

# For Boys and Girls.

CONDUCTED BY T. W.

## EASTER GREETING.

We cordially extend Easter greetings to all our young readers and trust all are entering into the true spirit of this glorious festival. The new season spring, the most delightful of the year, is being ushered in by big blue skies and April sunshine. We likewise should exercise a brightening influence amidst our surroundings and rise to a new life of kindness and love, saying with the poet:—

If any little word of mine  
May make a life the brighter,  
If any little song of mine  
May make a heart the lighter,—  
God help me speak the little word,  
And take my bit of singing,  
And drop it in some lonely vale  
To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine  
May make a life the sweeter,  
If any little care of mine  
May make a friend's heart fleetier,  
If any little of mine may ease  
The burden of another,  
God give me love, and care, and strength  
To help my toiling brother.

## The Fate of Mamma's Bonnet.

Mamma had gotten from the milliner's a new spring bonnet, and it was the "most beautiful one" that our little Gypsy had ever beheld, so she said. It is true she had not seen so very many, herself being only a wee tot of five years, but even at that age she was very fond of pretty clothes and finery of all sorts.

This bonnet of mother's particularly struck her fancy; it was small, she could most get it into her two hands, it was made of velvet, and was softer even than her kitten; then it had such lovely black satin ribbons, that altogether it completely carried away this little piece of vanity. She had been attending the kindergarten now for nearly three weeks and being a very communicative little body, she never enjoyed any pleasant bit of news that she did not share with the other little girls of her class. Indeed, she had told them of the pretty bonnet just the day it had been sent home; the next day it was even prettier than the first. By this time the curiosity of the other little girls was thoroughly aroused; they were all anxious to get a glimpse of this marvellous creation of the milliner. But it would never do for the whole school to march around to Gypsy's house, why could not Gypsy bring the bonnet to school with her? So argued these little folks, and the other little one agreed.

When ready to start for school the next day she went to her mother's wardrobe, not, however, without something telling her that she was not doing exactly right, for, you see, if she had not thought she was doing wrong she would have gone straight to her mother and asked permission, but fearing a refusal, she had to be very quick and quiet about getting it, otherwise some one would find her out. There was the box in the bottom of the wardrobe, but it was entirely too large a box for her to carry all by herself, besides she could not even get downstairs without somebody seeing her for certain and sure. All in a flash she remembered a bucket hanging up in the pantry. The very thing, thought Gypsy, and away she went after it.

Now, it happened to be a lard bucket; empty, it is true, but unwashed. This did not foil the little lady, who bent upon one object only—that of getting the bonnet and being off with it as quickly as possible. Out of the box came the bonnet, into the bucket it went, streamers and all, receiving at the same time several affectionate pats. How she managed to get out without somebody seeing her is still a mystery; but then Gypsy is such a Dick-in-the-minute it was very hard to keep up with all her movements. Anyhow, she got out, and once outside the door she felt relieved; at the end of the square she felt safe. On she toddled, holding her precious burden under her arm.

Arriving at the kindergarten, she lacked just one minute of being late; most of the other girls were at their places, so she hung the bonnet up on a peg, with her hat and lunch basket, and had to content herself with whispering to the children sitting nearest her that they could all see it at recess. Now, it seemed to Gypsy that the bell was never going to ring at all that day, but at last it did. Then, surrounded by an eager little throng, and herself feeling like a heroine, she uncovered the pail and held its contents up to view. But, like the "Wet Rooster," the bonnet looked no more like it used to—mashed, greasy, sticky was this bonnet she had talked so much about, and the children, instead of going into ecstasies over it as she thought they would, burst out laughing, which so mortified the

would-be heroine that she burst into tears, repeating again and again that it was beautiful when she put it in the bucket.

The hubbub brought the teacher, who after learning the whole story, wrapped the ill-fated headress in paper, wrote a note to Gypsy's mother and sent all three home together, contented to await results, for she was sure results would follow. Homeward the little maid plod her weary way, sorely perplexed as to what could have happened to the bonnet. And, oh, my! how she did wish it back again in the pasteboard box in the wardrobe.

In getting home she was late, and all on account of that bonnet. Papa and all the children were there just before her, all in the dining-room just ready to sit down to dinner, when in walked little Gypsy, holding at arm's length this "thing of beauty" which was not to be a joy any more. The children giggled, but mamma began to cry, and would not have stopped had not papa laughed so merrily that she just had to join in. Then he handed her a piece of green paper, and Gypsy heard him say that he had not had such a good laugh in a long long while, and it was worth ten dollars.

But with Gypsy no bonnet ever quite took the place of that beautiful one made of gray velvet and black streamers.—Chimes.—

## April Fool.

This being the 1st day of April, it recalls a little anecdote that is told by Laurence Hutton, in his delightful recollections, "A Boy I Knew." He says that a long siege with a certain tooth had left him one early spring day, with a broken spirit and a swollen face. The father was going that morning to attend the funeral of his old friend, Doctor McPherson, and he asked the boy what should be brought him back as a souvenir. Without hesitation, a brick of maple sugar was demanded, a strange request from one in that particular condition of invalidism, and one which appealed to the father's own sense of the ridiculous.

When the father returned, he brought the brick, enveloped in many series of papers, beginning with the coarsest kind of wrapping with the finest. All the confining cords were tied in the hardest of hard knots. When the brick was revealed, lo! it was just a brick, a plain, red-clay building brick, which the father had taken from a pile of similar bricks on his way up town. The disappointment was not very bitter, for the boy realized that something else was coming, that it was the first of April, and that he had been April-fooled. The something else proved to be a most amusing book, and over it he forgot his toothache, but not his maple-sugar.

It was now necessary to get even with the father, and Uncle John was consulted. He advised patient waiting. The father, he said, was absolutely devoted to the Commercial Advertiser, which he read every day from first letter to last. If the boy could hold himself in for a whole year, Uncle John thought it would be worth while.

The Commercial Advertiser of that date was put safely away for a twelvemonth, and on the first of April next it was produced, carefully folded and properly dampened, and placed by the side of the father's plate.

## Nobility of Character.

Many young folks do not make sufficient efforts to acquire self-control. They allow themselves to be mastered by their feelings, impulses and appetites, and thus become the greatest obstacles to their own happiness and self-advancement. The boy or girl who lacks self-control must necessarily lack character, and no one will deny that a good character is of far more value than any amount of learning. It is priceless and commands the respect of everybody. The boy or girl who is truthful, honest, diligent, and obedient in all things is alone looked upon with warm friendship and admiration by all people whom they would not suspect of such sentiments towards them.

Therefore all should begin at an early age to form their character. Continually honor and respect your parents and obey them in whatever they may direct you to do. Be kind

to those younger than yourself, do not get into difficulties and quarrels with your schoolmates, and respect old age. Be of a friendly and kind disposition, busy and active in endeavoring to do good to others. The boy or girl that acquires these, will acquire character and will be pointed out by his companions as an example of true nobility.

## Tried to Comply.

A good story is told in the Youth's Companion about the manufacturer of a certain brand of cigar, who advertised it far and wide as "The Unparalleled—Everybody Smokes It." One day he received a letter from a man with whom he was only slightly acquainted, running thus:

"Dear Smithby:—I want one of those cigars everybody is smoking. Send it to me by mail, securely done up in a small pasteboard box. Yours truly, Brownson."

Not even a stamp was enclosed for postage, but Smithby took some pains to comply, with the request, and after a lapse of two or three days Brownson received by mail, duly packed in a small box, a stump of a cigar three-quarters of an inch long, accompanied by the following note:—

"Dear Brownson:—Impossible to send one that everybody is smoking, but here is one that fifteen separate newsboys have smoked on. Yours truly, Smithby."

## CURIOSITY SEEKERS AT FIRES.

These extracts from a recent article in the New York Post, are not without interest, even in Montreal.

"Such a fire as that which destroyed the Windsor Hotel, a week ago," said a veteran fireman policeman to-day, "has a side other than the serious one. We who are detailed to keep the fire lines have some odd experiences, you may be sure. Take this last fire, for instance. One would think that our chief trouble would be with men whose curiosity leads them to try to get access to the immediate neighborhood of a recently burned building. This is not so. Any policeman of experience will tell you that women give us more trouble, twice over. This week nearly one-half of those who tried to pass through our lines to see what was left of the Windsor Hotel were women, and some of them did much to make our lives miserable. You can tell a man that admission is denied him, and unless he had some real business to transact within the prescribed limits, he would always accept the decision. But a woman is petulant."

"And that," the officer continued, "makes me wonder what there is in a fire that seems to fascinate the average woman. It is not the pile of bricks and half burned wood they wish to see; that's plain. They seem possessed of a desire to get near enough to be within sight when a body is taken from the ruins. It's a bad enough sight for those that are accustomed to it, but how women—most of them plainly of refinement—can have so much morbid curiosity is more than I can understand."

"That this statement is not exaggerated any one who was present the last few days can testify. During the search of the Windsor ruins well-appearing women have stood for hours at a stretch, one, perhaps, two, blocks away, where nothing could be seen save huge piles of debris and, on rare occasions, a wooden box, surrounded by laborers and policemen. Yet even that much appeared to afford a good deal of satisfaction. One—an elderly German woman—managed to pass the lines one day and got midway into the Fifth avenue block just as a body was brought to the police booth. She pushed her way through those standing about—nearly all present on business—and did her best to see what was in the coffin, desisting only when an officer took her by the arm and forced her away. Even on Wednesday, in the height of the storm, and when police vigilance had been relaxed on that account, numbers of women made their way through mud and water to the bank at the southwest corner, pleading with the officer stationed there for "just one look." This was usually permitted, but "one look" appeared rarely to satisfy."

## A Protestant Pastor's Salary.

The sudden and unexplained stoppage of the stipend of a priest in France by the Minister of Worship is not an infrequent occurrence, but clerical circles have recently received something of a shock on hearing that



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something similar had been done in the case of a Protestant pastor. It appears that the Rev. M. Comte, the clergyman of St. Etienne, who is a member of the League of the Rights of Man, has for a long time past been taking an active part in public meetings against the Army. Last October M. Sarrien, the Minister of Worship, wrote him a mild letter of warning in reference to his revolutionary speeches, but all to no purpose. This would not have been done in the case of a priest, but M. Dupuy has at last ordered the recalcitrant pastor's money to be stopped. It should be noticed in this connection that while the stipends of the priest are really a part of the interest due upon the goods stolen from the Church in 1791, those of the Protestant clergy are salaries due to the goodwill of the State.—Providence Visitor.

## Violation of the Mahdi's Tomb.

Mr. Broderick, Parliamentary Foreign Secretary, announced in the British House of Commons a few days ago, that the Government did not consider that further action was necessary in the matter of the desecration of the Mahdi's tomb than to express its disapproval of the removal of the body from the tomb and the casting of it into the Nile.

Envy is fixed only on merit, and, like a sore eye, is offended with everything that is bright.

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