

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 whirring,
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
number 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 13,
December being the twelfth month.

"Yes," said the professor.

"Multiply it by 2," continued the

king.

"Yes."

"Add 5."

"Yes," answered the professor, do-

ing so.

"Now multiply by 30."

"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," re-

plied the professor, wonderingly.

"Thank you," was the king's re-

sponse. "So you were born in De-

ceMBER, 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 big-
gest 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. Quick-
ly 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 mak-
ing 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 for a few 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 sprinkled 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 any-
where, 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 wa-
ter 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 pairs make four?" grin-

ned 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,

Ann Samanthay Susan Brown,

Visiting from the city,

Pa says I can't go to town,

"Tater bugs" a pity.

Hi there! kill that bumble bee,

Geel! 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 rain-
fall 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 sin 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.