

The Children's Page

LIKE AS A FATHER.

Sent up to bed in the dark, alone, Where all of the corners were weird and dim, And the shades and the shadows waited him...

-Youth's Companion.

A POETICAL GRAMMAR LESSON.

Three little words you often see Are articles, a, an, and thee. A noun's the name of anything, As school or garden, hoop or swing...

BACK AGAIN TO SCHOOL.

Back again to school, dears, Vacation days are done; You've had your share of frolic, And lots of play and fun...

BYGONE DAYS.

I had a dog in bygone days, His name was Duffy dear; I loved him for his funny ways, His ways that were so queer...

THE HERO OF THE BRIGADE

Mike was the pet of the fire brigade. He was only ten, quite a little boy in fact, but he liked to be considered a man...

Another fireman's wife had taken the tiny fellow to nurse with her own children and he had been called Michael, after his father...

When the people saw Mike at the window they gave a great shout. The little fellow looked down on the great seething mass of faces...

Christmas came at last and as the nurses made each little one comfortable for the night, she told them that while they were asleep Santa would come...

"But you are safe now, my darling, and little Willie too. You saved his life, Mike!" "O, no!" cried Mike, flushing all over...

But Mike would not have it. "There was nothing else to do," he answered simply, and said the same when he was grown up...

An End to Bilious Headache.—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves...

ALICE'S LETTER.

(By Alma Small, Toronto.)

Once upon a time there were two little girls lying side by side in cots in a hospital ward...

The little girls talked and thought of nothing else for a few days. Finally their minds were made up and Alice wrote the letter, saying:

Dear Mr. Santa,—Will you bring Ethel a baby doll—just like a real baby. She is the little girl who is suffering from her back and has to lie so still...

Christmas came at last and as the nurses made each little one comfortable for the night, she told them that while they were asleep Santa would come...

Little Alice wakened very early, so early that it was not very light, and it was very quiet. She looked down at the foot of her cot to see if there could be anything for her...

She slipped quickly out of bed and left the dolly on Ethel's bed. She gave one last kiss to Muriel Maud and hastily jumped back into her own cot and soon fell asleep again...

WHERE THE CHILDREN HID.

It was raining out-of-doors. Grandmother, who had just arrived from California, had gone to her room. Mother was busy with the baby...

"You hide first, Florence. Then we'll all see how." Florence thought a moment, "I'm hid."

"Somewhere in the room?" asked Dorothea. "Yes, somewhere, in something in the room, but in a place I really couldn't hide, only in my mind."

"Why, that's jolly!" said Tommy. "There are no end of places you could hide that way. Is it in the clock?" "No," laughed Florence, softly.

"The book shelf?" "The lamp?" "The sewing-machine drawer?" "The matchesafe?" "The stovepipe?" These followed fast upon each other...

"How did you ever guess it?" asked Florence. "Why, I just thought I'd like to hide there myself," among the steam pipes, and find out some of their secrets...

"I haven't found out very many yet," said Florence. "You've found something better," said Tommy. "You've found the best game, and you're always finding good things..."

"It's your turn, Ruth—you guessed the place, so now you can hide." The guessing went on. All seemingly possible and impossible places were suggested...

"I believe she's hid in Florence's mind. She wants to find out how she thinks of things," said Dorothea. "That's right!" exclaimed Ruth, gleefully...

"You will in time," said Florence. "The world, the books, everything is full of lovely things to learn." Rob hid in Tommy's ear, and Tommy in the fire, without getting burned...

Suddenly Ruth looked at the door. There stood grandmother and mother. They were looking very happy. "What makes you all so still?" asked grandmother...

"We're playing hide-and-seek," said Ruth. "In our minds," added Rob. He told how it was played...

"It's a nice game," said grandmother. "I have some things in my trunk to show you." Off ran the children. Grandmother almost kept up. "I'm sure I did in my mind," she laughed...

"That's quicker than anything else," said Florence. "Mind is a great racer," said grandmother. "The more you use it the faster it goes. I hope you'll all win some 'mind' races..."

The Flavor and Strength

"SALADA" CEYLON TEA. Are preserved by the use of sealed lead packets. NEVER SOLD IN BULK. Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

No room in the boat for one more! But Russell looked at the woman, then at her children, then at the sailor struggling in the waves...

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

NANSEN'S CARRIER-PIGEON. One day a carrier-pigeon tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home at Christiania...

The carrier-pigeon had been away from the cottage 30 long months, but had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with his expedition in the polar regions...

Nansen had fastened a message to the bird and turned it loose. The frail courier darted out into blizzarding air, flew like an arrow over perhaps a thousand miles of frozen waste...

We boast of human pluck, sagacity and endurance, but this loving carrier-pigeon after an absence of 30 months, accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to amazement and admiration...

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Colicoid ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action...

TRY THE HOBBY GAME. Each guest, as he arrives, receives a slip of paper, folded so that what is written on it can not be seen. On each slip is the name of the guest, with some hobby of his, or some joke or other thing relating to him, or to her, if the guest be a woman or a girl...

They are all then led into a room where a blackboard has been set up, and takes seats in a semi-circle facing the board. The hostess stands near the board, and beginning at one end of the semi-circle, she calls each guest in turn to the board, and directs him or her to make a drawing of the subject written on his or her slip of paper...

The next player, in order, then goes to the board, and the other players guess as before, and so on until all the players have made an illustration of the subject written on their several papers...

The tally cards are then examined, and a prize is awarded to the player making the most correct guesses. —Indianapolis News.

A BAD CASE OF KIDNEY TROUBLE CURED BY DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Kidney troubles, no matter of what kind or what stage of the disease, can be quickly and permanently cured by the use of these wonderful pills. Mr. Joseph Leland, Alma, N.W.T., recommends them to all kidney trouble sufferers...

A Likable King

Not many months ago the secular press devoted much space to startling word-pictures, showing Spain's young King in a most unfavorable light...

The Spanish King's German teacher gives the following prepossessing account of Alfonso XII: "Despite his teasing ways and his love of pleasure, Alfonso is very fond of study and very anxious to learn everything..."

"He walks the streets of the city of Madrid seeing and hearing everything within visual and auditory range. He has the prettiest manners that I have ever seen. His heart is kind, and it is natural to him to want to give pleasure..."

"Alfonso is always sweet tempered; he is very pleasant and very thoughtful for the comfort of others, and probably that is one reason why the masses of the people of all the countries where he is seen love him..."

"His action is as frank and as free as his speech. He is very gay and high spirited, but very gentle. He is absolutely free from affectation..."

"A thousand stories are told of his caressing simplicity. One day in Barcelona he ran down a child who had been too inquisitive to leave the door of his automobile..."

"The automobile was moving slowly. The child was not seriously injured, but the King stopped, picked up the little bundle of rags and, crooning to it, as his own mother must have crooned to him, carried it to a drug store..."

"Etiquette is the only thing that disturbs the King's patience. He hates court rules. I have heard him complain bitterly that he could not 'act like a rational being' because he was always 'dragged down by some senseless court custom...'

"One day when the court rules interfered with something that he was contemplating, he said, not angrily: 'All this restraint is ridiculous! I am the law, not its subject. I am the King of Spain!'"

They Are Not Violent in Action.—Some persons, when they wish to cleanse the stomach, resort to Epsom and other purgative salts. These are speedy in their action, but serve no permanent good...

In his boyhood Sir Walter Scott was far from being a brilliant scholar. Indeed, he was usually at the foot of his class. After he became famous he one day dropped into the old school to pay a visit to the scene of his former woes...

Pale, sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Expellent. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

Where is Napoleon's Heart? No one knows, says the New York Tribune, what has become of the heart of Napoleon I. It was put aside at the post-mortem examination of his body at St. Helena...

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