

Children

The Two Towns

By Ralph M. Jones

"Pray, can you tell me, little maid, The way to Grumble-town?" And first she pointed up the road, And then she pointed down. She pointed up and pointed down— Then shook her pretty head: "I've never been to Grumble-town," The little maiden said.

"Then maybe you can show me, child, The Town of Pleasantville?" "Oh, yes, indeed," she said, and smiled; "It's just beyond the hill."

"Good sir, it's just beyond the hill; And if you'll come with me, I'll take you into Pleasantville; That's where I live," said she.

The Star Dipper

Once upon a time, in a country not very far from here, there lived a little girl who was very unhappy. She did not run and play but sat on her doorstep all the time thinking about her dear mother who was very sick. The doctor had said that her mother could not get well unless she had some water to drink. You would think that that would be the easiest thing on earth to get her, but it was not in that country, for it had not rained for so long that all the wells and the rivers were dried up. When the little girl turned on the spigot no water came. She went to all her neighbors, but no one had any water. She was, oh, so thirsty herself, but she did not think of herself very much, but just wished and wished that

she could get some water for her mother.

One day she thought she would go to the woods where she had once seen a little stream. She got her hat and a dipper to carry the water in, should she find any for her dear mother. It was a very hot day and the little girl was so thirsty that the sun almost made her sick, but she did not go back. She kept on and on down the dusty road till she came to the woods where the trees were getting yellow, and the birds had stopped singing because there was no water. She came to the place where the stream had been, but everything was dry and hard. The little girl wanted to cry, for she kept thinking what the doctor had said about her mother. But still she did not turn around and go home. She just kept on walking and walking through the hot woods, till she was, oh, so tired. All of a sudden she heard a little noise up in

some rocks. It sounded like water! She listened again! Yes, surely that was little drops of water that she heard! She climbed up the sharp stones and tore her dress and cut her hands, but do you think she went back? No, indeed! If there was any water she must get it for her dear mother. And sure enough, when she got to the top of the rocks, there was a little line of water, coming drop drop, drop, oh, so slowly. The little girl held her dipper under for a long, long time, and when it was full she climbed slowly and carefully down again and started home with her dipper full of water. She did not take even one drop herself, although she was so hot and thirsty that she could hardly walk.

As she was going along the road, she heard someone moaning and moaning. She walked over to where the sound came from, and there she saw an old man lying at the side of the road.

"What is the matter?" the little girl asked him.

"I am dying because I can not get any water," the old man said.

The little girl looked at her dipper and thought of her mother. Then she said to the old man:

"I have a little that I am taking to my sick mother, but I guess I can share it with you."

She handed him the dipper, and, oh, how good the water was to the poor old man. When he handed the dipper back to the little girl there was not nearly as much water in it, but a most wonderful thing had happened! Instead of being tin, as it was when the little girl had given it to him, it was now beautiful, bright, shining silver.

The little girl went on along the road and soon met a little yellow dog whose legs could hardly hold him up. Now what do you suppose was the matter? Yes, he wanted a drink. When he saw the dipper he tried to bark, but he was too thirsty. He could hardly even wag his tail, but the little girl knew what was the matter. She thought of her mother, and of how thirsty she herself was, but the little dog's tongue was hanging out, and the little girl thought that she could not go on and leave him there to die. So she poured out a little of the water in her hand and held it down for the doggie to lap. Oh, how thankful he was! Now he could bark and wag his tail, and he did both to say "thank you" to the little girl. And what do you suppose had happened to the dipper? It had changed to solid gold! But the little girl did not see it, for she was so anxious to get home to her mother.

When she got there and handed the dipper to her mother, the mother said:

"I can not drink any until my good nurse has had some. She has worked so hard for me, and needs a drink more than I do!" So she handed the dipper to the nurse, who drank; and what else do you suppose happened to the dipper? It changed to a beautiful diamond one, sparkling and wonderful.

When the nurse had drank, she handed the dipper back to the mother but do you suppose the mother drank yet? No! She said that her dear little girl who had walked so far in the hot sun should drink first. And then the most wonderful thing of all happened! The diamond dipper changed to stars, and that night when it got dark, the little girl and her mother and nurse saw hanging away up in the sky, their beautiful star dipper! And it is still there every night, for people to look at and think about the little girl and her mother who would not drink until everyone else had had some water.

"I WISH I WERE"

By Clara Ingram Judson

One summer morning a fairy awoke so late that the dew was all gone from the flowers and he had to run down to the brook to get his before-breakfast drink. And after he had had his drink he discovered that he was too late for honey, too; he could not find a speck of honey, not even one taste. You see, the fairies usually get up so early that they can eat all the honey they want long before the bees start from their hives.

But on this particular morning the lazy little fairy had slept so late that the bees had been round and eaten all the honey—every scrap—and that made the fairy so cross that he did not even remember that he might stir round and hunt for something else to eat.

He sat down at the foot of a tree, in-



"I don't think I can go, Jessie, for I just feel wretched"

"OH, I'm so sorry, for I did so want you to be there."

"I hate to disappoint you, dear, but you know how miserable I have been lately."

"Yes, but I thought you were better."

"So I am some days, and then I just seem to be as bad as ever again. I get so weak that I do not feel able to stir."

"What is the trouble?"

"The doctor says I am anaemic. He says the blood is thin and watery, and I do not get the good of the food I eat. Goodness knows I do not eat much, either, for I have no appetite."

"Why not try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food?"

"Would that help me, do you think?"

"I do not see why it should not. You remember how pale and weak I used to be. Well, it was nothing else than Dr. Chase's Nerve Food that cured me. And I am not looking as though I needed any medicine now, am I?"

"If I could only be strong and healthy

like you are, Jessie, I would give anything."

"You never will be unless you try, and I do not think you would be disappointed with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It is not only my case, but there are so many other girls we know who have been benefitted by it."

"Will you get me a box at the drug store, Jessie, and I will start right in to-day? If this will only give me an appetite and make the blood rich and red, so that I can get some strength and color, I will be a happy girl."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is so gentle in action, and yet so potent as a restorative, that it is a great favorite with women of all ages. It seems to be admirably suited to the needs of their delicate nervous systems, and on this account it has come to be universally used as a means of restoring vigor and energy to a rundown, nervous system. 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.