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The Rub-Down After Golf. Absorbine J. After an afternoon on the links, Golfers will find a rub-down with ABSORBINE J. a most desirable and in proper tone. Trainers' Wash an absolute preventive of tired, lame muscles and "next-day" soreness and stiffness. One ounce of Absorbine J. to a quart of water or which heats the leg, arm, shoulder and back muscles. It is the best of its kind. It is a "must" for every golfer's kit. W. F. Young, Inc., Lymas Bldg., Montreal.

AGED 100, HAS LIVED UNDER FIVE SOVEREIGNS

William Grievs Stewart Was Tended Civil Address From Renfrew. Renfrew, July 28.—At the last council meeting Mayor Moss read an address which was presented to William Grievs, Stewart street, who on the 12th instant reached the age of 100 years. The address was signed by H. W. Moss, mayor, and Councillors C. J. Murphy and W. P. Anthun. Mr. Grievs was born in Newton Barry, Ireland, on July 12th, 1820. He has lived under five British sovereigns George IV., William IV., Victoria, Edward VII. and the present King—George V. died on January 29th, 1920, or a little over five months before Mr. Grievs was born. He came to Canada in 1841 and settled first in the township of Lanark, and worked on a farm. He had an education above the average and soon found himself called upon to teach school in Admaston district having obtained the necessary certificate from George Brown, who at that time

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN'S PAGE

My Town Adventures

Catching Small Game. CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY. "What are you making, Sam?" Bob asked me, as he caught me tinkering out in the garage. "A trap," I told him. "I wasn't going to tell him any more at first, because it was only an experiment. I had been down to the Towns Hall on an errand from Dad and had met our friend, the Board of Health man. "Hello, Sam!" he had said. "I've got something for you." That was when he gave me the plan for making the trap, dimensions of the frame work, how to screen, and the openings. After all, I let Bob in on the scheme. We finished the trap that night, and set it up secretly behind our new public market. There we sneaked home, hardly able to wait, to see what would happen.



Maybe you heard what happened. We got into the newspaper. "Catching Small Game," that was the heading. There was a column all about the success of our fly trap. There was even a photograph of the pile of flies we caught in the trap which we had made after the government plan. It was a life-saver in My Town, for a fly can have several hundred thousands of sisters and cousins and aunts in one summer, as well as brothers and uncles. And every one of all those flies carries disease germs. All the boys and girls in My Town made fly traps, and we had hunting matches to see who could catch the most flies. It would be a lot of fun hunting big game in the jungle. Every boy dreams of it. But there is plenty of small games in your town. Try a fly hunt like ours. It's really good sport!

"Your money or your life!" cried the highway robber. "Take my life," said Mike, "I'm saving my money for my old age." was superintendent of schools for the district. For six months' service he was paid \$100 and was boarded free among the farmers. Soon however, the ratepayers found it impossible to pay a salary in cash and he was asked to take wheat. This he could not see his way to accept and he drifted

Monkey and Movie

And the Memory-Man said: A moving-picture operator, who went from village to village, carried with him a Monkey, to attract the people when he paraded the streets. One day, while his master was at dinner, the Monkey called all the animals to witness a movie show. He had watched how his master turned the handle of the projector. "See, my friends," he cried to the cats and dogs, the hens and turkeys, he had assembled, "how wonderful are these pictures!" and, word for word, he repeated the little address his master always gave. "But we see nothing!" cried the animals. "This boaster is fooling us!" and, between them, they gave the Monkey a terrible beating. He had forgotten to light the lantern. Those who attempt more than they know are always ridiculous.—R.-W.

Country Gentleman

"How can that be?" "Well, immediately after the first bottle of wine the ship takes to water and sticks to it ever after!" —Country Gentleman.

The Necessary Worrier

"Didn't you use to belong to a Don't Worry Club years ago?" "Yes," replied the patient yet firm woman. "I had to resign. Nobody worried about who was going to fix up the sandwiches and salad and freeze the ice cream, but me. So I decided I was just a born worrier and was out of my class." —Washington Star.

Good Idea

Mrs. Hawk (indignantly): "It's a direct outrage! The patient just now, when this slipper was thrown through the window!" Mr. Hawk: "That's splendid! Hurry up and sing another verse, dear! Perhaps you'll get the pair of 'em!" —Answers.

Remember, not a penny of your money goes with you on that long journey.

Mexico has \$300,000,000 in gold in circulation.

Helped Him Out

An accusing glitter in her bright blue eyes, Mrs. Monkton faced her husband. "What is this long, dark hair on your coat, Henry?" she demanded. "Oh—er—a horsehair, my love!" stammered Henry, hoping for the best. "Most likely!" sneered the good lady. "And no doubt you got in a motor-car?" "Exactly, my dear. The seat-covering was worn through, and some of the stuffing came out." —Answers.

A Temperance Lesson

"I object," said the temperance man, "to the custom of christening ships with champagne." "I don't," replied the other man. "I think there is a temperance lesson in it."

No Great Handicap

"The author of this motor romance never owned a car." "That doesn't mean anything in particular." "No." "Jules Verne wrote a corking good story about the moon, but he'd never been there." —Birmingham Age-Herald.

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enjoying life despite the weight of a century of years.

Good Night Stories by Blanche Selva. DORIS AND THE MAGIC BALLOON. Doris gave a cry of delight as a man-carrying a bunch of red and yellow and blue balloons turned the corner of the street. She ran into the house and, of course, Mama gave her a bright new shiny dime. When the man reached Doris's gate he handed Doris a bright red balloon, and whistling merrily put the dime in his pocket and went on. Doris watched the balloon bobbing at the end of the string above her head. She thought over the wonderful tales she had heard about the trips in balloons, and down in her little heart she wished she might some day own a balloon that would take her sailing up into the soft gray clouds.

"Wouldn't it be lovely," she wished to herself. "To own a magic balloon so that whatever you wished would come true right away. Oh, me!" Doris felt a terrible pulling, pulling, pulling at her hand, and when she raised her face to see the cause she found herself floating through the air on the end of the string. Her wish had come true. She was holding on to a real-for-sure balloon. "Isn't it fine!" cried a tiny voice, and over the edge of the bright red balloon peeped a tiny little elfin head. "I do so love to fly with you." "With me," laughed Doris. "Why, I've never seen you before." "Oh, yes, you have," giggled the elfin. "I'm your second self. Your little shadow playmate. Only this time I'm so far above your head you can't step on me." Doris laughed merrily. Sure enough, just before the balloon man turned the corner she had amused herself trying to step on her shadow.

"Well, I'm glad I didn't step on you," she laughed. "I'd much rather take a sail with you. But, say, where are we going, anyway?" "Into the cloud castles," replied the tiny elfin as the toy balloon caught in a soft gray cloud and stopped. "Here we are. We'll tie our balloon and see what we can see," and the tiny elfin slid down the string and took Doris by the hand.



The Clan of North America

Scout Work in Camp. FRANCIS BOLT-WHEELER. "This Camp doesn't seem to be either a Boy Scout Camp, or a Girl Scout Camp," said Morris Benton, the Fifth Honor Guest, after a tour of the buildings, "and yet there's a Scout air about it, too." "Good reason," said Captain Will. "It's pretty hard to find any better guides than men like Baden-Powell in England and Canada, and Dan Beard in the United States. And the various Girls' Leagues have been good, too, we follow their ideas pretty closely. "By the end of the summer I expect every fellow or girl here will have reached the same standard as a First-Class Scout. Every one must learn to swim; to signal, by semaphore or Morse; must understand first aid; must be able to draw a correct field



map, and read a topographic map; and tell the principal birds, trees, flowers, animals, insects and reptiles seen near camp. "Each fellow or girl has to learn the main principles of cooking. Every fellow has got to be able to handle an axe and every girl must know how to tan and dress skins. "Both boys and girls have got to learn how to find food-plants in the woods, and how to cook them. They must know every mushroom, whether it is edible or not, and if edible, how to prepare it. Every one must know the right kind of baits for fish, and how to set traps and snares. We've got three rifles and half a dozen shotguns in camp, and twice a week some group or other has rifle and shotgun practice. All but seven of us know how to ride, and those are taking riding lessons. There's never a minute idle in the day, and every day brings something different. We're going to make good on this Camp, and this Camp is making good for us." (Tomorrow: Wedding Day.)

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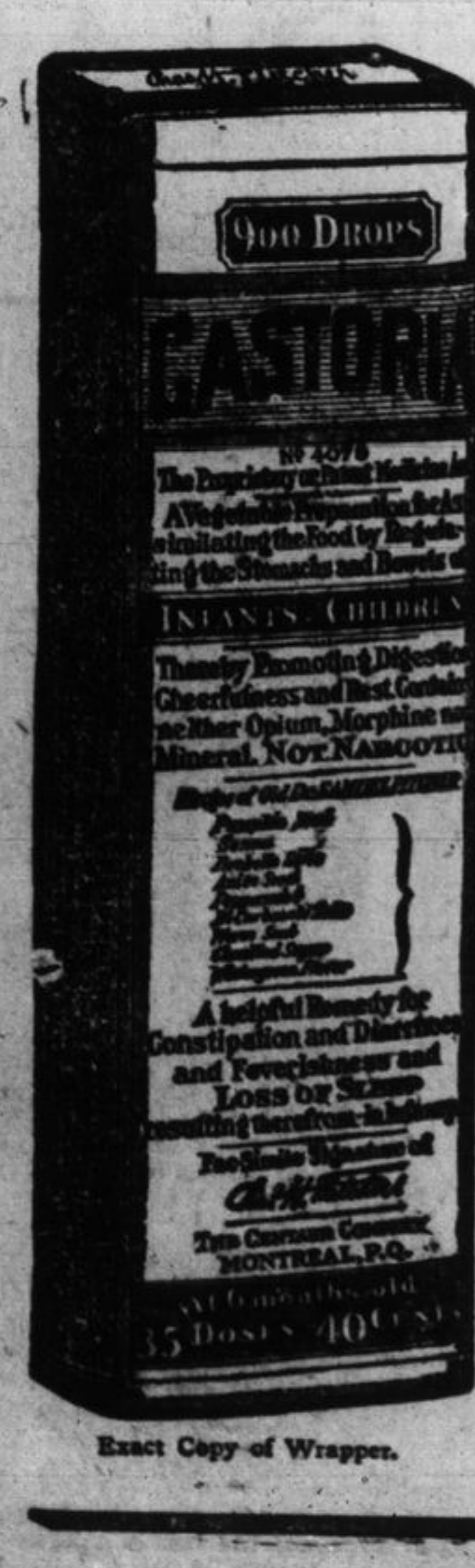


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