

## FOR THE JUNIORS

### The Handy Men of Mafeking.

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL, the hero of Boy Scouts all over the world, tells a little story which goes to show the value of being a handy man. When he was in command of the fortress at Mafeking when that town was besieged during the South African War, it was one day discovered that an extra cannon was needed. There were no cannon-making materials in the place, but the handy engineers of the town got to work and pulled a boiler to pieces and used a steam-pipe for the muzzle of the gun. They made iron railings red hot and welded them around the pipe, just as the great gunmakers wind wire around our Dreadnought guns. When this was complete they had a very good cannon that answered the purpose for which it was so badly needed.

Therefore, these men by their ingenuity, which means promptness to invent, and their handiness, gave their country the greatest service in their power, and helped to keep the Union Jack flying in the breeze.

### A New Kind of Toy.

WHAT would you think of a story book in which there were not only pictures of children and birds to look at, but pictures that spoke to you as well? This is the new kind of toy that has just been invented by a toy-maker in Paris, France, and is delighting many little boys and girls in the big French city. The pictures in the book represent all the animals that you know best, the cow, the lamb, the goat, the donkey and the rooster. To make each creature utter a sound all that you need to do is pull a little string at the bottom of the page, and the cow will "moo," the lamb will bleat, and the donkey "hee-haw." The children in the pictures speak, too, and it is very easy to make a little girl say "mamma," or a small boy call "papa."

Don't you think this would be a jolly new kind of story book? Let us hope it will not be long before the big French firm who makes them will send a sample over to America, so that our toy manufacturers will know how to make them, too, and then the little Canadian children will have a chance to enjoy them, also.

### School-Boys vs. Panthers.

IT will be a surprise to many of you to learn that an athletic school-boy can out-jump on the flat a panther, a tiger or a lion, according to the records of the athletic meets and those made by the biggest and strongest animals in captivity.

In leaping, however, the wild beasts hold the record. To ascertain how high these animals can leap, a stuffed bird was placed on the branch of a tree, and the animals released in turn into an enclosure where the tree stood. The instant they saw the bird, they exerted themselves to the utmost to reach it. It was thus found that tigers and lions could barely jump six feet six inches, while the panther reached the branch at ten feet. The best high jump made by a school-boy is six feet and two inches, but many boys can clear the bar at five feet six inches with ease.

In broad jumping, however, the school-boy can lead the animals, who were tested in a similar manner. It was found that panthers and tigers could cover ten feet at a standing jump and from thirteen to fourteen feet running. Many high-school lads can make a running jump of from seventeen to twenty feet, but the record was made four years ago by an Ohio boy who jumped twenty-three feet two inches.

### The Green Mountain Man.

By Claude A. Macdonald.  
THE sun was shining brightly as a little boy started off to school one morning in June; he seemed not to feel his little ship-cap as it rested jauntily on the side of his head, and his book bag swinging lightly over his arm. He was barefoot, for the mud puddles

were very plentiful along the country roads, and as he was a little boy, he felt cramped in boots. He had to cross a brook on his way to school, and stooping down took a drink from its sparkling surface. Then he sat on the grassy bank, swung his legs, and dipped his fat, muddy toes into the cool water which felt so nice.

It was nearly 9 o'clock, but he did not know it, and did not want to know it, either; so he lost no time in getting up a conversation with the squirrels that chattered in the wide spruce boughs over his head, and scattered the green "spills" on his tumbled curls.

He took out his jack-knife and began to dig ground-nuts; but he had not been digging long, when he felt the sun getting warmer and warmer, and suddenly a small man in a red cap, with a huge white feather and a long green coat, peeped shyly through the bushes at the little boy as he sat there digging the big, juicy ground-nuts.

"Hello there, little boy," cried the man in green, "don't you want me to help you play? Come with me up the mountain-side!"

The little boy scampered to his feet, making the dead leaves rustle; but he had to run very fast to keep up to the little man, for he had wings, great white ones. "He must be a fairy," thought the little boy.

The man took him to a great cave, and there were diamonds hanging from the walls, and he could hear the drip, drip of the clear cold water as it fell from some unknown place behind the cave. Tall green ferns grew about and waved gently in the cool breezes that played about the mouth of the cave.

"You think these ferns look nice," said the man in green, "but step inside here, and you will see something you'll like even better."

SO little boy hopped quickly over the stone step and landed lightly in a narrow passage, at the end of which he stepped into a garden, and there row upon row of fruit-trees stood, some loaded with rosy apples or yellow peaches. Just as he put out his hand to pick a large purple grape that hung near him, he felt something pick off his cap, and turning he saw the cutest little pony he had ever seen; it had long, slim legs, and a shiny black nose, and great velvety-black eyes; a small saddle and bridle were on its back, and the best of it was, that the man in green turned to him and said:

"That pony is yours."

"But why do you give me such a lovely pony?" said the little boy.

"Because you spoke so kindly to the squirrels and did not throw stones at the sparrows and robins that sang their sweet songs."

So little boy got on the pony and started home. "You must say good-bye now," said the man in green, "for you will never see me again."

"Oh, yes, I shall come again soon," said little boy.

"No," said the man in green, "I tell you the truth; you will never see me again. I am called the Green-Mountain Man, and I gave you that pony because I knew you would be good to it."

So the two shook hands and the boy rode off, but when crossing the brook some drops of water splashed from the pony's feet and struck the little boy on the face.

And what do you think happened?

He woke up and found himself sitting under the alder bushes by the brook, with his head resting on a mound of purple violets; his knife lay beside him on the mossy bank.

What time was it, though? Why nearly two o'clock, and school must have gone in long ago. He jumped up quickly and scampered home, and when he got there he found that his grandmother had arrived from the great city, and in the bustle and excitement his mother forgot to ask why he was home so early from school.

But little boy never regretted his dream by the brook-side, as his dream came true, for his grandmother gave him a real pony.



Some

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Writing

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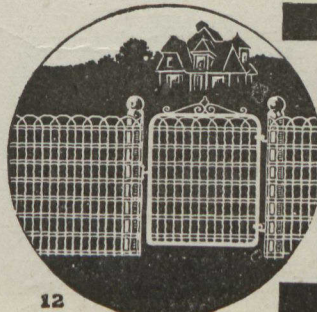
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