

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Weekly Chat

My Dear Little Friends:— Does it not seem a very short time since we bided with such delight the approach of summer with all its pleasures? That is surely my impression, yet the full time in days and weeks and months, has actually come and gone and we must extend the welcome to the first autumn month.

Lucky, perhaps, that September is such a lovely month or we might mourn the passing of summer more. We do, for when—unless in June—does the outdoor world look lovelier than in September. The changing of color on the trees and shrubs is such a pretty contrast to the green shades we view in June, yet we are forced to admit that the fields and gardens are not as attractive to the eye at this end of the season as they are in June.

With the last public holiday over, sounds the clanging of the school bell and I shall be thinking of all of you as you trade about the call of the bell. Do not be like "Billy" in our little story in today's page, and be as unprepared as he was, but "take time by the forelock" and gather up the necessary books, pencils and slates before the first day of school begins.

Then, whatever you do start off with a smiling face no matter how you feel personally about school beginning. Think of the effect on teacher and scholars if you go to that first session with a sour sulky, gloomy look instead of a bright cheery and thankful expression showing on your face. For after all if you are the right sort you will go home the first day feeling just as Billy in our little story did.

Just one thing I wish you to be firm about and that is to do your best not the first day, but every day right through the term. "Make the best of everything" is a good motto for us all, and if we live up to both school, home and every spot where people meet would be happy places. Indeed, I am reminded of a motto written by George Stephenson and it says: "Make the best of everything, think the best of everybody, hope the best of yourself." How glorious it would be if we could live up to that which seems to cover all in true form. At any rate you can do your best and no more will be expected.

It has been good to read in letters from little folks and to hear others actually say (as I have during the last few days) that they will be so glad when school begins. Those little friends will go with happy smiles and will help many others to feel glad in spite of their many regrets. Perhaps some of you are looking forward to visiting some of the Exhibitions about us, if so, we will welcome your letters telling of what impressed you most at the fair, anyway, here's hoping that the last holiday will be celebrated in real jolly style to wind up a delightful vacation. As ever, your best wisher, UNCLE DICK.

Birthday Greetings

To all the little friends having a birthday during the coming week, we wish them a most delightful celebration. On our list are the following: Dorothy Blanchard, Perry's Point, Eileen Williams, German St. Sidney Terrance, St. Stephen, Mildred Brennan, Mecklenburg St. Pearl Kilpatrick, Glen Titus, Harold Mallory, Pitt St. John F. Leydon, Gosden, Alb. Co. Ernest Murphy, West Glassville, Edmund Wilson, Queen St. Velma Good, Bathurst, Evelyn Wood, Moccasin, Gladys Trewhella, West R. Albert Co. Hazel Giesmer, Mecklenburg St. Frances Chester, Belle Isle, Anna Co., N. S.

SCHOOL DAYS. Vacation Days are over, the school bell rings one more. And through of happy children go knocking through the door—Hearts high with new ambition, and eyes that this new term shall stand for work accomplished, with lessons new to learn. Vacation days are over, but dreams of hours of play. Are with us through the Autumn, throughout the long school day, and thoughts of Summer gladness and hours free from care. Make pleasant the hours that we must spend in school. Vacation Days are over, School Days are here again. We're time for work and time for play; that much is very plain; If life here only playtime, we'd quickly tire of joy. But too much work, they tell us, "makes Jack a stupid boy."

Sandy (newly arrive in Canadian forest-land): "Whistna beast's you?" Native: "A young moose." Sandy: "Oh, hand yer tongue! If that's a young moose, I'd like to see one o' yer auld rats!"—Punch.

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.....

Answers To Letters

CORA R. S.—So glad to hear from you once more and to learn of your busy times. With so many cousins visiting you, I am sure your time has been much occupied. You write a very good letter indeed, and I did enjoy it. Hope to have another some day soon.

HARRY W.—Thanks for your kind words, it was a treat to see such a nicely written letter as you sent. Hope you are not having bad weather, for your camping trip, as that might spoil the greatly anticipated pleasure. Good luck anyway.

JRAN R.—Too bad your summer has been dreary for you but cheer up there is sure to be a better time coming for you.

HELEN B.—It was so good of you to remember me when distributing your snapshots, I do think they are splendid and you have reason to be proud of your success. Glad you are having such good times.

BASIL J.—So you are among the chaps who regret that the holidays are nearly over, well perhaps the dread in your thoughts is the worst for you after all. When cool autumn days arrive much of the outdoor fun ceases and after the first few days of school you will feel quite content with the nice rest I am sure. Here's hoping.

MILDRED L.—It is always encouraging to have the ladies say they enjoy the C. C., but when they add, "more than ever" it just tickles all over. With so many dolls you must be like the "old woman who lived in the shoe." Glad the party was such a success and that you had a good time at it too.

ESTHER T.—You seem to be a stranger to the C. C., for I am sure you hadn't written before for a long time. Glad your holidays have been so joyous and full of pleasures for you will feel satisfied to work again.

ABRAHAM F.—Your news was very exciting indeed and such experiences as you had were very unusual for even grown-ups. Your writing must be improved for it is very hard to make out many of the words and the spelling is not always correct, so you are at least one of the chaps who will need to work very hard at school this year so that your letters will be as good and correct as the other members of your age send.

DORIS F.—Yes, I did think we were all just about forgotten by you when along comes your cheery letter. You are quite right about spending most of your holidays outdoors. That is what you get for and it is surely the way to get most good and most fun out of them. I never expect to hear from the members regularly in the summer time, though they do very well indeed—thanks to the wet days. Strange your birthday was left out for you are listed in our book correctly, but it was just little accident for which I am quite sorry. Hope to hear again some day.

EDWARD C.—Your plans read well and I hope they turn out satisfactory. Glad to hear you say you welcome the school days—that's always a sign of a good scholar. Good luck.

MARIE J.—Your letter was a very neat one indeed and I did enjoy every bit of it. So you had lots of picnics too, well they give as good times as anything could in the summer. Your garden was a great success I am sure, and how nice of you to distribute the flowers to all. They carry so much love and thought. Write often.

TOM R.—So many of the boys have been camping too, this summer, and I wonder if you appreciated home and all it's comforts as much as some chaps did which I heard about. Nevertheless the experience is a splendid one for you all, and teaches you much you might never otherwise learn. Yes, we have a great many boys in our C. C. but it is really hard to keep count because as some drop out on their sixteenth birthday, others are continually joining. Your little friend will be very welcome and I shall hope to hear from him soon.

ANNIE G.—Thanks for your nice encouraging letter. It was good to read and think over. Sorry of the illnesses in your home and hope all are well by now. You must be very useful as a nurse.

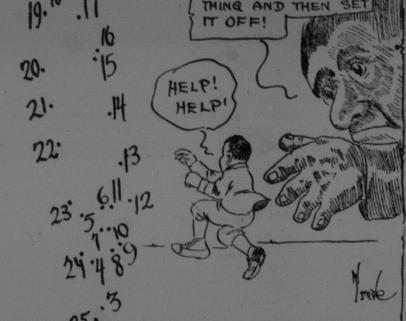
Cholly (to shopman): "I say—aw—could you take that yellow tie with the pink spots out of the window?" Shopman: "Ten, sir. Pleased to take anything out of the window, sir." Cholly: "Thanks, awfy. The bestest thing bothers me every time I pass. Good mawning."

"The bride's dress of silk apricot georgette harmonized charmingly with her hat of brown velvet set off with a bunch of cigarettes at one side."



CHILDREN'S CORNER

BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES



CHARLIE NAPIER had a party the other night and had some wonderful things to eat. He's particularly fond of chocolate cake and ate lots of it the other evening. It must have been somewhat heavy for him for when he went to bed he had a nightmare and dreamed he was being chased by a giant who wanted to tie him to a end and if you'll follow the dot you'll see just what it was.

THE WESTMONT BOYS' CLUB STORIES

The Amateur Detective

ing him on the street almost dead from fatigue but bravely struggling on towards home. "And so man," Murphy said in conclusion, "after the boy told me that the robbers went to Burton tonight and were returning to the farm again, I sent in a call for the police, and a smile broke out on Murphy's face. "When they return, they're going to walk in to a neat little trap, regular surprise party for them all."

CHAPTER V. Leslie Escapes.

Just as the town clocks were striking the hour of midnight, a drooping little figure accompanied by a policeman entered the Stafford residence. "Here's your boy sir," Murphy a bluff hearty Irishman said to Mr. Stafford, who was in the sitting room comforting his wife.

Murphy soon told the story as he had gleaned it from Leslie after meet-

Puzzles

Numerical Enigma. My 3, 5, 4, 2, 9 is a boy's name; My 9, 2, 1, 4, is what scholars have had. My 4, 8, 6, 3, 5, 9 is what we all must control; My 7, 5, 1, 4 is what we all do if we try; My 7, 2, 5, 9, is a liquid; My whole is a very delightful month.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

1. Because they are civil officers. 2. One you stick with a lick and the other you lick with a stick. 3. Because she fingers the locks. 4. Because it is nearly all heart.

CHAPTER VI. Leslie Explains.

Late that afternoon as Leslie was reclining in the hammock on the piazza, Albert Rankine came rushing up followed at a short distance by a number of boys, all members of the Westmont Boys' Club. With a bound, Leslie was out of the hammock, and the next instant he was striking for the door, but Albert was there before him.

JOHNNY MINK AND MR. MUSKRAT.

Tinker Bob was resting by the fire side thinking of the reforming of Mr. Weasel the Great. It had been a great task, indeed, to change the actions of such a fellow and Tinker thought it had been worth all the effort. Since Mr. Weasel had ceased to kill everything in his path many forest dwellers had called to tell the King how glad they were that he had succeeded in changing the Weasel's way of thinking.

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

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How "Cinders" Went to School

He was called "Cinders" because they found him on the cinder heap, and he was a brown dog, with more brown showing through his skin than you could count, with two brown eyes which could both cry and smile, and with four thin legs—so thin that he could scarcely stand upon them.

"What's the good of a dog like that?" said Jimmy's father. "But it will be good some day," said Jimmy, and he sat down by the fire with the puppy on his knee, and fed it with a teaspoon from a cup of warm milk which his mother gave him.

And sure enough, the dog was good some day. He grew so strong that he could stand upon his legs without wobbling, and his bones did not show through his skin quite so much, and he was always ready to oblige anybody. Why, once when Jimmy's mother had drawn lessons, Cinders thought she wanted to go out for a walk—and so he fetched her hat. And where do you think he fetched it from? He fetched it out of his own kennel, where he had kept it only the day before, without anybody knowing.

Now Jimmy went to a big school, and in the big school, on Fridays, they had drawing lessons. One day the master said: "I want you to learn to draw from living models. Who can bring something to draw?" Jimmy stood up. "Please, Sir," he said, "I could bring 'Cinders.' He's my dog."

And the next day, Jimmy took Cinders to school. He took him on a leash, because he was not sure if he might run away, and he tied the leash to a desk in the middle of the school-room. Cinders seemed to understand that he had to sit quite still to be drawn. He just yawned once, and then sat down, and scarcely moved at all.

Why, he's a splendid model," said the schoolmaster, and he gave Cinders two biscuits. There was another lesson after drawing, and Jimmy took Cinders into the playground, and put him in the bicycle shed. There was nothing to tie Cinders to there, and Jimmy said: "Cinders—you wait here for me!" And Cinders wagged his stumpy little tail, and he was waiting for Jimmy a piece of mat, and when school time was over—there was Cinders fast asleep.

"Cinders been to school?" said Jimmy's father, when he came home that night. "Well, after all, it's not sure if that can't be of some use in the world."

So every Sunday night, she would say home and make out her menu card for the incoming wk. comes from 3 Lithuanian words bread and it means I will give you 10 cents wk. to buy the food and clothes and pay the rent and washing and servants and etc. and I will take the other \$340 and stick it in the old savings bank every wk. and in a few yrs. we can give the world the laugh even if I can't plaster or get plastered no more.

MAG EAT AN

By RING W. LARDNER. To the Editor:— These days most everybody are preaching economy in living, and etc. but the great majority don't know how to go about it to lay something a side for a rainy day of which god knows we have had enough of them on Long's Island this summer, but as way I run across a married couple that man and wife the other day that he got 3 children all under 60 yrs. of age and the man showed me where he had solved the high cost problem and was saving enough every wk. so as in a



The word budget comes from 2 L. few yrs. he can quit work and not half to worry as they will be enough in the bank to insure he and his family vs. want in their old age.

This man is a plasterer by trade and only making \$250 per wk. as the union don't allow him to work Mondays, Wednesdays, Friday, Sundays and holidays and only a 1-2 day Saturday. A. M. Well I might this man and the old lady, as he called his wife, set down and had a serious talk and begin to figure things out and found they was only laying \$190 per wk. to live and spending all the rest of it. In a few yrs. at that rate they would be living on the bounty of the county.

So this bird said to the wife, you have got to economize somewhere or ruin is staring us in the face as I can scripp up in my profession is \$250 per wk. and we ain't saving only \$190 of it and wife we are living in the lap of luxury, why suppose something should happen to me so as I couldn't plaster no more, where would you and the kids be at? So I propose that we start and run the house on the budget system.

A Ban on Luxuries. So the Mrs. who hadn't never seen the insides of a college asked him what was the budget system. "Well," he says, "the word budget

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So this Mrs. was tickled to death and said let us try it beginning next week. Well she set down with a paper and pencil and figured out that they had been throwing away pretty near \$2.00 per wk. on luxuries that wasn't getting them nowhere and was dressing the children too heavy and they was all eating too much rich food and she read in the paper somewhere that it was a great saving of brains and time and money if the house wife would make out her bill of fare for the wk. on say, a typical expenses as that she made out for a wk.

Monday breakfast—Anchovies, rip