

Boys and Girls

David's Baby.

From the Independent.

"He's just a common-sized boy, ma'am."

This was the baffling reply to Mrs. Wilnot's question about the size of Mrs. Brown's boy. Mrs. Wilnot was the minister's wife, and Mrs. Brown one of his outlying parishioners, a mountaineer from one of the steepest and wildest peaks of the Ridge. Her husband had died in the great snow-storm of the past winter, and David, her only boy, was her sole prop and stay. Mrs. Wilnot thought a suit of clothes would not come amiss, even if second-hand.

But what was "a common size" for boys? In Mrs. Wilnot's experience they were of all sorts and sizes. Her mind reverted to Richard, her long boy, and his Aunt Helen's frequent entreaty: "Richard, my dear, uncross a few of your legs!" to Robin, a head shorter, who was now crumpled up in a heap over "Stories of Lion Hunting in South Africa," and John, a round rosy-poly of a boy—and she looked slightly perplexed.

"No, he ain't to say big, nor yit small; he's just a common-sized boy, bewtixt and between."

Mrs. Wilnot, in despair, went after the clothes, and saw by the delight in his mother's eye, as soon as she saw them, that they might at least be worn by David.

"I'm mo' than thankful, ma'am. Her voice trembled, and Mrs. Wilnot hastened to ask:

"Haven't you a little girl, too?"

"That's two girls—Lucy, she's goin' on seven, and the baby; the folks call her 'David's Baby,' he's so good-natured with her. I never see a box so tuck up with a baby before. She ain't a none of them 'sissy' ones, she's 'round,' and her hard-worked, thin, worn face looked quite illuminated by her smile of pride and delight.

Robin let his book fall. "Are there any bears on Priest's Mountain?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh, nonsense!" said his mother; but Mrs. Brown answered seriously: "It's a mild winter, maybe you won't see one; but in a long freeze it might come right down the mountain. They don't generally attack humans, the danger 'em down mostly is to young cretures—pigs and such things. I seed one myself; 'twas in the summer, too, three or four years ago, and I don't want ter see another."

"Tell me about it," said Robin, coming over her to wait next time.

"Well, it was a long hot spell, and I'd gone out ter git blackberries. Moss of 'em was leetle and dry with the drought; but just above my head on a long ledge of rocks I see a 'big clump of briars, all hanging with berries, big bulging in the bushes, and shining out at that instant showed the place empty. 'David!' she cried again in terror.

Then he appeared just at the bend of the mountain path whistling cheerily, and with Spot leaping and barking at his heels. But where was the baby?

For he had called out to her to give him the child as soon as he had caught sight of her, and David was not given to fooling. He could not answer for her sobbing and crying.

Lucy cried the loudest, and the strange story. When she said "A big black shaggy man," he threw himself on the ground, examining every mark. Spot sniffed, too, and his yellow hair began to bristle with rage and he growled fiercely, for there were surely the recent footprints of some large animal.

"Mother, you run back and rouse the neighbors. Tell 'em to bring their rifles," and, breaking off a stout stick, David dashed into the bushes, Spot springing in front and leading the chase.

Once David thought he heard a half-stifled baby's cry, and hurried faster. For a common-sized boy, he was making good speed; but Madam Bruin was on the home-stretch, and she knew it.

At last he caught a glimpse of a big, clumsy, dark form, trotting briskly along with what seemed like a bundle dangling from its mouth. He was none too soon. The cave in which the little black cubs rolled about, impatient for their supper, was but a hundred yards or so distant. He thought she must be near home by her quickened gait, and he knew, if she ever got the baby inside its black, yawning mouth, there would be no hope of bringing it out alive.

With the energy of despair he darted forward, and gave the bear a sharp blow over the nose with his long stick. Spot closed in at the same moment, yelping and snapping at her legs.

The huge bear, enraged, but not hurt by this simultaneous attack, dropped the baby and reared up on her hind legs, looking in the mingled moonlight and starlight so like a human figure that David did not wonder afterward at his mother's mistake. She showed her sharp, white teeth with a fierce snarl, and stretched out her forepaws for a grapple. She was near her own babies now, and she meant fight.

David looked at the precious bundle. It lay just under the creature's terrible claws, and to attempt to pick it up would have placed him utterly at the bear's mercy, unless her attention could be diverted.

"At her, Spot, at her, good dog!" he shouted, and again he rained a shower of blows on her eyes and nose so quick and fierce that, blinded and confused for the instant, she backed a step or two, growling horribly.

Spot inflicted a sharp bite on her hind quarter, and she turned her head. It was his only chance, quick as a flash he seized the baby and fled, leaving poor Spot to receive a terrible blow from the brute's paw, at which he, too, broke and ran, the blood streaming from his wounds, and howling at every jump.

Half-way down the mountain they met the Martins with dogs and torches. The bear, after a fierce fight, was brought to bay and killed, and the poor little cubs taken captive.

Old Martin untied with rough but trembling fingers the knot he had laughed at—the knot which had saved the baby's soft limbs from the bear's teeth. David hardly dared to be certain that he had heard a cry in his headlong flight; but when they had unwrapped fold after fold and unfettered the veil, there lay the baby—David's Baby! now, without doubt or question—as rosy and fresh as a flower-bud, its big blue eyes full of wonder and fright, but ready to smile at the first sight of David.

David was more his mother's hero than ever. She never told the story without adding:

"And he was just a common-sized boy when he done it!"

Baby's Digestion.

Improper feeding is the cause of indigestion. When this exists it is much better to adapt the food to an infant's wants than to fill his stomach with nauseating medicines. Mellin's Food is readily adapted to meet the requirements of different children. Mellin's Food is easily digested by a delicate child. Mellin's Food prevents indigestion.

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The Poets.

Mary in the Cave.

Little Child, Little Child, thy silken head lying
Between my breasts,
Thou art the Promise to the broken reed of Israel.
My body cradled thee, my heart sunk over thee,
Under the solemn witness stars alone I bore thee—
Oh, what is this that I should be the nursing mother
Of my God!

Little Son, Little Son, I hear the cold winds crying
Around a tree,
And thou and I, we twain carry a gruesome load,
Shut thy sad eyes, thy mother's kisses falling
Shall hush to thee the piteous dead
Oh, what is this that I shall pluck the nails from these sweet hands
And baby feed!

Little Child, Little Child, the milk dries on thy lips;
All in my bosom
Thy naked limbs lie warm upon my heart,
Breath to death we sleep, the clamoring void afar
Thou and I, we twain under the keeping star—
Oh, what is this that thou art Son and Saviour,
My Little child!

—Louise D. Goldsberry, in the Independent.

The Coming of the Storm.

What darkens in the west,
(Hark how the gulls are calling)
The spread black hand of the storm
That grows with the twilight's falling.

What gathers in the east?
(Hark how the beaches rattle)
The march of the columned clouds
That gather to the battle.

Dark and slow, row on row,
The ranks of the east assemble;
And under their line the sea's ranks
And the long shores quake and tremble.

The swift scud streams, the white foam gleams,
And fierce shall the onset be,
And God's help that strives to-night
With the armies of the sea!

Black ridges with white, mad manes,
Beaches that roar and rattle,
And a wind that ranges the wild sea—
Driving the waves to battle.

—Herbert East.

Fey.

There comes a ship to the long toon,
To the long, long toon;
But none is the sight to see,
For 'a' are sleepin'—'a' but me
An' the yellow mune,
My fien the mune.

This ship that comes to the lang toon,
To the lang, lang toon,
Has ropes of silver an' sails o' erape,
An' the skipper—oh! he has an un-co' shape
An' a wall o' room.
I fear the room!

When 'a' is still 't' the lang toon,
The lang, lang toon,
Its mast comes round by the kelpies' rock,
What's the sea-mews daurna flock,
And there is nae soun'—
There's nae soun'.

An' whiles there's ane frae the lang toon,
Frae the lang, lang toon,
An' whiles there's ane, an' whiles there's twa
That gangs aboard, an' the ship's awa!

For the work is done,
It's owre and done.

When mornin' comes 't' the lang toon,
The lang, lang toon,
There's some that's greetin' for them that's gane,
Whar I can tell, an' I alane—
An' the yellow mune,
My fien the mune.

—Nimmo Christie.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

One of the Most Remarkable Cures of IT Which the History of Medicine Records.

Mrs. Flood, of Renfrew, After Ailing for Thirteen Years, the Last Two Years Seriously Sick, Is Restored to Maiden Strength.

Renfrew, Jan. 20.—Now, take the case of Mrs. Samuel Flood, of this town. She was ailing for thirteen years without knowing just where the difficulty was. During the last two years of her sickness, however, she was told by her physicians that she had Bright's Disease.

A few years ago to tell a patient that she had Bright's Disease would be equivalent to offering prayer over the dying. This terrible scourge of mankind was long supposed to be incurable. No doctor thought he could restore the kidneys when they had gone that far to decay.

But this was before DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS were invented. Fortunately Mrs. Flood tried the pills, and this is what she says:

"Gentlemen—About two years ago I was taken sick. I consulted doctors. They told me I had a bad case of Bright's Disease, and could not help me. I had tried every kind of medicine, but of no avail. My urine was like brick dust, and it hurt me to pass it. I heard of DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, and concluded to try them. I had been sick off and on for twelve or thirteen years, but about two years ago I grew worse. I am completely cured, and I feel stronger today than ever."

MRS. SAMUEL FLOOD,
Renfrew, Ont., May 20, 1896.

(Witness) Mrs. Leon Delair.

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1000 Fourth Prizes, 1000 each.

1000 Fifth Prizes, 1000 each.

1000 Sixth Prizes, 1000 each.

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1000 Eighth Prizes, 1000 each.

1000 Ninth Prizes, 1000 each.

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2. The districts are as follows:

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2. Western Ontario, comprising all of Ontario west of and including E. & N. Rivers.

3. Province of Quebec.

4. Province of New Brunswick.

5. Province of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

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To Mining Investors:

We invite your careful consideration for the prospectus of the Colorado Gold Mining and Development Company and its auxiliary, the Kootenay Exploration Company, Limited.

As you will notice by the plan presented, our proposition is purely a business one, we confining our attention to working only such properties as have been sufficiently developed to show a profit over our original investment, and as we work collectively an unlimited number of these claims, it gives us an opportunity of presenting an investment of unquestioned superiority.

The groups of properties now under control of these companies are the most important yet offered in the Dominion under one management.

There are many mining companies that have valuable properties, but have not the means to develop them, and it is this class only that we take up and work for the profit in sight. If there is more beyond, we are so much better off but we do not hazard our original investment, therefore, the element of loss, so prominent in the average mining venture, is practically done away with.

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This is worthy of the favorable consideration of the small investor, for until the Colorado Gold Mining and Development Company was brought out never before did the small shareholder have an equal chance with the promoters of the Company.

The magnificent success achieved by the parent company during the past nine months is sufficient indication of what can be done on these lines under competent management.

We anticipate equally gratifying results for the Kootenay Exploration Company, Limited, and will be pleased to have you join us and receive your subscription for the number of shares desired.

Subscription books are now open at the office of LOWNSBROUGH & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 22 King street east, Toronto, Ont., where J. GRANT LYMAN, Managing Director, will be pleased to receive your subscription. Price 10 cents per share, par value \$1, full paid and non-assessable, being subject to no further call.

The price of these shares will be advanced to 20c on Jan. 31. All applications must show a postmark not later than Jan. 30, 1897.

N. B.—The price of the Colorado Gold Mining and Development Company's shares are now selling at 50c. Correspondence invited.

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