

The Children's Page

HE DUG.

He wanted a job and, like everyone else, He wanted a good one, you know; Where his clothes would not soil and his hands would keep clean...

ABOUT JACK'S HOUSE.

One day as little Picola sat alone in the nursery, thinking business and staring intently at the cupboard door, it suddenly grew bigger and bigger...

A HOME PICTURE.

Oh, the happy little home when the sun shone out, And the busy little mother got the children all about;

Oh, the sweet peas and the morning-glories climbing round the door, And the tender vine of shadow with its length across the floor.

Oh, the happy little home when the twilight fell, And all along the meadow rang the old cow bell.

FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control That o'er thee swell and throng; They will condense within thy soul, And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feeling run In soft luxurious flow, Shrinks when hard service must be done, And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears, Where hearts and wills are weighed, Than brightest transports, choicest prayers, Which bloom their hour and fade.

HELPING OTHERS.

If any little word of mine May make a life the brighter, If any little song of mine May make a heart the lighter,

God help me speak the little word, And take my bit of singing, And drop it in some lonely vale To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine May make a life the sweeter, If any little care of mine May make a friend's the fleetier,

If any lift of mine may ease The burden of another, God give me love, and care, and strength To help my toiling brother!

FAULT-FINDING.

Fault-finding is one of the ways in which men seek to appear wiser than they are. It seems to invest them with a degree of authority in the eyes of those who do not realize that it is one of the easiest of all things to find fault.

The never failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc.; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

reverend dignitary, who promptly found refuge behind a high-backed chair, where he remained until the hound had been sent out of the room. Bismarck was fined five thalers for bringing this "terrible beast" into the rector's sanctuary, in addition to the punishment meted out to the original offence.

As a law student and official at Berlin, during his travels in many lands, throughout his diplomatic career at Frankfurt, St. Petersburg, Paris, and elsewhere, as well as at Varzin and at Friedrichsruh, Bismarck always had the companionship of one or more of his favorite dogs. Probably the one to which he was most attached was Sultan, which died at Varzin in 1877. Tyras, who was of unusual size, and of the slate color, which is most popular in Germany, was then quite a young dog, and he was the constant companion of his illustrious owner till the time of his death, sharing his walks, rides, his business, and his meals, and keeping guard in his bedroom at night.

At Varzin or Friedrichsruh the two were inseparable. No sooner was the most absolutely necessary business of the morning dispatched, than the "Reichskanzler" sallied off with the "Reichshund" at his heels, and for the rest of the day, the long light coat and the battered felt hat of the famous statesman were not greater objects of interest than the huge dog which followed him everywhere, on horse-back or on foot.

Where Weakness is, Disease Will Settle.—If one suffers from any organic weakness, inherited or contracted, these diseases will settle when it attacks the body. Therefore drive out the pains that beset you, do not let a cold or a cough harass you, and keep the respiratory organs in a good healthy condition. This you can do by using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Prevention is the wisest course.

ERNEST'S WONDERFUL WORK.

Ernest pulled the covers up and settled himself comfortably in the bed. He had played all day and was very tired. The soft bed felt good—very good.

No, he was not in bed after all. He was out on the grass in the front yard. He caught sight of a big butterfly. It was a beautiful thing in purple, red and gold.

It fluttered close to the ground and flitted from flower to flower. Ernest felt that he would like to have it in his hands to look at. He ran after it.

The butterfly fluttered along only a few inches in front of his hands. On and on Ernest ran. He stepped across high fences, jumped over the tremendous ditches, leaped clear over tall houses with the butterfly skimming quietly along just out of reach.

He ran on and on, across fields and rivers and forests, with the butterfly in front.

Just as he was about to grasp the prize the butterfly changed into an enormous eagle and laughed at him with a horrid scream.

At that instant he pitched headlong over a high precipice. For hours and hours he fell, turning over and over. At last he struck the bottom with a thud, and felt that he was dead.

He opened his eyes to see. A pair of arms encircled him, and he heard his mother's voice saying: "My poor boy, you fell out of bed, didn't you? You must sleep closer to the wall, son."

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

"BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

The reward of a generous deed seldom comes more opportunely than it did in an instance reported by the "Cleveland Leader." It appears that a prominent Cleveland named Cole, who has recently died, was forced to leave Cornell University at the close of his sophomore year for lack of funds.

He went to New York and began a canvass of mercantile houses and offices in search of a position. Among many others, he visited the office of a produce merchant, who seemed greatly taken with his personality. The result of the interview was that the merchant said to Mr. Cole:

"Young man, go back and finish your college course, and I will foot the bill."

Mr. Cole accepted the offer, completed his course with credit to himself and his strangely-found friend, and at once entered upon a business career. It was not long before he prospered in a business venture, and found himself able to repay the sum advanced for his education. He went to New York, sought out the office of his friend, and stepping up to his desk laid down seven hundred dollars.

"Mr. Cole," said the old merchant, "if it were not for this money my credit would have been dishonored to-day. Maturing obligations would have gone to protest. You have saved me!"

PAINLESS HOME CURE FOR CANCER.

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians and others who have been cured by this truly marvellous remedy that cures without pain and even your own family need not know you are using the treatment.

NORMAN'S DOG.

A circumstance which occurred at Portree, Isle of Skye, may be added to the many chapters recording the fidelity and attachment of dogs to their masters, writes a correspondent of the "Inverness Courier." A rumor spread through the town one morning that on the previous night the dogs had torn open the grave of a young man who died of fever, and was interred some weeks previously. It transpired, however, that the case

was not so revolting. When the young man was buried, his dog followed the funeral to the churchyard, and was with difficulty removed. It returned again and again to the spot, and, unobserved, had dug into the grave until it reached the coffin. The dog had gnawed through the coffin when the fact was discovered, but the body of his dead master was untouched. And there the faithful animal was found, eagerly looking into the grave. "I doubt," says the correspondent, "if there be on record a more striking instance of canine attachment, for you must be in mind that four or five weeks had elapsed since the interment and the churchyard is six miles from the house where poor Norman's father lives."

A CRUSHING RETORT.

It is said that Professor Blackie often told this anecdote "on himself." This genial old professor used to form a very picturesque feature in the Edinburgh streets. He was a wiry old patriarch, with handsome features and hair falling in ringlets about his shoulders; so one who had seen him could possibly forget him. One day he was accosted by a very dirty little bootblack, with his "Shine your boots, sir?" The professor was impressed by the filthiness of the boy's face.

"I don't want a shine, my lad," said he. "But if you'll go and wash your face I'll give you sixpence."

"A' richt, sir," was the lad's reply. Then he went over to the neighboring fountain and made his ablutions. Returning, he held out his hand for the money.

"Well, my lad," said the professor, "you have earned your sixpence. Here it is."

"I dinna want it," returned the boy, with a lordly air. "You can keep it and get yer hair cut."

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while teething, and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

PIUS X. ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

The other day the Holy Father was graciously pleased to accept two books, "Les Saints et les Animaux" and "L'Eglise et la Pitié envers les Animaux." Of course, His Holiness did not have time to read them there and then, but on learning that they had been presented by the Naples Society for the Protection of Animals, and that they had been written to show that many of the great saints were conspicuous for their kindness and gentleness towards animals, and that the spirit of the Church, as revealed in many striking ways, has always shown itself strongly in the same sense, the Pope warmly approved of this object, and sent a cordial blessing to the Marquise de Rambures, a devoted daughter of the Church, the authoress of "L'Eglise et la Pitié envers les Animaux." His Holiness also wrote an autograph blessing on his photograph for all who protect from abuse and cruelty the dumb servants given us by God.

A Pleasant Medicine.—There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to beget painful internal disturbances in the patient, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One might as well swallow some corrosive material. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of them will prove this. They offer peace to the dyspeptic.

THOUGHTFUL.

The following letter was received from his sister by a New Yorker who was away from home on a visit:

"I am sending by mail a parcel containing the golf coat you wanted. As the brass buttons are heavy I have cut them off to save postage.

Your loving sister,

"P.S.—You will find the buttons in the right-hand pocket of the coat."

TOTO.

When little Toto began to be big enough to run about the yard and the alleyway, keeping his father in a constant fright by doing things which deserved whipping, Signore Da Monza, who lived a few doors away, gave some attention to his case.

"If that pup be properly trained, he will make a great dog," he said, thoughtfully staring at the fanny little creature as he raced about, and as is the way of all young creatures, puppies, kittens, colts or small boys, travelled miles and miles to go nowhere in particular.

"He will never be such a great dog as Mr. Mastiff, or as Mr. Collie," said Mr. Toto; "it is not the custom of our family to strive to be giants, and what would you? To be a giant is a luxury; one pays by being hungry all the time for nobody guesses how much one needs to cover one's bones, and when one could eat a whole chicken they bring out a scrap of the breast and a miserable wing, and say 'There, stuff yourself!' It is bad enough for us of modest size but conceive of a giant's pain!"

"Not of giants was my thought," Signore Da Monza answered. "I have no love for them. It was upon cleverness that my mind was set. Now, with what you could teach him and what I could teach him, he could do anything. With your permission, I will take him in hand when you wish for repose, for a little quiet ramble, and so little Toto had two teachers."

Advertisement for Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry Extract, treating Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Stomach Cramps, Cholera, Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasickness, Summer Complaint, and all Looseness of the Bowels in Children or Adults.

"For what do you think you have a tail," asked Signore Da Monza, vainly striving to make the puppy take a hitch with his about a baluster and swing himself from the back door steps.

"I didn't have it to do things like that," said little Toto, "I can't! Besides I don't wish to do such things. My father springs up and down the steps, like this."

He jerked himself up the steps, and tumbled down them in a style not in the least like Mr. Toto's but highly successful in his own opinion. "See," he said, "I do not need to fasten myself to things by my tail as you do. I do not fear."

"You are saucy," said Mr. Da Monza. "I do not fear. I use my tail to save my feet, and I use my head to save my hands. We have proverbs about that saving. It is good to save and bad to waste, and you," he added, "who have only your legs, inasmuch as your tail is useless, should try in every way to save them."

"They'll last my time," said the puppy recklessly, bouncing gaily away and leaving Da Monza to shake his head in sadness. "He would make a poor monkey, that little one," he said truthfully.

Another day Signore Da Monza was scandalized by little Toto's rejection of certain nuts which the monkey had denied himself, that he might use them to prove to the puppy that his diet would be improved by variety.

"I can't open them with my paws," said Toto, after many efforts. "My paws are not split like yours, you see. And I don't like them after they are opened. They are too hard."

"They are not so hard as a bone. A bone is soft inside. Those things are hard all the way to the middle. Besides, my father never eats them."

"Do you mean never to do anything that your father has not done?"

"It is better to follow a scent than to be followed," answered the puppy. "It is better to set an example than to follow it," said the monkey climbing a tree. "Come up," he cried from the top.

"I should be ashamed to be seen there," answered the puppy, chasing his tail. "Do I want to be taken for a sparrow?"

"You are too big." "Well, for an eagle, then?" "You are too small."

"Well, for any kind of a bird that ever was? I am a dog, with no ugly flappers and I eat birds, not imitate them. Some of them, chickens, pheasants, quail, are good to eat, I know, but I do not mock them any more than I mock the bull or the sheep. Every thing in its place."

"You are full of proverbs," the monkey said, rather sourly. "So are you," said little Toto, "but mine to me, and thine to thee, is a good rule. If I lived like you, I might grow a long tail or have a bald face; I prefer to be plain dog. It was eating meat meant for the rat that killed Fine-ear Mastiff; his father told me so."

"Why do you sleep all night?" asked the monkey curiously, hearing Toto to explain to little Toto that although sleep was always good when one was weary, still one must always be ready to wake and go to walk when invited to do so. "I do not sleep all night, although there is nothing pleasant to do or see here as in the forest where I used to live."

"My father is no watch-dog," answered little Toto. "The mastiff puppies can keep awake half the night now and their father can keep awake all night. Different dogs, different ways! Why should I try to be like them?"

"Always inquire into new things," said the monkey. "They never agree with me," said little Toto, who was now a large puppy. "My father lets me try everything that I wish. That is how he taught me not to wish for things not meant for me. I once tried to eat one of those things that the Twogles wear on their heads. Didn't it scratch my mouth! I couldn't eat anything worth eating for a long time."

"You had the experience." "Oh, yes, but experience is bitter food."

"You are fast growing up," the

monkey said gravely, "yet you know very little. You can walk and run, and leap over small spaces, but you cannot climb like me, or fly like the birds, or walk on your hind legs, or open nuts, and worst of all you never try to do things because you see the Twogle folk do them. Now I always desire to do and to have everything that they do and have. I have as good a right to live in a house, to wear an outside skin, to comb my hair and to wash my face in soap, as they have."

"Do you like to do those things?" "No, but I do them to show that I know my rights."

"I show that I know my rights when anybody touches my bone, or tries to sleep on my cushion," said little Toto, "but I don't see what Twogle rights I have. I was born a dog and shall die a dog. If I must try to be something else why not try to be a cat and eat mice? My cousin the English terrier, learned to eat rats and since that time the Twogles make pastime of setting him on countless rats at a time, and he is often much bitten. And there was once an American terrier who learned to imitate a singing Twogle, and he never had a peaceful nap afterwards. Morning, noon and night he was made to sit up and sing the most doleful cries. I have heard of Dutch dogs who work like horses, dragging huge machines behind them, all because they were willing to imitate. No! Born a dog, stay a dog! When I am bigger, I will try to get more food, and a bigger basket, and I will take longer runs, and will go alone if I like, but I shall still be a dog."

"If everybody were like you, what would become of the world?"

"My piece of it would be no worse. See now, Signore Da Monza, you have been trying for your rights, and imitating everything and everybody that you have seen all your life and yet you are just a monkey and nothing else. Shall I be anything but a dog let me try to climb or fly or jump or eat as I may? As my father says, 'Let us make the best of ourselves.'"

"You are a poor, narrow-minded creature," said the monkey, and to this day he has no better word for the Totos, father and son, and Mrs. Fantail tells him that he is quite right.

"To have been offered the privilege of your teaching and to have rejected it!" she cries. "What blind foolishness! The poor beast will never go on less than four legs, and will never fly, yet he has as good a right to the use of his hind legs and to wings as you or I. Blind creature!"

But Toto's eyes are as bright and his nose is as sharp as his father can desire, and he is a well bred and well mannered little dog, although not anxious to acquire the rights of others and not having any monkey tricks.

TOO GREEDY.

A colony of American eagles has made its home along the shores of Chautauqua Lake for many years. A story is told of one of these birds which is verified by Mr. and Mrs. C. Dykeman, who reside on Bayfield farm, who witnessed the incident, that is truly remarkable.

The eagle was gracefully soaring over the lake, when it suddenly darted with lightning rapidity toward the water, catching in its talons a musk-along two feet or more in length and weighing probably ten pounds. There was a crash and a splashing of fins and feathers, but slowly the bird rose in the air with its wiggling captive dangling below. When at a height of about 100 feet the bird, still clinging to the fish, began to sink slowly toward the lake again, gaining speed as it descended, and finally fell with a splash in the water. Later the bird and fish were found together, dead.

The fish had evidently been too heavy for the eagle to carry, but its claws were so firmly imbedded in the fish that it could not release its hold, and as its strength gave way it sank into the water whence it had sought its prey and was drowned.—Buffalo Courier.

After the joy which springs from right-doing, the purest and sweetest is that which is born of companionship with spirits akin to our own.