

The Children's Page

THE CHILD AT MARY'S ALTAR.

(By William MacDonald.)
Sweet Mary, thou the Mother art
Of children everywhere;
How dear was one unto thy heart—
The Infant Jesus fair!
Jesus who for our sins so died
Upon the cruel Tree,
While thou were at His blessed
side—
Oh, Mother pray for me!

I bring sweet flowers as e'er were
seen
In any woodland way,
To deck the altar of our Queen—
Sweet Mary, Queen of May!

Mother, each morning when I wake
To Jesus dear I pray,
That He will keep me for thy sake,
From dark temptation's way;
And ere I go to rest at night,
I ask Him in thy name,
To make me ever love the right,
And keep me far from shame.

I bring sweet flowers as e'er were
seen
In any woodland way,
To deck the altar of our Queen—
Sweet Mary, Queen of May!

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS ROSE.

(From the French by Julie T. B. Foiey.)

All slept in the hostelry of Simon of Bethlehem. Those who were to leave in the morning to continue their journey over to Joppa or on to Jerusalem, were resting after their fatigues at the halting place, all except old Simon and his daughter Sarah, the one counting the money gained during the day, the other weaving a veil from the flax, by the light of the flickering torch which served to dispel the darkness. The metallic ring of the money, the dry crackling of the torch, and the soft whirring of the wheel as the young girl continued her task, were the only sounds that filled the silence of this December night; while without, absolute stillness reigned, as the glacial darkness laid its frozen fingers on the sleeping village and deserted roads.

Several times Sarah had raised her head and regarded her father, as if a question or a prayer that she sought to form were on her lips, but an insurmountable timidity, born of the fear that the paternal rudeness had inspired in her, with the conviction of a brutal reception of her request, arose in her throat and arrested the words in their passage to her lips. Meanwhile Simon pursued his counting, his eyes gloating over the pieces of money that he stacked rapidly in an earthen pitcher, which he kept hidden at the farthest end of his cellar. For the innkeeper, with the miser's greedy insatiable tenacity, welcomed with the same obsequious and servile smile, gold, silver or bronze coins on which was stamped the head of Augustus Emperor, or Herod, the Great, as they came from the crooked fingers of the Pharisees, the pockets of the Gentiles, from the son of the tribe of Judah, or from the legions of the Roman pro-consul, all were hoarded.

As to Sarah, she continued her weaving, sighing, as her fingers trembled over their work, her thoughts elsewhere. She remembered that for Zachary, the paralytic, she had emptied yesterday her purse to the last coin that he might give access to that other unfortunate, who was dying of hunger and cold, and with whom he shared his poverty. Her heart ached with the desire to assist them, for the goodness of Sarah was equal to her beauty, which was marvelous, as if this perfect body had been created only for the duty of habitating a beautiful soul; a soul of such excellence, that like the most reserved and precious shearing of the vine, it breathed forth the rarest and most aromatic odors.

But her hesitation and silence had given her courage, and with new strength, although her voice trembled, she began:

"Father—!"
Absorbed in his calculations, the miser started. "What is it?"
"Father, if you could—give to me—one of those pieces," and she added, stammering, "I have no more money, I—"
"I have no more money! I have no more money!" vociferated the Jew. "I have no more money! That is the eternal refrain with which you always pursue me. I have no more money! And how dispensed you what I gave you? And with your absurd generosity which you bestow on I know not what sluggard or beggar, who earneth not his bread. You should have nothing!" And growling with anger, he concluded in indignant protest, "It is for this I labor, I!"

Poor Sarah bowed her head over her tissue, that a furtive tear came near to marring, while the Jew, sunk anew in his affairs, was engrossed in his re-counting.
Suddenly, some one knocked timidly at the door. The acute ear of Simon, accustomed to these nocturnal appeals, heard instantly, and casting a look of regret at his cherished hoard, which he carefully covered, he arose, ordering his daughter to follow him with a torch. The cold wind outside made the flame flicker, and Sarah shiver, but the night was not dark even without a moon. On the threshold waited a man and woman. The full blaze of the torch falling on the faces of the visitors disclosed the hesitation and timidity of those who ask favors.

"What do you desire?"
"A lodging for the night," entreated the man with the mild eyes and grizzled beard in a gentle voice. "My companion is weary. Kindly give her a bed in a corner of your cellar even, that she may tarry till the night is past, for she needeth rest and can go no farther."
"It seems to me that you implore very humbly for that which it is for my interest to offer you! Have you any money?"
"Alas! no. We will seek elsewhere unless in grace and kindness you have pity on us!"
"Not any money and ask to sleep in a bed! Begone, beggars, and may Beelzebub be with you!"
"Mary," sadly said the old man, "he will not permit us to shelter beneath his roof; we will seek some stable, where we will find refuge; animals will perhaps be less harsh than man, and there is no other place to receive us."

And turning, they departed into the night, their bowed heads and wearied forms visible for some distance, as the man tenderly assisted the faltering steps of his companion over the rough roadway.
Sarah had not lost a single word of the dialogue, a profound pity swelled her heart. "What to do! What to do! Power of God!" She was seized with a temptation to let fall the

light, then quickly stretch out her hand over the table, take a bit of money out of the pile, and conceal it under her tunic. But that had been a sin! "Thou shalt not steal," commanded solemnly the Decalogue.

The young girl stood, arrested and blushing at he thought of it. Then an idea came to her, inspired from on high, without doubt. She recalled a gold piece that she guarded religiously, because it bore the exact date of her birth. It was one of those dumsily wrought pieces, with irregular beaten edges (which are today the delight, not to say pride of numismatics), and precious to Sarah, but in her charity she hesitated not to sacrifice it.

The street is deserted. No light flitters from under the closed doors. In the great stillness that prevailed only an occasional baying of dogs disturbed the silence. It is one of those nights in Palestine when the millions of stars and constellations palpitate like jewels on the dark bosom of the heavens. But to-night there is an extraordinary brilliancy in their light, as if something divine were being accomplished, and they seem to tremble with a joyous impatience to descend from their celestial sphere, and reach the earth. As Sarah opened the door, she stood for a moment, startled at the strange splendence and the soft sounds that fell on her ears, like the fluttering of wings; but although entranced, she remembered her errand, and turning in the direction the strangers had gone, she traversed the road, glancing from side to side but with a strange feeling of being conducted by some visible guide.

"Oh! this ought to be it," murmured the girl, as she turned in to a road. In the obscurity of the place, she was only sensible of the warm air, the odor peculiar to a stable, and the deep breathing of cattle; then little by little the light of the stars glittering through the open places in the roof revealed the interior, and she recognized the wanderers of an hour ago. The woman bears in her arms a new-born babe, and the aged man is on his knees as if in adoration. The babe stretches forth his hands to her, the mother smiles upon her, and Sarah timidly offers her gift. "Take it," stammered she; "here is something to buy swaddling clothes." Then a glorious radiance filled the stable. A choir of angelic voices, at the same moment, in triumphant tones, and accompanied by a symphony of exquisite sweetness, such as human ears had never heard, sang "Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna!" Sarah is dimly conscious that others have entered also. Shepherds carrying their staffs were humbly kneeling before the infant, whose head was encircled by a luminous aureole. A perfume of incense and myrrh floated in the purified air, and a subtle sweetness that penetrated her senses, recalled Sarah from her wondering stupor to the consciousness that what she had offered to the smiling Mary and the praying Joseph was no more a piece of gold, but a rose, perfumed in all its delicate petals, the first Christmas Rose!

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are deterred from eating these tempting things, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

DROPPED STITCHES.

One of the hardest duties that come to us is the remedying of mistakes. Everyone knows how much easier it is to contone in a certain line of work than to stop and make needed corrections. But one wrong figure in the column which reaches the length of a page in the ledger will make all our calculations vain. Before today's work can be successful we must take up the stitches we dropped yesterday. Doubtless many of our readers could with profit copy the example of the young girl of whom the following tells:

Cynthia woke in the morning with the feeling that the sky must be gray and that rain was falling, whereas the sunbeams were pouring into her room in the most friendly fashion. After a moment's reflection she knew what the trouble was. She had dropped so many stitches the day before, and the first work of the new morning must be to take them up again.

It was still half an hour to her usual time for rising, but Cynthia sprang out of bed and dressed in haste. When she came downstairs she found that Effie was up, too, poring over her books and slate. She had come to Cynthia for help the previous evening, and Cynthia had scolded and said that, after her hard day's work, she wasn't going to spend her leisure fussing over examples. Now, however, she sat down on the sofa, and, pressing her cheek against Effie's, looked over the straggling figures.

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like a three, and you called it three when you came to add." And Effie's brow cleared instantly, and one little wrong had been set right.

Cynthia helped her mother put on the breakfast. A pair of quick, young feet and two helpful hands can accomplish considerable in a very short time. As she sat down to the table she reflected that this was a better way than scolding because the meal was five minutes late, as she had done the day before. She left the house early, and was at the office in time to arrange her desk, which was in an unusual state of disorder. While she was thus occupied another girl entered, a sullen-faced girl in a shabby dress, who cast a resentful glance at Cynthia, and took her place at an adjoining desk without saying a word.

Cynthia hesitated a moment, then turned in her chair. Her face was flushed. "Miss Page," said she, "I'm ashamed of making such a fuss yesterday about your hanging your coat on my hook. It really didn't make a bit of difference. I was just cross, and I hope you'll forgive me."
The sullenness went out of the other girl's face, and a certain shame took its place. "That's all right," she said, hastily. And then she added, as if it were not easy to make the admission, "If I hadn't felt hateful I would have used my own hook. It's just as convenient."

The clock struck eight. The work of a new day was beginning. Cynthia looked around and sighed. "All this time spent in taking up dropped stitches!" she said to herself. "Today I must be more careful."

President Suspenders. Style, comfort, service. 50c everywhere.

GOOD MANNERS.

John's father was a rich man, and the John lived in a large house in the country. He had a pony and many other pets, and wore fine clothes. John was very proud of all the very fine things his father's money brought. He began to think that being rich was better than being good. He grew very rude, and was very cross to the servants. Once he kicked Towser; but the dog growled, and John was afraid to kick him again.

One day when John was playing in the yard he saw a boy standing by the gate. He was ragged and dirty, his hat was torn, and his feet were bare. But he had a pleasant face. In one hand he carried a pail half full of blackberries.

"Go away from here," said John, running to the gate. "We are rich, and we don't want ragged boys around."
"Please give me a drink," said the boy. "If you are rich, you can spare me a dipper of water."
"We can't spare you anything," said John. "If you don't go away I will set the dogs on you."

The boy walked away, swinging the tin pail in his hand.
"I think I will get some blackberries too," said John to himself. He went out of the gate into a lane leading to a meadow where there were plenty of berries. There he saw some large ones, growing just over a ditch. He thought he could leap over it very easily. He gave a run and a very big jump. The ditch was wider than he had thought, and instead of going over it, he came down in the middle of it.

The mud was very soft and thick, and John sank in it to his very waist. He was very much frightened, and screamed loudly for help. But he had not much hope that help would come, for he was a long way from any house.
He screamed until he was tired, and began to think he would have to spend the night in the ditch. Suddenly he heard steps on the grass. Looking up he saw the ragged boy he had driven from the gate.
"Please help me out," said John; "I will give you a dollar."
"I don't want the dollar," said the boy, lying down flat on the grass. Holding out both hands he drew him out of the ditch.

John was covered with mud, his hat gone, and one shoe was lost in the ditch. He looked very miserable.
"Who is dirty now?" asked the boy.
"I am," said poor John; "but I thank you very much for helping me out of the mire. And I am sorry I sent you for the gate."
"The next time I come perhaps you will treat me better," said the boy. "I am not rich, but I think I have better manners."

"I think so too," said John.
The next day when John saw the boy going by the gate, he called him in, showed him his rabbits and the little ducks, and then gave him a ride on his pony.
"You have good manners, now," said the boy.
"Yes," exclaimed John; "I found them in a ditch."—Our Little Ones.

They Drive Pimples Away.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood protests. Parnee's Vegetable Pills will drive them away, and will leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

HEALTH HINTS.

Many colds and more serious illness will be avoided by keeping the feet perfectly dry.
The juice of a roasted lemon squeezed on sugar and taken will often prevent a heavy cold from developing.
When bathing the sick add a small quantity of alcohol or bay rum to the water, to produce a refreshing sleep.
A mixture of camphor, sweet oil and turpentine, applied to the affected parts will relieve neuralgia and sore throat.
Persons who wish to gain flesh should drink pure milk, hot or cold,

in large quantities, remembering to sip and not gulp it.

Round shoulders are too often the result of sleeping on pillows that are too high, because a high pillow holds the head at an unusual angle.

Any garments worn during the day should be loose in order that the air may pass freely through them.

People with poor digestion should drink no water with meals, but take a glassful half an hour before, and drink plentiful an hour or so after each meal.

Fruit is a great beautifier. Fruit, such as grapefruit, oranges, grapes and apples, aid in clearing the skin and preserving the freshness of youth which consists of bright eyes, living hair and a vital complexion.

The following is a splendid remedy for toothache: Saturate a piece of cotton wool in boiling vinegar and rub the gum around the aching tooth with it. Fill the cavity in the tooth with wool. If the pain does not cease within five minutes make another application.

"Foot Elm" fixes Fevered or Tired Feet and Eases Smarting, Sweaty, Swollen Feet.
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A LITTLE WALTER RALEIGH.

All school children have read the story of how Sir Walter Raleigh threw down his velvet cloak for Queen Elizabeth to tread upon lest she soil her royal feet with mud, but the Ave Maria tells of a boy of today who was quite as chivalrous as Sir Walter.

A dinner was about to be served to several hundred poor children who, eager and hungry, were waiting for the door to be opened. The day was cold and many of the youngsters were without shoes and stockings. One little girl stood first upon the first step and then upon the other, striving in that way to avoid the bitter chill of the pavement. At last a little boy, noticing her, cried: "Here, Jenny, stand on my cap!" And for the rest of the waiting time the lad remained bare-headed while Jenny's feet were comfortable. What was Sir Walter's courtly action compared to that?

For Inflammation of the Eyes.—Among the many good qualities which Parnee's Vegetable Pills possess, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their efficacy in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It has called forth many letters of recommendation from those who were afflicted with this complaint and found a cure in the pills. They affect the nerve centres and the blood in a surprisingly active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

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EQUALLY IGNORANT.

The author of "Reminiscences of a Country Politician" asked a laborer in an English village, about twenty years ago, how old he was.
"I be just the same age as the Queen," he said. "It be either a fortnight older or a fortnight younger, I don't rightly know which. And I don't suppose her knows, either."

DEFINITIONS.

"Can you tell me what pride is?" asked the Sunday School teacher of a small pupil.
"Yes'm," was the reply. "It is walking with a cane when you ain't lame."

JOB'S COMFORTER.

Mamie—Oh, Tom, my doll fell in the fire and got burnt up! The prettiest one I had, too!
Tommy (just in from school)—Don't cry, Mamie. Philosophy says matter can't be destroyed. Your doll is here yet, only it's not in the same form.

18 Doses of Foot Pleasure for 25 Cents
"Foot Elm" is sold 18 powders for 25 cents, and it actually cures sweaty feet and makes tender feet healthy and tough.

MY CAT.

Our neighbor's cat is Persian, the Jones' is Maltese, Aunty's big Angora has feathers to her knees (at least they look like feathers), and a tail so big and white When that kitty meets a puppy dog, I tell you, it's a sight! But when I ask, "What breed is mine—my pussy, sleek and fat?" They laugh, and pull my curls, and say, "I fear—just cat." It's true her eyes aren't yellow, and her tail is rather small, I don't know if she ever had a pedigree at all. (That big word means her mother, her grandma, too, they say, that they all took prizes at a show, were marked a special way.) What do I care for markings, for prizes and all that? My kitty's just as precious if she is just cat! She was the dearest kitten, all scamper and all fur! Not one of all my pets could make me laugh like her; She may be very common, but I know she's good and true, For she meets me when I come from school with loving little mew, And when she's round we never see a naughty mouse or rat, And I believe I love her better cause she's just plain cat!

A REASONABLE THEORY ABOUT CANCER.

There is a peculiar condition of the blood that favors the growth of cancer and neither knife nor plaster will effect a permanent cure without the aid of a constitutional treatment such as ours. Send 6 cents (stamps) and get the booklet and names of those cured without a knife, plaster or pain.

JINGLE.

"Come here, grandma," cries mam-ma,
"Come here, Cousin Ruth— Just as sure as anything Baby has a tooth!"
"Such a fuss about one tooth," Pouts the little cousin;
"Guess you'd better look at me— I've got three, four dozen!"

When all the family was gathered together, the father began:
"When Noah was 140 years old he took unto himself a wife. This wife was—"
Here the father turned over the page. Not noticing that they were pated, he continued:
"One hundred and forty cubits long and sixty cubits wide, made of solid timbers and coated with pitch on the inside and out."

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails.

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