

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Weekly Chat

Answers To Letters

Dear Boys and Girls—

New that the crowd of going back to school is over and you are really started. I suppose it almost seems as if you have missed a day all summer, except, perhaps for some new features—such as the change of school room, a new teacher, some new pupils or various other differences—the school is the same old thing after all. The first week is always rather unsettled until you get adjusted to the new conditions, but by the second week work begins in earnest and after the long break caused by the "flu" last fall you should learn a lesson and prepare to work well from the start, so that if a hanging occurs from any cause whatever, you will know that your time was not wasted. In other words, make hay while the sun shines. Speaking of waste, we are all going to school in a new sense since the war broke out and are learning each day new lessons for saving of waste. It seems strange that people did not think it necessary to save the waste until a war forced the lessons upon them. I have heard of a huge grain establishment which had received carloads of frozen, mildew, lighted grain, of oats and grain mixed, and even dirt mixed in. This, a few years ago would have been immediately discarded and thrown out as entirely unfit, but not so today. It was being unloaded and treated in various ways, so that every bit was saved for some purpose. Even the "tailings" that looked as useless as sand were to be utilized for cattle food. The place was more like a hospital with its many shaking sleeves, each with a different mesh, used to separate the stray grains of barley and oats from the wheat. In fact, nearly every bit of what appeared useless was found possible to utilize and thus save a great waste.

Now wasn't that a wonderful lesson to learn even if it took a war to teach it? And so it is with a great many big and little things, there are many lessons of economy, necessitated by war being demonstrated all about us. Many of our soldier boys have come home with many ideas changed in regard to what they used to consider absolute necessities. One of them when writing some of his experiences said: "We are finding that formerly considered 'necessities' are not necessities; that physical comforts are not things of utmost importance; that trivial things are, after all, trivial. This does not mean that we don't kick long and loudly at poor grub and leaky roofs and bumpy beds. Of course we do. We have by no means lost our appreciation of a pair of socks or of china dishes and of napkins. But we have learned, I think, to call non-essentials non-essential, and to make a sharper distinction between them and essentials."

Even learning these lessons about the physical comforts, necessities, etc., will help those returned heroes to apply their ideas to the saving of waste in the material things as well. So you school workers, here is your chance, do not with grain or other material things, something which is far more important to you at your age is your time. It just lasts so long, and is as valuable to you as the grain will be, which was saved for the various purposes. Let this be a banner year in your school life and do the very best you can is the sincere wish from one who is always interested in your welfare.

UNCLE DICK

Birthday Greetings

To the following boys and girls whose birthdays fall within the coming week, we extend hearty good wishes:

Ann, Scaplen, Carmichael St.
Roy W. McKel, Brown's Flat.
Mildred Brennan, Mecklenburg St.
Pearl Kilpatrick, Glen Titas.
Harold Mallory, Pitt St.
C. A. Goldman, Lombard St.
John P. Leyden, Gosport.
Evelyn Peppers, Centerville.
Norton B. Smith, Harvey.
Robert Murphy, West Glassville.
Edmund Wilson, Queen St. West.
Glad Good, Bertha.
Evelyn J. Wood, Macdonald St.
Helen Christian, Brockington St.
Frances Gesner, Belleisle, N. S.
Jesse McKel, Long Reach.
Glad Marshall, Glen Titas.
Eileen McAllister, Pausinac.
Mildred Schofield, A. Zimmore.
Ruby Ponce, Oromocto.
John Anderson, Waterloo St.
Leola Everett, North Devon.

SCISSORS CROSSED OR ELSE UNCROSSED

A simple catch name is as follows: It is best if two of the company know how to play it. One of the two is the leader and the other helps him out.

The leaders hands a crossed pair of scissors to his accomplice, who takes it and says: "I received these scissors uncrossed and I give them crossed." (Opening the scissors as he speaks.) He passes them to the player on his right who should say: "I receive these scissors crossed and I give them uncrossed." (If they are left open: If closed, they are uncrossed.) Those who do not know the game receive the scissors, pass them, and say what they think they ought. It may be just what the player before said, but the condition of the scissors may not be the same, and, therefore, it is not right.

Thus each one has a turn, and the game continues until some bright player notices that the scissors are called crossed when they are open and uncrossed when they are closed. Also that the player who knows the game crossed his feet if the scissors were crossed, and if not, his feet were uncrossed, or resting on the floor as usual.

Thus the object of the game is to change the words and position of the feet in accordance with the position of the scissors.

"What broke off your engagement?" "Oh, nothing. His two weeks were up and he had to go back to the city."—Kansas City Journal.

BLAZARETH L.—So glad you did not forget the C. O. entirely. After a pleasant summer work and I know you will make up for all the time you lost last term. Write again.

LESLIE R.—Your letter was a little bit too late to be answered in last week's page. I am sure you had a fine camping trip and hope you will have lots of such outings as I know most of fellows enjoy them as well as benefit from them.

HELEN W.—What a busy little girl you have been and such a help too. I am sure. I just envy you feeding those chickens all summer, for they are such hungry mites that it is quite a satisfaction to feed them. I think and they sound as if they were chuckling many thank you while they graze the food.

JACK R.—Such a nice letter you sent Jack and I was indeed pleased to hear from you. So you are among the group that feel as if the holidays only lasted three weeks, well, they must have been happy days when the time went by so quickly.

RALPH M.—Sorry to hear of your little accident and trust you are all right by this time. Think of the "might have been" and be thankful. Are you following the new story for boys on our page. It will not be very long. Always enjoy hearing from you.

DOROTHY F.—So you are really alive, after such a long silence it was good to get word from you again. Thanks for the words of encouragement. I hope you will always find the page interesting. How about improving in penmanship this school term.

BRENEST T.—You certainly proven to be a kind friend to your "kitten" when you saved her from that mischievous dog. How they do like to chase and scold the kitties. You will enjoy your first shooting trip and have good luck as well. Let me know all about it later.

MARGARET R.—So you are another appreciative friend. Your letter made me feel quite cheerful. Many thanks for it. Am glad you had such a lovely holiday and know you will feel better fitted for school work because of the many happy visits.

VICTOR B.—I will be glad to get that information for you when possible. Hope your new club will be a success and am sure it will with such noble aims. Let me know the motto you choose for it. Always interested in the boys' plans and pleased to help them in every way.

REITHA B.—You must have had a first hand back after all the berry picking but you want of that in the winter time when you are enjoying the fruit, well, you? You are a very nice writer and the letter you sent me would make a fine example of neatness.

MR. ELFKIN'S VISITORS.

Oh Mr. Woodley Elfin was very grey and wise. He had a funny straggly beard, and little beady eyes; He had a comely, cozy little cottage of his own.

All pointed up to look as if it was a mossy stone, With cellars running underneath among the oak-tree roots, And there he kept his hazelnuts, and jam, and potted fruits.

And everything would always have been really nice, But for a lot of visitors he didn't want—the Mice!

Oh dear, they were a bother! When he'd locked his pantry door, They nibbled through the keyhole, and they gobbled all his store.

When he had shut the dairy very tight as it would seem, They burrowed through the walnut, and they lapped each drop of cream.

As for his secret cellars—well, I think they were the worst; Whenever he went down to them, the Mice had been there first! Now Mr. Woodley Elfin was very mild and kind;

He thought, "The Mice are hungry, so perhaps I shouldn't mind." He said, "The Mice are timid little frightened things, perhaps it would be rather mean of me if I went setting traps."

He stood upon his doorstep, though when things got quite too bad, And spoke severely to the Mice, and told them, "Why, you've had A perfect feast on everything. You've scarcely left a scrap For me to live on. Shocking! Do have pity on a chap!"

One morning when he'd tidied up his little house, he met A very welcome friend of his—her name was Bunnetto.

"I've brought a little present, Mr. Elfin," she said— And oh, it was a basketful of cherries round and red! Just fancy how it pleased him! And she gave him good advice— A bushel, not a basketful—how to get rid of Mice.

She said, "You hire a Glow-worm, and you have him there at nights, And put a printed notice up to say, 'Beware! He Bites!'" Or else you get a Beetle that has horns of several inches, And put a printed notice up to say, 'Beware! He Pinches!'"

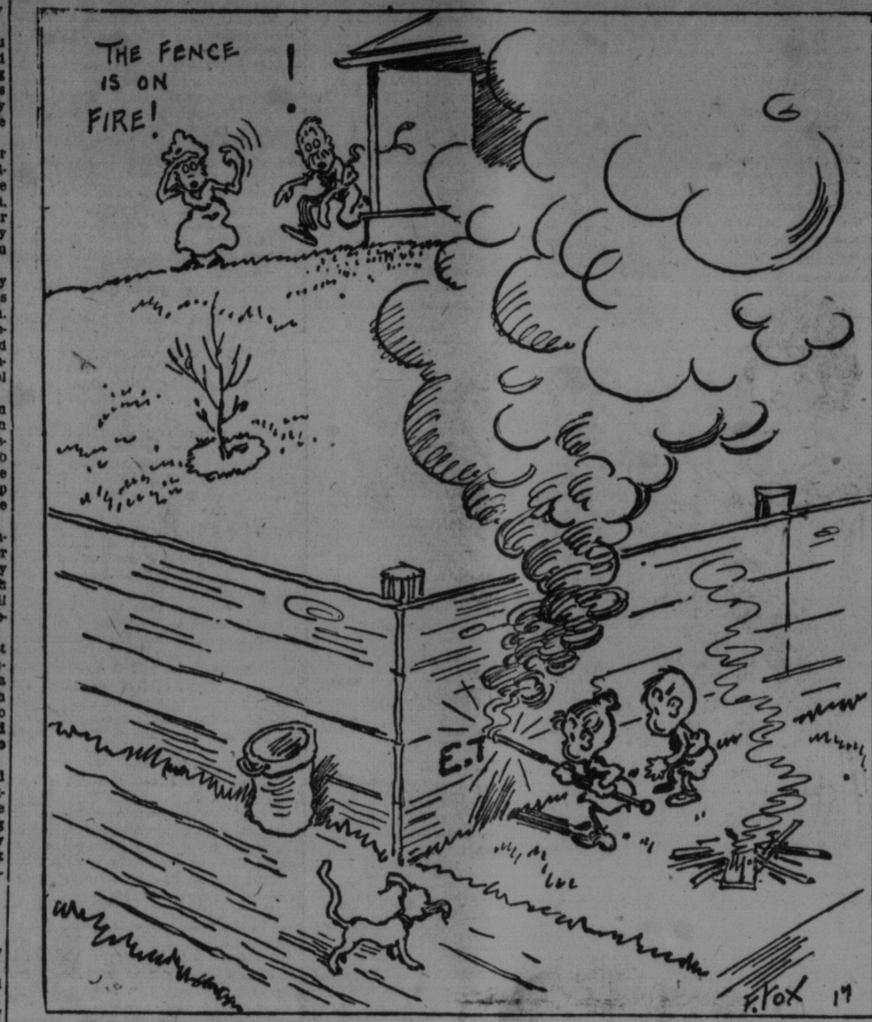
But while the two were talking, all the Mouses in the wood Were carrying off the cherries there, And crying to each other in a whisper as they ran, "Oh! what a lucky find for us!"—I've settled on a plan."

Said Mr. Elfin at last—"A plan that cannot fail; But first let's have some cherries." Then he started and turned pale— He gasped, "The basket's empty!"—"Oh! oh! oh!" screamed Bunnetto. And she rushed to catch those Mouses—but she hadn't caught one yet.

Poor Mr. Woodley Elfin decided what to do,



The Day Tomboy Taylor Burned Her Initials in the Fence Her Dad Did a Little Burning on His Own Account.



To Trap the Special Train

The Amazing Secret the Priory Held.

(Continued from last week.) His only son, Jim, a lad of fifteen had gone out alone the night before and had not yet returned. Jim Rodd, for the past few months, had been employed with a motor-car belonging to the medical man of the district. It was the latter who had given Jim a book on butterflies and moths, resulting in a desire on the lad's part to collect them.

Now moth-collecting necessitates that one should be out at night, so, after dark on Thursday, resting the excitement of the Grayling special train, Jim had seized the opportunity and excuse to take a book on butterflies and moths, resulting in a desire on the lad's part to collect them.

That Friday was a memorable day for the hamlets of Pilsford and Wrexhill. Detectives, journalists, railway experts, photographers, and a host of others, poured into the district by road and by rail.

Orders were made, and every house down to the smallest barn within several miles radius was searched; every pond was dragged, every field and spinney examined. But to no purpose; not an atom nor trace of the lost train could be discovered.

Saturday dawned, and the city newspapers of that date came out with lengthy articles under sensational headlines. The affair was described as "A Gigantic Mystery of the Rail Road." The Daily Telegram's concluding remarks may be quoted as indicating the feeling which now prevailed:

"It seems to us that, off the rails, an eight-compartment coach and a full-sized locomotive would be the least portable of all vehicles, and certainly not the easiest to destroy. We are compelled, therefore, to believe that the Hon. Rupert Grayling's special was indeed disposed of by some hitherto unheard of means."

"We will suppose that the statement as to a new destructive gas is correct, and at this period, speaking for ourselves, we cannot lightly reject it. Here, then, is a truly terrible weapon for the use of an unscrupulous one."

And he bought a large toy Pussy with an imitation Mow To sit beside his kitchen fire; and there it sits still, For eating all those cherries made the Mice so very ill That they're in bed, with gruel, and with aches and pains. You see, Sooner or later, tightness is bound to disagree!

The cupboard and the cellars and the boxes and the bins Have not been touched; the biscuits live all safely in their tins; And as for Mr. Elfin, he's growing almost fat, For now he has enough to eat—and needn't feed the Cat!

—May Byrd.

CHAPTER III.

What was to happen next? The answer to that question may be found in following the fortunes of Jim, the missing son of Farmer Rodd, of Rodd's Acre.

Jim Rodd on that fateful Thursday night, had gone out with moth-net and lantern, his sole purpose being to invade the large and well-timbered grounds of Pilsford Priory.

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A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Smile Kiddies, Smile

Johnny: "Father, how do you spell 'high'?"
Father: "High; why do you want to know?"
Johnny: "Cause I'm writing a composition on the highness."

A Good Example.
During a lesson on the animal kingdom, the teacher asked if any one could give her an example of an animal without teeth.
"I can," cried Reginald, his face beaming with the pleasure of assured knowledge.
"Well, what is it?" said the teacher.
"Grandpa," shouted Reginald gleefully.

The Champion.
Prize fighter (entering school with his son): "You give this boy o' mine a thrashing yesterday, didn't yer?"
Schoolmaster (very nervous): "Well—I—er—perhaps—"
Prize fighter: "Well give us your word, you're a champion, I can't do nothing with 'im myself."

Corrected.
A tourist visited a famous castle in the course of a tramp through England.
A tall young soldier took him through the historic house, pointing out each object of interest with a long stick.
"Sir, sir," he said, in one of the state chambers, "ere is an ancient portrait of Queen Bess. A fine work."

The tourist looked at the portrait, and there was a long, impressive silence. To break this silence more than for any other reason the visitor finally said:
"Queen Bess, eh? She was a pretty old lady when she died, wasn't she?"
The guide shook his head.
"Not pretty, sir, but very old," he said.

Duly Considered.
One day, while a lawyer noted for his wisdom was wandering by the seashore, a talkative youth who was staying at the same hotel as himself thus accosted him:
"I am undergoing a cure, and I take a tumbler of sea water three times a day. I've had my full allowance today, but do you think I might have one, just one, tumbler more?"
"Well," he said at last, with a grave judicial air, "I don't think it would be missed."

Added To.
They were honest sons of toil, and though they had heard of men-o-war, none of them had ever seen one of the nation's iron bulwarks before, and they were surprised to find soldiers aboard.
"Goodness, Jack," said one of the sailors, "are all them soldiers a-going on board?"
"Oh, those are the Marines."

"And what are Marines for?" asked the laborer, who looked at the gun.
"Them," replied the sailor, "are the gentlemen employed by the Government for the sailors to tell their yarns to."

"Ah, now, really," said the other, with a twinkle in his eye and glancing at a sentry standing close by, "I suppose that fellow with the gun shoots them as don't tell good yarns?"

Young Smyth met his friend Brown, another, who worked constantly with a spirit-level, a number of little wedges and a hammer. Yet another operator—unintended, firmly-built fellow—came last, carefully adjusting all joining points and pinning the whole to the ground. The pair of metal rails brought along, tapped the first six feet in height—was plainly the next consideration. The rails holding one twenty-foot length apparently had been loosened before, for the twisting as it seemed, the first six men had lifted a whole section of fencing bodily aside.

The short worker before referred to—evidently the leader—pulled out his watch.
"Good," he said softly; "we seem just right as to time. Don't bungle now!"
Back went the men again to the chapel, at once reappearing with the final pair of metal rails. This being in place, curved slightly, passed through the wide fence-gap, and rested on the railroad proper. The extreme ends being tapered to a nicety, and the level of the lawn being somewhat above that of the company's metals, it will be observed that arrangements to trap the special train were now complete!

"Excellent!" chuckled the former speaker, kneeling by the thinned-out points, and examining their joining qualities: "we've done our part now, and if that driver has got his speed right after coming through the tunnel, we're bound to succeed!"
Hark!—by Jove, she comes! To your places!"

In a moment the eight men had spread out in rows of four on either side of their temporary line. The oncoming special was roaring and growling in the tunnel close at hand; now it was out, and now, now—er—power, yes, those schemers had actually won!

At that moment, when the engine had taken the new upper rail, the driver had started to increase its speed. He felt the rocking twist, and that off at once. But too late! The special was now standing within the Priory grounds, and the eight conspirators were springing to the attack.

It was short work for the schemers to overcome the five startled persons, the special conveyed. Pinioned and gagged, the Hon. Rupert Grayling

seemed to be the gleam of railway metals.
Then followed that astonishing spectacle which was nothing to Jim so much as a smoothly-connected, well-ordered dream.
From the dusk of the old chapel six figures issued into the moonlight, bearing a strip of railway metals already on light sleepers. This was laid with exactness against the chapel-opening. Then, with clock-like precision, their lengths of rail were placed and to end upon the lawn-like grass, curving very gently until they were presently bearing almost straight towards the tree in which Jim Rodd hid. At the foot of this tree the bull-terrier now crouched in watchful silence.

Behind the first six men came another, who worked constantly with a spirit-level, a number of little wedges and a hammer. Yet another operator—unintended, firmly-built fellow—came last, carefully adjusting all joining points and pinning the whole to the ground. The pair of metal rails brought along, tapped the first six feet in height—was plainly the next consideration. The rails holding one twenty-foot length apparently had been loosened before, for the twisting as it seemed, the first six men had lifted a whole section of fencing bodily aside.

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Answers To Puzzles

1—Square Word.
(a)—Seen in the papers.
(b)—Our voices returned.
(c)—A personal pronoun.
(d)—A portion.

2—Many Headed Trees.
1.—I am a tree—change my head and I am a drink—change it again and I am a penalty.
2.—I am a tree—change my head and I give you rest—change it again and I am seen on the ocean.
3.—I am a tree—change my head and I am not as young—change it again and I am still not as young.
4.—I am a tree—change my head and I am not as young—change it again and I am to die.
5.—I am a tree—change my head and I am gloomy—change it again and I am a poor district.
6.—I am a tree—change my head and I am happy—change it again and I am a month.

3—Our Provinces.
In the following words are hidden the abbreviated names of some of our Canadian provinces. What are they?
1. Noble; 2. Picturesque; 3. Four tain; 4. Humanity; 5. Hens; 6. A tar.

4—A Berry Puzzle.
(a)—A bird berry.
(b)—A month berry.
(c)—A cow berry.
(d)—A drink berry.
(e)—A white and cold berry.
(f)—An animal berry.
(g)—A color berry.
(h)—An older berry.

5—Riddles in Rhyme.
My first lies somewhere in a thicket Or in the bushes hidden;
My second is carried in a basket Or in a watch hidden.

My third rides out in every carriage, Or in a parlor car;
My fourth in truth, is in mid-ocean, Or in some whale afar.

My whole is a shy and timid creature, Most swift of foot, and—well, If of its ears and tail I told you, Its name you'd quickly tell.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

1—Word Square.
P O R T
O H I O
R I C E
T O E S

2—Railway Puzzle.
1.—Camp-bellton.
2.—Pett-codick.
3.—Cold-Brook.
4.—Bloom-Field.
5.—Beaver-Brook.
6.—College-Bridge.
7.—Coal-Branch.
8.—New-Castle.

3—Familiar Allusions.
1.—Albion—England.
2.—Angels—The Noon Prayer.
3.—Arch of Triumph—Monument in Paris, begun by Napoleon.
4.—Bard of Avon—Shakespeare.
5.—John Barleycorn—Malt Liquor.
6.—Bastille—Famous French Prison.
7.—Black Prince—Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Edward III.
8.—Defender of the Faith—One of the titles of Britain's King, first borne by Henry VIII.
9.—Downing Street—Residence of British Prime Minister.
10.—Blue Sea—Beyond the Three mile limit.

4—A Comb.
Discussing the Sermon.
The squirrel and his family were walking home at the close of the church service, and were discussing the points of the sermon.
"I'm bound to admit," said the squirrel, "that old Rogers can certainly dive deeper into the truth than any preacher I have ever heard."

"Yes," said his pert daughter, "he can also stay under longer."

"Right-o!" returned "Mr. B." and poor Jim was promptly borne away. The gap in the fence was already closed up, and leather-tipped hammers were rapidly making it secure.

(Continued next week.)

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.....

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