

The Children's Page

GRANDMA'S HOUSE.

Strap up the trunks, the satchels lock, The train goes north at seven o'clock, And then we're off—a jolly flock— For grandma's house in the country.

There's milk to skim and cream to churn, There's hay to cut and rake and turn, And brown o'er hands and faces burn At Grandma's house in the country.

There's water bubbling and cool, And speckled trout in the shady pool, And so thought of books and school, At Grandma's house in the country.

And if it rains and the skies are gray, There's a big old attic made for play, There are cookies, crisp with caram- way, At Grandma's house in the country.

Each day is just brimful of joys, When Grandpa says, "Tut, tut, less noise!" Why Grandma smiles: "Boys will be boys" At Grandma's house in the country.

If you will go just once with me I'm sure you'll every one agree 'Tis the only place in the world to be— At Grandma's house in the country.

Alice E. Allen in Good House-keeping.

REST.

The night is wild and weird and chill— Rest, little one, rest; Our hearth is bright beneath the hill— Rest, little one, rest.

Thy father's earned thy bread to-day— Rest, little one, rest; The moon shines on his homeward way— Rest, little one, rest.

Stout and brave in the winter storm— Rest, little one, rest; The firewood grows to keep thee warm— Rest, little one, rest.

Down from the blue above thy head— Rest, little one, rest; A wild goose came to make thy bed— Rest, little one, rest.

A sheep's fleece gave thy gown to thee— Rest, little one, rest; Thy cradle was cut from a great oak tree— Rest, little one, rest.

The dun cow's milk is in thy cup— Rest, little one, rest; Thou mayst drink when the morning star is up— Rest, little one, rest.

Wake not, tho' thy mother go away— Rest, little one, rest; Fear no harm, for God will stay— Rest, little one, rest.

Nay, stir not at the wind's alarms— Rest, little one, rest; The world is cradled in Love's strong arms— Rest, little one, rest.

—Independent.

DAME FASHION.

Dame Fashion's a lady of talent who knows All manner of things about customs and clothes; She decrees the fit garments for morning and noon, And what we should eat with, a knife fork or spoon.

She speaks with conviction of how we should walk, Of how we should sit and of how we should talk, And the colors befitting our joy and our grief, And of garnishing proper for mutton and beef.

She knows and she says when poor mortals should dine, And also what shades and what colors combine, And how oft we should dance when we go to a ball, At what intervals neighbor on neighbor should call.

She judges the shape of a shoe we should wear, And the cut of our collars, the style of our hair; To our houses, our tables, our chairs she gives heed, To the songs that we sing, and the books that we read.

Of flowers we plant, of the games that we play, This lady despotic has something to say, Her slaves they are many, and yet the world o'er Not a few of them secretly call her a bore.

—Mt. Maria.

THE PROPER WAY TO MAKE TEA.

The most important point in making good tea is to use the water as soon as it boils. If it boils for any length of time it becomes hard and flat and will make but an imperfect infusion. Avoid also water that has been boiled and put aside on the stove and then reboiled at tea-making time. Scald the tea-pot, put into it while hot a teaspoonful of "SALADA" tea for every two cups, pour on the freshly boiled water and allow it to steep for from five to eight minutes, then serve. Tea should not under any circumstances be made in a metal teapot.

THEIR PICNIC LUNCHEON.

Daphne Parker and Bessie Meyers started on their picnic in high glee. The day was sunshiny, and the air was just cool enough.

"Everything would be perfect, if only Sarah Scott could have gone too," said Daphne. "But it will be lovely, as it is! Mamma has given me two of the dearest little turn-overs and four nut sandwiches and a half dozen cookies."

"I have two little frosted cup-cakes and two oranges and two bananas and two boiled eggs and two rolls," chirped Bessie, delightedly. "Shan't we have a splendid lunch? More than we can eat, I guess; we can feed the birds with what is left."

The two friends had planned to spend the day at Washington Park, promising to be at home by five o'clock. Besides having a merry holiday, they hoped to find some blue gentians in a little brook valley just beyond the park.

They waited and waited for a trolley car, and finally walked along, thinking it would overtake them. But for some reason it was belated, and they went on and on, till they reached a part of the city that was little known to them. It was evidently peopled by poor families, for the houses were old and shabby, and most of the folks they met looked old and shabby too.

Even the children did not seem young, their faces were so pale and thin. Finally they came upon a girl about their age who was crying. She had with her a smaller child, who stared at the two as they passed.

"I wonder what's the matter," whispered Bessie. "Let's ask her," whispered back Daphne.

"I'm so hungry!" sobbed the little girl. "Haven't you had your breakfast?" inquired Bessie.

The tousled head shook mournfully. "She giv' her crust to the baby," put in the other. "The wa'n't only two. I'd e't mine, I was s' hungry. Ma didn't have none."

Daphne looked at Bessie; Bessie nodded. Then off came the covers of both baskets, and you ought to have seen the eyes of those children as the goodies were first spied.

The girl at once hushed her sobs, and quickly breaking Daphne's turnover in two, she handed half to her companion.

"Oh, don't!" Daphne protested; "I have another for her." "I ain't her!" was the scornful cry, "I'm him!"

"Oh, excuse me!" Daphne hurried to say, glancing at the skirt which came to the boy's ankles.

"I ain't got no trousers!" he scowled. But his face at once brightened under the influence of the turnover.

"This's gay!" he shouted. Two sandwiches, the eggs and the oranges followed the little pies, and the children went on with lighter baskets and happier hearts.

Suddenly Bessie stopped short. "We didn't give them anything for their poor mother and the baby!" she said. Daphne looked back. The girl had disappeared.

"I guess she's carried 'em some. But there won't be enough. Let's give 'em some more. I'm not hungry, are you?"

Bessie wasn't, and when the girls left the children the second time there was only a cookie in one basket and a banana in the other.

Merrily they ate their lunch in one of the little groves of the park; but they found that half a banana and half a cookie was not enough to satisfy the appetite of a robust little girl, and this was why they reached home before the appointed hour—they had been too hungry to stay longer. But their hands were full of blue gentians and their faces were radiant.

It had been "such a lovely day!" they said.—Emma C. Dowd in S. S. Times.

For the Overworked—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjection, and the victim feels sick all over. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a recognized remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.

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BROTHERLY LOVE.

A traveler stopped at a bakery the other day, and as she was eating some cake two little urchins entered the open door. One of them bought a loaf of stale bread for two cents; but the sight of the lady standing there eating those delicious looking cakes seemed to fascinate the two little boys, and they stood quite still, watching her with wistful eyes.

Finally one little fellow spoke up to the girl behind the counter. "I'd like one of them," he said. "Two cents," said the girl, taking a cake from the pan.

"The little boy looked frightened. 'I haven't any money,'" he stammered.

"It will give me great pleasure to lend it to you," said the lady, gravely, holding out two pennies. "You may pay it back when you are a man with a bakery of your own."

The little fellow refused to accept it at first, but finally took it and bought the cake. Instead of dividing the cake with his companion, he grabbed the paper bag and dashed out of the store.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the lady. "If I had known he was such a selfish little rascal I wouldn't have given it to him."

"They're a bad lot," said the girl. "Please, m," said a voice at the lady's elbow. "Please m, he isn't a rascal, an'—an' he isn't selfish." It was the other little boy who spoke.

"I didn't want none o' his cake. He wanted it for Jinny."

"And who is Jinny?" called the lady as the other boy started for the door.

"Jinny's his little sister what's lame," replied the boy, starting on again.

"Here—wait a minute," called the lady. Then as the boy stopped she bought a big bag full of cakes of different shapes and sizes and colors.

"This is a present for Jinny," she said. "Please tell her that I say specially that her brother and you are to eat as many as you want."

The urchin's eyes grew round with wonder as he took the bag, and his voice was shaky with delight as he thanked her. Then he bolted through the door and was gone.

Something More Than a Purgative.—To purge is the only effect of many pills now on the market. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are more than a purgative. They strengthen the stomach, where other pills weaken it. They cleanse the blood by regulating the liver and kidneys, and they stimulate where other pill compounds depress. Nothing of an injurious nature, used for merely purgative powers, enters into their composition.

LITTLE SQUARE ROOT.

Elizabeth decided roses. "For," she said, "nothing else is quite sweet enough for mother. I'll get her thirty-six roses."

That would be one for each dear, beautiful year. Mother was going to be thirty-six years old on Wednesday—why, Wednesday was to-morrow! There was not a moment to lose.

The roses must be ordered this very day from Mr. Page, the flower man. That was the way people did. Uncle Joseph did that way when he gave Miss Cornelia twenty roses on her birthday. Elizabeth had gone down to the flower man's with him, and had seen just how it was done. She would give the flower man a card, too, to put in with mother's roses when he sent them up. She was a little uncertain what she should write on it—Uncle Joseph had not told her what was on his.

"I know. I'll ask Uncle Joseph to tell me, so's I can write it on mine," Elizabeth decided. "I'll write it on to-night, and carry it to the flower man to-morrow before breakfast. But I must order my roses this very to-day."

"Order!" was such a nice, grown-up word! Elizabeth was only six years old herself. And maybe six-year-old little girls did not go down to flower men's stores and order thirty-six roses for their mothers' birthday presents—maybe only one little girl did, and her name was Elizabeth!

Mr. Page's beautiful, sweet-smelling, flower-filled store was not far, and Elizabeth could go alone quite well. Mother often let her go as far as that. She got her soft little purse and hurried secretly away.

"I came to order thirty-six roses for my mother's birthday present," she piped, bravely. It was a very high counter—it seemed as if it must have grown since she and Uncle Joseph stood there in front of it.

"Ah, roses, is it?" beamed Mr. Page, rubbing his smooth hands together. "Well, we have some regular beauties in to-day. Now, what kind—"

"Oh, that is the kind I'd like—the regular beauties!" Elizabeth cried eagerly. She had her soft little purse out. "I'll pay you the money now, an' to-morrow morning I'll bring my—my card down. To put in, you know, when you send them up." She took out her two bright quarters—all the money she had in the world. Two seemed a good deal to pay for the roses, but mamma deserved two. Besides, of course there would be some change—there had been a good deal of it, Elizabeth remembered, when Uncle Joseph paid for Miss Cornelia's roses. The flower man's beam faded slowly from his big, smooth face. He looked down at the beautiful quarters queerly. The counter seemed to be growing now, right now, this minute!

"Er—thirty-six roses, was it? Thought I understood you to say thirty-six. Well, they're eight cents apiece, but of course I could make a little discount considering the large num—"

Eight cents apiece! Then—oh, how much was eight cents apiece times thirty-six roses? If Bobs were only there—Bobs was in the big arithmetic—he would know. "Do—do you mean it will take it all?" asked Elizabeth, in a small voice. She had

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ADDRESS THE SHAW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL 393 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

not quite expected all—still mother deserved it. "It will take two dollars and eighty-eight cents—call it two seventy-five," Mr. Page said, crisply. He jingled the two quarters in his hand.

"That is all the money I've got in my world," little Elizabeth answered, simply, but there was a tremble running along the words, and getting ready to curl up into a little round sob. Her beautiful roses seemed withering before her eyes.

"Then you better get a bunch of pinks or asters," the flower man laughed. It is queer how people can laugh without beaming.

Pinks or asters—and mother! Elizabeth would have been scornful if it had not been for the little round sob in the way. She went closer to the counter and looked up entreatingly at the flower man. It was very hard to let him know she was not good in arithmetic.

"How much would—would half of eight cents apiece times thirty-six roses be?" she faltered, shamefacedly. For she had decided in her extremity that half as many roses as mother was old might do.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mr. Page. Then, taking pity, he reckoned hastily: Half of two seventy-five is one thirty-eight. Oh, call it one an' a quarter!"

"Is that same as one quarter an' another quarter? Then I'll take half of the roses, if you please," eagerly. Poor Elizabeth! It was not the same. The flower man explained a little impatiently.

The extremity grew worse. But Elizabeth, remembering mamma, tried again. Perhaps quarter as many roses as she was old—

"How much is quarter of—of it?" she trembled. The flower man must have been in the big arithmetic, too, for he answered instantly that it would be seventy-two cents, straight—no discount on small lots. And two quarters were only fifty cents; that was in the little arithmetic. Elizabeth reached up for her money.

"Good morning—I mean good ni—I mean good afternoon!" she said, rather unsteadily. The little round sob stayed in her throat. It was queer that it should be something in Bobs' big arithmetic that should make her swallow it in the end. Bobs always studied his big arithmetic right after the children's early tea, and Elizabeth usually sat at the table with him and played quietly or drew pictures. To-night it was pictures.

"I don't see the good of knowing what the square root of things is!" Bobs broke out. "Why, Bobs!" Mother looked up from her sewing.

"Well, I don't, honest, mamma. You look here. What's the good of knowing that the square root of thirty-six is six?"

Elizabeth's sore little mind was all full of thirty-six. She caught at Bobs' words. Then—in her sudden excitement she swallowed once for all the little round sob. A great enlightenment flooded her mind.

"Oh, I know—I know! I know the good of square root!" she cried, joyously; then, in hasty care for her secret, she clapped both brown little hands over her mouth. Not another word would she say.

The square root of thirty-six was six. Elizabeth was six. She was the square root of mamma! She would get six roses, one for each of her years, for mamma's birthday to-morrow. Oh, she would—she would! She had learned the six table in the little arithmetic, and six times eight cents apiece was forty-eight! She would go down to the flower man's

before breakfast. Oh, to think that Bobs, in the big arithmetic, did not know the good of square root!

The rest of the evening Elizabeth sat and smiled to herself. She did not dare to speak to any one for fear she should say roses or birthday or flower man.

The only thing she dared to say to mother was "Good night!" and even that sounded dangerously rosy. The next day a long box was handed to mother. It contained six beautiful roses and a little card. The card in big, clear, printing letters, said: TO MY VERY BEST MOTHER FROM HER LITTLE SQUARE ROOT.

Annie Hamilton Donnell in Youth's Companion.

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debarr'd 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.

THE QUARREL. A pin and a needle, being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do. "I should like to know," said the pin to the needle, "what you are good for, and how you can expect to get through the world without a head?"

"What is the use of your head," said the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I can go through more work than you can," said the needle.

"Yes, but you will not live long." "Why not?" said the needle.

"Because you always have a stitch in your side," said the pin.

"You are a crooked creature," said the needle.

"And you're so proud that you cannot bend without breaking your back."

"I will pull your head off if you insult me again," said the needle.

"I will pull your eye out if you touch my head," said the pin.

While they were thus quarreling a little girl came in and began to sew with the needle. In a short time she broke it at the eye.

Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and in trying to pull it through the cloth she soon pulled off the head. Then she threw it into the dirt by the side of the needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin.

"Bad luck seems to have brought us to our senses," said the needle. "We are very much like men. They quarrel about the good things they have till they lose them, and find out they are brothers only when they are in the dust together."

THE 'SKEETER AND PETER. There was a bright fellow named Peter, Who struck at an active young 'skeeter, But the 'skeeter struck first And slackened his thirst, For the 'skeeter was fletcher than Peter.

There is Only One Electric Oil.—When an article, be it medicine or anything else, becomes popular, imitations invariably spring up to derive advantages from the original, which they themselves could never win on their own merits. Imitations of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil have been numerous, but never successful. Those who know the genuine are not put off with a substitute, but demand the real thing.

A VERITABLE SAMSON. "My boy tells me you discharged him," said the late office boy's mother. "You advertised for a strong boy, and I certainly thought he was strong enough."

"Madam," replied the merchant, "he was too strong. He broke all the rules of the office and some of the furniture in the two days he was with us."

HIS CHIEF DELIGHT. Uncle—So you go to school now? Tommy—Yes, sir. Uncle—And what part of the exercises do you like best? Tommy—Why, the exercise we get at recess.—Philadelphia Ledger.

YET WE SAY THEY DO. A man who likes to delve into the English language and point out its incongruities recently came out of his latest trance, and asked a friend these questions:

Did you ever see a stone step? Or a board walk? Or a peanut stand? Or a sardine box? Or a sausage roll? Or an apple turn over? Or a hair die? Or a day pass by? Or a horse fly? Or a snake dance? Or a night fall? Or a ship spar? Or sugar bowl? Or a vine run? Or a cracker box? Or a bed spring? Or a rail fence? Or a ginger snap? Or a man catch his breath? Or hear a bed tick? Or see a clock run? Or see the ink stand? Or a man pull up a river? Or a tomato catch up?

A BUBBLE SONG. (Carolyn Wells in June St. Nicholas.) I'll make the soapbuds clear and strong; And blow the bubbles one by one; Then we'll sing our bubble-song— Such a merry, foolish one.

We bubble of bubbles like this, you know: Bibbety-bobbie the bubbles go; Bubbling light, Bubbling bright, Bubbling bubbles blow.

Bubbles sparkling gay and fair; Bubbles tossing in the air! See them dance and float along, As we sing our bubble-song.

President Suspenders. Style, comfort, service. 50c. everywhere. (By Henry Coyle.)

Death's dark angel hovered near me, with his gleaming sword, and I Heart-sick, oppressed, despairing, bared my breast without a sigh.

"O welcome, Death! Now take me, plunge your sword into my breast; I am sick of life and weary—in the grave there is rest!"

Between me and the shape sudden flashed a brilliant light; It was an angel, bright and fair; Death vanished quick from sight.

"My name is Hope," she smiling said, "Oh, why shouldst thou despond? Have faith, God is thy Friend! Go seek Him and He will respond."

"O, Father help Thou me!" I cried, Then came the answer sweet: "Thy God, not Death, can give thee rest; come to the Mercy-Seat!"

ESSAY WRITING. The following is a list of subjects given in an Essay contest by the Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo. Get your teachers to let you try it at school:

1. Something that happened during your vacation. 2. Some story about his own boyhood that your father relates. 3. The prettiest picture you ever saw. 4. Why you like your dearest playmate. 5. What news item in the papers interested you most within the past few days. 6. Any improvement recently made in your parish church or school. 7. What game you like to play best. 8. How you liked Aunt Alice's letters. 9. Anything else bright or funny, sad or useful.

AN EYE FOR BUSINESS. Nellie, whose grandfather began life as a cabin boy and finished as a millionaire, was paid by her mother one cent a dozen for pins picked up from the carpet, to keep the baby from getting them, relates the St. Louis Republic.

"Nurse," said Nellie, as her stock of pennies increased, "do you know what I am going to do when I have six cents?"

"No," answered nurse. "I am going to buy a paper of pins and scatter them over the floor, and then pick them up," replied the young financier, who was barely five years old.

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