

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Welcome to the Page, one and all. -

We, adults, have learned not to snub any boy because we do not know what he may become in manhood. -

Do not snub a boy:

because he is physically disabled. Milton, the poet, was blind;

because his home is plain. Lincoln's early home was a log cabin;

because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare's father could not write his own name;

because he wears shabby clothes. Edison, the inventor of the gramophone, wore a pair of yellowish linen trousers in the dead of winter;

because he chooses a humble trade. Bunyan, the author of Pilgrim's Progress, was a tinker;

because he is not a quick learner at his books. Winston Churchill was a slow learner; also Hogarth the famous painter and engraver;

because he stutters. Demosthenes, the great Grecian orator, overcame a harsh and stammering voice. King George VI had an impediment in his speech.

Do not snub anyone. Not only because they may some day outstrip you, but because it is not kind or right. Anon.

Young people, you are revered by the adults and want the best for you. You have some work to do to study the life of each man mentioned above. They each had a humble beginning but climbed the ladder to the top and became useful to the world.

A short Story by Dean Green (what grade? what school)

One day I found a quarter on the street by a candy store. I went into the store and someone else was in there. He was ordering a bag of chips and a Pepsi. When the clerk charged him a quarter, he reached in his pants-pocket but couldn't find his money. He said, "I must have dropped it."

I ordered the same things and paid the clerk the quarter I had found. The boy said, "That's my quarter." When I got my chips and pop, he followed me. I walked along a stream. He tried to get my pop but I pulled it toward me. He fell in the stream and his quarter fell out of his shirt pocket.

Thank you, Dean, for your story which is well-written - but you forgot to tell us that you did not laugh at the boy's misfortune, instead, you helped him out of the water, took him back to the store to give him a chance to buy something to eat while he was drying. Good boy!.

Health - Care of the Long Hair

We take the very finest care
Of our black or brown or yellow hair.

We comb and brush and wash it too
That's what all good Juniors ought to do.

Feeding the Birds (M. G. Burger)

"Oh, goody," cried a little bird
Who found some grains of wheat,
"On such a day I didn't think
I'd find a thing to eat!"

Now other birds flew down and soon
They'd eaten everything.
Then up into the tree they went,
Where each began to sing.

"For snow lies deep upon the ground
And limbs are glazed with ice,
To find a meal spread out for me
Is wonderfully nice."

And Bob and Betty watching them
Beside the window, heard
And were so glad they'd spread the wheat
For every hungry bird.

Here, Juniors, is a wonderful story of a wonderful man, an Inspector whom I knew. His name was Mr. Russell Reid. He lived on Erie Avenue in Brantford. He was the principal of a city school there for some years and later became the Inspector of all the elementary city schools. Everyone who knew him, loved him, especially the teachers. He had a jovial nature, in fact I have never seen him without a smile on his face. He loved to work harmoniously with every one.

One day, he suddenly became ill and had to retire but he found an employment which was more rewarding than being an Inspector. He fed birds and squirrels. He actually spent twelve to eighteen dollars a week for feed. All kinds of colourful birds and squirrels fared sumptuously at his back yard and door. They loved him also.

He has now gone to the "Great Beyond." He is greatly missed by people, birds and squirrels. May the "Loving Master" richly reward him for his kindness to God's birds and animals.

The late Mr. Reid also had a military record. He served as an outstanding officer in both world wars and was the first one in the city of Brantford to receive an award of a Centennial Medal for his contributions to the "Welfare of Canada." Ed. C.P.