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## For Boys And Girls

An Old Story in Rhyme.

By Delia Hart Stone. "I heard a great big lion in the brush," Said he; "along the river"— "Freddy

Said his mamma; "you talk at random. dear. for there were never any lions here."
"Oh, then it must have been a bear,"

said Fred:
"A cross old bear—he might have killed me dead!"
y, Freddy," said mamma, "you

talk so wild; The bears were all killed long ago, my "A wildcat or a coyote, then," said he; But his mamma said no, it could not

"You think," said Fred, "that it was just a calf? That's what you said-I wish you wouldn't laugh. 'Twas getting dark-I hadn't time to But anyhow, I know the bushes

-The Independent.

### \* \* The Heart of the World.

By Adeline Knapp. Gray shadows were creeping over the sand dunes beyond Pacific Heights. Only here and there a lanceolate beam touched the hills, from the crimson ball going out to sea through the golden gate. There was a scent of lilies in the air, mingling with the more wonted perfume of February roses. The hum of the city sounded far away, and the song of a meadow lark could be heard

The door of the house stood open, re vealing a broad hall. There was suggestion, in the dim light, of waving ferns and the silvery gleam of a fountain, in the conservatory at one side. From the doorjamb there swayed in the breeze long ends of soft, snowy ribbon, holding in place a cluster of

white roses. In the center of a stately apartmen that opened upon the hall stood a tiny white casket on slender pillars. Two candles burned at its head. By a window a man sat, gazing, with unseeing eyes, into the creeping shadows of the trees. A woman lay in a crushed heap among the pillows of a divan. Neither had moved for a long time. The little form in the white casket had been their all. Now it lay scarcely stiller than thev.

the sound of a woman's voice, highpitched and clear.
"Willy! Willy! oh, Willy!" it cried. A friend within the house hastened to the door. Along the pathway through the shrubbery a handsomely-dressed woman appeared. "Oh!" she exclaimed, advancing, "have you seen a little boy about 4 years old? My little boy is lost! Some one said they saw him "Oh thank God!" said she whose come in here. I cannot find him: and

in the sand dunes.' "Long ago. They are all on the lookout for him. But he may be bur-ied in the sand. We have been searchones through death, but I never felt can tamale vender voluntered as I do at this moment!

ing the cushions came through the "What is it?" she asked. The friend put her arm about her choru and would have drawn her back; but hood. the stranger spoke:

"Oh," cried the younger woman, "I thankfulness.

am so sorry! Is there nothing we can do? Cannot we help you look for him? The poor little fellow! Think of him all alone in the dunes! How did it happen?" And she put her hand in the stranger's for sympathy.

The letter was full of her story of the doorstep of the other home a man stood, holding a child in his arms.

"We've got him," he called, quickly, as he bent to kiss his wife; and then his arms closed quickly around them

The latter was full of her story of both. from the sand dunes, "Willy! Willy!

"I must go," cried the mother. "Oh, y heart is breaking! Willy, Willy! or Independent Where can he be?"
As she turned, a passing zephyr blew

the white ribbon on the doorpost straight out across her cheek. She "Why," she cried, "you have a dead child in this house!"

A Passion for Her Literature-Remark able Lingual Powers. started back, dismayed.

said the other mother; "my only child, a little boy, just 4 years old,

Tears came into the stranger's eyes. "Oh," she cried, "do forgive me! I am so sorry! I did not know, Dear heart! to think I should have troubled you. I too, have lost two children by death; but this is more terrible. My little but this is more terrible. My little language, the literature, the country, and the people. He spoke Italian with

"I know," the other said, calmly. You must let us do what we can for Gladstone, when speaking Italian, fell you. Oh, I am sure you will find him.

Let me go with you. We will search ment and gestures of an Ita

A Wonderful Medicine. BEECHAM'S

ess, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss f Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Cos-viveness, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL CIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This they will be acknowledged to be WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

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PREPARED ONLY BY THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. KELENS, FUCIAND. OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

She seized a wrap, and the two women went down the walk together. At the corner they were met by a little boy of perhaps a dozen years. "Some children say they met a little boy like yours goin' down towards North Beach," he said. They hurried down the hilly street.

"Have you seen anything of a little boy, about 4 years old, playing about here?" asked Willy's mother of a homeward-bound laborer. "My little ooy is lost." "Shure, mem, now, that's very bad, an' I'm sorry," the man said. halting; "mebby he'd be at th' p'lice station?"
"No, I've telephoned all the stations.

Some one thought they saw him down here. What shall I do?" The face of the big, rough man "I'll kape me eyes open ez I go along home, mem," he said; "an' meeby I'll see th' little feller. Tut, now! What if 'twore me own little Tim? He's just 4 years old, the rascal, an' 'twad kill 'iz mother, shure. Ah, but it's weary-

in' and comfortin' to th' heart, mem the childhren bez." The way grew more squalid das they kept on towards the beach. On a doora woman sat holding a little child, and looking anxiously down the street "Have you seen a little boy?" the older mother began, and again the sad little tale was told.

"No," said the other woman; "but I hope you will find him, lady. I know how you feel. Me heart's sore over me own little Joey, here, and me man away looking for worruk. The baby is that sick, an' Jim, me other lad, he's gone for the medicine, I don't know

what's keepin' him."
"Let me see the baby," and the mother, whose little one lay dead at home, reached out her jeweled hands. The child was placed in her arms.
"Why, he is very ill, indeed!" she exclaimed. The little one's face was livid. The baby's fingers were ed over each tiny thumb, and the tiny

body shivered convulsively.

Willy's mother eyed the little form knowingly. "The child should be put into a warm bath, at once," she said. The three women entered the house and busied themselves over the sick haby. She whose child was lost found battered kettle and put water to heat over a single-burner lamp. The other one undressed the little form, while the wee sufferer's mother stood wringing her hands in helpless pain. They worked rapidly, tenderly; but it was nearly an hour before the terribl

resting on the bed. "God bles you, ladies!" the poor woman cried, as she saw relief creeping over the drawn face; "you's saved my baby's life!" "But, oh, my own little boy!" and the other mother hastened to the door.

"It is quite dark, and I do not know "Sure, lady, the good God'll never let your baby be lost!" but the two strangers were gone. "Oh, where will he sleep tonight?" murmured Willy's mother. "Your boy

Up the street an older boy came

s lost! Some one said they saw him ome in here. I cannot find him; and am afraid he has fallen somewhere the sand dunes."

"Oh, thank God!" said she whose child was with the All-Father—"thank God!" but the other could not speak.

"God!" but the other could not speak. It was a triumphal progress back to the more aristocratic quarter.
"They've found yer baby, ma'am, a street urchin cried, who was calling ing for hours. Oh, I have lost two lit- papers on the next corner. A Mexisame information in broken English, and in the next block a woman threw The mother's heart wailed forth behind the cultured woman's enforced composure.

The woman who had been lying home, madam!" she called, joyfully. Nearer home a gleeful band of chil-

"He's found!-he's found!" and the chorus rang throughout the neighbor-The two mothers kissed tenderly and 'My little boy is lost," she said, ex- parted. As the younger one turned to ly. "He is only 4 years old. We afraid he is among the sand swimming with the first tears she had shed that day; but they were tears of

dren met them.

On the doorstep of the other home

The latter was full of her story of coming home from a round of calls to find the child missing and the other children seeking him. Even as she spoke, voices could be heard calling the complete the control of the con "Why, Papa," said the little voice, "Mary said they wuzzent any or'nges

## GLADSTONE LOVES ITALY.

for dinner, an' I went to buy some!

Justin McCarthy in The Outlook.

Gladstone has a profound sympathy You see I do not know where he and the people. He spoke Italian with marvelous fluency and accuracy. eminent Italian told me once that Gladstone, when speaking Italian, fell Gladstone, he said, were to address the epresentative chamber in Rome, every ne present would take him for an talian—only it was possible that the usean might think that he was a doman, and that the Roman would bet him down as a Tuscan. Whenever be needed rest he almost always sought under the skies of Italy. When, at later period of his career, he visited the Ionian Islands as Lord High Commissioner on behalf of the sovereign of England, he addressed all the public Italian. The pronunciation of Greek which is taught at the English unierary language of Greece, to make himself intelligible to a modern Greek audience. Gladstone spoke French with perfect fluency, but with a very mark-ed accent. Indeed, his speeches in the House of Commons, were always de-livered with an accent which told un-mistakably of the "North Countree." From his forebears he got the tones of Scotland; and then Lancashire has distinct ascent all to itself. I have strong impression that some at least of the influence of Gladstor mons would have been a little marred if they had been delivered in the com-mon place accent of West End London

> SAVING TROUBLE. "I guess I'll propose to Henrietta,"

"I had supposed you admired Ma-

The Poets.

Beside the Still Waters.

Ah God! To lie awake at deep of And hear the rain down-dripping overhead, And know that joy is quenched and And from all earth have faded glow and light! Have mercy, Father! On my smarting sight Let dreamless sleep its grateful shad-

ows spread Give me a while to rest as one who, Can reck of nothing! When the east I will be strong, will bravely face once

This dry-eyed agony, not as of yore Soothed by swift-gushing tears! Now All prayers, all yearnings, but reach out and set, Athirst, ablaze, towards one receding One hour's oblivion-to forget, forget! My God, I thank Thee! Ah, I cannot

what still waters and what pas-

tures green Close maybe to those secret founts un-All human finding fathoms deep below. When life itself takes its mysterious Thou hast my spirit led in sleep, to glean Healing and strength! Grief lingers yet its keen, Fine throb grows dimmer, fainter, in the slow Advancing dawn. A lark will soar and While still a tiny clod of earth may To her glad breast; and so, dear Lord Rise from the ground, and, lifting up my voice, As golden morning flushes into ylew,

Remember still, and yet rejoice-re--Stuart Sterne.

Caged. It was born behind bars, but it knew it And it felt God had meant it for hap-And it sang of the joys that it never Of fetterless flights over fields flowerstrown. of the wheat. Of the thrill in the tree-bough touched

Of the feel of a lily-leaf brushed by its "Oh, where will he sleep tonight?" of the feel of a lily-leaf brushed by its murmured Willy's mother. "Your boy is safe with God, but where, where is mine?"

Up the street an older boy came. It sans of the beauty, the rapture of the street is an older boy came. It sans of the beauty, the rapture of the street is skill, has only been achieved in med-It sang of the beauty, the rapture of The palpitant air to its heartbeats Naught over, naught under, save limit-

> It sang, and men said that its song was good; But not one understoode

Then they brought in a wildbird, entrapped in a snare, And a day and a night held it pris-And a night and a day, unbelieving, fought. eating the bars

As if strength of desire should force way to the stars. And men pitied, and said: It was free | without them.

of its fate.

passionate song It besought men to right for one day its life's wrong; To bestow for a day or for only one The leave to make proof of its God-

For one hour only to float on free In the world where its soul lived, the world of best things, Of commensurate effort, and gain, of and will take its own time to gro

Unlinked from despair, mounting high- start them early indoors, for in me er and higher Till lost in attainment, the world of clear visions. True measures, high aims, and un-The world God had made it for. So

Ecstatic, tumultous, thrilled with wild lay planting them until the middle o And delicious complainings, until the Broke off in an exquisite cry in its And men listened, and said that the and brought indoors, where they will

song was good;
But not one understood. -Grace Denio Litchfield.

Seated in a large convention of women recently, the conviction that wo- stock each year. men's manners in public are not as assemblies in the islands and on the mainland, in Athens and elsewhere, in Italian. The propunciation of Greek several observers. The hall in which the convention was held was badly versities would have rendered it al- situated, and it was only possible to most impossible for an English scholar, however well acquainted with the litsolute silence and perfect physical repose. Yet in that audience of wellto-do women, there were constant rustling, undertone conversations, whisperings, exits and entrances made while speakers were on the Matform, while the anteroom was a perfect buzz of conversation, although every wo-man, knew that it was separated from the main hall only by curtains. Two things women must learn which will prevent waste of energy. One is that women who speak in public should use their voices properly. It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when be voice culture; that she will be these t taught to use her voice properly and lighted. be voice culture; that she will enunciate clearly. Is there anything more wearlsome than to sit in an overcrowded hall with a woman on the platform making most eloquent ges- long stems, in white, pink, and yellow tures, appealing, apparently, to the best in mankind, and yet only one or mentioned in these columns before. It "Oh, I do admire her very much. But two words of her sentences reaching midway the length of the hall? Nat-"Oh, I do admire her very much. But I've got some poetry addressed to 'Marietta'—a young woman who married last month, and I'm afraid it would be a good deal of work to go through it and make it rhyme with Matilda."

midway the length of the hall? Naturally when this occurs the women this occurs the women for summer hyacinth, is a tall, graceful, plant, bearing a long spike of white bell-like flowers.

Any of the above will give ample entirely. A woman who cannot control herself enough to use her voice intelliging. herself enough to use her voice intelli- crease very rapidly, and a large stock gently should never rise to her feet is soon obtained at a very small initial Minard's Lipiment Lumbermen's Friend in public. She does no good, and much expense

harm. Sometimes the effect is positively ludicrous, Not long ago in a public meeting a woman rose to her feet, after tremendous apparent effort, and began to speak. In less than three minutes she was in tears; her audience knew it, for they saw her use her handkerchief. Womed love emotion, and naturally every woman there would have been glad to use her handkerchief in sympathy, but, alas! they never knew what it was that so stirred the speaker. Before she sat down the effect was positively grotesque; hand going to her face with the regu-larity of a machine suggested the movement of the governor on an engine. Those who sat so that they could see her profile knew that she was speaking, for they saw her jaw in motion, but not one sound could b heard, and it was evident from the expression of the face of the presiding officer that she could not hear what the woman was talking about Naturally, a woman so governed by he emotions, would not know when to sit down, and some of the audience got up and left in despair, for, they thought, This time we have discovered Tennyson's brook. No woman's educa-tion is complete until she has learned the mastery of her vocal chords, and no presiding officer does her full duty who permits a woman to occupy tim when she cannot be heard. The only excuse would be beauty and in this busy world we rarely have time to s and gaze at even a beauty on a plat Ethics, not aesthetics, ally the main object of the assembling of women.-New York Outlook.

### Floral Hints and Helps.

Summer-Flowering Bulbs.

[By Narcissus.] This is a very important class lowers, one that is not half appreciated as it ought to be. Bulbs are so easily cared for, require so little attention, and give such splendid re sults, that everybody who grows flow ers ought to have a good proportion

Summer-flowering bulbs are not sufficiently hardy in most cases to live in the ground through the winter, and asm)—Then, sir, I can be of help to be taken up and stored in you. I have here the very thing you need to be taken up and stored indoors throughout the cold weather. need—the latest dictionary lish language, containing rule, and of course the spring-flowering bulbs, such as tulips, narcissus, hyacinths, etc., are not included in this

class; they belong to the hardy Dutch | be at a loss to express yourself again. First, and king among the summe beauties we must put the gladiolus, for it leads them all for beauty. It is an old favorite and has been known ern times. There are now some hunteur growers who have several hunbulbs, or cormes, vary in size, from husband yelling out. 1/2 an inch to 21/2 inches across, and "If I'm drowned," 1/2 an inch to 2/2 inches across, and the largest are not always the best. get that flour's gone up two shillin' a They are very cheap, and a dozen good bulbs can be bought for 30 cents or 50 cents—seedlings are much cheap-er. They may be planted from the er. They may be planted from the middle of April until June. By planting them at intervals their period of bloom is considerably extended. They should be planted three or four inches distraught, should be planted three or four inches whisk With impossible fate for its freedom it deep, and about the same distance ished. should be planted three or four inches apart, in rows or groups.

has once grown them would not be family, who had, she learned, also be its life long,
Who could bid it endure by a day of such wrong?
And they flung wide the doors, and the And they flung wide the doors, and the such wrong w The dahlia is too well known to need of the Swept away like a leaf in a gale from their view.

cactus varieties are the most popular sorts just now. Some of the new their view.

cactus varieties are the most popular room next to mine was unoccupied, I took the liberty of going in and carrying off the bedclothes to supplement better to throw away the old sorts my own. Then the other, behind the closed bars and raise a few new ones; this is one of the things where quality is every-Once again sang its heart out, its need, thing; a big, common dahlia is a thing his mistake. of the Broad and the Boundless. Its of ugliness, and out of place in any well-kept garden. They are easily grown from seed, and will bloom the first year, so this is a good and cheap way of obtaining new and improved stock of this showy and useful flower,

Do not forget when planting them out to set beside each plant a stout stake for support, as it grows.

The tuberose is a great favorite, for its chaste, white blossom, and mo fragrant perfume. It is rather fickle it does not seem to be any help t cases they refuse to grow until the summer sunshine woos them into action, and then we see the spike of bloom showing late in the season, who we are afraid of an early visit from Jack Frost and our hopes sink to zero plunging the pots in the ground, where they will have plenty of sunshine; and if they do not bloom before the early fall frosts the pots can be taken up be safe, and bloom in the late fall or early winter. One of them will fill a ouse with its exquisite fragrance This is one of the bulbs that needs renewing every year. When once the bulb has bloomed it is of no further Manners in Public bulb has bloomed it is of no further use. The offsetts around the bulb after blooming may be saved and plantd next year, but it is several years before they come to blooming size They are so cheap that it is much

more satisfactory to purchase a new Tuberous begonias are a revelation bulbs, about the size of a quarter, and require to be started indoors in March or April; they should be kept moist, but not wet, until they have made a good start. The pots may be put out-doors by the end of June, in a shady spot; or they may be planted right in the ground, in light, rich, soil, where they will not have the fierce heat of the mid-day sun. There are two kinds, single and double, and in range from pure white to deep scarlet, with all the intermediate colors. Their wax-like flowers, and darkgreen, glossy, foliage are both most beautiful. They are very floriferous, bearing numbers of flowers in the sea-son. After blooming they are dried off, and kept over for next season. a part of every girl's education will lasting many years. Try a few of

these this year and you will be de-Zephyranthes, or Mexican gems, is another class of useful summer bulbs. long stems, in white, pink, and yellow. is invaluable as a border plant, and increases very rapidly. The galtonia,

A Smile: A Laugh.

"Johnny, were you ever whipped "Only by the teacher."

Maude-Miriam is trying to keep her ngagement secret. Martin—How do you know? Maude—She told me so.

The acme of politeness was reached

by an Australian mining superintend

ent, who posted a placard reading "Flease do not tumble down the shaft." \* \* \* \* "Sort of a Damon and Pythias com bination. But isn't it funny they don't see through each other?" "That's often the way when people

get so thick."

Judge B- fell down a flight of stairs, recording his passage in a bump on every stair until he reached the A servant ran to his assist bottom. ance, and, raising him up, said: "I hope your honor is not hurt?" "No," said the judge, sternly, "r honor is not hurt, but my head is."

was enjoying a slide upon the side walk, when, to her consternation, he heels flew up, and she fell with great force upon the stones. A lady, who was passing, saw the accident, and ran to the child's assistance. She picked her up, brushed the snow from her clothes, and asked kindly: "You poor little mite, how did you The tiny child looked up into her kind

A little girl, about 4 or 5 years old

friend's face, and, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, sobbed, 'Vertically, ma'am." Irate Business Man (white with angar at being disturbed) - You book

agents make me so angry with your confounded nerve and impudence that I cannot find words to express my in Book Agent (jumping with enthus The hardy lilies are exceptions to this words than any other dictionary. The elaborate word-finding system in this dictionary is one of its most valuable

An old Lancashire miller, noted for his keenness in matters financial, wa once in a boat trying his best to across the stream which drove his mill. The stream was flooded, and he was taken past the point at which he want ed to land; while, farther on, misfor dreds of named distinct varieties. In our own city, there are several amatically along the side of the stream, that the boat got upset. His wife, re teur growers who have several hundred varieties, and who have introduced a number of new sorts. The denly brought to a standstill by her "If I'm drowned, Molly, dunnot for-

whisked off, and the apparition van-

After an anxious, not to say chilly Anyone who has seen their graceful spikes of exquisite bloom must have fast. At the table she was introduced wished to grow them, and anyone who to a gentleman, a very old friend of the sleeping in the house. He complained

The room, as it happened, was not unoccupied, but he never learned of

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not suffice, whip it to greater action with alcoholic stimulants. If the heart is strong and healthy it can obey promptly the demands of the system. But if it be weak or debilitated from any cause, serious troubles ensue, such as palpitation, throbbing, irregular beating, dizziness, shortness of breath, distressed, smothering feeling, spasms or pain through the breast and heart, morbid anxious feeling, sleeplessness, nervousness anæmia, loss of appetite, etc.

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ANTONE WALTERS, Artist, Pasadena, Cal. (Mr. Walters is a former resident of Toronto, and went to California in search of the health that was finally given to him by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. These pills are sold by all druggists, at 60c a box, or 3 boxes for \$1.50, mailed on receipt of price by

