

The Children's Page

A QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Esther and Kitty were dressing their dolls in one corner of the room. "She has red hair," Kitty was saying, as she tied Alexandria Wilhelmio's sash, "and a temper to match."

"Who has?" asked grandmother suddenly, putting down the newspaper from before her and looking at the two little girls over her spectacles. The answer came rather slowly: "Lucy French; you don't know her, grandmother."

"Hush! she anything but red hair and a temper?" said grandmother, putting up the paper again. Grandmother had such a queer way of asking a question and then not waiting for anybody to answer it.

The next day was Sunday. Esther and Kitty and Lucy were in the same Sunday school class together. This afternoon the superintendent put a new scholar in with them. She was not very welcome. "We are so many," thought Kitty. "She hasn't come."

Kitty was by no means the only one that wished it. After Sunday school all the other girls hurried on in a friendly bunch, leaving the new scholar behind—all but Lucy. She waited, and those in front heard her say politely: "Don't you think our teacher is lovely?"

"Can't you just see grandmother's eyes twinkle of us?" whispered Esther to Kitty. "She would say that Lucy has been the most real lady in the class."

"The only real one, I guess," said Esther, meekly. On Tuesday, at school, Miss Young began to give out pieces of poetry to be learned for Exhibition Day. "One of these was shorter than the others, and nobody thought that it was pretty."

"I am sorry," said Miss Young, "that you don't like it. Who will be unselfish and offer to take it?" There was a little silence, and then Lucy French said: "I'll take it."

Kitty was at one end of the bench and Esther was in the middle. They leaned forward and looked at each other and their eyes twinkled as much as grandmother's own could have done.

most to eat, he went up to his bed. His last injunction was that, let who might come, he was not to be disturbed again. There were other doctors in Berlin and plenty of them, let them be called up, he had done his share that day.

So his wife assured him that the whole house would be quiet, and that nothing and nobody should come near his door. About eleven there was a loud ringing at the bell. The lady went out herself to see who could be in such need. Standing on the doorstep was a man whose face was white with dread and anxiety.

He was a poor workman, father of five children; his wife lay at death's door. "O for God's sake listen to my prayer; rouse the doctor and beg him to come to our help, or else we shall lose the most loving of wives and mothers."

The lady told the poor fellow how the matter stood; how she could not wake her tired husband. She gave him the address of an excellent doctor, a friend of theirs, who would surely go. Very sadly the father turned away from the door; to say the least there would be some delay in going to another, and nobody was worth half as much as Doctor Heim.

Deeply compassionate, the lady went to her room, but her heart was too full of pity to let her go to sleep. She knelt down by the bedside and prayed. Heim was awake, he had heard the bell, and asked what was all the fuss about. She told him. He turned over and thanked her. "Of course Dr. Wells will go, I am really too tired to move."

In a few minutes he was again fast asleep. Another hour passed. Then there came another loud ring at the bell. Mrs. Heim jumped up and opened the door quickly. The same man stood on the step, perspiration trickling down his white face. "As you are a mother, a wife and a Christian, call your husband and bid him come with me."

"But have you been to Dr. Wells?" she asked. "Indeed I have, but he either will not or cannot come. For God's sake don't turn me away," he cried in an agony. "My good fellow, go to Dr. Bell, I am sure he will go with you."

"I beseech and implore you, don't send me on another fool's errand," the man answered. "While I am away my poor wife may die." The doctor's wife could withstand him no longer. She went gently into the sleeping man's room and told him what had happened.

"Let him go to Bell," he answered, angrily. "I will not be disturbed in my sleep like this." The poor lady turned away with a sad heart, just as her husband seemed to fall asleep again. As kindly as she possibly could she told the despairing man what her husband had said. Without a word he rushed down the street. Scarcely, however, was the door shut when the wife heard shuffling steps beside her. She looked round; there was Heim finishing a hasty toilette in the passage, muttering to himself, "Send after that man as quickly as you can!"

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 20, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother), (3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement. (5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent. W. W. CORY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

angels were whispering their congratulations. Only after the lad had gone did the President seem to realize that a Senator and another person had been some time waiting to see him. Think for a moment of the "resident of a great nation engaged in one of the most terrible wars ever waged among men, able so far to forget all as to give himself up for the time being to the errand of a little boy who had braved an interview uninvited, and of whom he knew nothing but that he had a story to tell of his widowed mother and of his ambition to serve her!—Young Folks' Catholic Weekly.

Man and His Horse Careless plays no small part in developing the best in any horse, but this is never to be by word of mouth. You may as well curse as bless for all your horse knows or cares. The caress of the hand addressed to the part with which the animal has just performed some feat is always appreciated—the expression shows that—and one loves to see a good man as he hands safe over a big place just reach back and give the clever horse a loving pat or two on that swelling muscular loin which has been the chief agent in negotiating the obstruction.

Do not pat neck or shoulder or any part not actively engaged in the undertaking. Careless may do no good, but it is pleasant to believe that it does, and we are quite positive that the voice simply diverts attention. The former mode of address is at least worthy of trial if only as a mark of appreciation between two gentlemen. The threatening tones appear sometimes servicable, but this is so only when horses have been abused and associate punishment with the stern voice. The wild horse is as indifferent to the voice of affection as that of rage.—From "Schooling the Hunter," by Frank M. Ware in Outing Magazine.

The Uncertainty of Knowledge I seized the opportunity some little while ago, on finding myself sitting next to a great physicist, of asking him a series of fumbling questions on the subject of modern theories of matter. For an hour I stumbed like a child, supported by a strong hand, in a dim and unfamiliar world, among the mysterious essences of things. I do not know that I acquired any precise knowledge, but I drank deep draughts of wonder and awe. The great man, with his amused and weary smile, was infinitely gentle, and left me, I will say, far more conscious of the beauty of holiness of knowledge. I said something to him about the sense of power that such knowledge must give. "Ah!" he said, "much of what I have told you is not proved, it is only suspected. We are very much in the dark about these things yet. Probably if a physicist of a hundred years hence could overhear me, he would be amazed to think that a sensible man could make such puerile statements. Power—no, it is not that! It rather makes one realize one's feebleness in being so uncertain about things that are absolutely certain and precise in themselves, if we could but see the truth. It is much more like the apostle who said, 'Lord, I believe; help thou my belief.' The thing one wonders at is the courage of the men who dare to think they know.—A. C. Benson.

Courage, activity, and earnest perseverance are, indeed, the secret of all success. No good endeavor strenuously persisted in will fail, it must succeed at last. Powers of even the most mediocre kind, if energetically employed, will effect much.

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AN APPEAL.

This touching appeal comes to us from the Dublin (Ireland) Mail: Oh! men and women, turn with hearts of pity To help the animals, whose wordless cry Goes from country lane and crowded city, Pleading a little kindness ere they die.

They yield us all their strength and their obedience, They toil for us from dawn till setting sun, They give us faithful love and true allegiance— What do WE give them for the service done?

Oh! ye who preach of Christ. His Cross and Passion, Oh! ye who teach the children how to pray, Teach them God's Infinite, Living Compassion For all things living underneath His sway.

God grant us gentler, clearer vision, Grant us to hope our dumb and faithful friends May not be barred outside the Fields Elysian, But taste their sweetness when their journey ends.

Let us not, then, neglect them in our blindness; They do not need so much of whip and goad— They need a little love and human kindness To help them on their long and weary road.—Edith H. Bourchier. Bray, Co. Wicklow.

THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

Dr. Heim was a renowned physician of Berlin. Rich and poor, high and lowly loved and honored him as the "everest and best of doctors and men." One day he had ridden early in the morning to a suburb at some little distance from the town. He returned about mid-day very tired, but with time only to get his lunch and start it was a bitterly cold day in late autumn. There was a drizzling rain; the ground was soaking wet and the roads slippery. But the doctor put his best foot foremost and went with a word of comfort and encouragement from one sick bed to another. It was nearly ten o'clock when, too tired al-