For the Boys and Girls

THE HORSE CHESTNUT

BY EDWARD GREEY.

"Why are those called horse chestnuts?" I one day inquired of my father, as we stood under a grand old tree that grew near our homestead.

"I am sure I cannot say," he replied. "Ask your mother; she understands more about botany than I do."

I picked up a specimen of the nut and sought my gentle parent, to whom I repeated my query, whereupon she said:

"Come into the library and we will consult the encyclopedia."

We were soon in possession of the volume marked "G to H," and when the required word was found, my mother read:

"Horse-chestnut. A large nut, the fruit of a species of Aesculus (Aesculus hippocastanum). This tree is a native of Asia, and was, about the sixteenth century, from thence imported into Europe. It is now common in the temperate zones of both hemispheres. Its native name was derived from the custom of the Turks grinding the nuts and giving the meal thus obtained mixed with grain, to broken-winded horses. In France, starch is made from the nut; although for some unknown reason, the article has never come into popular use. The nut also yields a limpid oil, esteemed valuable as a cure for rheumatism, and, on account of its non-drying quality, it is extensively used by watch-makers and opticians. The tree is mostly cultivated for its flowers and foliage, which are very beautiful. It attains a height of from forty to fifty feet."

We had in our stable an aged horse, whose wind had vanished, with it his ability to do more than walk; a quiet, old creature, who, having been used by my father, was permitted to enjoy old age in peace.

Sometimes Bob was allowed to disport himself in the pasture, on which occasions his neighing, as he stumbled round, was something appalling to hear.

I argued that if the Turks could care their steeds with crushed horse-chestnuts, why could we not? However, I kept my opinion to myself, and set to work collecting a quantity of the fruit.

My brother and myself labored all one Saturday afternoon, and by five o'clock we had a couple of bushels heaped up in the corn-loft.

While our family were at supper, I returned to the stable, mounted the ladder to the apartment above, and scattering off a gallon of the nuts, poured them into the hopper of the corn-crusher, then seizing the handle, ground them into a sort of mush.

This I mixed with some bruised corn and cut hay, and after stirring it well, shot it down the spout into Bob's feeding-crib, after which I descended in order to ascertain how he liked the Turkish remedy. The result was disappointing.

He sniffed suspiciously at the stuff, raised his head and glanced at us, as much as to say:

"What have you given me?"

I crept back to the house, thinking he would eat the compound when he became hungry.

The next morning my father discovered it in the crib, and made so many inquiries that I owned up.

"Pooh!" he cried. "The deer and bear are the only animals I know of that will eat a horse-chestnut. I could have told you a horse would not. The acid oil in the fruit is enough to repel them."

"Then you do not think the nut was named for the reason described in the encyclopedia?"

"No, my boy," he smilingly answered. "It is one of those things nobody can find out. In the olden times, folks were very fond of calling plants, etc., horse this and that—like horse-radish. You do not for a moment imagine Bob would eat a root of the latter, do you?"

I pondered over this, and upon the perversity of human beings in misnaming objects, and made up my mind some day to find the true reason why the Aesculus in question was termed the horse-chestnut.

Years passed, and I visited many countries, where, in as many languages, I was told the story once read to me by my mother.

At last, when traveling in England, I learned the truth.

I was admiring the magnificent pyramids of blossoms on the chestnuts of an avenue in Bushey Park, near London, when I noticed a venerable man surrounded by a crowd of children, to whom he was describing something on a spray that had been broken by the wind from one of the grand trees.

After awhile the young people moved away, when I accosted one of them and inquired [illegible] the old gentleman had told them.

"He was [illegible]ming us why those [illegible]orse-chestnuts," said the boy. "D[illegible] you know him? He [illegible], the botanist."

I approache[illegible] after introduc[illegible] story of my e[illegible]

The profes[illegible] listened attentively, [illegible]ly, and, when I had [illegible], produced the spray [illegible] and said:

"That story [illegible]out the Turks is all [illegible]tic title does not signify horse. [illegible] term was derived from the peculiar markings, or scars, left by the dr[illegible] off of the leaf-stems. See," pointing [illegible] the horseshoe-like spots on the [illegible], "there is the shoe, with its nail[illegible] early defined. Our people could n[illegible] pronounce the foreign name, so they [illegible]aphically designated the tree the h[illegible] (shoe) chestnut."

At last I ha[illegible] traveled the mystery.

A Poem Worth Knowing.

The [illegible] in a Frolic.

William and [illegible]ary Howitt were husband and w[illegible] and both famous writers in th[illegible] day. Mary is now mainly remembered as the author of "The Spider [illegible] the Fly," and William for the [illegible]wing lines:—

The wind one [illegible]ning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now [illegible] a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a m[illegible] galloping chase!
I'll make a co[illegible]tion in every place!"

So it swept w[illegible] a bustle right through a great [illegible]n,
Cracking [illegible]gns and scattering down [illegible]
Shutters; an[illegible]lasing, with merciless sq[illegible]
Old women's [illegible]nets and gingerbread stalls.

Then away [illegible] fields it went, blustering [illegible]humming,
And the cattl[illegible] wondered what monster w[illegible]
It plucked by [illegible] tails the grave matronly [illegible]
And tossed [illegible]olts' manes all over their h[illegible]
Till, offende[illegible] such an unusual salute,
They all thr[illegible] their backs and stood sulky [illegible]nut.

Then it rush[illegible]ke a monster on cotaged ar[illegible]rm,
Striking th[illegible]wellers with sudden alarm,
And they hu[illegible]t like bees in a midsummer [illegible]arm—
There were d[illegible]s with their kerchiefs tied o[illegible]eir caps—
To see if the[illegible]ultry were free from mishap;
The turkeys [illegible] gobbled, the geese screamed [illegible]loud,
And the hens [illegible]nt to roost in a terrified cre[illegible]
There was re[illegible]g of ladders, and boys were h[illegible]n
Where the th[illegible] from the roof threatened s[illegible] to be gone.

Then away [illegible] the wind in its holiday gle[illegible]
And now it w[illegible]r on the billowy sea;
And the hard[illegible]hips felt its staggering blo[illegible]
And the little [illegible]ts darred to and fro.

But lo! it w[illegible]ight, and it sank to rest;
On the sea[illegible]rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to [illegible]k, in its frolicsome fun,
How little [illegible]schief it really had done.

Not [illegible]d of Mush.

Reggie—"[illegible]s the matter, Miss Cutting? You look as if you would like to eat me [illegible]re."

Miss Cutting—"You're mistaken, Mr. Sapp. I dislike [illegible]ush."

The Fragrant Garden.

By Mrs. Jeanette Leader, Member of the Ontario Horticultural Association.

It has been said that we are fast drifting toward an age of flowers that will have no fragrance. No profusion of blossom, no exquisite coloring or vigor of growth can take the place of a lack of fragrance.

How keen the disappointment when we are shown a wonderful rose of rare coloring and perfect form to find its gorgeous petals yield no perfume. One may tire of brilliant coloring and of showy effects, but the garden that has the sweet-smelling flowers will never lack appreciation. When the rose is mentioned we at once associate it with sweetness. We love flowers for their fragrance, even though they are not very beautiful, but when they are fragrant as well as beautiful our enthusiasm knows no bounds.

Plant the old fashioned fragrant ones even though the catalogues tell you wonderful stories about the newer, larger varieties. They may be charming to look upon, but flowers that are not sweet fail to satisfy because in striving to produce a larger flower, with more gorgeous coloring, the rare fragrance has been lost. The smaller flowers have usually the sweetest perfume. The very name of mignonette, lily-of-the-valley, lilac, rose, pinks and stocks of our mother's gardens bring to our memory the recollections of sweet laden breezes, and no quality in the flowers of our youth strikes the chord of remembrance with as true a touch as fragrance. If you have only limited space for a garden this spring, choose flowers that are fragrant. If you are planning a rose garden, buy the varieties that will delight you with a rare perfume.

"Cut Off With Shilling."

In most foreign countries England is looked upon as the Land of the Free, and, in spite of the Defence of the Realm Act, there is one way, at least, in which the Englishman is freer than the rest of the world. It is only in England that a married man can dispose of the whole of his property absolutely as he likes when he dies.

Even Scottish law is different in this respect. There, if a man has a wife and children, the law says the wife must have one-third of his possessions, and the children another third, so that he can do what he likes only with the remaining third. If he has a wife only or children only, the wife or the children are entitled to half, and he is at liberty to dispose of the other half as he thinks fit.

In France a man can only leave all his property to strangers if he has neither children nor "ancestors," such as parents or grandparents, still living. If he has one child, that child must have at least half. Two children will take two-thirds, and if he has three children or more, they must have three-quarters, leaving only a quarter, which he can bequeath to other people.

Only in England is a man allowed to cut off his child with a shilling.

New Brooms.

New brooms, green brooms, will you buy any?
Come, maidens, come quickly, let me take a penny.

My brooms are not steeped,
But very well bound;
My brooms be not crooked,
But smooth-cut and round
I wish it should please you
To buy of my broom,
Then would it well ease me
If market were done.

Have you any old boots,
Or any old shoon,
Pouch-rings, or buskins,
To cope for new broom?
If so you have, maidens,
I pray you bring hither,
That you and I friendly
May bargain together.

New brooms, green brooms, will you buy any?
Come, maidens, come quickly, let me take a penny.

From "The Three Ladies of London" (1584).

A Thirty-Cent Bride.

The groom had a local reputation for being very close, not to say stingy, and the bride was anything but good-looking.

The ceremony had just been completed, and after laying aside his prayer book, the officiating minister looked expectantly at the new husband.

"How much is it?" whispered the groom dolefully.

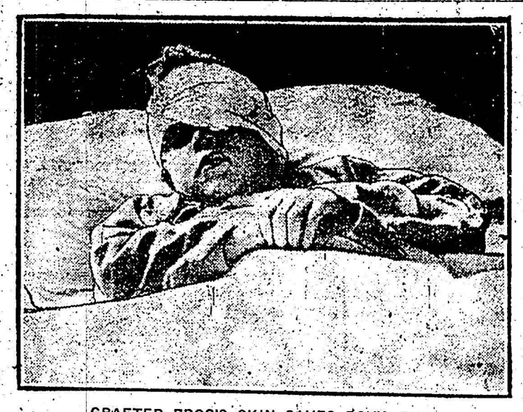
"Oh, just whatever you think it is worth," was the reply.

The groom took one hurried glance at the bride and offered the minister a fifty-cent piece.

Calmly the reverend gentleman slipped a hand in his pocket and produced twenty cents, which he handed to the startled benedict.

"Here is your change," he said.

A pearl oyster does not produce any pearls until it is six or seven years old.



GRAFTED FROG'S SKIN SAVES BOY'S EYE

An unusual operation, believed to have been the first of the kind, was recently performed in London when a froggish membrane was grafted on the eyeball of Alfred Hore, aged 9, injured when a firecracker exploded. The membrane, which had to be extremely delicate, was taken from the creature's lower jaw.

IN THE TWILIGHT OF HIS GLORY

By Binet Valmer.

Translated by William L. McPherson

He was a very old man, tall and very heavy. Often Death sent him his messenger—Sleep. He grew less active and lived a little less of each day that other people did. But he had lived more than any one else having exceeded all the glories of his epoch, and even glory itself.

He fell into slumber recalling the hours in which he had been able to hide from all the anguish of perilous crises, to remain calm, fully master of himself, deliberate in his thought, firm in his decisions—the hours in which he had won the battle. He slept in order to dream of those hours which the nation which had so loved him had now forgotten.

One afternoon he awakened without breaking off his dream. The calendar was before him and the old man's glance fell as it had fallen before his eyes closed, on the date which the calendar showed—the anniversary date. There it was today. Now many years since? Not a great number of years.

And the old man, who had exceeded glory itself, was alone with his glory. The chiefs of the country had not brought the grateful populace to his door and the populace had not come instinctively. The populace is always led. It had not come to acclaim the liberator.

He got up from the chair in which he had been sleeping and dreaming and had found again the power which clinched the victory. His suffering was as great as his pride. If he belonged already to history, he also still belonged to humanity. Where was the crowd?

With a heavy step he walked toward the door which fronted on the terrace, opened it, looked at the fields, the brook, the beautiful trees and the sky with its fleecy clouds; and he smiled at all this, which would not have seemed the same if he had not won the battle, if the invaders had come to devastate it. But where was the shouting crowd?

He took his old hat and his old cane—the hat and canee of a landed gentleman who was not very rich—and went toward his friends the fields, toward his friends the trees and toward his friend the brook.

"Do you remember?" he said to them.

Alas! The fields, the trees and the brook were too much occupied with their everyday activities to answer him, whose destiny seemed this afternoon to have had but a single day, and that day a day disappearing in the past.

He said to himself: "I am." And he pronounced his name and tried to console himself by thinking that the centuries would not obliterate it; that people would always speak of him in connection with the famous battle. He also consoled himself by charging politics with having turned away from his house the crowds and the chiefs of the state. Nevertheless, deep within him a voice kept speaking to him.

"You are no longer alive," it said.

He suffered.

Suddenly he noticed on the edge of the road a little girl, a very little girl, who was looking for something in the wheel ruts. She was not a little girl from the village or from the neighboring farms, for the old man knew every child in the canton to which he had retired.

"What are you looking for?" he asked.

"Some sous," she answered. "Mama gave them to me to buy bread in the village. I had them tied up in my handkerchief and the knot came loose."

"Were there many sous?" asked the winner of the great battle.

"There were enough so that she will beat me if I do not find them," said the little girl.

"Beat you? Who is your mama?"

"We came with the circus."

"Ah! You came with the circus? They were expecting you in the village."

The circus was famous in that part of the country. It traveled through the whole region, and its artists had a high reputation.

"They expected us for the fete, but some of the wagons broke down."

"For what fete?" asked the old man.

"I don't know. There's a fete. Let me hunt for my sous."

Then the conqueror shook his head.

"I will give you some sous in place of those you lost. Do you want ten francs? Is that enough?"

He handed her a ten-francs note and the little girl's eyes opened wide.

"Oh! Ten francs!" she cried. "You are rich. I cannot take all that."

"You can take all that. You can tell your mama that it was I who gave it to you."

He spoke his name to excite the little girl's admiration. But she answered:

"I don't remember your name. If you allow me, I will return the sous to mama and keep the rest to buy candy."

The old man shook his head again.

"Don't you know my name? I won the battle in whose honor the fete is being held in the village."

"Ah! You are the one? Why are you alone on the road?"

"I am taking a little walk. So you have heard of the battle which I won? Come, take the ten francs and I will tell you all about it."

"I shall be glad to hear. These ten francs—I will give them to mama and I will repeat what you tell me."

"You will repeat it? That is of no consequence. I am going to tell you about it. Let us sit down on the bank. You have plenty of time. Your mother will not beat you so long as you bring her the ten francs."

"I shall be glad to sit down. Was it a great battle?"

"The greatest battle there ever was."

So the old man told about it. And the little girl listened. And the victor forgot the little girl, resumed his interrupted dream, lived through the sublime hours once more, drew lines on the road with his cane and said:

"I beat them at the hour I had set."

The little girl interrupted him:

"The hour? If I don't bring back the break mama will beat me in spite of your ten francs. I must go, monsieur."

"At the hour I had set."

"I don't say anything to the contrary, but I must go. And, then, I will never remember all that. If you want to see mama the circus will be at the village this evening. I must run away!"

He did not let go her. He remained seated on the bank at the side of the road. He contemplated the lines and figures which his cane had traced and he repeated, as in an hallucination: "I beat them at the hour I had set."

Suddenly he awakened from this other sleep. The little girl was running away, hardly thinking of the magnificent present which she had received. Later, perhaps, she would recall what the glorious soldier had told her. Today? Where was the crowd?

The old man with the thick body leaned his elbows on his knees and put his face in his hands.

"I am no longer alive!" he sighed.

And the trees, the beautiful trees, the rich fields, the land saved from the barbarians, heard a sob, the formidable plaint of a chieftain who had never flinched when the country was invaded, when its fate depended on him, but who could not accept being of so little importance in the flesh, being already so great in history.

The largest known flower is said to be the Rafflesia, of Sumatra. It has a diameter of 9 ft.

NEED YOU HAVE SAID IT?

Love Killed by Frankness.

If there is one crusade more than another that needs to be started it is one against the habit we all indulge in of speaking the truth, the plain truth, and nothing but the truth to those of our own household.

For, strangely enough, truth is a luxury that we reserve almost exclusively for home consumption, and the idea prevails that, like certain medicines, the more disagreeable it is, the more efficacious it is, and the more confidence we have in its working.

This article is not intended to advocate the telling of lies in the home circle, though there have been times in all our experiences when we could have wished that those nearest and dearest to us had been Ananiases and Sapphiras, rather than the truthful Jameses and Janes that they were. This is only a plea for the suppression of those unnecessary truths that wound like barbed wire arrows and against which we are so defenceless because the archer knows only too well the weak spot at which to aim.

Too Candid Comment.

There is nothing so brutal as the cruel candor of a near relation. We take the liberty of telling our own flesh and blood the truth, which is too often only another way of saying that we are grossly insulting and impolite to those who can neither resent our impertinence nor get away from it.

Husbands and wives comment on each other's defects and shortcomings with savage frankness. Brothers and sisters say unforgivable things to each other. And those who are guilty of these crimes against our self-love excuse their cruelty by saying that what they have said is only the truth. As if that didn't make it all the worse! It is to escape hearing the truth about themselves that many young people leave home at the earliest possible moment and go among strangers.

Worse still, relations not only feel it their privilege to tell us unpleasant things, but they assume it to be their duty to do so. Let middle-aged Jane, whose heart is as young as a girl's, buy herself a gay spring hat and go around rejoicing in its beauty. She doesn't go far before she encounters the family truth-teller. "I felt it my duty to tell her that she was making a fool of herself, dressing like a girl when she's forty if she's a day," says this martyr of self-elected unpleasantness.

Or she thinks she must open Mary's eyes to the fact that the husband she adores isn't all that he should be, and she adds, self-righteously, of course, nobody else will tell you, only those of your own family will tell you the truth."

Somehow we don't seem to be under the same obligation to tell pleasant truths to our family. We are quick enough to comment on the untidy dress, the poorly-served meal, the children's noise, but we are silent about the ninety-nine times when everything was comfortable and pleasant.

No long ago a woman was telling her little son, who accidently upset a plate of soup on the cloth at dinner. He was sharply reprimanded for his carelessness and sent from the room.

At the doorway he paused and, quivering lips turned to his mother, asked: "Why didn't you say it didn't make any difference to visitors? I didn't make as much mess as that Mr. Smith did when he upset his wine."

Could any better reproof to the speaker, who told the unpleasant truth, have been made?

In spite of all that is said to the contrary, most of us are only too aware of our weaknesses and faults, and to be continually reminded of them at home says the last bit of sugar and takes the last bit of cake of us.

Are You a Musician?

"A musician," says the dictionary, "is one skilled in the art of music."

In the light of the above definition, and in answer to the above question, most people would probably reply in the words of the old negro when asked to change a twenty-dollar bill: "I thanks you for the compliment, suh, but ah can't do it."

A musician, in the popular mind, is one who is skilled in the performance of music, and very few claim this distinction. This is a day of such spectacular specialism that the ordinary person is a bit apt to feel discouraged as to his ability, and to sit back and watch the stars, instead of hitching his wagon to one.

But this popular opinion is a very one-sided one. Many a person has a soul filled with the love of music, and an intense longing to express this feeling, but his vocal chords and fingers simply will not function as he desires. Is that any reason why he should be shut out from the enjoyment of the for which his soul craves?

Even if, as the old nursery rhyme says, "There is music in me, but you can't get it out," is that any real reason why I cannot become skilled in the art of music, in that branch of it to which the vast majority of people belong, the art of listening?

And listening is an art. Listening requires the use of a mind as well as the use of a pair of ears. A trained mind can hear many things that to an ordinary untrained mind are just so many "noises."

Would it then not be a fine thing if each music teacher would devote one-half of his time to the teaching of the art of listening, and the appreciation of real music?

Many music lovers would then be enabled to take advantage of the training they desire, but rarely can get, and the love and enjoyment of music would become much more general.

Her Only Fault.

"How are you getting along with your skating, Mabel?"

"Fine, but I don't get much chance to practice."

"How come?"

"We'll I'm sitting down more than I'm standing up."

MANITOBA BUILDING STONE.

Considerable attention has been paid lately by Montrealers in the addition to the city's rapidly growing structures, to the construction of the annex to the store which was built some quite time, and the Apartment Building, which are naturally is one of the finest in the Dominion.

It is not generally known that stone from Manitoba was used in the construction of the [illegible] in this connection Mr. [illegible] in charge of the Department of Development of the Canadian Pacific Railway, drew attention to the greater use of Canadian stone as opposed to foreign imports during the past few years.

"We have been importing our raw materials [illegible] that the [illegible] Western stone [illegible] of large [illegible] and commercial [illegible] from an architectural and structural viewpoint, have brought home to Canadian [illegible] that in Canada we have a variety of building stone and in sufficient quantities to supply the demand for many years to come. This is evidenced by the fact that in the construction of the most modern buildings, such as the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, Winnipeg, the law courts at Winnipeg, other structures in Winnipeg, Sault Ste. Marie, Quebec Manitoba stone has been utilized with most satisfactory results.

Quarries Close to Winnipeg.

The quarries from which the stone is shipped are located [illegible] thirty miles northeast of Winnipeg [illegible] Pacific Railway [illegible] Gypsum, and [illegible] known [illegible] Tyndall stone [illegible] Winnipeg [illegible] Manitoba [illegible] Winnipeg [illegible] quarry operations [illegible] of being in a position [illegible] with efficiency this important business, and they have [illegible] their respective companies [illegible] organized in order to [illegible] which they may be [illegible] upon to supply the material for public buildings.

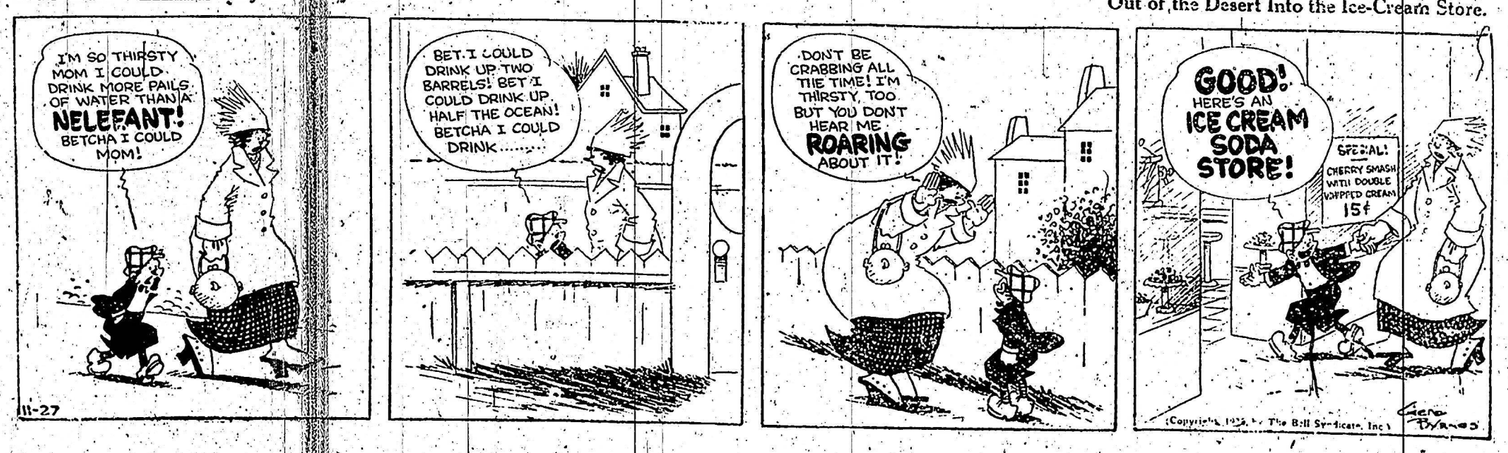
Reprehensible.

"I have been on [illegible] your daughter."

Mountaineer—"That girl [illegible] corn-fed! Some of [illegible] gets for give a drink of [illegible] to a revenue officer."

REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.

Out of the Desert Into the Ice-Cream Store.



RED RO[illegible]
"is good [illegible]
People who [illegible] use Red Rose
MAKING NEW [illegible]
Nature's Great Chemis[illegible]
The Food of Spo[illegible]
ROSE BUSHES
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Edge Holding Saws
Fast Easy Cutting
SIMONDS SAWS