

For Boys And Girls

An Old Story in Rhyme.

By Della Hart Stone.
"I heard a great big lion in the brush,"
Said he, "along the river"—"Freddy
hush!"
Said his mamma: "you talk at random,
dear, 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
ed me dead!"
"Why, Freddy," said mamma, "you
talk so wild;
The bears were all killed long ago, my
child."
"A wildcat or a coyote, then," said he;
But his mamma said no, it could not be.
"You think," said Fred, "that it was
just a cat?"
That's what you said—I wish you
wouldn't laugh.
"Twice getting dark—I hadn't time to
look,
But anyhow, I know the bushes
shook!"
—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 lonesome beam
touched the hills, from the crimson bank
going out to sea through the golden
gate. There was a scent of lilacs in the
air, mingling with the more wanted
perfume of February roses. The hum
of the city sounded far away, and the
song of a meadow lark could be heard
from a treetop.
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 foun-
tain, in the conservatory at one side.
From the door there came a breeze
in the breeze long ends of soft, snowy
ribbon, holding in place a cluster of
white roses.
In the center of a stately apartment
that opened upon the hall stood a tiny
white casket on slender pillars. Two
candles burned at its head. By a win-
dow 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
there all night. Now it lay scarcely still
than then.
Suddenly the silence was broken by the
sound of a woman's voice, high-pitched
and clear.
"Willie! Willie! oh, Willie!" it cried.
A friend within the house hastened to
the door. Along the hallway 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
come in here. I cannot find him! and
I am afraid he has fallen somewhere
in the sand dunes."
"Have you notified the police?"
"Long ago. They are all on the
lookout for him. But he may be buried
in the sand. We have been searching
for hours. Oh, I have lost two little
ones through death, but I never felt
as I do at this moment."
The mother's heart welled forth be-
hind the cultured woman's enforced
composure.
The woman who had been lying
among the cushions came through the
hall to the door.
"What is it?" she asked.
The friend put her arm about her
and the stranger spoke:
"My little boy is lost," she said, ex-
citedly. "He is only years old. We
are afraid he is among the sand
dunes."
"Oh," cried the younger woman, "I
am so sorry! Is there nothing we can
do? Cannot we help you look for him?
The poor little fellow! I will look for
him all alone in the dunes! How did it
happen?" And she put her hand in
the stranger's arm, almost quickly, and
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
from the sand dunes, "Willie! Willie!
oh, Willie!"
"I must go," cried the mother. "Oh,
my heart is breaking! Willie, Willie!
Where can he be?"
As she turned, a passing zephyr blew
the white ribbon on the doorway
straight out across her cheek. She
started back, dismayed.
"Why," she cried, "you have a dead
child in this house!"
"Yes," said the other mother: "my
only child, a little boy, just 4 years old,
died this morning."
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
but this is most terrible. My little
boy! You see I do not know where he
is."
"I know," the other said, calmly.
You must let us do what we can for
you. Oh, I am sure you will find him.
Let me go with you. We will search

together. Not to know where your
baby is, oh, what trouble there is in
the world!"
She seized a wrap, and the two
women went down the hall 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 going 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 Willie's mother.
The boy shook his head. "My little
boy is lost!"
"Shure, men, now, that's very bad,
an' I'm sorry," the man said, halting;
"mebbe he'd be at th' police station?"
"No, I've telephoned all the stations
here. What shall I do?"
The face of the big, rough man
wondered sympathetically. "I'll go
home, men," he said, "an' mebbe I'll
find th' little boy. Tut, now, what
if I wore me own little Tim? He's just
4 years old, the rascal, an' I'd just
be mother, an' I'd be th' best mother
in' an' comfortin' to th' heart, men,
the children be!"
The way grew more squalid as they
kept on towards the beach. On a door-
step a woman sat holding a little child.
He was looking anxiously down the street.
"Have you seen a little boy?"
The older mother began, and again the sad
little face of Willie's mother.

"No," said the other woman; "but
I hope you will find him, lady. I know
you will. See, the heart's secret is
own little boy, here, and me man
away looking for worry. The baby is
that sick, an' I'm 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.
"Whv, he is very ill, indeed!" she
exclaimed. The little one's face was
pale. The baby's fingers were clutched
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
baby. She whose child was lost found a
hated kettle and put water to
heat over a single-burner lamp. The
other one undressed the little form,
while the sufferer's mother stood
wringing her hands in helpless pain.
They worked rapidly, tenderly; but it
was nearly an hour before the terrible
convulsions were over and the baby
resting on the bed.
"God bless you, ladies!" the poor
woman cried, as she saw relief creep-
ing over the drawn face; "you've 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
where he is."
"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 Willie's mother. "Your boy
is sick with God, but where, where is
mine?"
Up the street an older boy came
tearing. "Mamma! Mamma!" he
cried, while yet afar off; "a police-
man's found Willie and taken him
home!"
"Oh, thank God!" said she whose
child was with the All-Father—"thank
God!" and the other could only
wonder that she could find him.
It was a triumphant progress back to
the more aristocratic quarter.
"They've found ye," said a street
urchin, who was calling
papers on the next corner. A Mexi-
caner, a tall, thin, dark man, with
same information in broken English,
and in the next block a woman threw
open a window and called out:
"A policeman took your little boy
home, madam!" she called, joyfully.
Nearer home a gleeful band of chil-
dren met them.
"He's found!—he's found!" and the
children rang throughout the neighbor-
hood.
The two mothers kissed tenderly and
parted. As the younger one turned to
enter her childless home her eyes were
swimming with the first tears she had
shed that day; but they were tears of
thankfulness.
On 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
he turned to the child and said:
"The curly head was raised and the
blue eyes opened in surprise.
"Why, Papa," said the little voice,
"Mary said they wuzzent any ornes
for dinner, an' I went to buy some!"
—The Independent.

The Poets.

Beside the Still Waters.

Oh God! To lie awake at deep of
night,
And hear the rain down-dripping over
me,
And know that joy is quenched and
hope is fled,
And from all earth have faded glow
and light;
Merry! Father! On my smart-
ing sight
Let dreamless sleep its grateful shad-
ows spread;
Give me while to rest as one who
dies,
Can rack of nothing! When the east
grows white
I will be strong, will bravely face once
more
This dry-eyed agony, not as of yore
Soothed by swift-gushing tears! Now,
all prayers, all yearnings, but reach
Athirst, ablaze, towards one receding
goal:
One hour's oblivion—to forget, forget!

My God, I thank Thee! Ah, I cannot
know your feel.
By what still waters and what pas-
tures green,
Close maybe to those secret founts un-
seen,
All human finding fathoms deep below,
When life itself takes its mysterious
flow,
Thou hast my spirit led in sleep, to
gleam
Healing and strength! Grief lingers,
yet its keen,
Fine thro' grows dimmer, fainter, in
the slow
Advancing dawn. A lark will soar and
sing
While still a tiny cloud of earth may
cling
To thy breast; and so, dear Lord,
I too
Rise from the ground, and, lifting up
my voice,
As golden morning flushes into view,
Remember still, and yet rejoice—re-
joice!

—Stuart Sterne.

Caged.

It was born behind bars, but it knew it
had wings.
And it felt God had meant it for hap-
pier things,
And it sang of the joys that it never
had known.
Of fetterless flights over fields flower-
strewn,
Of the green of the forest and the gold
of the wheat,
Of the thrill in the tree-bough touched
by its feet,
Of the feel of a lily-leaf brushed by its
breast,
And the splash of a raindrop caught on
its crest;
It sang of the beauty, the rapture of
flying.
The palpitant air to its heartbeats
replied,
Naught over, naught under, save limit-
less blue
And the music of wing-strokes, rhyth-
mic and true.
It sang, and men said that its song
was good;
But not one understood.

Then they brought in a wildbird, en-
trapped, and it sang a snarl and a
scream.
And a day and a night held it pris-
oner there.
And a night and a day, unbelieving,
distracted,
With impossible fate for its freedom it
fought.
Though it bled at the breast blindly
beating bars,
As if strength of desire should force
way to the stars.
And men pitied, and said: It was free
in its life long.
Who could bid it endure by a day of
such wrong?
And they flung wide the doors, and the
bird, flashing through,
Swept away like a leaf in a gale from
their view.

Then the other, behind the closed bars
of its fate,
Once again sang its heart out, its need,
co-creator
Of the Boundless and the Boundless,
Its passionate song
It besought men to fight for one day
its life's wrong.
To bestow for a day or for only one
hour
The leave to make proof of its God-
given power;
For one hour only to float on free
wings
In the world where its soul lived, the
world of best things,
Of comensurate effort, and gain, and
desire.
Unlinked from despair, mounting high-
er and higher,
Till lost in attainment, the world of
clear visions,
True freedom, high aims, and un-
trammelled decisions.
The world God had made it for.
Ecstatic, tumultuous, thrilled with wild
words
And delicious complainings, until the
last note
Broke off in an exquisite cry in its
throat.
And men listened, and said that the
song was good;
But not one understood.
—Grace Denio Litchfield.

Manners in Public

Seated in a large convention of wom-
en recently, the conviction that wom-
en's manners in public are not as
good as those of men, was forced upon
several observers. The hall in which
the convention was held was badly
situated, and it was only possible to
hear the speakers by maintaining abso-
lute silence and perfect physical re-
straint. Yet in that audience of well-to-
do women, there were constant rust-
ling, undertone conversations, whis-
perings, exits and entrances made
while speakers were on the platform,
the main hall only by curtains. Two
things women must learn which are
entirely lacking in the manners of
men, making most eloquent ges-
tures, appealing, apparently, to the
best in mankind, and yet only one or
two words of her sentence reaching
midway the length of the hall! Natu-
rally when this occurs the women
who do not hear first begin comment-
ing, and then drop into conversation,
finally blotting out the speaker's voice
entirely. A woman who cannot con-
troll herself enough to use her voice in-
telligently should never rise to her feet
in public. She does no good, and much

A Smile: A Laugh.

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

Maude—Miriam is trying to keep her
engagement 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:
"Please 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
bottom. A servant ran to his assist-
ance, and, raising him up, said:
"I hope your honor is not hurt?"
"No, I have here the very thing you
honor is not hurt, but my head is."

A little girl, about 4 or 5 years old,
was enjoying a slide upon the side-
walk, when, to her consternation, her
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 pick-
ed her up, brushed the snow from her
clothes, and asked kindly:
"You poor little mite, how did you
fall?"

The tiny child looked up into her kind
friend's face, and, with the tears
streaming down her cheeks, sobbed:
"Vertically, ma'am."

Book Agent (jumping with enthusi-
asm)—Then, sir, I can be of help to
you. I have here the very thing you
need—the latest dictionary of the Eng-
lish language, containing 75,000 more
words than any other dictionary. The
elaborate word-finding system in this
dictionary is one of its most valuable
features. Take it, and you will never
be at a loss to express yourself again."

An old Lancashire miller, noted for
his keenness in matters financial, was
once in a boat trying his best to get
across the stream which drove his mill.
The stream was flooded, and he was
taken past the point at which he wan-
ted to land; while, farther on, misfor-
tune overtook him, to the extent
that the boat got upset. His wife, re-
alizing the danger he was in, ran franti-
cally along the side of the stream,
crying for help in a pitiful voice, when
to her sheer amazement, she was sud-
denly brought to a standstill by her
husband yelling out:
"If I'm drowned, Ma, dunnot for-
get that flour's gone up two shillin's
a sack!"

A young lady arrived late at night
on a visit to a friend. She awoke in
the darkness, to find a white figure
at the foot of the bed. While she
watched, the bedclothes were suddenly
whisked off, and the apparition van-
ished.

After an anxious, not to say chilly
night, the visitor went down to break-
fast. At the table she was introduced
to a gentleman, a very old friend of the
family, who had, she learned, also been
sleeping in the house. He complained
of the cold.
"I hope you will excuse me," he
said to the hostess, "but I found it so
cold during the night that, knowing the
room next to mine was unoccupied,
I took the liberty of going in and car-
rying off the bedclothes to supplement
my own."

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

TOP LOOK and LISTEN.

Have you ever stopped to think how the restless energy and terrible strain of modern life affect both the Heart and Nerves?

In the rush, hurry and worry of to-day, we overwork the heart; keep it going all day at a feverish pace, stimulate it with tea, tobacco, or if they will 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.

To combat and cure these evils we have to consider two points, i.e., the Heart itself and the Nervous System, and provide a medicine which will act upon and strengthen both to the proper fulfilment of their functions.

This is found in Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They have a soothing and calming effect on the nervous system, combined with a tonic, invigorating, and restoring action upon the heart itself, which renders them a perfect remedy for all Heart and Nervous troubles.

THIS IS POSITIVE PROOF.

MESSRS. T. MILBURN & CO., TORONTO:

DEAR SIRS—There is light in Asia after all, and the man that advised me to try your Heart and Nerve Pills was a friend indeed and truly a friend in need. Before I started to take them I was languid, weak, sleepless and nervous. My brain was clouded and I could not collect my thoughts; I had gone through an operation in the hope of relief, but still remained generally broken up, my appetite was gone, and I was almost without hope or ambition.

Now I feel thoroughly rebuilt through the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and it took only three or four weeks to do the work.

I often think of the years of suffering I might have escaped had I only known of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills in time; but I am grateful to be restored to health at last, and gladly recommend the medicine that cured me.

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 50c a box, or 3 boxes for \$1.50, mailed on receipt of price by T. MILBURN & CO., TORONTO.

78

These Competitions will be conducted monthly during 1907.

FIRST PRIZES—10 SEASONS' Bicycles 1000 MILES. 25 Gold Watches EACH MONTH.

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM. Competitors to be as many as "Sunlight Soap" will permit. Each competitor to be given a "Sunlight Soap" wrapper—each wrapper containing a "Sunlight Soap" label. These labels to be sent to the "Sunlight Soap" wrapper contest, and the competitor who has the most labels will win the prize.

NAME OF PRIZES:
1. Season's Bicycles, 1000 Miles.
2. 25 Gold Watches, 25 Each.
3. Province of Quebec.
4. Province of New Brunswick.
5. Province of Ontario.
6. Province of Alberta.

SEND THIS TOP PRIZE

\$1,625 Given Away EACH MONTH IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES.

SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS.

LEVER BROS., LTD., 23 SOUTH STREET, TORONTO.

Rakes, Hoes, Spades and Shovels, Paints, Oils and Glass. Wringers and Stepladders.

Acme Ready-Mixed Paints. Geo. Taylor & Son 211 Dundas Street.

REMINGTON BICYCLES.



REMINGTONS are the perfection of mechanical skill.

REMINGTON WHEELS are built by skilled workmen.

We have just received a large consignment of the New 1897 Gents' and Ladies' High-Grade Wheels. They are artistic, beautiful in design, have the latest improvements, and guaranteed more serviceable than any other wheels on the market.

COME AND SEE THE NEW MODEL.

AGENTS, Bowman, Kennedy & Co.

180 to 182 YORK STREET, LONDON, ONT.

A Wonderful Medicine.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after meals, Distress and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushing of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Constipation, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations. **THE FIRST Dose will give relief in twenty minutes.** The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore the female system to its normal state, and give complete health. They promptly remove any obstruction or irregularity of the system. For a

Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver,

they act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the entire system. They strengthen the muscular system, restore the long-lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and induce sleep. They are the most powerful and reliable of all medicines for the treatment of the above complaints. They are sold in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that **Beecham's Pills** have the **Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World.**

PREPARED ONLY BY **THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, ENGLAND.** OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

Winard's Highest Lumberman's Friend