# Children's Page

TO ST. STANISLAUS KOSTKA (A.D. 1550-1568).

Yes, let me dare the love to say That's throbbing for thee in this heart.

For dearer and more dear each day, Sweet little Stanislau, thou art.

So amiable art thau and mild, Guileless and gay and kind to all, The youngest and the fairest child Of him whom I, too, Father call

Brother! But that name points to thee.

Tortured for years without complaint. Ah! how had Paul the heart to be So cruel towards his little Saint?

Of princely birth, of graceful form, With winning manners, talents rare, High swelling hopes, affections warm-What from the world thy soul can something we don't want to do, out

To thy sick couch doth Mary bring The healing grace-then lends to why, then we make time.

To fondle in thy arms the King Whose knight she bids thee live to

known E'en in His Eucharistic guise,

Nor borne by priestly hand, flown To hush thy pining amorous sighs.

And years before, His Name o'er thee

breast-For God would mark thee His, as we come in your way. Some favorite book, with name and

Since thou not yet may'st flee above, people? Thou seek'st his Brotherhood on

earth. And after weary oils and care, At sainted Borgia's feet thou pray-

To be of those who meekly bear The Name of names-and there thou stayest.

Thus, Kostka, oped thine eighteenth A novice then nine months at Rome Dear to all hearts-to God, so dear, He bade thy mother call thee home.

At dawn of her own parting-day, As thou hadst prayed and prophe-Thy happy spirit broke away,

Dying of love as she had died. Oh, sweetest, loveliest Saint in Hea-

Forgive love's tone, too free and

To children childish rames are given, And thou art such-God's darling child.

Angel of God! We sometimes dare To call thee so-and well we may, For angels could not be more fair, And thou art pure and bright as

Angel in death, in life, in birth-Angel in form, in heart, in tongue-Oh! God be blessed for blessing earth With Saint so gentle, fair and

-Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.

#### WHY?

Why, muvyer, why? Did God pin the stars up so tight in the sky?

Why did the cow jump right over the moon? An' why did the dish run away with the spoon? 'Cause didn't he like it to see

cow fly? Why, muvyer, why?

Why, muvyer, why? Can't little boys jump to the moon if they try? An' why can't they swim just like

fishes and fings? An' why does the little birdies have wings? An' live little boys have to wait till

they die? Why, muvyer, why?

Why, muvyer, why? Was all of vose blackbirds all baked in a pie? Why couldn't we have one if I should

say "Please?" An' why does it worry when little boys tease? An' why can't things never be now-

but bime-by? Why, muvyer, why?

Why, muvyer, why? Does little boys' froats always ache blew the whistle. A child was on the when they cry? An' why does it stop when they're

cuddled up close? Anj what does the sandman do days, do vou s'pose? An' why do you fink he'll be soon comin' by?

Why, muvyer, why? -Century Magazine.

POSSUM TIME. When autumn skies are deeper blue Than any skies June ever knew, When frost has touched the mellow

air

Till yellow leaves fall everywhere; When wild grapes scent the winds with wine,

And ripe persimmons give the sign, Then life seems happy as a rhyme Because it's nearly 'Possum time!

When fires roar on the cabin hearth, And ovens bubble low in mirth; When sweet potatoes slowly bake, And mammy makes her best ash cake;

When daddy climbs the "jice" and throws A string of peppers down, it shows

That life is happier than a rhyme, Lecause at last it's 'Possum time!

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders, guaranteed. Price, 50c.

GIRLS WHO HAVEN'T TIME

Have you noticed what a lot of 'haven't time" girls there are about? It's such a busy, bustling world, and they have their interests and amusements, which really almost fill the whole of each day. Surely none could expect such busy people to undertake all the little odd-and-end work and all know that music stimulates to exerrands that crop up in every house-

What a lucky thing the little mother's at hand to fill the gaps! It's such a nice, easy excuse to

cake if one wants to get out of doing something. We bustle around and sound of music. appear to be in the most tremendous hurry.

We really haven't time to do many things we are asked to do, unless by chance they happen to be the things we want to do ourselves. Isn't that often the case? If it's

comes our ever-ready excuse; but if it's just the other thing, and it's some pleasure that is offered to us-But, dear girls, this isn't the right

way to look at life. God has given you your life not merely that you may have a good time and enjoy yourself, but, that you may make the best Twice, too, that loving Lord, and of it, and do some good in the world. What, think you, would your father say to a clerk, or any one in his employ, if, instead of trying to do

the work given him, he wasted all his time in amusements? And it's just the same with girls' work, which you are neglecting un-Gleamed on thy Polish mother's less you are making time to do the kind and thoughtful actions that

You can leave them if you like. There is no compulsion; but you will be missing what may be the greatest And so, brave boy! on fire with love happiness of your life if you do. And For Him who claimed thee thus ere how can you expect to be loved unless you show your love for other

> They may be such small things that they have never appeared to you to be important. Just a visit to cheer an invalid; a duty done that will leave the dear mother a little freer; a half-hour devoted to amusing little a heavy load. Johnnie, or helping him with his lessons; a letter written to some one to whom you know it will give pleasure; a treasured flower gathered and given of prospective bidders. They came to some one who will appreciate it; even a kindly word or a bright smile him they did, at their first bid of -such little things, and yet they \$10. mean an immense amount of self-denial and thoughtfulness.

> But don't think you'll find it easy work, especially if you've never tried How many horses are there to do these things before. You won't. Probably many and many a time petted kindly on the nose by General you'll be tempted to think it really isn't worth while and you might as call the days when "Boss" Shepherd well go back to the old ways again, was busy beautifying Washington? and just take life easily. That is the your guard -The New World.

action of the kidneys becomes impair- service .- Washington Post. ed, impurities in the blood are almost sure to follow, and general derangement of the system ensues. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will regulate the kidneys, so that they will maintain healthy action and prevent the complications which certainly come when there is derangement of the delicate cesses! And how Dottie Dudley did organs. As a restorative these Pills love to hear them! are in the first rank.

MEDAL TO CATHOLIC HERO.

The first bronze medal for bravery wishes, wishes, all day long. displayed in the saving of life on railroads has been awarded by President Roosevelt to George Poell of Grand Island, Neb., formerly a fire-blue bows and bells on Dottie's shoes county clerk of Hall county, Neb., last spring. He is a member of St. the honor that has come to so de- sent her off to "Fairy Dell." serving a man.

These medals were provided for by I could find my glasses!" and to encourage the saving of life, true. and are awarded by the President on the recommendation of a committee wish someone would help me put my said softly, when they were parting: composed of the secretary of the interstate commerce commission, the chief inspector of safety appliances designated by the interstate commerce commission, and the clerk of the safety appliance examining board.

Mr. Poell received the medal for risking his life in saving that of a small child. He was employed as a fireman of an engine on the St. Joseph & Grand Island Railroad, hauling a freight train from Grand Island. Neb., to Hanover, Kan. On June 26, 1905, as the train of thirty cars approached Powell Station, Neb., about dusk, the engineer of the train suddenly reversed his locomotive and track ahead, but paid no attention to the train, though he heard the whistle. As the train could not be stopped before hitting the child, Poell ran out onto the pilot of the locomotive and, reaching over, swung the child clear of the track just as the cowcatcher reached it. Poell himself however, was knocked off the pilot by his impact with the child, and, his foot being caught in the locomotive, he was dragged one hundred and thirty feet over the sleepers. His left foot was torn from his leg and both his arms were broken. At the

THE HORSE AND MUSIC.

hospital his left leg was amputated

below the knee.

Just at that moment, before any of them had begun to talk, every ear caught the pleasant musical sounds of little bells ringing. It was no regular tune, but a delicious melody in that soft, sunshiny air, which was filled at the same time with the song of birds. Angela had heard all kinds of music in London, but this was unlike anything she had heard before, so soft, and sweet, and gladsome! On it came, ringing, ringing as softly as flowing water. The boys and grandfather knew what it meant. Now i' was in sight!-the farm team going to the mill with sacks of corn to be

ground, each horse with a little string of bells to its harness. On they came, the handsome, well-cared for creatures, nodding their heads as they stepped along; and at every step the cheerful and cheering melody rang out.

Do all horses down here have

bells?" asked Angela.

"By no means," replied her grandfather, "they are some expense, but if we can make fabor easier to a good Fairy Dot was there.-Kinderhorse by giving him a little music, garten Review. which he loves, he is less worn by his work, and that is a saving work thinking of. A horse is a generous, noble-spirited animal, and not without intellect either; and he is capable of much enjoyment from music. We

ertion, as well as soothes the weary. Soldiers, as Willie says, march to music. If bands of work-people at field-labor sing, the labor is lightened and the mind cheered. Buffon says that even sheep fatten better to the

FAITHFUL HORSE PENSIONED.

"Whitie" has retired. Green grass in a suburban home will take the place of dry hay in a stuffy stall, and springy sod instead of asphalt pavement will soothe the worn feet of the dappled gray horse that for thirty years, rain or shine, winter or summer, has been found ready and willing at all times to do the work asked of him by the great gov-

ernment of the United States. Rest does not come to "Whitie" because Uncle Sam noticed his tottering limbs or dimming eye, or the passing of the strength that had been

spent in his service.

Thirty years had "Whitie" responded when called rpon, but when with advancing years the value of his servitude lessened to almost nothing, the government, through its experts, condemned him to be sold.

All those years of honest service. seemingly, was not enough to entitle 'Whitie' to a chance at green pastures and shady nooks. But what the government could not do in the way of pensioning an old horse, three darning stockings in her magnificent clerks in the depot quartermaster's office could and did do.

When "Whitie" was put up on the block and offered to the highest bidder, there were many venders and hucksters, cruelly computing on the number of months, weeks and days that the old horse would stand up under a stinging whip while hauling

R. Marcus Howland, chief clerk in the depot, R. S. Dishman and Mr. Barker, were standing in the crowd prepared to buy "Whitie." And buy

Now "Whitie" is a gentleman of leisure, disporting himself freely about the home of Mr. Howland. Washington that can think of being Grant when he was President, or re-

time above all when you must be on be translated, "Whitie" would tell of the team naturally he had won some of the crowd towards her. He even a life of honorable work, intelligent- games and perhaps had made some didn't want to talk to her. He just ly performed, has been crowned with Impurities of the Blood .- When the tion-an appreciation of that life and

FAIRY DOT.

Such lovely stories as Aunt Emily lins and of little flaxen-haired prin-

"I think, Aunt Emily," said Dot, 'that I like best of all the story of the wish fairy. I wish I were a fairy, and that I could just grant

And what do you suppose Aunt Emily did? Made the loveliest crown of shining gold paper, and put little Goodwell. He had met her during land Railway. Mr. Poell was elected and a sash round her waist and a since she had manifested more than a wand of glistening paper stars in her friendly interest in his doings both hand; and little Dottie was trans-Mary's congregation at Grand Island formed into a sweet little hazel-eyed and his fellow Catholics are proud of fairy. Aunt Emily kissed her and

"Oh, dear," said grandma, "I wish

an act of Congress last year to pro- And away Fairy Dot flew upstairs mote the security of travel on rail- and downstairs and back came grand- him had put new life and courage in roads engaged in interstate traffic ma's glasses. Grandma's wish came

> soldiers away.' And there on the spot

Was Fairy Dot.

## " IT'S CNLY A COLD, A TRIFLING COUCH"

Thousands have said this when they caught cold. Thousands have neglected to cure the 1. Thousands have filled a Consumptives grave through neglect.

Never neglect a cough or cold. It can have
but one result. It leaves the throat or
angs, or both, affected.

### Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

is the medicine you need. It strikes at the very foundation of all throat or lung complaints, relieving or curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Sore Throat, and preventing Pneumonia and Consumption

It has stood the test for many years, and is now more generally used than ever. It contains all the lung healing virtues of the pine tree combined with Wild Cherry Bark and other pectoral remedies. It stimulates the weakened bronchial organs, allays irritation and subdues inflammation, soother and heals the irritated parts, loosens the phlegm and mucous, and aids nature to easily dislodge the morbid accumulations. Don't be humbugged into accepting an imitation of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 ets.

Mr. Julian J. LeBlane, Belle Cote, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with a bad cold and severe cough, which assumed such an attitude as to keep me confined to my house. I tried several remedies advertised but the research of the several remedies advertised but they were of no avail. As a last resort I tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and one bottle cured me completely."

tered, and father wished for his newspaper; Aunt Emily wished for some one to help her stir the cake and seed the raisins, and Bridget wished she knew what the clock said; Towser looked as though he wanted a drink, and the kitten begged for some milk and there were wishes, wishes, every where in "Fairy Dell." Wasn't it

A FEW RIDDLES.

What is there you cannot take with a kodak? A hint.

When does bread resemble the sun? When it rises from the yeast. Two ducks before a duck and two ducks behind a duck and a duck in the middle. How many ducks in all?

What animals, when beheaded, be come very cold? Mice. What is the superlative of temper Tempest.

What nation does a criminal dread? Condemnation. What is the waste of time? The

middle of an hour glass. What animals are generally broug. to a funeral. Black kids.

What is it which works when plays and plays when it works? fountain. Of what trade are all the presi-

dents of the United States? Cabinet makers. Why is the First of July like an back. oyster? Because you can't enjoy it without crackers.

What is the difference between an makes acorps and the other makes

man's Brace, "as easy as none."

Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentle-

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE. A story is told of a millionaire's

drawing room. "I delight in it, my dear," she explained to her visitor. "It reminds me of the happy days when we were a struggling young couple, and I used

to sit darning stockings and rocking the cradle and singing for pure lightheartedness. "But you are happy now?" was the

question "Yes-when I'm darning stockings"

THE STORY OF AN EXCITING

was the quiet reply.

GAME OF FOOTBALL Dixon had almost begged Jenson. the coach, to let him stay out of the game that day, but in vain. For a week he had left that disinterestedness and apathy which preceded those versation and only regarded them fevers to which he was subject, coming on him, and he felt that he was not playing with his old- and had received the congratulations Yet if the language of horses could this? Of course playing full back on ing her eyes to see him coming out plays that had endeared him to wanted to be still and think. star something better than rest or recrea- the University's rooters and collea- times during the first half he felt the gues, but he realized he couldn't play feyer surging through his veins, and with the same spirit again for some and knew when they were coming on.

win. In fact, the old "U," with its and again he took his place on the could tell-stories of fairies and gob- purple and white, had always seemed field. Then came the same monotona sort of mother to him and he be- ous playing. Once he went through lieved it would almost break his the opposing line and heard the exheart to see a rival triumph over ultant roar from the crowd. He turnher. When the terrible truth would ed toward the stand angrily. Couldn't rise before him that perhaps through they stop their idiotic yelling and would escape him.

Then there was another person who wanted him to play and win, Helen on the campus and in the study halls and he had gladly responded to that interest, and had kept her informed of all the games so that she might be present at them. A faint grin always came to his face when he thought of how many times the remembrance that she was watching his tired body, and he had gone through the line for a touchdown. "Oh," said little brother John, "I On the evening before the game Helen "You'll win to-morrow, won't you,

Tom?" Dixon answered modestly, 'I'll ry, Helen.' The great day dawned at last. Dixon arrived early on the field. Already the crowds had begun to gather and far across the gridiron he could see the "black and yellow" of the rival college flaunting saucily in the wind. To his right the constituents of purple and white had flung their colors, and when he caught sight of the streaming pennant with 'Elyston' engraved on it, mechanically his hand went to his forehead and he tipped his hat. He hazed at the crowd once more, and then went to the quarters to don his football

suit. Rigged out in full regalia, he again came out on the field and walked over to where Henderson and Reddy, Elyston's halfback and quarter, standing. He noticed the anxious look in young Reddy's eye when he saw him coming. "Howdy," he muttered, and taking Dixon by the arm he pulled him over to one side.

Well, old man, do you feel as if you could play your best to-day?' he inquired, eagerly.

"Reddy," he answered miserably there's no use trying; I can't. told Jen that, but be refused to listen, probably thinking the excitement of the game would rouse me to action, but I feel it in my bones. However, I'll do my best."

The shrill whistle of the referee broke off their conversation, and they took their places on the field. Dixon felt drowsy and walked abstractedly to his place. He looked toward the side line and saw Jen decked out in a white sweater with a large "E" on When he caught his eye he made a half imploring gesture toward him to let him stay out of the game, but

Jen only frowned, and turned gloom-

ilv away. If only that mass of humanity, packed on all sides of him could look deep down in his breast and see the turmoil that was going on there.

Mother wished her flowers were wa- "The Silent Testimony"

of incomparable quality manifests itself in millions of teapots daily.

23c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all Grocers'.

Has built its enormous sale on "Quality Rock" as a foundation

he saw the ball come sailing through speed with face towards her. and being fairly gobbled up by Red- Suddenly he felt a crash and stagand pushing a big burly fellow to one had run into one of two perpendicuside he reached him. Reddy saw him lar posts with a pole across them. He coming and giving him a quick smile put his hand to his head and pulled

himself to action, but when he look- and fell. ed at the fellows in yellow and black | Far, far away, it seemed, he heard oak tree and a light boot? One sweaters come tearing down the field, that same idiotic voice yelling: a sickly feeling came over him, one of "Time's up!" He tried to raise his disgust and nausea. They seemed to head, but fell back and all became h'm like the central figures in some deepest, darkest oblivion hideous nightmare.

And all this time he had been rushbackward he happened to see Reddy with the ball under his arm. One big fellow seized the opportunity and wife who was discovered quietly rushing past him grappled with Reddy and threw him to the ground. The he didn't know what he was doing, rest jumped on top. For an instant but he won anyway. How's that, they were trying to kill Reddy. With or so? Thank God!' a cry he sprang forward, and grabbing one of them by the neck he jerked him to his feet.

"You coward!" he cried in a frenzy. "Get off that boy!" and it all came back to him. He was

playing football. "Beg pardon," he muttered. Dixon breathed a prayer when that first half was over. Even though the purple and white hadn't scored still there was some consolation in

the fact that zero was still their rivals'. When time was called he stretched out on the ground. Several admirers came and stood around him. but he wasn't in the mood for conthrough half-closed eyelids. At other games he had gone over to the stand time snap and vim. Couldn't Jen see of a girl who at present was strainonly routed it by sheer will-power. time. He had had those fevers before But how about the rest of the game? His revery was abruptly brought to call the pansy the stepmother. And he wanted old "Elyston" to an end by the call of the timekeeper,

some false play of his she might lose, watch the game? His wandering wits he felt something hard grip his throat were returned by a jab in the ribs and sometimes a half smothered sob from Henderson, who curtly told him to wake up. He looked up, and far across the field caught sight of the Purple and white. That's what he was fighting his first year at "Elyston" and ever for and-. How light his head felt. He wanted to laugh aloud. What was that fellow in the white sweater shouting? "Three minutes to play."

Why surely he must have escaped from some asylum and there was Reddy in front of him yelling like a luna-'Four-eighteen-three!" He felt something hard shoved in his arms, while somebody grasped him around the waist and pushed him forward. He looked down and found he was hugging a football. Suddenly it

dawned on him that all the fellows

wanted to get it away from him. Get it away? He laughed aloud in sheer delight at the impossibility of the thing. They would have to kill him first. He felt something at his feet and saw a Yellow Back grabbing his legs. With the cry of an enraged tiger he shook him off and went right into the midst of the opposing team. He had that ball and he meant to keep it and if they wanted it they must chase him. On, on, down the field he went. Two more of the Yellow Backs were in front of him; he dodged one and ran square into the other, upsetting him, and then continued on. The roar from the crowds was deafening. They were evidently with?"-Little Chronicle. appreciating the fun of the chase, he

Randoci

Rrood

RITTER

Burdock

RLOOD

BITTER:

00

**CURES** 

Dyspepsia, Boils,

Loss of Appetite,

and all troubles

arising from the

Stomach, Liver,

Bowels or Blood.

Mrs. A. Lethangue, of Ballyduff, Ont., writes: 'I believe I would have been in my grave long ago had it not been for Burdock Blood Bitters. I was run down to such an extent

Pimples.

Headaches.

Constipation,

Salt Rheum,

Erysipelas,

Serofula,

Bah, it's only the thought to himself, and smiled his crowd yelling his name and shouting acknowledgment toward them, and as for him to rip up the opposing line. he smiled his eyes rested upon a fa-He had heard that cry go up many miliar form. It was Helen's. She times before, but now all seemed so was sitting in the first tier, watchdifferent and he only smiled sickly, ing his every step. He noticed she and felt that lump again rise in his was not wearing her pennant as the others were, but she was sitting list-Again he heard the whistle, follow- lessly and sadly. Giving her a quick ed by the roar of the crowd, and soon smile of recognition, he redoubled his

Mechanically he ran toward him, gered. He looked up and found he of welcome, took refuge behind his it down covered with blood. Again he felt that sickly feeling clutch him Once again Dixon tried to arouse and he staggered forward a few steps

A few seconds later Reddy came tunning up with the coach. ing forward precipitately, pushing up with the coach. There them on each side of him. Glancing were tears in the young quarter's eyes, as he leaned over the prostrate form.

"Dixon was in a fever during the game," he brokenly exclaimed, "and Dixon forgot where he was. Surely Jen? He'll be all right in a week

FABLE OF THE PANSY.

A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals The fellow turned angrily around and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gay petals have a sepal each, and the third which is the largest of all, has two

The fable is that the pansy represents a family consisting of husband and wife and four daughters, two of the plain petals are the stepchildren. with only one chair, the two small. gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large, gay petal is

the wife, with two chairs. To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man, with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bath tub. The story is probably of French origin, because the French

ALPHABET OF SUCCESS.

Attend carefully to details. Be prompt in all things. Consider well, then decide positive-

Dare to do right, fear to do wrong. Endure trials patiently. Fight life's battles bravely. Go not into the society of the vi-

Hold integrity sacred. Injure not another's reputation. Join hands only with the virtuous. Keep your mind free from evil thoughts. Lie not for any consideration. Make few special acquaintances.

Never try to appear what you are Observe good manners. Pay your debts promptly.

Question not the veracity of a

Respect the counsel of your parents. Sacrifice money rather than prin-Touch not, taste not, handle not in-

toxicating drinks. Use your leisure for improvement. Venture not on the threshold of Watch carefully over your passions.

Extend to everyone a kindly greet-Yield not to discouragement. Zealously labor for the right, and

success is certain.

AS KENNETH EXPRESSED IT. Four-year-old Kenneth was watching his mother put the frosting between the layers of a cake. "Oh, mamma," he exclaimed,

'please may I have some of that paste you are sticking the lid on HOW DOROTHY MEASURED.

"Look, mamma," said small Dorothy, "here's a hole in my stocking as big as a dollar." "Oh, it isn't quite that large, dear," rejoined her mother. "Well," continued Dorothy, "it's as

big as ninety cents, anyway. Mrs. Backbeighly-Did vou suffer any from mal de mer on the voyage

Mrs. Peckington-No! But seasick?

I was seasick to beat the band!-Browning's Magazine. Pa'ience-Doesn't the Milky Way

ook small to-night? Patrice-Yes, it looks like conlensed Milly Way .- Yonkers Statesman.

HARD LINES.

to such an extent that I could scarcely move about the house. I was subject to severe headaches, backaches and dizzi-Love will find a way, they say, And so it may,

But with the prices charged for meas; my appetite meats, and other things that love unable to do my housework. After using two bottles of B. B. R. I found my bealth fully restored. To pay And other things that love may need,

To pav For what it eats.

-Chicago Record-Herald.