

# FOR THE CHILDREN

## UNDER THE UTUMFLUTIX TREE.

By EDWIN A. BURNS.

**H**IST!" ejected the Gillylulu bird perched on the lowest limb of the utumflutix tree. "I hear footprints!"

"Piffels!" exclaimed the Teddy bear seated on the ground beneath, "go on with your story."

For a space the bird shuffled uneasily and straining his neck peered in all directions of approach. "Well, I am game," he asserted finally, "but I was sure I heard—Hist!" he again broke off abruptly.

At that moment a patter of little feet could distinctly be heard, and the Teddy bear, turning his head, beheld a most peculiar little man dancing across the meadow. He was just about two feet high and had a long grey beard reaching nearly to his toes. He wore a green frock coat exactly the shade of the trees and grass, which made it very difficult to see him, yellow knee breeches, green stockings and shoes adorned with large brass buckles and a funny, flat green hat. A stranger little fellow one could never wish to see. For a minute he pranced to and fro most nimbly before the utumflutix tree, and then with an odd squeaky laugh he suddenly vanished.

"Well, I'll be plucked," laughed the Gillylulu when he had gone, "if that is not the Leprahaun!"

"The what?" cried the Teddy, in a most astonished tone.

"Why, the Leprahaun," repeated the bird. "Never saw him before, I suppose. Well, I don't wonder at that, for not many people have. You know, if he values his skin he must keep out of sight. That is, if you see a Leprahaun and keep your eyes fastened on him you can catch him. Sounds simple, but it is the hardest thing in the world to do, for if you remove your eyes from him for a thrice he is off with the same little laugh we heard just now."

"But why should they wish to catch him?" questioned the Teddy. "He seems quite harmless."

"A purse made out of the skin of a Leprahaun," answered the bird gravely, "will never be empty."

The Teddy puckered up his lips and whistled a long, soft note at the thought. "Are there many more, Gillylulu?" he presently asked.

"There is just one here," replied the bird authoritatively; "but in Ireland the woods are just cram full of them. They sit on stumps all day long mending shoes for the fairies who dance holes in them at night."

"Irish, is he," concluded the bear. "Well, then how in Jumbledom did he come over here?" he queried inquisitively.

The Gillylulu put his head to one side and studied him thoughtfully for a little while before answering.

"Well, it all came about this way, Ted," he presently began, after making himself as comfortable as that particular branch would permit him. "A long time ago many swarms of horrid, little, black, fuzzy bugs appeared on the earth. Each one had two heads and sixteen tails and four pairs of wings. More and more bugs came each year for a long time until at last they covered the whole earth. They ate up all the fruit and green things in the fields and drank up all the water, great clouds of them, flying in the air, darkened the whole

sky, and soon they began to crowd all the other things off the face of the earth. They were a terrible pest. Now, these bugs were called 'worries' and one was created every time a person frowned, while every time a person smiled one died. As there were a great many more frowns than smiles, in those days, the number of worries rapidly increased.

"At last things reached such a stage that something simply had to be done. When men saw that their land was full of worries and that all their food was being devoured by them, they only frowned more and more, and this of course made matters worse. Then the good old 'Banshee,' that is the Leprahaun's grandmother, and a kinder old soul never lived in the woods, for she is forever doing good deeds, relieved the terrible situation, and this is how she did it. She took out her famous receipt book and a huge iron cauldron and mixed up three parts of contentment with six drams of cheerfulness, and then added two parts of charity grated over merriment. These ingredients she allowed to come to a boil before

try. Watch out for him, for he is a most interesting little fellow, and—Hist again!" he cautioned suddenly. "I hear more foot prints."

Someone advanced, but this time the tread was heavier than that of the Leprahaun. The Gillylulu bird quietly slipped inside a hollow branch of the utumflutix tree, and the Teddy bear rolled over on his face, the way he had been left two hours before, just as a little girl with golden hair came into sight. In a moment she noticed the Teddy bear lying on the ground.

"Oh, you poor, poor Teddy!" she cried, picking him up and hugging him. "I have been looking for you all afternoon. Whatever were you doing?"

The bear said never a word, but he turned his big head to one side, and cocked his shining eye so comically that the child was obliged to smile delightedly and then burst into peals of joyous laughter.

"You dear, funny thing," she cried, "I do believe you just tried to make me laugh!"

And so he did.

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## EARS FOR EYES.

By EMMA C. DOWD.

**AUNT RUTH**, Bertha and Alice were on the piazza, busy with needlework. Carl and Norton were lounging near.

"Oh, put up your work—do! I want a game of some sort," pleaded Norton.

"This mat never will be done if I don't hurry up," replied Alice.

"Shut your eyes, Norton," said Aunt Ruth, "and tell us what you hear."

"Is it a game?"

"I'll leave that for you to say when we have all tried it," laughingly said his aunt.

"Well," began Norton, as his eyes went together, "I think I hear wheels down the road. Yes, they are coming nearer. Shall I open my eyes now?"

"Wait a minute! Tell us what the wheels are on."

"Why, a waggon of some sort. I guess it's a grocery team—I don't hear it now."

"Where has it stopped?"

"Down the street somewhere maybe at the Braces'."

The others laughed.

"Oh, that's no fair! I'm going to open my eyes—why, I thought it was nearer than that! And it isn't a grocery waggon!

It is Mrs. Parker's father, with his double carriage!"

"Let me try it!" cried Bertha.

But she mistook a furniture van for an ice-cart, and there was a call for Aunt Ruth to play the part of guesser.

She laid her embroidery in her lap, shut her eyes, and listened.

"Mr. Wilson's horse has just turned the corner of Hubbard Street," she presently announced.

"Why-ee! How could you tell?" gasped Norton.

"I know his step," she replied.

"I never thought anything about a horse's step," said Alice.

"If you will listen to various horses, you will find that their steps differ as much as people's. But here comes a doctor's carriage!" said Aunt Ruth, her eyes still shut. "I think it must be Doctor Post, going to see the Higby baby—yes, he has stopped there. Am I right?"

"Exactly!" responded Carl. "But how in the world do you do it?"

"I wasn't sure until he stopped;

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.



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"Hish!" said the Gillylulu, "I hear footprints."

she added two imperial quarts of wisdom and brightness the size of a cocked hat, success to flavour and a pinch of joy. When all this boiled down it formed a very fine powder, and the Banshee called the finished article 'happiness.'

"When the benevolent old lady had made a great quantity of happiness she called all the Leprahauns to her and divided it amongst them, bidding them distribute it in all parts of the earth. Two she sent over to this fair country with a generous supply. Later on one of them came to a terrible end, but that is another story.

"The people smiled so much when the Banshee's concoction had been scattered around that the worries began to die off in great numbers, and they have been dying ever since. Some still remain alive and are in various parts of the earth, but they have become so weak and small that they are invisible, except at certain times. But, as everyone smiles so much more than they frown now, it will not be long until they are completely extinguished from the earth. So, that is how there came to be a Leprahaun in this coun-