

## Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

## Weekly Chat

My Dear Little Friends:—

Does it not seem a very short time since we had 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 all 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 along to the call of the bell. Do not be like "Billy" in our little story in today's page, and be 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 lived up to it both school, home and every spot where people meet would be a happy place. Indeed, I am reminded of a motto written by George Washington 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 their teachers 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, away, here, hoping that the last holiday will be celebrated in real jolly style to wind up a delightful vacation. As ever, your best wishes,  
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, N. Sidney Torrance, St. Stephen, Mildred Brennan, Mecklenburg St. Pearl Kilpatrick, Glen Titus, Harold Mallory, Pitt St. John F. Leyden, Goshen, Ab. Co. Ernest Murphy, West Glassville, Edmund Wilson, Queen St. Velma Good, Bathurst, Evelyn Wood, Moccasin, Gladys Tremblay, West R. Albert Co., N. S.

## SCHOOL DAYS.

Vacation Days are over, the school bell rings once more. And through of happy children go flocking through the door—Hearts high with new ambition, and now 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 rule Make pleasant the hours that we must spend in school.

Vacation Days are over, School Days are here again

We've time for work and time for play; that much is very plain; If life were only playtime, we'd quickly tire of joy.

But too much work, they tell us, "makes Jack a stupid boy."

Sandy (newly arrived in Canadian forest-land): "Whist! a 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 and rats!"—Punch.

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

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## Answers To Letters

CORA R. S.—So glad to hear from you once more and to learn of your jolly 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.

JEAN 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 kiddies 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 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 they are 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 a 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 satisfactorily. Glad to hear you say you will come 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 its comforts as much as the children 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 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.

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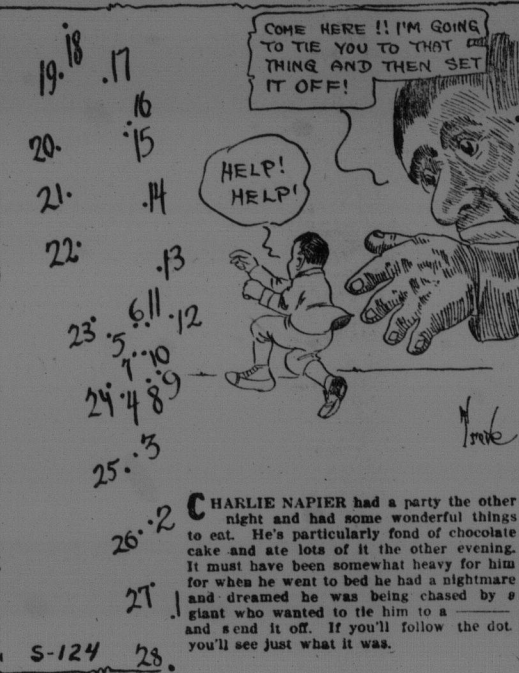
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## CHILDREN'S CORNER



## 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 bed and set it off. If you'll follow the dot you'll see just what it was.

## THE WESTMONT BOYS' CLUB STORIES

## The Amateur Detective

(Continued from last week.)

Drawing back a step he launched himself at the barrier. Several times he repeated the manoeuvre, but though the door trembled under the shock, it still held.

Leslie thought a moment, and then changing his tactics, he raised one foot off the ground, and drove it at the lock. The lock giving away, the door flew open, and Leslie went sprawling out into the hall.

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.

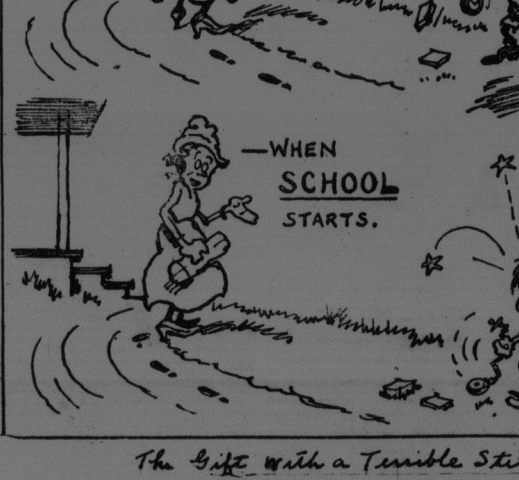
"Here's your boy sir," Murphy said. "The boy who was in the sitting room comforting his wife."

Murphy soon told the story as he had gleaned it from Leslie after meeting 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."

As Murphy was leaving, he turned to Mr. Stafford and said chuckling, "Sure that boy ought to join the force, he'd make a crackjack of a detective."

The next day, The Standard, the only morning paper that Westmont boasted, blazoned forth on its front page the details of a robbery that had occurred the night before in the neighboring town of Burton. At the bottom of the dispatch, was this short local that had been hurriedly inserted just before the paper had gone to press.

POLICE NAB THIEVES  
THROUGH TIP RECEIVED  
FROM A LOCAL BOY  
"As the result of the splendid work



I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE IT TO CARRY—

WHEN SCHOOL STARTS.

The Gift with a Terrible Sting

of Leslie Stafford, the young son of E. A. Stafford, three desperate yegmen were captured at an early hour this morning at the old Redbank farm by members of the local police force.

In this arrest, the police believe they have captured the band responsible for the series of daring robberies that has startled the towns along the St. John River, including the robbery at Burton last night, and that in Westmont the previous night, when the jewelry store of Sharpe Brothers was entered.

"Too much credit cannot be given to Leslie Stafford who through a piece of detective work that would do credit to the police department, unearthed the hiding place of the yegmen, that a young Stafford has plenty of pluck is shown by the fact that though captured and imprisoned by the yegmen, he managed to make his escape and this was able to notify the police."

Leslie Stafford will not go unrewarded for his efforts, as he will receive the reward of a hundred dollars that was offered by Frank R. Sharpe, as well as several other rewards offered by towns in the vicinity that were visited by the yegmen.

## 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 straining for the door, but Albert was there before him.

"Say what are you fellows up to anyway," Leslie said, his eyes resting on Albert.

Albert grinned. "We're a delegation from the Westmont Boys' Club coming to tell you that by a vote of the club you're elected to membership."

"Thanks, but I can't join now, so—"

"No stalling now Leslie," Albert interrupted. "You're already a member, so you might as well make the best of it."

Leslie shrugged his shoulders. "Well if that's the case I might as well give in."

"The next moment he was surrounded by the boys. When the excitement had somewhat died down, Larry voiced the curiosity of the others, and asked Leslie how he had managed to locate the yegmen's hiding place."

Leslie fished into his pants pocket, and drew a small object done up in paper. Opening it up, he showed the boys who crowded around him, a flattened out piece of red clay.

"I found this clay in the floor in front of Mr. Sharpe's safe," he explained. "I passed his shop yesterday morning a few minutes after he had opened it up, and went in. While he was talking to the policeman, I went over to the safe and in looking around saw this clay on the floor and as you fellows know, the only place this clay is found is at the Redbank farm. I knew that the clay had been tracked in the day before, as Mr. Sharpe always has the store swept out before he goes home for the night. The clay could not have been dropped yesterday morning, as the shop had just been opened, and no customer had

been in since. So I followed the track of the clay, and found it in the floor in front of Mr. Sharpe's safe."

"Why those large tears?" asked Tinker Bob, seeing that Mr. Muskrat was weeping with sorrow.

"Oh, Tom so sad because I only have three feet and cannot move to kick me."

The King knew from this that some one had been molesting him, and because he could not run very fast on three feet, he could not get away.

"Well now, who has been troubling you?" asked Tinker. "I know some one has been disturbing you or you would not be weeping."

Mr. Muskrat went in to the King's house and sat by the fire. Then he began to tell his story. "You know I remember where the Hunter set his trap. Well I saw Johnny Mink swimming and I told him not to come ashore on the log above my house because there is where the trap was set. Instead of being glad because I told him, he said he would be coming back soon and now that he knew where I lived he would get me sure."

"Then I came right over to see you."

"We'll go back to the river and see young Johnny Mink when he comes back."

They went back to where Mr. Muskrat lived. They could see nothing of Johnny Mink. By and by as they were watching on the bank of the river, they heard a squeaky whine and Mr. Muskrat said: "There is Johnny Mink, I can hear him. He cannot be very far away from here."

When Tinker Bob heard this squeaky whine he went at once to the log which was not far from Mr. Muskrat's house. As he came near the log, he saw just what he expected to see—Johnny Mink in the Hunter's trap.

## A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

## Puzzles

Numerical Enigma.

My 3, 5, 4, 2, 9 is a boy's name;  
My 9, 2, 1, 4, is what scholars have  
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, 3, 8, 9, is a liquid;  
My whole is a very delightful month.

Animal Puzzle.

Find five buried animals in the following sentences: "Come hither, mine friend," said the monk, eying him kindly, "be a very good boy, step through the fence, bravely, and seek the lost riches."

Guess These "Berries."

1. What berry is red when it's green?  
2. What berry is used for making women's dresses?  
3. What berry is found on the grass?  
4. What berry is found on a duce?  
5. What berry is irritating?  
6. What berry is used for bedding cattle?  
7. What berry is used for celebrating a great festival?  
8. What berry should be respected for age?  
9. What berry is melancholy?  
10. What berry is named for a month?  
11. What berry is used in sewing?  
12. What berry is named for a bird?

## 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.

Transposed Flowers.

Hollyhock, Mignonette, Aster, Daffodil, Narcissus, Geranium, Crocus, Chrysanthemum, Lilac.

Decapitations.

1. Malt; 2. Rasp; 3. XI.; 4. Pan; 5. Acorn; 6. Cheat; 7. Kale; 8. Fair; 9. Irate.

Bees Without Stings.

Beach, Beacon, Bead, Beagle, Beak, Bean.

come in. So I figured that one of the robbers had tracked it in during the night. "You see," and Leslie molded the clay between his fingers, "if a piece of this got lodged in the heel of a shoe, it would stick there for some time."

"Of course when I knew that the clay had been left by the robbers, I decided that they must have come from Redbank."

"But when made you think they were living there," asked Tinker Williams.

"I had two reasons," answered Leslie one was that the farm was deserted which would just suit the men. As for the other reason, I noticed in the paper from day to day, accounts of robberies in several towns near here, and I thought if they were all committed by the same men, they must have a regular place where they stay between jobs. So it looked to me as if that place was Redbank."

Leslie then related the further happenings of the day, the boys hanging on every word, and as he finished, Larry spoke up.

"Gee and to think we almost kept you out of the club, somebody ought to be sorry."

Amid general laughter, the boys dispersed, leaving Leslie and his chum Albert to themselves.

(The End.)

## 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.

While he was thinking about all the wonderful creatures in the forest, there was a dull rap on the door. At first he thought it sounded like Chief Porky's rap because it was slow and soft, and Chief Porky is one of those slow and easy fellows. Tinker Bob went at once to the door and who do you suppose he saw? Well it was Mr. Muskrat, with tears in his eyes.

"Why those large tears?" asked Tinker Bob, seeing that Mr. Muskrat was weeping with sorrow.

"Oh, Tom so sad because I only have three feet and cannot move to kick me."

The King knew from this that some one had been molesting him, and because he could not run very fast on three feet, he could not get away.

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## How "Cinders" Went to School

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 aside 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 man and wife the other day that had 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

He was called "Cinders" because they found him on the cinder heap, and he was a brown dog, with more bones 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.