



### Forgiveness.

A red rose, drooping to the ground  
With delicate beauty flushed,  
By a careless foot at eventide  
Was trampled on and crushed.

Christ like the injured flower returned  
No thorn-prick for the blow,  
But gave instead a sweet perfume  
To him who laid it low.

### Jubilee Day in Winnipeg—The Children's Parade.

The Diamond Jubilee of our beloved Queen, with its accompanying festivities, is now a thing of the past, but long will it be remembered by the loyal citizens of Winnipeg, and more especially by our children, who will treasure up with true patriotic pride the recollection of that memorable 22nd of June. One of the most—perhaps to many the most pleasing feature of the celebration was the monster parade of the children from all the different schools. It was indeed a never-to-be-forgotten sight, one that has never before been witnessed in Winnipeg, that of 6,000 children marching by companies through the streets of our Western town. For weeks beforehand the pupils of the various schools under the supervision of their respective teachers, had devoted a considerable portion of their time to preparing themselves for this great day and it must have been very gratifying to all concerned to observe the order and regularity which pervaded the whole procession. The children assembled at their various schools at the usual hour of nine, many little ones no doubt in their excitement forgetting there was such a meal as breakfast, and hurrying off for fear they might be too late. Formed in companies, each commanded by a captain, they marched to the positions assigned them, and by the time all the various classes had lined up, the street was gay with fully 6,000 children. The uniforms of the boys with the distinguishing badges of their respective schools, together with the pretty summer frocks of the little girls, adorned with sashes of red, white and blue lent a greater brilliancy to an already gay scene and elicited from the public who thronged the streets along the line of route many an expression of admiration and applause. Headed by the band of the Industrial School the procession wended its way up Fort street and along Broadway to Government House grounds, where the children were very kindly received by His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor. As a souvenir of the Diamond Jubilee, each child was presented with a little medal bearing an appropriate inscription, and very proud some of them were of their possession, in fact, it is whispered that some little ones came to school that day for the first time, so that they too might have something by which to remember the Jubilee. The presentation of medals having taken place, addresses in the various languages were read to

His Honor by representative pupils, after which, under the conductorship of Mrs. Stayton Thompson, the National Anthem and other patriotic selections burst from 6,000 loyal little throats, eliciting well-deserved applause from the vast crowds who thronged the grounds. The short programme was brought to a successful close soon after twelve o'clock, and the various companies were dismissed in order to their respective homes, each and all having acquitted themselves in a manner exceedingly creditable to our schools and to our Gracious Queen, whose loyal subjects they are proud to be. E. G. A.

### The Crocus.

Drip, drip, drip! the snow is melting fast and running all along the prairie in tiny rivulets of shining silver. Everywhere the brown and frosted grass lies bare under the first rays of the spring sun, and the trees are just putting forth their first green buds.

Drip, drip, drip! falls the water on the door of Mother Earth, but no answer comes from the sleeping plants beneath.

"Bless me! what is all this dreaming!" cries the Spring, impatiently, "don't you know it is high time you were up and dressed?"

Soon a sleepy blossom answers: "Pray don't knock so long and loudly, I am stiff from winter's cold, but I'm coming very soon." Gently she pushes open the dark door of her winter house and peeps through with loving eyes. Catching sight of Spring, she frowns and tries to say a little crossly: "You might have let me sleep a little longer, I was so very tired, I'm sure you've called me far too early." Her frown, however, fades quickly away, as she hears the sweet birds singing: "Welcome, darling, your's is the prettiest face we've seen this year."

Then despite the chill east wind, the violet crocus lifts her sunny head and gathering the sparkling rain-drops in her purple cup, answers in her brave and cheery tones:

"Spring, I quite forgive you for knocking at my door so loudly, for though you've spoilt my pretty dreams, I have not come one bit too soon." M. E. A.

### "A GOLDEN CURE INDEED."

#### CURED 20 MONTHS AGO.

An Old and Well Known Winnipegger's Letter to the Evans Gold Cure Institute.

Winnipeg, March 25, 1897.

To the Evans Gold Cure Institute, 626 Balmoral Street:—

Gentlemen,—As a graduate of the EVANS Gold Cure Institute, I consider it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to write an open letter of praise and advice regarding the grand work your noble Institution is doing for victims of Alcoholism, who find their will power too weakened to give up the use of intoxicating liquor. For eighteen years previous to entering the Evans Institute I was addicted to the excessive use of stimulants, though I had used every possible means to rid myself of the craving which had secured such a terrible grasp over me, without success. When I entered the Institution, 22 months ago, it was with little or no faith in its efficacy to do what you claimed for it, but now, in the full enjoyment of life, I wish to offer my humble advice to drinking men, desirous of doing themselves and families justice, to enter your Institute, and, like myself, come out a credit to your cure and a blessing to their family; it's a Golden Cure, indeed.

JOHN BRAGG.

302 Lizzie Street.