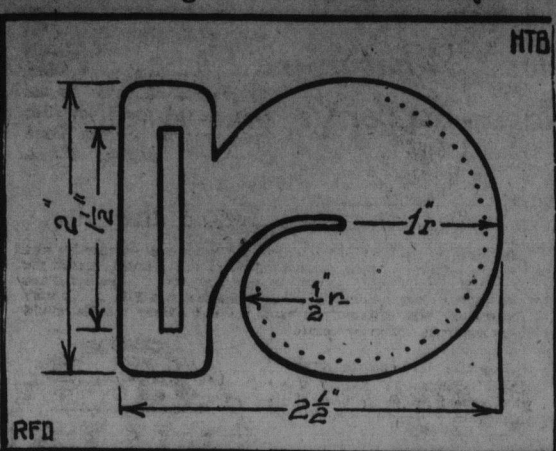


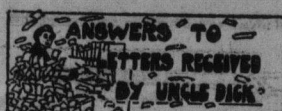
LET YOUR SCHOOL-  
MATE SEE THIS PAGE

Something to Cut out and Make.



A Belt Clasp.

This drawing shows a clasp that may be easily made from a piece of copper, brass or silver. To cut out like this pattern, fasten material to a board. Transfer to it the drawing.



Margaret Hayes, Mt. Pleasant—Glad to have your letter, and hope you will soon decide to join. Call again soon.

Eleanor Mullin, 277 Main Street—Thanks for letter Eleanor. Shall look for more of your work.

Eulah Stuart, Newcastle—No, I was missing them. Glad you are so busy in the club. Yes, you will meet members all over.

Dorothy Niles, Gibson—Now that you have written me, I hope you will often enter the contests.

Wash Cochran, Moncton—You gave a good answer. Write often and address letters to Uncle Dick in future.

Catherine McManus, Gibson—Pleased to have your answer to the contest. Address your next letters to Uncle Dick.

Marjorie Osborne, Fredericton—What a nice letter you wrote, Marjorie. Hope you have a nice party.

Mabel Van Wart, Coldstream—Thanks for the welcome letter, Mabel. Glad you are getting on well at school.

Edith Sheehan, Belle Isle Creek—What a time you have been in writing. Edith. Your letter was neat.

Marjorie Shannon, 4 Wright Street—I was anxious to know how you were, and hope you are none the worse now. Come down this morning.

Myrna Viola Smith, Sussex—You sent in a good essay, Myrna, and the drawing was very clever. I should like to see more of your drawings.

Eather Williams, Gagetown—Very pleased to have your letter Esther. Yes, Geraldine was quite clever.

Edna Reid, E. Florenceville—Thanks for the nice things you wrote about the Corner. You are a neat writer.

Bless Shaw, Revalton—Whilst your drawing was neat, tidy and showed good work, you did not draw it quite correctly in parts. However I like your style.

Gilbert Turner, Aroostook Junction—A big welcome to the Corner, Gilbert, and I hope you will often write me.

Dorothy Turner, Aroostook Jct.—I should like very much to hear more details as to how your brother won the D.C.M., and M.C. Do you get letters?

Nellie Johnston, Loch Lomond Rd.—Thanks for welcome letter, Nellie. I shall wait for more of your work.

Myrtle Mallory, Mount Jole—I was most interested in your letter, and shall always be glad to know how you are getting on, so far away. No long letters never tire me.

Bergina Brennan, 120 Prince St. W. E.—You sent in a very nice drawing Bergina, and I shall look for more of your work.

Norman Brennan, 120 Prince St. W. E.—What a neat writer you are Norman. How old are you?

Eva Whipple, Summer Street—I was very pleased to get your most interesting letter. You did splendidly in the bazaar. Yes, call and see me or write me again soon.

Bernice Somerville, 382 Union St.—So you are glad you joined the Corner. Write me again.

Harold Andrews, 32 Charles St.—Thanks for your letter, Harold.

Margaret Anderson, 389 Union St.—Delighted to have your nice letter, Margaret. You are doing well at school and write neatly.

Harry Farris, Waterborough—A big welcome. Glad you are enjoying the Corner so much.

Fenwick MacDonald, 103 Pitt St.—What a clever little chap you are, Fenwick. Get the names correct.

Nellie Bates, Long Point—Your interesting letter arrived, and you are now a member. Don't forget to enclose usual coupon for the contest.

Edward Bates, Long Point—Very pleased to have you as a member Edward. Write soon again.

Marjorie Scribner, Smith Tower—Glad to have your neatly written letter Marjorie. Yes, can you get others to join?

Leah Frost, Hampton—Yes, certainly Leah. Surely you need no courage to write Uncle Dick, who receives

Cut slit for belt with old chisel or knife. Punch dots. Remove brass from board and cut outline. Make two of these clasps exactly the same size. Hook the two together and bend slightly until they fit flat. Smooth up with files and emery cloth.

Letters from over 3000 kiddies, eh? Greta MacGregor, Smith's Cove—You seem to be enjoying the Corner very much, Greta. Judging by your welcome letter.

Weldon Izzard, 142 Victoria Street—Your writing is good and I shall look for more of your work.

Edwina Wetmore, 142 City Road—I was very pleased to get your letter Edwina.

Charles Perrin, Clarendon Street—That is right and I hope you will often try.

Leo McGoldrick, Fredericton—Although you got the correct names, I am sure you could have written better Leo.

Francis Speight, Welsford—Thanks for your letter, Francis. Why don't you try in the contests more often?

Helen Dobson, Sussex—I had been wondering where you had been. Glad you are so much enjoying the contests.

Ina Green, Moss Glen—Very pleased to get your nice letter, and to have you as a member.

Jack Winter, Fredericton—Very pleased to get your letter and shall look for more of your work.

Greta Wetmore, 142 City Road—Yes I shall look for you. I had a letter from Marjorie.

Betty Hawkins, Fredericton—Hope you have a nice time at the party. You seem to be getting on well at school.

Edna H. O'Neil, Campbellton—Your most interesting letter arrived. Yes, that is the way to become a useful man. Glad you have joined the large Corner.

Ruth Pitt, Reed's Point—Thanks for the good wishes Ruth, also your nice letter.

Gay Riordan, Riordans—I was pleased to get your letter and shall look for more of your work.

Laura Mason, Carleton—That's right, and you have a hearty welcome to our growing Corner.

Beatrice Radmond, 85 Duke St.—You are a nice writer, and I was pleased you wrote me.

Melbourne Hersey, 222 Charlotte St.—You are very welcome to the Corner Melbourne, and I hope you will often write me.

Wilbur Allen Tompkins, E. Florenceville—I have entered your name as a new member, and was pleased to get your letter.

Donald Lowers, 84 Stephen—Did you write me before Donald? Let me know!

Fred Duff, Fairville—How old are you Fred? Please let me know as you have not written me before, I think.

Mary Hoyt, Hampton—I was delighted to get the picture of your brother, and you enclosed in welcome letter, and shall print same soon.

Nellie Lasher, 319 Germain Street—I was pleased to get your letter and to see that you were enjoying the contests.

Alice Tilley, 29 Wellington Row—You are a nice writer Alice, and I was pleased to get your letter.

Joanna Andrews, 71 Metcalfe St.—I am quite pleased you picked that Standard up, and wrote me asking to join. Yes, certainly.

Edna Scott, 253 Brittain Street—You have made a very neat attempt and result will be given next week.

Scott Murphy, Bass River—I am pleased to see that you are enjoying the contests so much Scott.

Lena Slovit, 20 Chapel Street—I was glad you called the other day, Lena, and are finding the Corner so interesting.

Matilda Orr, Jardineville—Very pleased to see you are enjoying the contests so much Matilda.

Dorothy Whittneet, Norton—Yes, of course I miss every matter boy and girl who does not write for some time. You are quite a clever girl Dorothy.

Horton Hetherington, Cody's P. O.—Very pleased to hear from you, but sorry you have been sick.

Johnny Northrup, B. M. Hill—Yes, certainly, only too pleased to have you. Hope you have a successful concert.

Viola Carpenter, Hatfield Point—I think I have spelt your name correct Viola. Delighted you have joined.

Ina McAllan, Cody's—Very pleased

to have you as a member. You seem to be going on well at school.

Marion Pearson, Cyrens—You must be kept busy with your lessons. You will be looking forward to Christmas.

Annie Call, Ford's Mills—I was wondering what was the matter. Thanks for what you say he the Corner. Write again soon, Annie.

Nina Gray, Beechwood—You ask me to write soon, Nina, but I hope you will write me a long letter first.

Amina Noble, Lower Brighton—Why did you not write before? I like all those who read the Corner to write me.

Alma Goodill, Rolling Dam—Very pleased to have you as a member. Alma. Get your sister to join also.

Harriet Vanstone, St. Stephen—You are doing well at school, Harriet. Yes it was some fine. Glad you enjoy the Corner daily.

Jessie Till, Andover—You seem to be enjoying the Corner, Jessie.

Harold Tompkins, Peel—Glad you are entering the contests and like the Corner.

Violet Colpitts, River Glade—Yes, the whole page is for the kiddies. Do you get The Standard also? Let me know.

Elmur Boucher, Bathurst—You tried hard, but just failed. Although your letter was well written, Elmur.

Beatrice Comeau, Little Aldouane—You did a very good drawing Beatrice and I should like to see more of your work.

John Morrissey, Newcastle—What a nice writer you are, John, to be only seven.

Dorothy Lane, 87 Broad Street—Very pleased to have your letter Dorothy, and to see you are enjoying the contests.

Louisa Slovit, 20 Chapel Street—You do neat work Louisa, and I was pleased to see you the other day.

Robina Worth, 268 Germain Street—Always remember to do your best writing in the contests Robina, and then you have a better chance.

Dorothy Stewart, 25 St. James St.—Glad you called the other day, Dorothy. Your work is neat.

Phyllis Barker, 42 Broad Street—Also pleased to see you Phyllis. Your work is likewise most tidy and well done.

Jessie McKel, Long Reach—You may try in the Old Member Contest, Jessie. Thanks for interesting letter. Call next time. Yes, when I get more time.

William Henderson, Hampton—Delighted to have you also that you enjoy The Standard. Write again soon.

Zaidie Gorman, Long Reach—I have been missing your letters, and hope you will not be so long in writing next time.

Clarence Frenette, Pine Rocher—Pleased you are finding the Corner so enjoyable and hope you will often write me.

Louise Murphy, Fairville—Don't forget to enclose the usual coupon next time, Louise.

Wilfred Hooley, Fairville—You are a nice writer, Wilfred, and hope you will write me again soon.

Helen McKay, city—Thanks for your letter, Helen. Your work is very neat.

Gill Edged Paper—Will the sender of a letter on gilt edged paper please give name and address?

Willie Ronan, Newcastle—A big welcome to the Corner, Willie. Write again soon.

Anna Scott, Millerton—Yes, and I am pleased you are enjoying the contests. Write to Uncle Dick next time.

Doreen Turner, 98 St. James St.—I was pleased to see your drawing in the contest entries, and shall look for more of your work.

Gordon Smith, 321 Princess St.—Thanks for your letter, Gordon. Call and see me some time.

Hilda Croft, Chatham—Thanks for what you say about the Corner, Hilda. Your writing is very neat.

Nan Coleman, 240 Duke Street—So you were very pleased with your prize, Nan. Glad you got four new members.

Adrienne Davis, 264 Prince Wm. St.—Glad you called the other day, but sorry you are not able to continue in the Allies Aid, as you did great work in same before.

A large number of letters received too late to be answered in this week's Corner, will receive attention next week.

A RIDDLE.

Question—Why does an old maid always wear cotton gloves?

Answer—Because she has no kids.

Nellie F. Ellis.

Full particulars of two splendid contests will be found in another page of this issue.

Turn to them now, and see if you cannot get one of the valuable prizes



CONDUCTED BY UNCLE DICK.

## BEDTIME STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES

Tommy's Day of Pleasure.

Little Tommy Morgan was a boy who did not know the love of father or mother. His father, who was a sailor, was drowned at sea, soon after Tommy was born, and his mother, who was very delicate, did not live long after that sad event. Tommy was just ten years of age, and had beautiful brown eyes and chestnut hair, which was curly. His face always wore a hungry, longing look. The longing was for something which he could not understand. He felt he was waiting for something which did not come.

Although without parents or relatives he had two friends. These were a kindly old woman with whom he shared a room (to whom he gave the few coppers a day which he either earned or begged) and also a large shaggy brown dog, called Rover. "Granny," (that was Tommy's name for the old woman) loved him as her own child, and strove by chiding day by day to keep the roses in his cheeks, and to give him a clean if shabby, little suit to wear.

Tommy never showed a longing to play with the grimy children who filled the court which he called "home." Granny had a few books which were once given to her by her last mistress, and the boy found more interest in reading these than in joining the shouting, noisy children outside.

One Sunday night, Tommy, who had been by himself in the country to gather a few flowers for Granny, was on his way home, when a sound brought him to a standstill, making the well-dressed people, who were quickly passing into the building from which the sound was coming, turn to look at him.

A large building, which he had heard people call "the cathedral," from which were coming the strains of the organ.

The longing look in Tommy's face disappeared, and a beautiful expression came in its place, but only for a moment. The old look returned, and he leaned against one of the huge stone gate-posts, and gave one great sob, which seemed to come from the very depths of his heart.

"My dear little fellow," said a soft voice. "Whatever is the matter?"

He looked up into the loveliest face he had ever seen. It belonged to one

of the beautifully-garbed ladies who were passing into the cathedral.

"The music, ma'am, it's—it's grand!" he said passionately, "where does it come from, ma'am?"

"Would you like to come in and hear it more clearly?" asked the lady tenderly.

"Oh yes—yes, please!" he said. She took him gently by the hand, and led him into one of the oak pews which were specially covered with red plush for the Bishop's family.

The beautiful lady was none other than the Bishop's youngest daughter, though, of course, Tommy didn't know that.

He had never before been in a church, and the hush and stillness which reigned when the organ stopped, was like a dream to Tommy.

So the time wore on. The voice of the organ enchanted Tommy's ears till he forgot all about the people around him, and he seemed to be lifted up, up, into a world of his own. But it all ended at last, and they were outside again. The lady by his side patted his head, and asked him about his home and gave him a bright new quarter to give to Granny. She also invited him to come again.

He told everything to Granny when he got home, and then hurried off to bed, to lie awake, living over again the happiness he had felt. He longed to be sitting listening once more to that wonderful music in that large building, while the setting sun brought out the rich coloring on the stained glass windows. It seemed to be the very thing he had been waiting for. He must go again as soon as he got the chance.

The following day seemed to go very quickly, and, as he made his way home, his thoughts returned to the previous evening.

It was late in the afternoon, and the sun was glowing red in the west. He would soon be passing the cathedral now. However, he did not pass. He stood looking up the path which led to the door through which he had been taken by the bishop's daughter. A longing to be near the scene of yesterday's happiness prompted him to walk up the path and creep into the cathedral, going in the direction the kind lady had taken him.

(Continued next week.)

Uncle Dick's Chat  
With the Children

My Dear Kiddies:—

As week by week you send in your entries in the different contests, and then wait in some cases in vain to see your name among the prizewinners, does it ever occur to you why you don't manage to get even special mention? Let me tell you boys and girls, if there is one thing I don't like doing, it is going over all the hundreds of attempts in the competitions.

Having to turn down so many of those sent in by the same competitors, contest after contest, it makes me real sad having to disappoint, and yet the reason all lies with yourselves. Whilst some, whether seven years of age or past their twelfth birthday, try their best, and thus carry off the prizes, others of you just send in any result, carelessly done, and then wonder why you are not "lucky."

For instance, kiddies, last Saturday I purposely gave a small extra essay contest, and asked you to solve, and write in your best handwriting the names of three cities, now at war.

Hundreds of entries came in, but oh, how few did their best writing! Carelessness and untidiness sent many to the "W. P. R." (do you know where that was?) The result being that a very young member—just note the age in the prize list—who did their best work, has won the prize.

My dear boys and girls, whether you try in contests or schoolwork, be sure or helping mother, always do your best, and don't let that imp "Carelessness" put his dirty finger-mark on your work.

Did you ever hear about little Bobbie? No? Well, I'll tell you. Little Bobbie's mother put a gate at the top of the stairs, fastening it with a string to prevent the baby from falling down the steps, and told Bobbie always to be sure and fasten it. But Bobbie was very careless, and one morning forgot to do as he had been told, with the result that poor little baby tumbled right down the stairs and broke his leg. Then after the doctor had set the limb in a hard cast, baby had to lie still in the crib for weeks, all because Bobbie was so careless and forgot to fasten the gate. Don't be careless, but thoughtful members of our huge Corner.

By the way, do you think of a good motto for this circle of happy boys and girls? Let me know not later than November 15, and I shall award

a special prize for what, I consider the most suitable, and use. Lots of love and kisses to all my thousands of kiddies.

From your

Uncle Dick

## New Members This Week

Uncle Dick gives a hearty welcome to the following kiddies who have joined the Corner during the past week:

Dorothy Niles, Gibson.  
Ivan Cochran, Moncton.  
Catherine McManus, Gibson.  
Marjorie Osborne, Fredericton.  
Edith Sheehan, Belleisle Creek.  
Esther Williams, Gagetown.  
Edna Reid, E. Florenceville.  
Gilbert Turner, Aroostook.  
Dorothy Turner, 32 Charles St.  
Margaret Anderson, 389 Union St.  
Harry Farris, Waterborough.  
Fenwick MacDonald, 103 Pitt St.  
Nellie Bates, Long Point.  
Edward Bates, Long Point.  
Weldon Izzard, 142 Victoria St.  
Charles Perrin, Clarendon St.  
Leo McGoldrick, Fredericton.  
Betty Hawkins, Fredericton.  
Eddie St. Ange, Campbellton.  
Laura Mason, Carleton.  
Melbourne Hersey, 222 Charlotte St.  
Wilbur A. Tompkins, E. Florenceville.

Joanna Andrews, 71 Metcalfe St.  
Matilda Orr, Jardineville.  
Amina Noble, Lower Brighton.  
Alma Goodill, Rolling Dam.  
Horton Hetherington, Cody's P. O.  
Johnny Northrup, Bon Hill.  
Viola Carpenter, Hatfield Pt.  
Ina McAllan, Cody's.

Jessie Till, Andover.  
Violet Colpitts, River Glade.  
Elmer Boucher, Bathurst.  
William Henderson, Hampton.  
Clarence Frenette, Pine Rocher.  
Louise Murphy, Fairville.  
Wilfred Hooley, Fairville.  
Willie Ronan, Newcastle.  
Hilda Croft, Chatham.  
Mary Harris, 400 Union St.  
Nellie Ellis, 307 Union St.  
Helen Harris, 400 Union St.  
Margaret Anderson, 389 Union St.  
Bernice Somerville, 382 Union St.  
Grace Anderson, 389 Union St.  
Ella Bell, Lower Millstream.  
Nellie Lasher, 319 Germain St.  
Irma Macaulay, 270 Pitt St.

SEVERAL SPLENDID  
PRIZES THIS WEEK

Something to Write About.



The Dairy Maid.

Could you carry a pail on your head as she is doing? Why not? Notice how the cow watches her. Have you ever milked a cow? If you have, you may wish to write a little story about your own experience instead of

this picture. This girl goes out in the pasture every morning at six o'clock.

Uncle Dick will award a nice story book to the sender of the most interesting story about milking a cow, which arrives not later than next Friday morning.

## The Okapi Hunters.

(Continued from last week.)

He struggled fiercely, but it was a hopeless fight from the start.

Outnumbered by twenty to one, it was not long before the two chums were bound securely and marched away. It was evident by the game which hung over most of their shoulders, that the blacks were returning from a hunt.

The captives were marched separately between two guards.

Mark, who was a great linguist, tried again and again to draw his captors into conversation, but his efforts were fruitless. For some hours the savages proceeded along the bank of the river. Then they came to a spot where a large tributary entered, running completely athwart their path.

Mark wondered how they were going to cross, for the stream was evidently deep, and seemingly they had no canoes. However, the savages did not attempt to cross; their course lay along the tributary.

As they followed the stream, the nature of the country began to change. Instead of being flat and marshy, it grew steep and hilly, covered only with grass and stunted bushes.

Mark and Huntley were both fatigued. Their arms were numb and aching, for the ropes of twisted creepers cut cruelly into their flesh.

The sun was sinking when they came at last upon the savages' village.

Mark looked around. A mile or so to the west rose a great, cone-shaped hill, from the summit of which a thin wisp of vapor ascended. It was a volcano. But Mark was too tired to take much notice of it. Indeed, so absolutely worn out was he that when he and Huntley were led up to a rickety, evil-smelling hut he entered gladly, and, flinging himself down, was fast asleep in a few minutes.

Mark awoke during that night with a start. His arms were still bound behind his back and aching horribly.

A great noise had aroused him, the beating of tom-toms and the shouting of men.

A lurid red glare shone through the entrance to the hut, evidently from some large fire.

Mark's thoughts turned to his comrades; he pushed his foot out to arouse him. But he touched nothing except the hard floor of the hut. A cold chill ran through him. Was he alone?

"Bob!" he whispered huskily.

"Bob!"

No answer came from out of the blackness.

Mark swung himself round at all angles and thrust his feet out in every direction, but no Bob was there.

"Where on earth can he be?"

With this query he struggled, and managed to worm his way to the door, and thrust his head out.

It was a wild scene that he beheld. Outlined plainly in the glare of two large fires, a whole horde of savages, plastered lavishly with paint, made a weird picture. Some beat lustily upon tom-toms, while others danced and capered around the fires, slancing spears upon shields and creating a terrific din.

(Continued next week.)

## Birthday Greetings

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

Lena Slovit, 20 Chapel St.  
Eileen Davis, 264 Prince Wm. St.  
Marie Cortright, 70 Queen St.  
Florence Gale, Young's Cove.  
Lena Jones, Hillsboro.  
Idora Jones, Cody's P. O.  
Phyllis Carson, Public Landing.  
Edna Jardine, Newcastle.  
Mary Lusher, Hillsboro.  
Doris Duxey, 2