

Our Boys and Girls.

The Boy That Laughs.

I know a funny little boy—
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on the snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The school-room for a joke he takes—
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

Water Drop's Journey.

HIGH up in the sky a tiny Water Drop, with hundreds like himself, was quietly rocking in the soft arms of Mother Cloud.

They were gently floating through the sky when they met a cold wind, who jostled the great cloud so roughly that all her children fell from her arms, down, down to the earth beneath.

On his way Water Drop and his brothers had to pass through a very cold region of air, which changed them in some mysterious way to beautiful little white stars. Several of them clung together, and when they reached earth the little children cried, "Oh! see the big snow flakes!"

They all lay together in a big white drift, till one day Father Sun shone out bright and warm, and a soft south wind blew warm upon them, and soon they were changed back again to water drops, and the little children said the snow had all melted away. Then they chased one another merrily over the brown earth, whispering to the sleeping flowers, as they passed them. "Spring is coming! Spring is coming!"

Down a hill they danced and slid, until they all tumbled into a brook that went rippling and chattering through the woods.

Now, this brook was really made up of millions of water drops like themselves, and our little Water Drop soon got acquainted with a great number of them. Some had turned to snow and had lain quietly all winter until released by the warm rains and sunshine, and others had but lately fallen from their home in the sky.

How they chatted to one another as they merrily danced over stick and stone.

They travelled on for hours and hours until they reached the broad river.

Here they moved more slowly and silently. They knew they were on their way to the great sea, and it seemed to make them thoughtful.

They had been in the river for some days, when one evening they felt themselves slowly but steadily driven up the river quite a distance. Water Drop wondered at this, but one of his companions who had taken the trip before, told him it was the flow of the tide and that they were very near the sea.

After a few hours the tide turned and carried them all out to the broad ocean. At first they did not like the salt, but after a while became used to it, and, in fact, soon grew salty themselves.

Water Drop lived in the ocean a long time and saw all the wonders of it. He saw the great and curious fish and other creatures who live in the deep, and the beautiful shells and seaweeds among which they played.

He saw the great ships, and the icebergs which came floating down from the north, and was nearly frightened to death in a storm. For two or three days he had been tossed from one wave to another; now he was thrown away up in the air, only to fall down again in a deep pit of water. When the storm was over, Water Drop lay quietly rocking on a big wave, and one afternoon Father Sun drew him, with a great many others, back to his home in the sky. He left his saltiness behind him and was once more a pure, clear water drop resting in Mother Cloud's arms.

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Flabby Throats and Their Treatment.

AT about 40 flabby throats may be looked for in plump or stout women and generally found. The muscles that support the flesh lose their firmness, usually from lack of exercise, for the woman of 40, though she is frequently unconscious of the fact, has grown a little too self-indulgent, does not bestir herself as she did ten years before, sleeps more, eats more, and, increasing in flesh, is surprised to see that the once solid structure of her throat has apparently lost it underbracing.

It really is only a question of exercise, care, patience and diet, to get back again the old firmness, provided, of course, one has not ill-health to contend with.

When an athlete lets up on his exercise, he gets "soft," but he knows that a fortnight's training will put him to rights again and make him as fit as ever.

When I tell you that exercise with a pair of light dumbbells will harden your throat and make your double chins fade unregretted into memories (with, of course, proper diet), I fancy you smile, but it is really so. Practice before a looking glass for 15 minutes a day—three sittings of 5 minutes each—the first four dumbbell exercises. Watch the muscles of your throat as you do so. You have not exercised these muscles in this way for years, I am sure, and meanwhile you have been adding weight upon weight of flesh until they have sunk down limp and soft. They will respond and harden just as the muscles of an athlete's legs and arms will.

Ten years ago you used your head and throat so much and with such quick motions that you got this exercise without the aid of gymnastics.

As a proof of this statement, have you never noticed that the most famous prima donnas maintain their firm, beautiful throats 20 years longer than a society woman? The reason is the simple one of exercise.

Hold your chins up and throw them forward. Learn deep breathing—breathing from the diaphragm, as it is called.

In addition, massage of the throat is also often very beneficial. It takes time to accomplish the transformation, but it has been done and can be done again. You should also be careful not to overdo the massage, and do not let the operator grow heroic.

Mme. Patti declares that her vocal chords were nearly paralyzed by too much massage. You can give yourself this treatment, which is really a gentle pinching and kneading of the parts, and can suit your touch to your sensibilities, often with better results than one obtains through a masseuse. Indian clubs also are excellent for exercising the upper part of the body, but I have found the dumbbells better for restoring muscular firmness to the throat.

Rapid Growth.

The most remarkable instance of rapid growth is said to be recorded by the French Academy in 1729. It was a boy six years of age, five feet six inches in height. At the age of five his voice changed; at six his beard had grown, and he appeared a man of thirty. He possessed great physical strength, and could easily lift to his shoulders and carry bags of grain weighing two hundred pounds. His decline was as rapid as his growth. At eight his hair and beard were grey; at ten he tottered in his walk, his teeth fell out, and his hands became palsied; at twelve he died with every outward sign of extreme old age.



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