

CHILDREN'S HOURS for the WEEK

SUNDAY.

- 1YA: Children's song service.
2YA: Uncle William and the choir from the Brooklyn Baptist Sunday school.
3YA: Pastor Stuart Stevens and the children from the Beckenham Church of Christ Sunday school.
4YA: Big Brother Bill.

MONDAY.

- 1YA: Conducted by Uncle Rex.
2YA: Conducted by Andy Man.
3YA: Cousins Clay and Jack.
4YA: Conducted by Aunt Sheila.

TUESDAY.

- 1YA: Conducted by Uncle Dave.
2YA: Conducted by Jumbo and Jumna.
3YA: Aunt Pat and the Stamp Man.
4YA: Conducted by Aunt Leonore.

WEDNESDAY.

- 1YA: Conducted by Peter.
2YA: Conducted by Uncle Campbell.
3YA: Conducted by Uncle Alan.
4YA: Conducted by the Travel Man.
4ZB: 6.30 p.m.: Smile Family in music, song and verse.

THURSDAY.

- 1YA: Conducted by Aunt Dorothea.
2YA: Conducted by Aunt Molly.
3YA: Conducted by Skipper.
4YA: Conducted by Big Brother Bill.

FRIDAY.

- 1YA: Conducted by Aunt Jean and Nod.
2YA: Conducted by Aunt Molly.
3YA: Conducted by Jock.
4YA: Conducted by Big Brother Bill and Mr. Aero Man.

SATURDAY.

- 1YA: Conducted by Cinderella.
2YA: Conducted by Uncle Jasper.
3YA: Conducted by Mr. Riddleman.
4YA: Conducted by Aunt Anita and Cousin Molly.

A LABOURER asked a builder's foreman for work.

"You don't look fit for really hard labour," remarked the foreman.

"Well, some of the best judges in the country have said I am," replied the labourer.

A PAGE FOR RADIOBEAMS

THE GARDENING FILM

BRUCE climbed up to the top of the garden wall and on the other side he saw their neighbour, old Mr. Spear, busily at work below.

"Hullo!" he called. "Look how I can balance on this wall!"

Mr. Spear looked rather hot and tired. "Hullo, Bruce!" he said. "Very good balance! Got anything to do?"

"Not specially," answered Bruce.

"Well, be a good chap and come and help me with this planting-out. Kit promised to be back in time to help, but of course he hasn't showed up—gone off taking more of his precious photos, I suppose." (Kit was Mr. Spear's big nephew.)

Bruce wasn't very pleased at the old gentleman's request, as he'd climbed up the wall partly because he thought Mummy might ask him to help her to do some gardening! Still, he couldn't refuse.

"I want you to fetch that box of plants of plants on the path," said Mr. Spear. "And will you first fetch my trowel?"

There was a great deal of running about and fetching and carrying to do, and poor Bruce began to wish he'd never climbed over the wall. Suddenly he heard a chuckle, and looking round he saw Kit standing behind them with his camera.

"You two are going it!" he laughed.

"Well, Kit," said his uncle, "I thought you were coming back to help me?"

"I'm sorry," smiled Kit. "but you can't have missed me with Bruce doing 90 miles an hour. I got a jolly good shot, too." he ended, patting his camera.

Mr. Spear said. "Well, come and help now. Bruce has done his share."

And Bruce, who thought so too, disappeared over his side of the wall.

Next week Mr. Spear asked Bruce to tea with him. There were several other boys there, and after tea they went into the study, where Kit gave them a show of films taken with his cine-camera. They were great fun.

"And now," said Kit. "here is a film showing two famous gardeners hard at work!"

And there on the screen Bruce saw himself, and Mr. Spear as they had worked at the garden that afternoon.

It was a joke to see what he looked like when he couldn't see himself. He ran home to Mummy in great excitement.

"Mummy!" he shouted. "Kit's taken a real film of me helping Mr. Spear. You can see me running about and carrying things. He says you must come and see it too!"

CATCH YOUR FRIENDS!

PLACE a halfpenny on a sheet of notepaper, draw round the outline with a pencil, and then carefully cut out a hole. The problem is to pass a penny through this hole without tearing the paper.

Most people will think that it is quite impossible to put the larger coin through the space of the smaller one, but there is a way of doing it. Fold the paper across the middle of the hole. Now place the penny within the folded paper so that part of it projects through the hole. Now, with a little gentle coaxing, you will be able to pull the coin right through without tearing the paper.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE.

MR. JONES, the businessman, sacked the nightwatchman because he should not have been sleeping during the night when he was supposed to be guarding the building.

SNAKE POISON

SOME poisonous snakes can bite without poisoning and some cannot. The way that poisonous snakes use their fangs to inject poison is one of the most wonderful things in Nature, and in the case of some of them—for instance, the common adder or viper, which lives all over Great Britain—this poison fang and its venom are only used as a means of self-defence, or for getting food.

But the adder as a rule does not use its poison fang when it bites the animal on which it feeds, and so it has a very curious arrangement, by means of which these fangs are laid flat back in the roof of the mouth out of the way of the ordinary teeth which are used for feeding. Thus the adder can use one or other sets of teeth just as it likes when it wishes to kill its foe, and it can tuck its fangs securely out of the way and use its ordinary teeth when it wishes to swallow food. In some of the other poisonous snakes the fangs are fixed, and cannot be used in this way.

Let's Laugh

BILL had been to a party the day before, and his school chum asked him if he had had a good time.

"I should say so," replied Bill; "why, I'm not hungry yet."

IT happened at the home of our old friend the absent-minded professor.

"What a pity," said his wife. "Your best hat has been run over by a motor-car!"

"Yes?" he inquired. "And was I wearing it?"

OPTIMIST: Do you ever stop to reflect on your missed opportunities?

Pessimist: No; it would be just my luck to miss more while I was reflecting.

THEY had returned from a camping and fishing holiday.

"Did you fish with flies," asked a friend.

"Rather!" replied the boys. "Camped with them, ate with them and slept with them as well."

FATHER was examining the report which came from the boarding school with Jack at the end of last term.

"English poor, maths poor, French very weak," he read aloud, as Jack stood by.

"It is not as good as it might be, Dad, I admit," said Jack. "but read on."

And on the very next line Father read, "Health excellent."