

The Children's Page

THE COMING MAN. A pair of very chubby legs Incased in scarlet hose; A pair of little stubby boots, With rather doubtful toes; A little kilt, a little coat, Cut as a mother can— And lo! before us stands in state The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars And search their unknown ways; Perchance the human heart and soul Will open to their gaze; Perchance their keen and flashing glance Will be a nation's light— Those eyes that now are wistful bent On some "big fellow's" kite.

Those hands—those little, busy hands, So sticky, small and brown; Those hands, whose only mission seems To pull all order down— Who knows what hidden strength may be Though now it's but a taffy stick Concealed within their grasp? In sturdy hold they clasp.

Ah, blessings on those little hands, Whose work is yet undone! And blessings on those little feet, Whose race is yet unrun! And blessings on the little brain That has not learned to plan! What'er the future holds in store, God bless the "coming man!"

A Sound Stomach Means a Clear Head.—The high pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live make draughts upon their vitality highly detrimental to their health. It is only by the most careful treatment that they are able to keep themselves alert and active in their various callings, many of them know the value of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in regulating the stomach and consequently keeping the head clear.

AUNT CELIA'S SPIDER STORY. All the brightness in the large, rambling old farm-house seemed to center in Aunt Celia's room. How delightful it was to drop in there upon a cold, rainy day, and find the fire snapping merrily in the fire-place; Dick, the bird, singing a gay little carol; and Malta, the cat, purring her gentle welcome.

So cozy and cheerful it all seemed, that, at the first glance one would not notice that the chair in which Aunt Celia sat by the window was a wheeled one, that the sweet face was pale and thin, and bore unmistakable traces of long days and nights of suffering.

The wheeled-chair and the little white bed in the corner were as silent as Aunt Celia herself upon the subject of the pain she endured. Ralph and Ruth's father was Aunt Celia's only brother, and ever since the children could remember they had grandfater and grandmother and Aunt Celia in the old farmhouse. This year it was different, for father and mother had gone on a trip to Europe, leaving the children in the country for several months.

"We really live here now, just as daddy did when he was a little boy," Ralph had said. What fun it was! There was the whole farm for a playground and in rainy days there was Aunt Celia's room. Aunt Celia could always think of some delightful way for them to amuse themselves.

To-day the children sat on the floor by the open fire, cutting pictures from old magazines. A spider crept from between the covers of the one Ruth held, and hurried away towards crack in the wall.

"Would you like to hear a spider story?" she asked at length. The scissors and magazines dropped on the floor and Ruth and Ralph hurried to her side. "O, please, aunty dear," they cried in chorus.

"Well, once upon a time, ages and ages ago, there lived in that far away country called Greece, a beautiful maiden whose name was Arachne. She was not only pretty and winsome, but was skillful with her needle as well, and boasted, far and wide, of her deft fingers and the beautiful designs which she had wrought. She even declared that she would have no fear to match her skill with that of the great goddess, Minerva.

"She made this remark so loudly and so frequently that the goddess was finally annoyed, and left her home on high Olympus, to come down to earth and punish the boastful maiden. "Goddess and goddesses could take any form they chose, so Minerva appeared upon earth as a queer-looking old crone. She came to Arachne's home, seated herself and began a conversation. As usual the girl made the rash boast concerning her skill. The old woman gently advised her to be more modest, but Arachne was so conceited that she saucily tossed her head and declared she wished that Minerva would hear her and propose a contest in which she knew she would be able to prove herself more skillful than the goddess.

At this speech, Minerva cast aside her disguise and accepted the challenge. They both set up their looms and began to weave exquisite designs in tapestry. They worked rapidly,

and each was so busy with her own pattern that she did not glance at her rival's. At last the finishing touches were all given, and each turned to view the other's work.

"At the very first glance Arachne saw that she must acknowledge her failure. To be thus outstripped, after all her proud boasts was humiliating indeed. Bitterly did she repent of her folly, and, in her despair, she bound a rope about her neck and hung herself.

"Minerva quickly changed her dangling body into a spider and condemned her to weave and spin without ceasing—a warning to all conceited mortals." Aunt Celia leaned back in her chair, and Ralph remarked thoughtfully: "People now don't like conceited people any better than they do spiders, do they, aunty?"

"Not one bit," said Aunt Celia, smiling. "Conceited people now are not changed to spiders, but still they are changed. Conceit is written on their faces and in their walk and manner, and, by and by, they find out that people don't like them any more. Conceited persons and spiders are never popular."

"I guess I won't boast any more about the wonderful things I can do," said Ralph, "or maybe I'll get to be a spider."

Aunt Celia smiled again. AUNT HETTY'S GIFT. It had been understood for years that when Margaret had finished school her room should be refurnished, and, moreover, that she should furnish it according to her own taste, within the limits set by her father's modest income. She had accepted the responsibility with mingled trepidation and delight, and now that the process was almost completed, the former sensation was swallowed up in wholesome satisfaction.

It was certainly a fact that more pretentious rooms often lack a charm which Margaret had succeeded in imparting to this. The delicate shades of the wall-paper blended perfectly with the deeper browns of the rug. The light furniture brightened the effect of the whole and the photographs and engravings hanging about were neither too many nor too few. Margaret had a right to take credit for the work of her hands, and she rejoiced over it all in outspoken girlish fashion.

Aunt Hetty had watched the progress of the work with a satisfaction second only to Margaret's own, and had admired unstintedly everything that was done. On questions of taste Aunt Hetty's approval was not worth much, to be sure, but her great, loving heart more than made up for such minor lacks. At least so Margaret thought till one morning, when her aunt dropped in flushed and smiling and out of breath.

"Almost done, aren't you, dear?" she said, looking around the room with a beaming smile. "Well, everything is perfect. No, thank you, I can't sit down. I just dropped in long enough to leave this little package. I don't want to have this pretty room quite finished without some contribution from your old auntie."

"She was gone as soon as the fond speech was spoken, and Margaret not without some apprehension, began to open the package, which was tied with moving security. It was not so very little, after all, and the shape was unpleasantly suggestive. When the wrappings were fairly off Margaret gave a despairing little cry. Just then her mother came in.

"Where shall I put this thing, mamma? I never could have imagined anything so bad. Those glaring colors and that cheap gilt frame spoil everything in the room. I simply can't hang it. I suppose Aunt Hetty will be hurt and offended, but I can help that. It's like a big trumpet blaring out in the middle of a Mozart sonata."

It was evidently a case for sympathy, and Margaret's mother never failed in this. But the girl's quick ear detected something else behind the pitying words.

"Mamma, I should almost think you wanted me to hang it—only that's impossible."

"Why impossible?" asked the mother, smiling a little.

Margaret answered with a gesture, as if the matter were beyond words. Then she said: "You haven't really looked at it. A cheap, gaudy chromo! It's an insult to good taste."

"Good taste applies to more than the furnishing of rooms, Margaret," the mother reminded her. "It surely demands courtesy towards one's friends."

"But, mamma, it will spoil everything in the room. All my work will go for nothing."

"The friendship between your Aunt Hetty and yourself has been almost ideal, Margaret. She certainly loves you dearly, and I have never known you to do or say anything to wound or grieve her. It seems to me it would be a sadder thing to spoil such harmony than to spoil the harmony of a pretty room."

She went away, leaving her daughter to think over the suggestion. When she entered the room again, Aunt Hetty's picture was hanging on the wall, opposite an engraving after Corot, while on the right Raphael's cherubs turned up their eyes disapprovingly. There could be no doubt that it was a false note. Margaret's mother felt a little pang of sympathy in the midst of her gladness.

For a day or two Margaret's face was very sober, but into her heart was stealing something better than her old-time elation. Sacrifice has joys all its own. The sight of Aunt Hetty's beaming face gave her a sense of having had a narrow escape. If she had cast a shadow over that kind face, and wounded the heart that loved her so loyally, the pang in her own heart would have outlived the impossible flowers blooming in the gilt frame upstairs.

She came in from a walk one afternoon and went directly to her room to lay aside her wraps. Then she gave a startled exclamation. The cherubs had lost their disapproving air, and the statuette of Minerva on the mantel seemed positively smiling. "Where is it?" cried Margaret, looking about her wildly. "Who took it away?"

Her mother had followed her up

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations.

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

stairs, and she gave the girl's arm a loving pressure. "Aunt Hetty took it. She came in this afternoon and said she'd been thinking about that picture and it seemed as if it didn't quite belong with the rest of the things in the room. She wants you to go with her to Burdette's to-morrow and pick out something that will harmonize better. She seemed as happy and excited about it as a child."

There were tears in Margaret's eyes as she listened. "It seems strange that I could have put the little thing so much before the greater, and cared more for my pretty room than for Aunt Hetty's happiness. Mamma, dear, what would girls do if they did not have good mothers to keep them from making mistakes?"

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EASY ACCOMPLISHMENTS. Some one has suggested fifteen things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play, or sing, or paint, well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach.

Shut the door, and shut it softly. Keep your own room in tasteful order. Have an hour for rising and rise. Learn to make bread as well as cake.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours. Always know where your things are.

Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.

Never come to breakfast without a collar. Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned. Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand. Never hum so as to disturb others. Never fuss, or fret, or fidget.

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