

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

The King and the Woodcutter's Son

THIS is the story of a brave little boy who faced his King without fear and dared to stand up for what his parents had taught him was right and honest. It also tells of a King who turns out, after all, to be a good, kind ruler. It seems a pity—almost—that it is just a make-believe story, doesn't it? But then, you know, there was nothing "make-believe" about the honesty and manliness of the lad or the nobility of the King, as you share for yourself, presently, if you read on.

Nowadays, many a little boy and girl finds himself in a situation quite similar to that of the small hero of this tale—for honesty and loyalty are two qualities as old as—no, older than—the hills.

Once upon a time in the long, long ago, there lived a mighty King. His name was Bountiful but, alas, he was bountiful only toward himself and his favorite courtiers. His palaces and his jewels were the envy of every monarch within leagues and leagues of him; and he had a carriage and a horse and a retinue of courtiers and a host of favorites and scattered money so lavishly that his extravagance was the wonder of all who heard of it. In order to satisfy his cravings for this display and prodigality he taxed and ground down the poor people of his kingdom until they had not enough food to keep soul and body together.

But King Bountiful was not a happy man. He listened to and feasted upon the flattery of his courtiers who were always telling him what a great and good king he was and how all the people of his domain loved him honestly and rejoiced to do his bidding.

But every now and then, he would detect first this courtier, then another, in a deception or—all too frequently for his peace of mind—actually plotting to overthrow him and seize the throne. Finally, King Bountiful became so suspicious that he knew not whom to trust or whom to believe was really a loyal subject.

On the outskirts of the immense forest which the King set apart as his game preserve lived a poor woodcutter, his old, shrunken wife and their young son Felix. None of the woodcutters was as poor as anyone in the whole of the vast kingdom. His home was a crude hut, built of rough-hewn logs, and his only way of earning a living was to carry bundles of wood into the nearby town and sell them for a mere pittance.

You would imagine, wouldn't you, that he would have had no trouble in gathering sticks of wood? And he would not have, either, had he been able to cross the field and enter the vast wood reserved for the King. But the penalty for gathering wood in that forest or, for even trespassing there, was immediate death. So the woodcutter and the other poor people kept away from the King's forest and gathered up a few sticks and branches they could find elsewhere.

It did seem to them, just as it does to you, unfair and tyrannical for the King to forbid them to enter his forest—especially since he himself came there not more than a dozen times a year and the poor peasants would have been, oh, so careful not to cut down any tree or break off branches. But King Bountiful, of course, could not see the matter in such a light.

One cold, dreary winter afternoon, after a heavy rain, Little Felix was in the broad field, along the edge of the wood, gathering what few sticks he could find. Every now and then he would look longingly toward the King's forest, where wood lay so plentifully all over the ground.

Many times had he thought how

fine it would be to gather great, heaping bundles of wood—there and then sell them in the town, where wood was scarce and people were eager to buy. But no, that could not be. The woods was the King's.

Presently Felix looked up from



"Lad," he said, "I am drenched to the skin."

The stranger, apparently in a great rage, seized Felix by the shoulder. "Come, lad, no more of this nonsense. I am—I am a friend of the King's—and I know he will not punish you for building me a fire. Hurry! Do you not see how I shiver?"

But still Felix refused. "If that be so," he said, "then do you go and fetch the wood yourself. Only, you

fire—as we ourselves do so often."

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But still Felix refused. "If that be so," he said, "then do you go and fetch the wood yourself. Only, you

gathered the sticks and saw a man coming toward him across the field. The stranger waved at him in friendly fashion and, walking slowly along and evidently with great difficulty, he came up to him.

"Lad," he said in a weak voice and through chattering teeth, "I am drenched to the skin. Is yonder hut your home? I fear would enter and dry myself."

"Prishee come within," replied Felix, gathering up the few scant sticks he had collected. "My father and my mother are both out in another direction looking for wood—but when they return they will bid you welcome to a part of the crust of bread we have for dinner. 'Twas a heavy fall of rain indeed, and your garments are wet through."

As they entered the hut the stranger breathed a sigh of relief and began to divest himself of his drenched attire.

"Come, lad," he said, "build me a fire by the chimney so I may the better warm myself and dry my clothes."

So Felix selected the best of the sticks from his scant bundle and sought to set fire to them. Over and over he tried; but they were all too damp from the morning's rain. So he told the stranger that he could not make them burn.

"Zounds!" exclaimed the guest. "Is that the only wood you have? Go across the field and into the forest; there, among the thick undergrowth, you will find many sticks that are but slightly wet. Be quick, lad, be quick! I am fairly numb with the cold!"

Felix regarded him a moment sorrowfully. "I fain would do as you say," he made answer, "but the wood is the King's and all are forbidden to enter there and gather or cut wood."

"The King's? Hump! What if it is?" exclaimed the stranger irritably. "Shall I be cold because King Bountiful commands? Listen, lad, do as I tell you. None will see you—and the

behold—it was the stranger! Also, it was—the King!

"Sire! Sire!" gasped the poor boy.

The King laughed. He reached down from his horse, caught Felix under the arm and lifted him up beside him.

"Better than that, lad," he laughed, "we will both go and gather wood from King Bountiful's forest for our fire—that all may know that hereafter the King no longer forbids his people gathering faggots and sticks there; provided they break not the branches nor injure the trees." And then turning to his courtiers, "This is the lad of whom I told you. I would that I could be as certain of the loyalty of every one as I am of his. 'Tis well I wander about my kingdom in disguise now and then, for I learn things you are afraid to tell me! Hereafter, the King's wood is free and open to all. I so decree it!"

And then, smiling at the embarrassed Felix, he added:

"Lad, I like you much. On the morrow I shall send my servants and you and your worthy father and mother shall come to the palace and be my woodcutters. Such loyalty merits a reward and—turning again to his courtiers with a laugh, "woodcutter to the King!—what think you of the new honor?"

NO MORE LICKIN'S!

FATHER was sitting by the living-room table reading the evening paper and, now and then, reading an item or so aloud so that Mother, who sat sewing across from him, might also hear the news of the day.

"Well, well, Ma!" he said presently. "I see that the fishermen along the Maine coast have gone out of the whaling business entirely."

"Gee!" put in little Johnny, who was sitting at one end of the table making a pretense of studying his lessons. "Gee, Pop, but I wish you was a fisherman!"

A CHILD MARKET.

THE children of the poor are yearly sold at auction to the highest bidder, at Ravensburg, in the Tyrol. In the child market held there, the boys and girls bringing only a few shillings in most cases. These children are taken away by those who buy them, to do hard work, the boys being used for agricultural purposes

and the girls for domestic work. If, as sometimes happens, a buyer can not decide between two boys, he makes the two fight and gives his money for the winner.

My Horsey



I've got the nicest horsey 'at ever you did see, He carries me so easy up an down; I jes' get on a-straddle of my big papa's knee An' make believe I'm ridin' round the town.

cannot bring it into this hut, for then I and my parents would be sharing in the heat from it. No, sir, the King's command must be obeyed."

At that, the stranger smiled to himself quietly and gazed steadily at the wall for a moment. Then he walked over to Felix and placed his hand gently upon his shoulder.

"Hearken, lad," he said in kindly tone, "you need have no fear—I am the King! And surely I can do what I will with my own! Go! I command you—go!"

But still Felix shook his head.

"No," he replied slowly, "no. The King you may be—but if so, I know you not. You certainly come not dressed as King Bountiful. I fear you are but deceiving me in order that I may—"

Just then the door of the hut was flung open and in came the woodcutter and his wife. Their arms were full of faggots which they had been fortunate enough to find lying within a cave at a great distance from the hut.

So, since they were dry, a fire was soon blazing away on the hearth and the stranger's teeth ceased to chatter. A whole lot of his clothes thoroughly dry, he pressed a coin upon the poor woodcutter and bade them adieu.

Two days later, Felix was scouring the field for sticks when a gay cavalcade swung into view through the arched aisles of the King's woods. At its head rode a richly attired man seated upon a magnificent charger. It was King Bountiful. Straightway, Felix fell upon his knees, as became a poor peasant. But eagerly his searching eye sought the King, for it was considered a rare bit of good fortune to gaze upon him.

On and on came the cavalcade; and presently, to Felix's amazement, they emerged from the wood and came across the field. Even though kneeling, he felt cold all over. His eyes he kept steadfastly downcast.

Nearer and nearer came the riders until, it seemed, they must surely ride right over his head. Then, suddenly, the leader stopped.

"Ho, lad," said he in a voice that was both kindly and familiar, "I am not drenched this time, but I desire that you enter yonder wood and return with an armful of faggots. I bid you build me a fire within your hut."

Felix looked up, all a-tremble, and

The Little Girl Who Lost Her Temper

I WON'T put it on. I won't! I won't!" screamed Little Girl, stamping her foot angrily. "I just hate that horrid old dress."

All the dolls in the nursery looked very much shocked at this display of temper and the Teddybear said right

person; I thought it was something inside of you."

"You'll be the death of me yet," continued Temper. "The others give me a little peace—but not you."

"Why Temper?" said Little Girl.

per came to her like a flash, and she threw herself on the bed, sobbing bitterly.

"There, I promised I'd be especially careful on rainy days and—and I've brought him out this morning and his rheumatism will be worse."

Later on in the day Little Girl slipped out of the house and went in search of Temper.

She asked everybody she met, but nobody could tell her where he lived. At last she came to an old hut where she stopped and knocked timidly on the door. "Come in," said a weak voice which Little Girl recognized as Temper's.

She found him lying on the bed gasping for breath.

"Ah, Little Girl, you very nearly did for me that time," he said feebly.

"Dear, dear Temper," said Little Girl, throwing herself beside the bed, "please get better and I'll try to remember."

"Did you forget so soon?" asked Temper sadly, then as she hung her head in shame he said, "Bring me that rose, my dear." As she handed it to him he said:

"I picked this off the Tree of Memory, and the person who wears it never forgets. Take it dear," he said, handing it to Little Girl. "It will help you to remember but you must not keep it very long, as I have a number of other children waiting for it."

So Little Girl went home with the rose, and it helped her so much that in a few days she returned it to Temper.

"Ha! Ha!" chuckled he genially as she handed it to him. "You didn't give me much trouble last week, Little Girl. Why I am positively getting fat with so little exercise."

"Yes, you are fatter," said Little Girl, eyeing him critically. "And you're ever so much younger looking."

"I feel younger," answered Temper, or feel so glad I could dance with you. There is one little boy, however, causing me a little trouble. Whenever it's time to go to bed he at once flies into a rage, but once I get hold of him and explain matters just as I did to you, my dear, I think he will be better."

"Oh! My sure he will," answered Little Girl. "Well, I must go home now. Goodbye, Temper, goodbye."

"Goodbye Little Girl," said Temper, shaking her hand heartily, and as a last word of parting he said "Remember!"

"Why how can you say that? I never saw you before in all my life," she softly (she really wasn't such a bad little girl after all) "I'm so sorry."

"Will try not to send for me so often," asked Temper eagerly. "Especially rainy days, because the damp sets in my joints and gives me rheumatism."

Little Girl readily gave the promise, and they parted good friends.

When she arrived home nurse was waiting at the door for her and at once proceeded to give her a sound scolding for running away.

Instead of flying into a rage as she usually did, Little Girl said meekly: "I'm sorry, nurse, and went upstairs, leaving that person looking

The Young Photographer

He mounts a piece of stovepipe on a soap box turned on end. And then to take a picture he seriously pretends: His coat's the cloth for focusing which covers up his head. And where he lacks a shutter there's an old tin plate instead.

He sets his little sister in a broken wicker chair, And chooses her position with the most excessive care; "Look pleasant, please," he orders, then he fools with his "machine" And tells her that the picture will be the best yet seen.

He photographs each blessed thing that he can get to sit. And plays at taking pictures till you think he'll never quit; Each dog and cat within a mile has many times been done. And though he shows no pictures, still it doesn't spoil his fun.

But since he seems determined to become a photo-man, We will help his young ambition in whatever way we can. And so on his next birthday we will purchase for his sake A proper kind of camera that will real pictures take.

very much astonished.

The first thing she did was to rush to the nursery and ask Teddy Bear's pardon for the way she treated him. Of course, Teddy Bear was only too glad to forgive the little mistress. Then all the boys shouted "We're so glad you came back Little Girl, because we missed you terribly," which Little Girl thought was very sweet of them after the horrid way she had acted.

The next morning the rain was coming down in torrents and it made Little Girl cross because her mother had promised to take her "walking" that day, and of course now that it was raining they wouldn't be able to go.

So when nurse arrived to comb her charge's hair she found a very pouting little girl indeed.

"Come! Come missy. 'Tis time you were dressed," she said sharply. And—well, I think nurse was feeling a little cross herself that morning, because she pulled hold of Little Girl's arm in a way which that young person resented very much, for she shouted angrily: "Go away. Go away. You won't comb my hair, I—I—hate you!"

A few minutes later, when her rage had passed away, the memory of Tem-

Our Puzzle Corner



Ding, dong bell, Pussy's in the well. Who put her in? Little Tommy Green. Who pulled her out? Little Tammy Trou. What a naughty boy was that.

It was King Bountiful. Straightway, Felix fell upon his knees, as became a poor peasant. But eagerly his searching eye sought the King, for it was considered a rare bit of good fortune to gaze upon him.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of fourteen letters. My 5, 7, 12, 14 is what you smell when you open a tin of mackerel. My 2, 1 is a conjunction. My 9, 13, 8 is the core of an ear of corn. My 4, 6 is to exist. My 10, 11, 8 is to go quickly. My whole is the name of a famous book of adventures.

RIDDLE.

I have the largest vocabulary ever known but I can't speak a word. Persons turn to me for knowledge of words and though I never answer them they always get what they want from me. In me are "eyes," "nose,"

The Best Medicine



If you suppose when I am sick And out I scamper through the wood My mother gives me bitter drugs, To have a jolly fresh air tramp. You're wrong; she has a better trick Of giving me eleven hugs. For air and light make flowers grow And feed the grass and shrubs and trees. And kisses and my sweater hood So it will make me well you know. And rubber boots if it is dapp, For I am brother to all these.

CRITICAL W... FOR HO...

Liberals Are Gre... Outcome—A B... Fought Out—Aberdeen.

(Canadian Press Despatch)

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—A cable from the Tribune from London says: "Another week of exceptional interest in Irish politics has begun. It will be marked by several speeches of importance and will close with the Reading election. Liberals both there and the party headquarters in London betray the utmost anxiety as to the result."

This evening Arthur J. Balfour, one of the Scottish campaign against Home Rule at Aberdeen. By common consent he was the greatest of the secretaries for Ireland for the last half century and he possesses the historical sense more than any living statesman. Special significance also attached to the meeting of Ulster businessmen at Belfast to-morrow, at which Sir Edward Carson will speak. All the chief towns and districts of Ulster will be represented, but only by the chief employers of labor.

Austen Chamberlain speaks tomorrow at Llanelli and E. F. Smith, Stafford.

Nearly all the Cabinet Ministers will be reassembled in London this week at the opportunity is, therefore, ripe for that free and frank interchange of views on the Irish situation, invited by Premier Asquith and commanded by Mr. Bonar Law. That any definite development will take place immediately, however, is extremely doubtful, though it is known that the

Around the Municip...

Hydro Commission Will Work on C...

At the next meeting of the Council a by-law will be introduced regarding the election of the commission to look after Hydro Electric matters in this city. It has not been definitely settled as to the number of commissioners to be elected, and another meeting of the fire and hydro committee will be held this week, arrive at a conclusion in the matter. There is a statutory choice of three or five commissioners. The Mayor is an ex-officio member in either case. There is some chance of a commission of five being chosen, which would necessitate the election of two members. In the meantime construction work is reported to be making good progress and Hydro will likely be turned on in Brantford in January.

The construction of the Hyde & protea Brantford warren, property will be completed today.

Wall Collapsed—Nobody Hurt

A wall in the new core room of the American Radiator Company collapsed on Saturday afternoon, and a loss of life might have resulted from the collapse. The wall was a new one put in a year ago when the company extended its facilities. It crumpled up and buried a gas engine, and it was fortunate that no employees were in the immediate vicinity at the time. The cause is said to have been due to a pile of moulding sand, the weight of which caused the collapse.

SPLENDID SERVICES

Are Being Conducted at the Park Baptist Church by Rev. Dr. Troy.

The services at Park Baptist church last evening which were attended by a congregation which packed the big edifice, was very inspiring. Rev. Dr. Troy had a message to deliver and he did it in a very inspiring way. "Does it pay to be a Christian?" was the subject and the speaker appealed to his audience in a striking manner. The music last evening was very beautiful. A choir of 46 voices was led by Mr. Corbett and solos by Messrs. E. Roberts and Cox enhanced the beauty of the service. To-night the Alexandra Park church choir will join, making a galaxy of 80 voices. Mrs. Bart will be the soloist.