

THE BOYS AND GIRLS

Grandpa's Way

My grandpa is the strangest man! Of course, I love him dearly; But really it does seem to me He looks at things so queerly.

He always thinks that every day Is right, no matter whether It rains or snows, or shines or blows Or what the kind of weather.

When outdoor fun is ruined By a heavy shower, provoking, He pats my head and says, "You see, The dry earth needs a soaking."

And when I think the day too warm For any kind of pleasure, He says, "The corn has grown an inch— I see without a measure."

And when I fret because the wind Has set my things all whirling, He looks at me and says, "Tut! tut! The close air needs a stirring!"

He says, when drifts are piling high, And fence posts scarcely peeping, "How warm beneath their blanket white The little flowers are keeping!"

Sometimes I think, when on his face His sweet smile shines so clearly, It would be nice if every one Could see things just as queerly.

Your Age

"Ahem!" said the king, "I have an interesting sum for you; it is a trial in mental arithmetic. I think of the month of your birth."

Now, the professor was sixty years old, and had been born two days before Christmas, so he thought of 12, December being the twelfth month.

"Yes," said the professor.

"Multiply it by 2," continued the king.

"Yes."

"Add 5."

"Yes," answered the professor, doing so.

"Now multiply by 50."

"Yes."

"Add your age."

"Yes."

"Subtract 365."

"Yes."

"Add 115."

"Yes."

"And now," said the king, might I ask what the result is?"

"Twelve hundred and sixty," replied the professor, wonderingly.

"Thank you," was the king's response. "So you were born in December, sixty years ago, eh?"

"Why," how in the world do you know?" cried the professor.

"Why," retorted the king, "from your answer—1260. The month of your birth was the twelfth and the last two figures give your age."

The Robin Mother's Strategy

On the topmost branch of the biggest cherry tree, with head thrown back and turned sideways, sat Mrs. Robin Redbreast. Right under her, on the lawn, stood a small boy with arm uplifted, and in his hand a stone.

Would he throw it at her? And if he hit her, what would become of the

three little brown birds that had just come out of the blue eggs she had been nursing so long?

With a sideling twist of her head Mrs. Robin glanced, now at the boy, then at her nestlings.

A happy thought struck her. Quickly she bit at the stem of a bunch of red cherries, and down they dropped right at the feet of the boy. And what little boy would not stoop to pick up a bunch of red-ripe cherries? Certainly not this boy on the lawn.

While he was stooping, down flew Mrs. Robin into the nest, where three tiny birdlings peeped out a welcome. When the boy rose upright and stretched out his arm to fling the stone, no bird was in sight—only green leaves fluttering as if stirred by the wind, and some bright cherries making crimson spots against them!

To Find Fishing Bait

The boy wanted some worms for bait. He had selected a promising spot, a shady and low lying dell, but, though he had been digging now for fifteen minutes, not a single worm had his spade turned up.

"Here, sonny," said an old angler, "take this chunk of soap and make me a quart or two of soapuds."

The boy brought the suds, the old man sprang them over the ground, and then he, in his turn, began to dig. It was amazing. Here, where the boy before had found a single worm, the old man now discovered them in dozens.



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"You can find worms 'most anywhere, sonny," said the old man, "if you wet the ground with soapuds first. The soapuds draws them, the same as molasses draws flies. A weak mixture of blue vitriol and water will do the same thing also."

His Pear Trick

"How many pears have I got on my plate, pa?" asked one of our smart boys, the other evening at supper.

"Two, my son," answered the fond parent, surveying the mellow fruit. "No sir; I've got four, and I can prove it," triumphantly remarked the juvenile.

"How do you make that out?" queried the perplexed father.

"Well, sir, haven't I got two pears, and don't two pears make four?" grinned the archer.

"All right, my son. You've got too many," said the old man, getting up and reaching over. "Here, mother, you take one, and I'll take one, and John may have the two that are left on his plate," and John thought his little joke did not appear so funny after all.

Queries

Did you ever see a stone step?
Or a sardine box?
Or a sausage roll?
Or an apple turn over?
Or a night fall?
Or a bed spring?
Or a rail fence?
Or see ink stand?
Or a man pull up a river?
Or a cow slip?
Or a cough drop?

Johnny's Summer

Robins singing in the trees,
Picnic over yonder;
Flies and gnats and bugs and fleas,
Everywhere wander,
Aunt Samantha Susan Brown,
Visiting from the city,
Pa says I can't go to town,
"Tater bugs" a pity:
Hi there! kill that bumble bee,
Gee! but he's a hummer,
Run, I'll bet you can't beat me
Hurrah for it is Summer.

When Most Rain Falls

More rain falls by night than by day, because the cold at night due to the absence of the sun diminishes the capacity of the air for holding moisture in suspension; the moisture is therefore condensed and falls to the earth.

The amount of moisture ordinarily present in the atmosphere is greatest near the equator, because the sun's warmth is there at its maximum, and the moisture diminishes by more or less regular graduations towards the poles; hence it results that the rainfall in tropical regions is far heavier than it is in temperate regions.

The Peril of It

A lady at whose house Leigh Hunt was dining solicitously said to him at dessert:

"Don't you ever venture on an orange?"

"I should be delighted to do so, my dear madam," the poet replied, "but I'm so afraid I should tumble off."

Judge Not

In men whom men declare divine
I find so much of good and blot,
In men whom others class as ill,
I find so much of goodness still,
I hesitate to draw the line
Where God has not.