do that. The funniest of all about them I think is the way they get the honey. You have often seen the little green insects that live on plants and suck out all the juices so that the plants shrivel up and die. Well, these are the ants honeycreepers. The ant walks up the stem and taps one of the little green insects with the feelers she has on her head, then Aphids, that is its name, gives out a little drop of honey juice into the ant's mouth. Sometimes the ants bring clay and build a sort of shed around the Aphids so they can't get away, or they try to get them into their ant-hill and feed them and then the ants go to have their own herd of cattle to give them the honey. Isn't that a scheme huge enough for an ant? He to manage. And they have battles too to prove who will claim their honey-cows. Like the bees they have some members of their families who are the workers and these are the ones who do the building, making the tunnels, collect the honey and so forth.

They, like most of the dumb creatures, can teach us many lessons if we would but learn, for they never dream of losing or getting cross or grouchy. There is no mischief for their busy hands to do. They will be kind to each other, give each other the honey and in fact are very pleasant to assist each other when in trouble. So now you must not think because they are so tiny that they cannot teach you for they may be the busiest, cleverest, kindest, and most person you will ever meet and I want you all to watch them when you have a chance and see what new things you can discover about these funny little creatures. Let me know your course about your experience.

Heaps of the best,  
UNCLE DICK.

## New Members

We are always delighted to extend a hearty welcome to the new friends who join our jolly club and this is no exception. The new members who have recently joined in their membership coupon are:

Donna Graham, age 11 years, Roy-  
alton, Charlton Co.

Leon Bleakney, age 12 years, Havelock, Kings Co.

Eunice MacGillivray, age 8 years, 16 Cliff St., St. John.

E. Myles Armstrong, age 13 years, Norton R. R. No. 4, Kings Co.

Any of these new members I am sure would appreciate very much a letter from some of the boys and girls who have belonged to our C. C. for a time. So with the addresses and ages published you can easily choose a suitable correspondent.

UNCLE DICK.

If I had wings I'd fly, at first, I think, To find the stars, and see what makes them blink.

Then, if I'd wings, I might discover too Where old moons go, or how they change to new.

If I had wings, across the world I'd fly, I'd sit on earth and lean against the sky.

And see the place where, every night, The setting sun slips out of sight.

—Lillian Holmes.

## Answers To Letters

**EUNICE MacG.**—Your letter should have been answered last week, but it was just accidentally left out so hope you were not disappointed. Certainly you will be welcome to our midst and hope you continue to enjoy our C. C. If you do not hear from any of the members you do like many others have done—write the first letter, although of course being a new member you like to receive one. Perhaps you will but summer is such a lazy time most folks find letter writing a bother.

**FRANK G.**—Am sure you had a great time at camp and I enjoyed reading all about it very much indeed. You were fortunate in having such good weather too, as that is so important to camp life.

**DELLA S.**—You are quite a strange one Della, and I enjoyed your letter immensely, perhaps I owe thanks for it to the picnic though for that seemed to be why you thought to write to the C. C. again. Send along another some day.

**OTTO T.**—I think the magazine would interest you the most is the Canadian boy. It contains so much of the Scout news too, and whether you are one or not I am sure the articles would be most interesting.

**EVELYN M.**—Many thanks for the nice encouraging things you wrote. It was good of you to write when you are such a busy little body too, don't work too hard during the holidays. Your little friend will be very welcome to join our happy Club and I will watch for her letter giving the usual information.

**DON R.**—Did you ever hear of perhaps you read "When Daddy Takes Us Boating," the last word may be sailing. I am not sure, at any rate it is splendid. Besides being good reading it gives you the information you wish for and I think will fill your need very nicely.

**ALICE G.**—So pleased with your nicely written letter and I am sure you are having heaps of fun with your new pup. He is probably very playful as well as very mischievous, and needs much watching. I have seen quite a lot of one of these summer and have been amazed at the amount of damage the little rascals can do. What have you named yours? Good luck.

**CHARLIE F.**—Glad indeed that you were fortunate enough to attend the circus too. Yes, indeed that jumping through the ring while it was on fire was wonderful, particularly as animals are so frightened of fire. Don't you suppose the poor brute suffered a lot in being trained to do that? I always think of that when seeing any dumb creatures perform.

**DAISY L.**—Your letter was also a very welcome one and I am sure you are delighted with my sure you will need to wait a while before you can play much with your new pup. What a very interesting even to watch. Can you find a name nice enough?

**ESTELLA M.**—I was pleased to hear from you again and also to know that you had had letters from some of our members. Of course you have written to them. What a busy girl you must be too, and can do things which are your lot quite cheerfully. I believe. Hope to hear from you again.

**R. MYLES A.**—So glad to hear from you too and have you join our C. C. Letters from the members are always welcome to read and answer. You surely have a big family to care for with so many chicks and goslings and the lambs always seemed to me to be the most of the farm animals, they look so cute when their wool gets nicely over their bodies. Hope to hear from you often and to know of your doings. You came along just in time to be in today's birthday list. Good luck.

**LEON B.**—Indeed I can feel quite well acquainted now since your letter came. That is a funny name for a dog, almost as much so as another name I hear of. Yes, a chap called his dog "Ask him," and everyone who knows asks the dog's name so this chap used to have lots of fun answering the question. Very fortunate you are to have other fellows living near to play with, you must have fine chances for coasting in the winter. You will have plenty of practice in writing letters if you keep on sending nice ones to the C. C. Won't you?

**Couldn't Realize It.**

A little Boston girl named Mary, aged five years, is a Christian Scientist to the marrow.

Mary fell one day and barked her shin and, rubbing the hurt with her hand, she began to cry. Her aunt, an unbeliever, happened along at this moment. The aunt was mindful of Mary's faith and of those contradictory tears, and with a mocking smile she said: "Why, Mary, are you hurt?"

"No, I ain't hurt," sobbed the little girl, restraining her sobs as best she could.

"But if you are not hurt, why are you crying?" said Mary, "because I am mad."

"And what are you mad about?" "I am mad—boohoo!" wept the little girl, "because I can't feel I ain't hurt."

## 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.

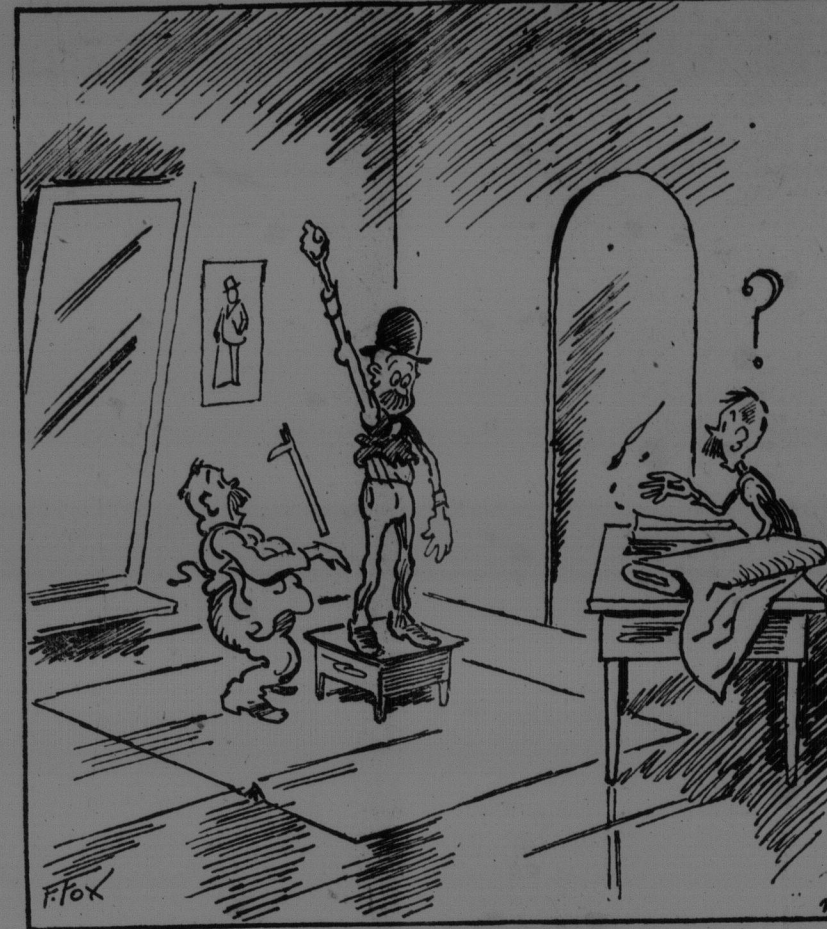
I wish to become a member of the Children's Corner.

My Name is .....

Address .....

Birthday .....

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



## THE WESTMOUNT BOYS' CLUB STORIES

## CHAPTER III. Larry Falls Into Luck.

"What if the boy had fallen down there?" The thought flashed through Larry's mind, and the next instant he started on a run, followed by several of the boys who had come up.

Throwing himself down on the ground at the edge of the hole, Larry peered down. "There doesn't seem to be any sign of him here fellows," he said as he started to regain his feet.

Suddenly the edge of the hole crumpled away and the next instant the boys saw him vanish from sight. They advanced cautiously and peered fearfully over expecting to see his head and shoulders. You came along just in time to be in today's birthday list. Good luck.

"Are you alright Larry?" anxiously asked one of the boys. Larry, who was slowly flexing his limbs looked up at the rim of the hole. "I guess there's no bones broken. Lucky for me I landed on a soft spot. The only thing that is worrying me," he continued, "is how I am going to get out of here."

Rising to his feet, he circled the hole looking for any chance of a foothold. He suddenly stopped before a mass of withered vines. He pushed the vines aside, and the next instant he had disappeared into an aperture in the rock. Presently he emerged carrying a slight pale faced boy who was shivering with the cold, despite the girl, restraining her sobs as best she could.

"But if you are not hurt, why are you crying?" said Mary, "because I am mad."

"And what are you mad about?" "I am mad—boohoo!" wept the little girl, "because I can't feel I ain't hurt."

That night Larry's father had a visitor in the person of Mr. Edwards. Before he left to go back to the hotel, Larry was called into the parlor, where they were, and after thanking him heartily for his assistance in finding Ronald, Mr. Edwards took his departure.

After he had gone Mr. Evans turned to Larry and said, "Well Larry how did you and your boy friends make out on that proposition I outlined to you?"

"Well," said Larry with a rueful grin, "I guess it's all off. We had forty-five dollars towards the fifty this morning and could have got the rest easily today, only he decided to go out and hunt for the lost kid."

Added proudly, "I'm glad we did; he probably would have been there yet if we boys had not have found him."

Mr. Evans placed his arm affectionately across his son's shoulder. "I'm proud of you and the boys. You sacrificed your chance of getting together the needed money today, but you know my boy when people sacrifice their ambitions for the sake of helping other people, they usually are repaid when they least expect it."

"Now Mr. Edwards has inquired about you boys wanting a club, and when I told him the proposition that I offered you, he very kindly offered to donate something to get the club started."

He then handed him into his pocket Mr. Evans pulled out a check on a local bank and offered it to Larry.

Larry took the cheque and looked at it. "Why dad?" he exclaimed, "this is for twenty-five dollars, so we get our club after all." With that he began a wild dance around the room.

"There doesn't seem to be any sign of him here fellows," he said as he started to regain his feet.

"Oh is that so. Well we can soon fix that," and Larry pulled his sand-wiches out of his pocket and gave them to the half starved lad, with an injunction for him to sink his teeth into them.

"There does not seem to be any sign of him here fellows," he said as he started to regain his feet.

Several of the boys started on their tramp back to Westmount munching their lunch as it was now well after noon.

Arriving in town they went direct to the Westmount House. Noticing a number of people in front of the hotel they hurried up with jubilant cries of "We've found him." As they approached, a tall spare man detached himself from the crowd and hurried to meet them.

"I am Mr. Edwards boys," he said in an excited voice. "Why haven't you brought him with you?"

In a few moments the eager boys had acquainted him with the safety of his son, and shortly a return party was hurrying back to Ronald's and Larry's assistance.

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## WHERE DAINTY GIRLS PREPARE THE TEA YOU DRINK.

One of the most unusual sights to an American visiting Formosa, is that presented by the girls who pick the tea which later comes to the tea tables of this country. It is said that about 90 per cent. of Formosan clothing is made in the United States.

The rest goes to England, where it is mostly employed in the blending of fine teas.

The girls who serve as tea-pickers are generally very young, because old hands are not able to perform the delicate manipulation of the tea leaves.

Usually are dressed in peacock-blue smocks, their front hair clipped in bangs and with a gay pony stick in the braided knots at the back of their necks. And on each hand there usually is a carefully trimmed finger-nail, a relic of the plays when long nails indicated those who did not work.

When the girls have sorted the leaves after separating them as they should be sorted, the tea is packed by machines for transportation. In other days there were lightning artists, who decorated each chest with a sketch, but today stencils do the trick. Each box is lined with lead to protect its sensitive contents from damage.

As an additional protective measure each lead-lined box is sewn up in red matting.

Before a tea merchant dare contract for space in a ship, he must find out what other cargoes will travel with it, because tea is one of the most sensitive of commodities. For instance, if copra is near tea for any time, the tea is ruined. If by chance anyone on the ship has a contagious disease the ship is fumigated, the tea is ruined.

Besides cooling tea, Formosa produces an artificially scented tea, called Pouding. This is chiefly exported for Chinese consumption in the Philippines and the Straits Settlements. To scent this tea four different kinds of flowers are used. Two varieties of jasmine, one variety of oleander and one of gardenia are employed.

But it is the cooling which comes to us that makes the chief profit. By means of the sea—with the colors which the pretty little tea-pickers of Formosa live, and any posies to entwine in their hair.

The situation that has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by man.—Thomas Carlyle.

## A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

## Puzzles

## Word Square.

1. Small creatures we chat about today.
2. A man who built an ark.
3. Not wild.
4. A building to protect wood.

Two.  
My first is in month, but not in day;  
My second is in hope but not in ray;  
My third is in ant, but not in fly;  
My fourth is in can't but not in try;  
My fifth is in rest, but not in sleep;  
My sixth is in sow, but not in reap;  
My seventh is the centre of end;  
And my whole is the name of a grow-  
ing city in N. B.

Three.  
1. Behold to read and leave a part of the head; 2. Behold an animal and leave a grain; 3. Behold not sick and leave part of a house; 4. Behold to despise and leave to devour; 5. Behold a pair of horses and leave a cooking utensil; 6. Behold not to let go and leave ancient; 7. Behold a female and leave help.

Four.  
The following lines were on a fence:  
Slow Law, Or Warps, I'm Page, Is Torch. By rearranging the letters in each line a bright kiddie spelled the names of four well-known birds. Can you?

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

Word Square.  
LIONS  
TIGLLO  
OLIVE  
NOVEL  
SOELV

## Numbered Word.

CIRCUS.

## Mixed Names.

CLARENCE  
CONSTANCE

## Hidden Square.

HIRE  
IDEA  
REAR  
EARS

## AN UNWITTING GUEST.

There was once a little pixy, and his grandfather and his grandmother—for even pixies have their parents and their grandparents, like all the rest of us—asked him one day to come to tea with them. Well, Master Pixy was very pleased indeed to go. He put on his best hat, which was made of an acorn cup, and started out, and he had not gone far before he met a great big wasp. Now, truth to tell, the Pixy was a little bit afraid of wasps.

"Good-morning!" said the Wasp politely. "Can you tell me where the finest flowers grow round here?"

"Find out for yourself," he huffed wasps, said Pixy rudely, and he ran away.

"So it's like that, is it?" said the Wasp, and thought a bit.

As for the Pixy, he went on to see his grandparents, and after they had talked a little, and the old people had asked about the Pixy's brothers, and his sisters, and his uncles and his aunts, and found out what class at Fairy School Pixy was in, and whether he could weave gossamer, and catch moonbeams, they spread a lovely tea upon a mushroom. There were lots of little fairy cakes, and there was honey in a bowl, which is what Pixies like to eat most of all. Anything else in the world, and Master Pixy sat down gaily, and he rubbed his hands.

But just as he was going to begin his tea, who should come flying overhead but the great big Wasp!

"Aha!" said he, "I can smell honey. And if there isn't that rude little Pixy boy just beginning to eat it. Well, as he wouldn't tell me where the flowers were, I'll help myself to his honey."

Down on to the table came the Wasp, and before any one could stop him he had put his nose, and, indeed, most of himself, into the honey bowl.

"Oh! dearie, dearie, this," said the Pixy's grandmother, "what can we do?"

"I don't know," said Master Pixy, and jumped off his little mushroom stool.

"Ah, but I know," cried the grandfather. "That monster must be killed."

When she heard that, the Pixy's grandmother got up.

"Be careful be careful!" she cried to her husband, "and be sure you do not knock the teapot over, and please don't be rash."

The Pixy boy, he danced about, and he said: "Hit him, grandfather!" But he did not try himself.

He took off his cap—it was a long and strong one, and it had a tassel; he held it up above his head, and he meant to bring it down with all his force upon the Wasp, who still ate honey; and somehow—well, he hit more of the table than the Wasp.

There was a crash and a bang; the table gave way, and over rolled the teapot, and the cups and saucers, and the honey and the cakes, and there wasn't any tea for any one, or even a whole stool left to sit upon.

As for the Wasp, he rose up with honey dripping from his chin.

"I won't stay any longer now," he said, "for I have eaten all I wanted, and enjoyed it very much. Next time I see you, Pixy boy, perhaps you'll be polite." And I don't know what the grandfather and grandmother said to Pixy boy.

—Alice Massie.

## RECORD YEAR FOR FLAGS.

This will be a record year for flags, for not only will the various new countries created by the Peace Treaty hasten to fit themselves out with national emblems, but new flags will also be designed for this country and allied nations, says Pearson's Weekly.

Of these latter two are already in existence. One is the League of Nations Ensign. It has three broad horizontal stripes, the top and bottom being white and the centre blue.

It is really the flag representing the letter "J," in the international language of the sea—with the colors reversed; and the design was selected principally because it clashes in no way with any existing national flag, new flag.

## Uncle Wiggily and Alice's Pies

By Howard R. Garis.

"Uncle Wiggily! Oh, Uncle Wiggily! Where are you going?" quacked Alice Wibble-wobble, the duck girl one morning, as she saw the rabbit gentleman giving his airship a drink of gasoline.

"Oh, I'm just going to take a little ride down to the seashore and back," answered Uncle Wiggily. "Nurse Jane is not feeling very well, and a trip to the shore will do her good."

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily! Will you please bring me back some clam shells from the seashore?" asked Alice.

"I'll bring them!" promised Uncle Wiggily.

"What does Alice want of clam shells?" asked Nurse Jane, answered Mr. Longears.

"On and on the flew in his airship with Nurse Jane, and soon they reached the seashore. There, while the muskrat lady housekeeper breathed the salty air, which made her feel better, Uncle Wiggily gathered clam shells for Alice, and a little later, he and Nurse Jane started back.

Uncle Wiggily had just put his airship in the garage, when he happened to meet Alice walking along, with a covered basket on one wing.

"What have you there?" the bunny asked the duck girl.

"These are the pies I made in the clam shells you brought me," said Alice.

"My! You didn't lose much time," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "Well, speaking of pies, why don't you take some to Grandpa Goosey? I'm sure your pies would help cure his epizootic."

"Oh," quacked Alice with a laugh, "you don't understand, Uncle Wiggily. The pies I have made are made with Grandpa Goosey's fat."

And then, all of a sudden, there was a rustling in the bushes, and out popped the bad old Skeezicks, as thin as a fence rail, but as bad as the Pipsies.

"Did you say there were pies in that basket?" asked the Skeezicks of Uncle Wiggily.

"Yes," answered the bunny. "They are pies that Alice baked, and she is going to take some to Grandpa Goosey and—"

"is not going to take them anywhere!" impolitely interrupted the Skeez. "I am going to take them myself."

Rudely he snatched the basket off Alice's wing. Still more rudely he tore off the white paper napkin. Uncle Wiggily saw some lovely brown pies in the clam shells he had brought from the seashore.

"Oh you pies!" gurgled the Skeez. He took a large bite from one and then he cried: "Oh wow! Oh double wow! Oh what kind of pie is that? Can it be a pie?"

And he held both pies to his mouth, away he ran, not hurting Uncle Wiggily or Alice at all.

"That's funny," said the bunny, "What kind of pies did you make, Alice?"

"They were mud pies!" quacked Alice. "I was going to tell you they were mud pies, and wouldn't you for Grandpa Goosey? I'm sure the Skeezicks burst in on us."

"Oh ho! Mud pies!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "Well, it served him right!"

And if the egg doesn't try to be like Humpty Dumpty, and fall off the wall when it ought to fall into the pie pudding, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Jimmie's Jitney.

## Birthday Greetings

To the kiddies having a birthday during the coming week we wish them a very merry celebration and hope they live to enjoy many more. On our list are the following:

Nelson Kaye, Avonmore.  
Phyllis Barber, Broad St., City.  
Albertine Melancon, Bathurst.  
Marion Hopkins, Bridgetown.  
B. Mason, Carmarthen.

Jack McLean, Bristol, Car. Co.  
Willard Hawkins, by Rail-Que.  
Anna Hayes, Head of Millstream.  
Doris Christie, Moore's Mills.  
Conie Brown, Hamilton, Ont.

Frances Speight, Yarmouth.  
Griffith Bishop, Mecklenburg St.  
Mildred French, Moncton, N. B.  
Nan Coleman, Quispamsis.

Jack McKay, Newswest.  
Walter Goggin, Cohasset Millstream.  
Elsie Howell, Clarendon Sta.  
R. Myles Armstrong, Norton.

## THE PIXIE MARKET.

The Pixies hold their market (at least so some folk say) Under the tents of broken straw.

On any summer's day, At the first streak of morning They are setting out their wares. Then sit awaiting customers.

On paddock-stools for chairs. They've milk-weed, m