

Children's Corner

FIDELITY AND COURAGE.

One night a fireman, on one of the ocean steamers walked in the darkness down into an open hatchway. He fell to the hold, broke his leg, and received other injuries. His outcry brought a group of stevedores to his help, and they were excitedly discussing what to do for him when it became evident that he was trying to speak. "Be quiet, boys," said one of the men. "Maybe Jake's wanting to send a word home."

BOBBIE GOT THERE FIRST.

A mother, after days of preparation for a week's absence from home, suddenly remembered, after the train was well under way, that she had left a bottle of a certain well-known remedy within reach of the middle-some little fingers of her three-year-old son. She remembered, too, that there was nothing that the child loved better than the aromatic contents of that particular bottle.

A PRECIOUS HERB.

Two little German girls, Brigitte and Wallburg, were on their way to the town, and each carried a heavy basket of fruit on her head. Brigitte murmured and sighed constantly; Wallburg only laughed and joked. Brigitte said, "What makes you laugh so? Your basket is quite as heavy as mine, and you are no stronger than I."

MODERN EDUCATION.

A writer in Lippincott's tells of a young teacher who had taken special pains to implant a knowledge of United States history, who could not but feel that much good seed sown had fallen on stony ground when at the final examination the question, "What character do you like best and why?" brought forth the following astonishing replies: "Andrew Jackson, because he whipped the British with an old hickory."

A NOBLE FARMER.

In Germany, during the war, a captain of cavalry was ordered to lead up on a foraging expedition. He marched to a lonely valley, but finding it in the midst of it a small cottage he knocked at the door; it was opened by an old man, who leaned upon a staff. "Father," said the officer, "show me a field where I may set my troop to forage."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

In the morning he's a pirate, with a cutlass and a gun, And we tremble at the flashing of his eye; His name, as he informs us, is an awe-inspiring one: "Lord Ferdinand Roderigo Guy!"

By ten o'clock our pirate has renounced his gory trade; In armor now, he has a lance and shield; He gallantly advances to defend a helpless maid, And we know that bold "Sir Lancelot" has the field.

ABOUT NOTHING.

"Don't see the use of making such a fuss about nothing!" said Nellie Gray, petulantly, to her mother. "Is it nothing to promise to meet a friend at a certain hour and then not to be there because you did not feel like going out?" asked Mrs. Gray.

"I am not speaking about the distance either of you have to go. What I wish you to understand, my daughter, is that it is wrong to make a promise and then fail to keep it, simply because you do not feel in the humor. It is far better not to promise at all, rather than to break it. No matter how small a thing you promise, be sure that you keep it."

A FEW RIDDLES.

Why does a cat look first one side and then on the other when the comes into a room? Because she can't look both ways at once. When does bread resemble the sun? When it rises from the yeast. What is there you cannot take with a kodak? A hint.

Two ducks before a duck and two ducks behind a duck and a duck in the middle. How many ducks in all? Three. What animals, when beheaded, become very cold? Mice. What is the superlative of temper? Temper.

SAND PICTURES.

"If the augustness would condescend to take honorable repose for but a moment, until his servant can get her miserable sands, she will make for him the sand pictures." That was the way a little Japanese girl spoke one day in Kobe to a visitor. An English child, even if she could do what this little one did, would have said: "If the gentleman will be seated I will get my sands in a minute."

WHAT THE TWINS DID.

If mamma had been at home they might have asked her, but she had gone down to see a sick lady in the big house that just showed over the tops of the elm trees, and there was no one else at home except Mary, and she was too cross to be bothered. Early in the morning a man had turned a big flock of sheep into the field adjoining the farm where the twins lived, and the poor things were panting for water under the hot sky.

"If that man don't come by three o'clock I'm going to open the gate, whether it's wicked or not," said Bobbie, looking at the new watch that had been his birthday present the week before. "He's just got ten minutes to get here in."

By ten o'clock our pirate has renounced his gory trade; In armor now, he has a lance and shield; He gallantly advances to defend a helpless maid, And we know that bold "Sir Lancelot" has the field.

worse." And sure enough the thirsty animals crowded to the fence at sight of the cooling stream. "I know what," said Bobbie, suddenly dashing to the house and coming back with a long piece of garden hose trailing after him. "We'll run this through the fence and pump them all the water they want. Hurrah!"

Betty quickly dried her tears, and together the eager little hands fitted the hose to the iron spout of the pump. Then Bobbie hurried over the fence to drive away the sheep from a hole in the ground till Betty could pump it full of water. It was very hard work watching the hose and driving back the sheep, but at last the hole was filled, and the poor things crowded up to drink. Then Bobbie pumped and Betty held the nozzle till their arms ached and their clothes were soaked.

Coming up the road, mamma wondered why the twins were pumping so steadily and climbing the fence so often, but when she got home and saw her dirty, tired little children watering the last of the flock she kissed them both and called them her precious little life-savers. "The owner must be detained somewhere, children," she said, as they poured out their indignation against him. "No man would leave a valuable flock of sheep to perish from thirst willfully. See, the sheep are eating grass now and seem perfectly happy. When papa comes home he will put the old kettle over the fence so it will be easier to water the poor things."

THE TENT CATERPILLAR.

One has only to look about for an apple or wild cherry tree to see several white things which look like little tents pitched on the branches. Forked limbs furnished the poles; the tent caterpillars weave their tents upon them. They begin weaving them as soon as they are born, and by the time they are fully grown they have a good-sized house. Very few persons are fond of caterpillars, though they are very beautiful when carefully looked at. The word "Ugh" seems to be the handy one for everybody to use when a caterpillar gets within sight. Every caterpillar is half way in its life between the egg from which it comes forth, and the moth or butterfly to which it will change.

The spot they select for their tent is often two or three feet from their birthplace. It must have a crevice where the twigs and limbs are strong enough to hold their home when it is full size, which is often from two to three feet in length, and six inches deep under its graceful peaks. The choice of a camping-ground shows forethought and care. The young larva or caterpillars are very small. As they have much growing to do, and but a short time to do it in, they begin to eat at once. Their appetites increase with their size. In the morning long trains of them may be seen trailing out to the ends of the branches, where they feed on the leaves, and thus do great damage. When a young caterpillar's skin becomes too tight for it, it splits in the back, and the caterpillar wriggles out of it, clad in a new skin, which lasts as long as it will stretch comfortably.

Whenever caterpillars go they leave a silken thread behind them. When done feeding they return to their tent for rest and shelter. Early in the morning, before the caterpillars go to breakfast, or at night, when they are at home, is the time to destroy them. During the day they are spread over the tree on which they live.

After the leaves fall from the trees the bunches of eggs are easily seen. It is an excellent plan for children to convince their parents that caterpillar eggs are worth ten cents for a dozen bunches, and that they are exactly the ones to gather them. They should not break the trees in collecting eggs, or they will do as much damage as the caterpillars. Between August first and the next April is the time to collect eggs. A flaming torch quickly moved under a tent, or a rag wiped along it, will destroy the caterpillars. A neighborhood or village should work together, or one person will raise as many caterpillars as another destroys.

FATHER Koenig's FREE NERVE TONIC. A LARGELY USED REMEDY FOR NERVOUS DISORDERS AND MORAL DEBILITY. Your get this medicine FREE! Koenig Med. Co. 148 St. Clair St. Chicago. Sold by Druggists and Grocers.

ler, as usually called, it sucks its food through a long tube. It then takes nothing but liquids, such as the honey of flowers. When flowers are scarce and fruits are ripe, some moths use sharp spines, or the end of their eating part, to punch holes in the fruits. The juices flow, the moths suck them in. When the tent caterpillar has lived as long as it cares to live as a larva or caterpillar which is early in June, it hunts about for a sheltered place, under a limb, leaf, or tree bark, and spins around itself a silk cocoon, which is yellowish because of a powder mixed with the silk. When this is finished, the caterpillar sticks its head out, and the caterpillar is transformed into a pupa. This is a dumpy, queer, sleepy-looking affair, with a hard brown skin. As a pupa, it lives about two weeks, eating nothing during that time.

Under its pupa covering, a wonderful change is taking place. If one could watch the changes, one would appear to see a new insect being made out of an old one. Wings are forming. A new kind of head, mouth, eyes, a new body shape with different breathing apparatus, stomach and covering. Two live plumes grow from its head to act as feelers, fingers, and all sorts of things, when it shall need them in its new life.

After all is ready, the pupa bursts its skin, works through one end of its cocoon, and soft, wet, glittering, walks to an airy place to unfold its wings, harden, dry, and collect its strength. In a very short time it feels able to see the world. Off it flies on its feather covered wings—four of them—to take its first meal through a tube. It is now a moth-miller, of buff-brown color, with a stripe of darker color across each front wing, and a short, thick, fuzzy body. When it alights it lets its wings up straight. Moths fly at night; butterflies by day.

The woods tent caterpillar does not weave a tent. It spins a layer of web on the bark of a tree or several clustered leaves. After a brood of eggs hatches the caterpillars rest in clusters on these web-like mats. Their habits are otherwise very much the same as the apple tree tent caterpillar. They can be destroyed in great numbers by jarring the limbs of trees with a padded mallet. They will fall into a sheet placed to catch them, and should then be burned. They do immense damage by eating the leaves of trees. The only way to get entirely rid of caterpillars is by having an Anti-Caterpillar club, formed of all the men, women and children in a neighborhood, each one pledged to hunt for, crush, or burn the eggs and caterpillars.

I am really sorry that I cannot say anything good about tent caterpillars. They probably know some good of themselves, but I do not; excepting that they are wondrously made and industriously do the work set for them to do. Oh, yes, here is one good thing about them, one of the very best: They make their own living. The man who spares no pains to make himself a spore-knit bundle of good habits will usually be found ten times as hard to down in the battle of life as he who has drifted along relying for success upon the dubious nervous organism provided him by nature and accident.

Women who Are Weak

AND SUFFER THE DERANGEMENTS PECULIAR TO THEIR SEX FIND THAT

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

CURES SUCH ILLS PERMANENTLY BY STRENGTHENING THE NERVES AND MUSCLES

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food stands high in women's favor because it is especially successful in overcoming its peculiar to their sex.

When, on account of a run-down condition of the system, the muscles and nerves fail to control the action of the feminine organism, there is bound to come much suffering. Headaches, pains in the back and limbs, indigestion, feelings of discouragement and despondency, weakness and irregularity of life of the body which would otherwise be possible.

Stimulating medicines cannot possibly be of more than slight temporary relief. To be of lasting benefit the nerves and muscles must be fully restored by such treatment as is afforded by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Not only is the action and vigor of the bodily organs fully restored, but new firm flesh is added, the form is rounded out, the weight is increased, and pallor gives way to that beautiful glow of complexion which is the sign of the enjoyment of health. Mrs. Symons, 42 St. Clair street, Belleville, Ont., states: "Some weeks ago I began a course of treatment with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and have found it a very satisfactory medicine. I was formerly troubled with nervous exhaustion and a weak, fluttering heart. Whenever my heart bothered me I would have spells of weakness and dizziness, which were very distressing. By means of this treatment my nerves have become strong and healthy, and the action of my heart seems to be regular. I can recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as an excellent medicine." Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELLOWS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says: 212 King Street East, Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured. S. PRICE.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1903. John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours for ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN

198 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a shoemaker. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

PILES

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.:

DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure. Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer. JAMES SHAW.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, With the Boston Laundry.

BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

Dear Sir,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital un cured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning. MISS M. L. KEMP.

Toronto, April 16th, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., City:

DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, J. J. CLARKE, 73 Wolsley street, City.

Toronto, July 21st, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work. J. SHERIDAN, 34 Queen Street East.

JOHN O'CONNOR 199 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. Price \$1.00 PER BOX.