

For the Boys and Girls

THE LOST PENKNIFE

BY E. M. PHILLIPS.

Richard Ross was going home from school one day when he saw a handsome penknife lying on the ground. Now a knife was of all things just what Richard wanted, and the sight of this one made his heart jump for joy. He caught it up eagerly, pulled open the bright blade, and fastened his eyes on the white pearl handle and shining steel.

"I'm a lucky fellow," he said to himself.

And then he started for home at a fast run, to tell his mother and sister of his good luck, and show his beautiful knife.

"I wonder who could have lost it?" said Brother Charles.

"It's more than I know, or care, either," replied Richard. "Finding is keeping."

"I suppose you had lost it?" said Brother Charles.

"Oh, bother!" answered Richard, with some impatience.

Charles' suggestion had fallen like a wet blanket (as we say sometimes) on Richard's self-satisfaction.

"Somebody must have lost it," said Charles.

"Maybe it was Mr. Ellis," suggested Sister Marion. "I saw him loitering down the road half an hour ago."

"I don't believe it's his knife," said Richard.

Richard made no reply to this suggestion. He should ask Mr. Ellis if it was his knife, and he should say "Yes" if it was. The thought came anything but agreeable.

"Suppose," said Charles, looking up from his book that evening, as they sat at a table, studying their lessons, "you had lost that knife, Richard?"

"Why can't you let the knife rest?" answered Richard, half angrily. "It's no concern of mine."

"But I can't help feeling sorry for the person who lost it," said Charles.

"Well, a heavy one, and a keener one, and a little bit of girl brought it with the money saved up for months."

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Richard, as he thought of the penknife when things

ing of the sort. And we see no reason why she should.

"Petitcoat government has been the subject of many music-hall jokes, and quite possibly the salvation of many homes—but without going into the delicate subject of the modern flapper's economy in the matter of petticoats—we take leave to doubt whether she is or wants to be an arbiter of the political fortunes of Great Britain."

A Manometer.

To speak of admitting women of twenty-one to the suffrage as "votes for flappers," says the London Sunday Times scridily, is not funny, nor accurate, but "sheer slapdoodle." There may be a dozen reasons of various kinds for the ill-considered admission of men and women to vote at the same age, but this is not one of them, according to this newspaper, which argues:

"To begin with, a woman of twenty-one is not a flapper. The term, as we understand its historical and etymological derivation from that dim past when girls wore their hair long and down their backs and had enough of it to flap. It served as a convenient designation for that noisy, indeterminate, hysterical period between childhood and womanhood, when any sensible girl would far sooner have a box of chocolates than a vote."

"But at twenty-one the aching joys and dizzy raptures of this phase of adolescence have been outgrown and left behind. Maturity has descended in a flood, and the girl at that age has a poise and a perspective, and at the same time an independent attitude toward life that the man of forty-five is just about to acquire. The habit of feeling ever so much older than boys men, is already formed, and to explain to her that she is too young and undeveloped to vote, and that suffrage is a man's work for which only her masculine contemporaries are qualified, is not altogether easy."

When Things Come True.

When things come true,
(And we'll make them, too)
When dreams come true
And schemes go through;
When the marvelous plans
That we plan come true,
(And any day now, of course they may.)
No two in the world will be as gay
As we from dawn till the close of day
When things come true!

When things come true,
(And they often do,
For fortunate folks like me and you,
When things come true,
When things come true,
When the wonderful things that we
dream come true,
You'd not be there and I'd not be here,
Not a day will be dull, they'll all be clear,
For we'll be in the selfsame place,
my dear,
When things come true!

Mary Carolyn Davies.

How Not to Get Tired.

The heart is able to keep up its steady beat with apparently unending energy because it really does rest; the cause between beats being delayed to allow time for recovery. A writer in the Illustrated Zeitung (Leipzig) makes the statement that all healthy muscles are practically unobtainable, provided the work done by them is adjusted to the proper tempo. Other necessary conditions are proper blood supply and an abundance of oxygen.

When a group of muscles is permitted to work continuously, it reaches a state of diminished yield. It is tired, and this fatigue is associated with a peculiar sensation in the muscles.

There are two causes for this. The first is the accumulation of waste products, known as fatigue stuffs, produced by the activity of the muscle and stored in its tissue, the chief of which are lactic and phosphoric acids and carbon dioxide, with small amounts of urea and other extractive materials. These products are removed, as by conducting a stream of salt solution through the muscle, the latter is again able to do work.

But in a healthy organism these fatigue products are more or less completely removed by properly timed rest periods.

The writer then explains that during rest the fatigue stuffs are either carried away by the blood stream, or are neutralized within the muscle itself, by means of oxygen, which either burns them up, or else transforms the lactic acid into carbohydrates. He goes on:

"That part of the fatigue stuffs is really carried away by the blood stream, which either burns them up, or else transforms the lactic acid into carbohydrates. He goes on:

"That part of the fatigue stuffs is really carried away by the blood stream, which either burns them up, or else transforms the lactic acid into carbohydrates. He goes on:

Sold for a Farthing.

Always we hear his cheery chirp and twitter:
The ever-changing seasons much the same
To him and his, foregathered on the street
Of street or doorway, — fearless,
without shame.

The busy, happy, unselfconscious bird,
(Midst city noises, raucous, loud and shrill)
In cheerful twittering is ever heard:
Always he chirps and he chirps not be still!

In city square, or grassy, gravelled park,
He shares the pigeon's or the squirrel's feast.
And, coming not the skyward singing
Accepts his lot, content to be the least.

As he the debris of the gutter rines,
A bird, glad twittering, the song he sings:
A pecker up of 13 considered trifles:
To whom God grants the skyward gift of wings.

Donald Bain in the Monitor.

Forethought in Plants.

The apparent forethought in preparing materials and storing them for a time of need is not manifested by the trees alone, but in a greater or less degree it is exercised by every plant that grows.

When a tree is performing its normal function, it is largely engaged in storing up food for the winter. The leaves, which are the factories of food, are full of starch and other materials. These are stored up in the trunk and branches of the tree, and are used when the leaves are shed and the tree is dormant.

The same principle applies to all plants. They store up food for the winter, and use it when they are dormant.

Leading the Young Caravan.

Why do you not see the herbert not to your heart's content?
He'll lead you to look estimable.

Diplomatic.

"Let me see some of your black kid gloves," said the lady, to whom she was talking. "These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked, when they were produced.

"Yes, madam," replied the shopman; "we have had them in stock only two days."

"I don't think they are, because the fashion paper says black kids have tan stripes, and vice versa, I see the tan stripes, but not the vice versa."

The shopman explained that "vice versa" was French for seven bits, and she bought three pairs.

Milk can now be produced that will keep in a perfectly good condition for from 90 to 120 hours.



THE FOUNDER OF GUELPH
Photograph of old portrait by Joshua Smith, B.A., of the late John Galt, founder of the city of Guelph one hundred years ago. The painting was painted by the descendants of Mr. Galt to the city of Guelph in connection with the centenary celebration.

PLANES WILL ASSIST ENGINEERS IN BUILDING HUDSON BAY RAILWAY

"City of Winnipeg" and "City of Toronto" to Make Twenty-Seven Round Trips in Making Comparative Tests of Fort Churchill and Fort Nelson.

JOINED SAME TRAIN AFTER GOLDFIELDS TRIP.

"Our expedition has demonstrated conclusively, I think, the practicality and essentially the safety of the plane as a medium of transport for both passengers and freight," said F. J. Stevenson, pilot of the "City of Winnipeg" which with the "City of Toronto" has just completed a contract for the Dominion Government department of railways and canals in transporting mail, mail, and passengers from Hudson Bay to Fort Churchill on Hudson's Bay, involving twenty-seven round trips over a route of some 950 miles each way.

The planes used on the trip, the "City of Toronto" and "City of Winnipeg," were 1,000 pounds up from New York, arriving at Hudson Bay on 21st of March. The first trip was made on the 23rd of March and the contract completed on the 17th of April. On some days two round trips were made.

The course flown was from Hudson Bay, 480 miles air-line, to Fort Churchill, 190 miles. The course was flown with a capacity of 16,000 pounds of equipment and supplies, and twelve passengers from Hudson Bay to Fort Churchill, and back, and twelve passengers from Fort Churchill to Hudson Bay, and back, and twelve passengers from Hudson Bay to Fort Nelson, and back, and twelve passengers from Fort Nelson to Hudson Bay, and back.



The highest expression of the store quality and value is the Full-Size, Gum-Dipped, and Bellon tires—and the best proved by performance. The tires made possible by Gum-Dipping, Firestone's extra process for strengthening the walls to endure the extra flexing strains.

Learn from your First Dealer the many advantages of Gum-Dipping—the added comfort, dependability and greater economy.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO. OF CANADA LTD. TORONTO, CANADA

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR



Learn from your First Dealer the many advantages of Gum-Dipping—the added comfort, dependability and greater economy.

Time Out for Working.

Time for the back-seat driver to take a back seat.

THE VOTE FOR "THE FLAPPER"

AN ENGLISH MAJORITY OF TWENTY-ONE TO FIVE CONTROL THE COUNTRY?

ANOTHER HOME-LAND "MUDDLE."

World War leaving a L... of women in England... over the present... in the British... offered in... independent and... of Greater... to give the vote... the same terms as... would mean, we learn... that the present vote... of thirty for women would be... and it is noted... that Mr. Haldane... was Mr. Haldane's promise... in the latter part of the... was unexpectedly defeated, 5,000... 000 voters will be added to the electorate, and in 70 per cent. of the constituencies the women will outnumber the men.

According to London press dispatches, women will be enfranchised on attaining their twenty-first year, and many women who are more than thirty years old and who are disfranchised under the existing system will also acquire the vote.

Some estimates indicate that at the next general election the women voters will outnumber the men by 2,000,000. The only question asked about this momentous adventure, according to some sharply antagonistic Conservative editors, is the wholly irrelevant one, namely: "If men have the vote at twenty-one, why should not women?"

The argument for similarly enfranchising women rests upon two gross assumptions, says a writer in "Blackwood's Magazine" (Edinburgh), and he adds:

"We do not suppose that at the age of twenty-one either man or woman desires a vote. But, say the wisecracks, a man of twenty-one has a vote, so a woman of twenty-one must have one also. Which is absurd. In the bond place, it assumes that a vote is a right, which it emphatically is not. Nobody, man or woman, is born to vote. We are not, by nature, voting animals. The State may confer the power of voting as a privilege upon any class in the community which it chooses thus to honor or degrade. But none is entitled to complain if he or she be debarred from dropping a vote into a ballot-box."

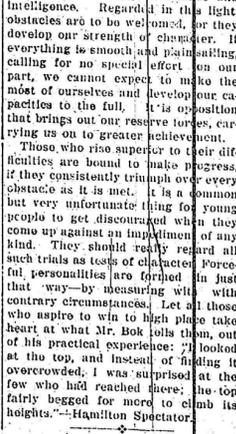
A Political Dodge.

"Though it is wholly irrelevant to the argument whether the young women of England desire to vote or not, it might be pointed out that they themselves have not expressed a wish to possess that doubtful privilege. What they claim that is made for them is made by interested politicians, by legislators of full age, or by like-minded women, who would, if they could, recapture the old wild madness of the suffragette. Nor can it be said that the vote of the young women will do any good to the State, for the State is not a thing that can be improved by the addition of a few more votes."

Obstacles.

The mistake commonly made is to view an obstacle as a physical obstruction, whereas it is only a difficulty of some kind, which can be overcome with a little perseverance and intelligence. Regarded in this light, obstacles are to be welcomed, or they develop our strength of character. If ever we are to smooth and plain our path, we cannot expect to make our way through the forest of our own doubts and fears, carrying us on to greater achievement.

Those who rise superior to their difficulties are bound to make progress, if they consistently triumph over every obstacle as it is met. It is a common yet very unfortunate thing for people to get discouraged when they come up against an impediment of any kind. They should really regard all such trials as tests of character. Foremost personalities are formed in just that way—by measuring with contrary circumstances. Let us take heart at what Mr. Bok tells his people as his practical experience: "I looked at the top, and instead of finding it overcrowded, I was surprised at the fairly beggarly for good to climb his heights."—Hamilton Spectator.



Mr. Hog—"A cat has nine lives. How many has a dog?"
Mr. Pup—"Ca-nine."

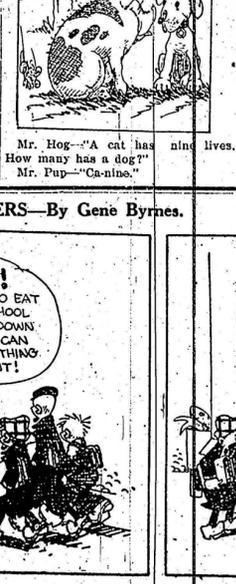
REGULAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.

LOOK! I'M GOIN' TO EAT AT THE SCHOOL CAFETERIA DOWN WHERE YOU CAN ORDER ANYTHING YOU WANT!

I THOUGHT YOU HAD YOUR MOTHER WAS THE BEST LUNCH COOK ON NOLDEN STREET?

HE TOLD ME HIS MOTHER WAS THE CHAMPION LUNCH COOK OF THE WORLD! HA HA!

SHE IS TOO, BUT WHAT I SAID DON'T CARE, I'LL WASH MY MOUTH OUT WITH SOAP!



REGULAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.

LOOK! I'M GOIN' TO EAT AT THE SCHOOL CAFETERIA DOWN WHERE YOU CAN ORDER ANYTHING YOU WANT!

I THOUGHT YOU HAD YOUR MOTHER WAS THE BEST LUNCH COOK ON NOLDEN STREET?

HE TOLD ME HIS MOTHER WAS THE CHAMPION LUNCH COOK OF THE WORLD! HA HA!

SHE IS TOO, BUT WHAT I SAID DON'T CARE, I'LL WASH MY MOUTH OUT WITH SOAP!

REGULAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.

LOOK! I'M GOIN' TO EAT AT THE SCHOOL CAFETERIA DOWN WHERE YOU CAN ORDER ANYTHING YOU WANT!

I THOUGHT YOU HAD YOUR MOTHER WAS THE BEST LUNCH COOK ON NOLDEN STREET?

HE TOLD ME HIS MOTHER WAS THE CHAMPION LUNCH COOK OF THE WORLD! HA HA!

SHE IS TOO, BUT WHAT I SAID DON'T CARE, I'LL WASH MY MOUTH OUT WITH SOAP!

REGULAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.

LOOK! I'M GOIN' TO EAT AT THE SCHOOL CAFETERIA DOWN WHERE YOU CAN ORDER ANYTHING YOU WANT!

I THOUGHT YOU HAD YOUR MOTHER WAS THE BEST LUNCH COOK ON NOLDEN STREET?

HE TOLD ME HIS MOTHER WAS THE CHAMPION LUNCH COOK OF THE WORLD! HA HA!

SHE IS TOO, BUT WHAT I SAID DON'T CARE, I'LL WASH MY MOUTH OUT WITH SOAP!

REGULAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.

LOOK! I'M GOIN' TO EAT AT THE SCHOOL CAFETERIA DOWN WHERE YOU CAN ORDER ANYTHING YOU WANT!

I THOUGHT YOU HAD YOUR MOTHER WAS THE BEST LUNCH COOK ON NOLDEN STREET?

HE TOLD ME HIS MOTHER WAS THE CHAMPION LUNCH COOK OF THE WORLD! HA HA!

SHE IS TOO, BUT WHAT I SAID DON'T CARE, I'LL WASH MY MOUTH OUT WITH SOAP!

Miller's... It is the selected... PURG... Firestone... AUGGE... The Best Dairy Value ever offered... We built this SMP Dairy Pail for the man who is "tired of buying new pails all the time." They are made of good heavy iron, highly polished, strong bottom, heavy wire handles, and put together the way a pail should be. You'll get full value from every cent you invest in SMP Dairy Pails and other Dairy Tin Ware. Made by THE SUPER METAL PRODUCTS CO. LIMITED, BRONXVILLE, N.Y.

SMP DAIRY and Dairy