

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Weekly Chat

Answers To Letters

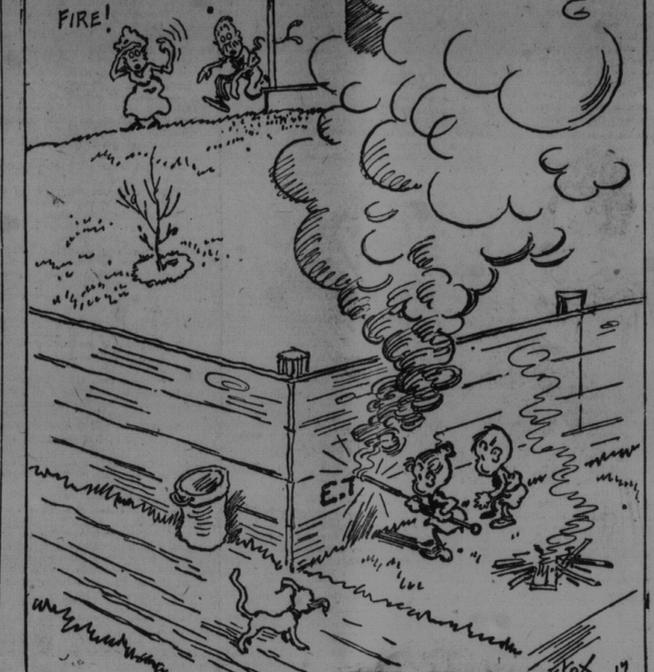
Dear Boys and Girls— Now that the summer is going back to school is over and you are really started I suppose it almost seems as if you have missed a day of summer, except, perhaps for some new features—such as the change of school room, a new teacher, some new pupils or various other differences—the 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 break 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 flu broke out and are learning each day many 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, bright 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 sieves, 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.

ELIZABETH 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 grab 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. MARGARET E.—So you are a 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 proved to be a kind friend to your kitchen when you saved her from that mischievous dog. How they do like to chase and scare the kiddies. Hope you will enjoy your first shooting trip and have good luck as well. Let me know all about it later. MARGARET E.—So you are so cheerful and 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. PICTOR 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. BERTHA B.—You must have had a third back after all the berry picking but you want that of that in the winter time when you are enjoying a book on butterflies and moths, you are a very nice writer and the letter you sent me would make a fine example of neatness.



CHILDREN'S CORNER

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 conspirators, being ardent friends of the Katterley Trust scheme, are probably capitalists, and we tremble to think what next may happen. We may arise one dawn to find that London Bridge has filtered into this air—the Houses of Parliament themselves, Lords, Commons, and all, can never be safe from this new scientific terror. Meantime, the Hon. Rupert Grayling, his secretary and three railway officials are being detained by their captors. What, we ask, is to happen next? 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 a lantern, his sole purpose being to invade the large and well-timbered grounds of Pickford's Priory. They were under a full moon, and he had long since proved himself to be a very harmless body of men, who did their business with the neighborhood through one messenger—and paid well for whatever they had. Their desire for a moment had come to be respected, and their numerous signs warning of trespassers had always been observed. But tonight Jim Rodd was bent on hunting moths in the Priory grounds. The walls and fences all around were convent-like and lofty, but Jim managed to get over some low. Scarcely had he reached the light and entered a copse, however, before he felt himself followed. Flashing his lantern through the leafy gloom he beheld the ugly muzzle of a bull terrier. The beast leapt on the instant, but Jim, dropping his lantern, swished round his net and caught the dog's head in its rooky jaws. Letting go, the youngster then swung aside and ran for dear life. Through the copse, out of it and into another—the brute, having extricated itself, being swiftly in pursuit. At length the dog crashed into a fence and the boy, slipping on a log, fell head-first at the later and swarmed up his trunk. Jim's canine pursuer, panting, reaching the spot, leapt and snarled and circled at the base of the refuge. Climbing higher yet, the boy presently realized that the fence against which he had plunged was that which skirted the railway. Scarcely had he noted that before his attention was drawn round towards the Priory. Adjoining the latter was what was known as the Priory Chapel, a huge square erection, with an utterly bare and barren interior. At either end were broad, massive, double doors, set in heavy stone portals. With a scarcely perceptible sound, the nearest of these doors had just opened ponderously inward, and Jim, to his sheer surprise, caught what

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 derrick 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, other lengths of rail were placed and to end upon the law-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—an undersized, firmly-built fellow—came last, carefully adjusting all joints and pinning the whole to the ground. The pair of metals laid brought almost touched the fence which Jim Rodd hid. The first man next proceeded to the rails holding one twenty-foot length apparently he had loosened before, for in a twinkling as it seemed, the first man 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 man again to the chapel, at once reappearing with the final pair of metals. This being set 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 now and now now—no more now, 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 lurch, 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. Pinned and gagged, the Hon. Rupert Grayling,

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Smile Kiddies, Smile Answers To Puzzles

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 in the animal kingdom, the teacher asked if anyone 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—er—perhaps—". Prize fighter—"Well give us your answer a erid, Reginald, 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. "Ere, sir," he said, in one of the state chambers, "ere is an ancient old 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 wit was wandering by the seashore, a talkative youth who was staying at the same hotel as himself thus accosted him: "Mr. —, 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?" Mr. — put his head on one side and looked at the ocean, apparently lost in thought. "Well," he said at last, with a grave judicial air, "I don't think it would be missed."

- 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 penny. 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 happy—change it again and I am a month. 5.—I am a tree—change my head and I am a poor district. 6.—I am a tree—change it again and I am a mouth. 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. Fountain; 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 awit and tail I told you, It's name you'd quickly tell.

MR. ELFIKIN'S VISITORS.

Oh Mr. Woodley Elfikin was very grey and wise. He had a funny straggly beard, and little beady eyes; He had a comely, cosy little cottage of his own. All painted up to look as if it was a mossy stone. With cellars running underneath among the oak-tree roots, And there he kept his basket-nuts, and jam, and potted fruits. And everything would always have been ready to hand. 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 wainscot, 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 Elfikin 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 Bunnet. "I've brought a little present, Mr. Elfikin," 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 night, 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, as quickly as they could, 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. Elfikin 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 Bunnet, "Have not been touched; the biscuits live all safely in their tins; And as for Mr. Elfikin, he's growing almost fat. For now he has enough to eat—and needn't feed the Cat!" —May Brydn.

UNCLE DICK.

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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. Then that 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 neck was up and he had to go back to the city." —Kansas Journal.

DISCUSSING THE SERMON.

The square 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 square, "that old Rogers can certainly dive deeper into the truth than any preacher I have ever heard." "Yes," said his pert daughter, "and he can also stay under longer." "Yes," echoed the young Clarence, "and he comes up drier." short-but oversea. "Great Jinks!" growled the fellow. "So we've been spied upon, have we?" "Yes—quite alone." "And your name?" "Jim Rodd." "Well, mine's Mr. A., if you'd like to know it. Mr. B.," he added, turning swiftly to one of the others, "take this kid to the house and carefully lock him in somewhere. See?" "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.....

THE AMAZING SECRET OF THE PRIORY

The conspirators, being ardent friends of the Katterley Trust scheme, are probably capitalists, and we tremble to think what next may happen. We may arise one dawn to find that London Bridge has filtered into this air—the Houses of Parliament themselves, Lords, Commons, and all, can never be safe from this new scientific terror. Meantime, the Hon. Rupert Grayling, his secretary and three railway officials are being detained by their captors. What, we ask, is to happen next? 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 a lantern, his sole purpose being to invade the large and well-timbered grounds of Pickford's Priory. They were under a full moon, and he had long since proved himself to be a very harmless body of men, who did their business with the neighborhood through one messenger—and paid well for whatever they had. Their desire for a moment had come to be respected, and their numerous signs warning of trespassers had always been observed. But tonight Jim Rodd was bent on hunting moths in the Priory grounds. The walls and fences all around were convent-like and lofty, but Jim managed to get over some low. Scarcely had he reached the light and entered a copse, however, before he felt himself followed. Flashing his lantern through the leafy gloom he beheld the ugly muzzle of a bull terrier. The beast leapt on the instant, but Jim, dropping his lantern, swished round his net and caught the dog's head in its rooky jaws. Letting go, the youngster then swung aside and ran for dear life. Through the copse, out of it and into another—the brute, having extricated itself, being swiftly in pursuit. At length the dog crashed into a fence and the boy, slipping on a log, fell head-first at the later and swarmed up his trunk. Jim's canine pursuer, panting, reaching the spot, leapt and snarled and circled at the base of the refuge. Climbing higher yet, the boy presently realized that the fence against which he had plunged was that which skirted the railway. Scarcely had he noted that before his attention was drawn round towards the Priory. Adjoining the latter was what was known as the Priory Chapel, a huge square erection, with an utterly bare and barren interior. At either end were broad, massive, double doors, set in heavy stone portals. With a scarcely perceptible sound, the nearest of these doors had just opened ponderously inward, and Jim, to his sheer surprise, caught what

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

- 1—Word Square. P O R T O H I O E I C E T O E S 2—Railway Puzzle. 1.—Camp-bellton. 2.—Pett-codice. 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.—Angela—The Noon Prayer. 3.—Arch of Triumph—Arcumet 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.—The Sea—Beyond the Three mile limit. 4—A Comb. Discussing the Sermon. The square 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 square, "that old Rogers can certainly dive deeper into the truth than any preacher I have ever heard." "Yes," said his pert daughter, "and he can also stay under longer." "Yes," echoed the young Clarence, "and he comes up drier." short-but oversea. "Great Jinks!" growled the fellow. "So we've been spied upon, have we?" "Yes—quite alone." "And your name?" "Jim Rodd." "Well, mine's Mr. A., if you'd like to know it. Mr. B.," he added, turning swiftly to one of the others, "take this kid to the house and carefully lock him in somewhere. See?" "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.)

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