

Children's Page

THE LIGHTHOUSE CHILDREN.

Idly we rowed across the bay, The tide was calm, and the wind was fair,

We drifted in past the jagged rocks

been, while.

path,

way; There in the slanting shadow sat Three children, at happy play.

There was no one else, on the is land's space

No other mortal, from sea to sea; The winds and the waves and the skies were alland the sunburnt children three.

Unstartled, fearless, a lovely group! Brown cheeks, brown eyes brown tangled curls-They ceased from their playing stare at us,

A boy and two pretty girls. We were friends as soon as we smiled and talked,

We were children, too. For a long sweet hour We sat on the sands, and played with

them. In the shade of the lighthouse tower.

Father and sister had rowed to town, But Ben would take care of them.

Ben was brave, And mother is with us"; the pointing band Showed a lonely mounded grave.

them life, And loved and left them; yet near,

so near, Was the yearning strength of the mother's heart,

That her children could not fear. The wild waste seemed like a hallow-

at last. The boat coming back from town.

And often I think of that golden day, The lighthouse rising against the

The lonely grave, and the small to Charlie's disgust. brown hands

That waved us a last good-by! - "Madeline Bridges" (Mary Ainge De Vere).

MOTHER NATURE'S INVITATION. (By Bertha A. Joslin, Mass.)

Tis the voice of Mother Nature, What does the old dame say? She is calling to the children In her ever winsome way, O! leave your books and studies And come with me and play," Says Nature, Mother Nature.

They have told you of me, children, In the schoolrooms broad and fair, From whose widely swinging portals

You are swarming everywhere, And I hear your merry voices Floating to me on the air," Says Nature, Mother Nature.

Come, noisy boys and chatt'ring ain't down there.' girls,

I'll give you of my best, Come, being the little children And I'll rock them on my breast; I'll show each day new treasures Till the sun sets in the west,' Says Nature, Mother Nature.

homes, I've gemmed my bo the with birds,

If you listen very closely You may understand their words, And I've filled my lakes with fishes, And my pastures teem with herd.," Says Nature, Mother Nature.

"I have frescoed all my mountains, Till they flash with rills and flowers, Where the dryads dance and frolic With the winged-footed hours, And the berries hang in clusters, And the wild grape weaves its bowers."

Says Nature, Mother Nature

"And I've painted all my ocean, Tis a bright, abounding blue, And the white sea-gulls float over, And they only float for you. Oh, I've done my spring house-clean-

ing. And the world's as fresh as new," Says Nature, Nother Nature.

So I'm waiting for you, children, On the sea and on the land, You will find me if you wander, You will find me close at hand. Oh, Fairvland stands ready And I'll wave my magic wand, Only come!" says Mother Nature. -From American Bird Magazine.

CANCER, ITS CAUSE AND CURE."

CHARLIE'S BURGLARS.

(By P. Burr Price.)

Jack, a mischievious little coon, was at the bottom of it all. He was To the lighthouse, and anchored Burchard's Uncle Tom brought him thing which Mrs. Burchard would not up from Texas as a gift for his do under any circumstances young nephew.

In the lonely brightness of sea and | Charlie lived in a big city but had a large yard to play in. He loved rest of the family and in due time It seemed like some far enchanted all kinds of pets and had a fine collection of them. When his Uncle to await developments. Where the footsteps of man had never Tom marched in one day with Jack, he was beside himself with joy, as a lain ther for hours but in reality it And good spirits kept watch the coon was just what he had been long- was a very short time, when from ing for. He immediately took him out to get acquainted with the other that in the silence of the night sound-Along the sands, and the upward pets and started to build a house for ed almost unearthly. him. Matters went smoothly for a To the lighthouse door we made our week or two. Jack was no bother ed to the door. His father, mother whatever and everybody thought him and Uncle Tom were already in the abcat the cutest thing that ever hap- hall and his little sisters were crying pened, as he proved to be quite a at the top of their voices. trickster. He could sit up, walk on The little party crept cautiously

One evening the Burchards had just and as a guest. Charlie talking at a away and were returning upstairs Conway was the happiest boy in St. say somepin?" to little sister Amie exclaimed:

"'Ook at the coon! 'ook at the

Everybody turned and there, on the hind, convulsed with merriment. sill of the window opening out on the the room with great composure.

Charlie rushed to the window calling: "Jackie! come Jackie! nice Jackie!"

But Jackie leaped from the sil! and ter dinner Uncle Tom and Charlie door and "started the fireworks." their coaxing calls. Charlie was family. dumbfounded and excitement ran high Oh, strong, pure faith! She had given in the neighborhood. Some one climbed the tree, but the coon got into the next. He kept this up until he had tired his pursuers.

ards' lived a man whose past record his pupils, left the classroom. was unknown to the old residents. Nor pushed from shore till we saw, The neighbors set him down as just go at that.

wild again and it would be best for Father John wishes to see me." the children to let him alone, so everybody gave up the hunt, much sire to the letter. Father Merritt

his attention to the strange man who had helped in the search the night before, walking through the yard.

she said.

coon. Found him yet?"

Let's look anyway." They went down and by the light

After dinner he was seen again leav-

"Found him yet." "No," said the boy.

"I was in the cellar again, but he

"No? I suppose he's somewhere in the trees around here," replied Charlie as he locked the gate and burried to the house. "Well, I do declare," exclaimed

their rough looking neignbor had been in the cellar. "The impudence of Tve hung my trees with little him! To go down there by himself."

Then she began to think. "Charlie," she said, "I don't beall. He was examining the lock of

the door.'

'Whew!" cried the boy. "Do you think so?" "I know it," she said emphatically.

have gone down the cellar because the feeble effort to seem cheerful, though one hear him? Jim called until he just given my seat to a lady and door was open and he went down to see the chances of breaking in." "I'll bet he tries to get in to-

night," cried Charlie standing first on one foot and then on the other. His mother agreed with him. Both were pale with excitement. There was little in the cellar that anybody would want, which was the reason the broken lock had been so long neglected, but it wasn't comfortable to think of some one prowling below at night.

"We could nail up the door, or have the lock fixed," suggested Charlie. But his mother had an idea. She wanted to know just what kind of a man lived across the alley. If he was a thief it would do her good to find

it out. "We'll fix him," she cried. "We'll make a trap and catch him. Come Charlie. We'll do it right now. Don't say a word to your papa or Uncle Tom or anybody-do you hear?"

"All right," agreed the boy. In a little while the trap was fin-Send 6 cents (stamps) for this little ished. The door was left slightly book that tells of the wonderful cures open and on top, balanced so that the made by our painless home treat- least movement would upset it, was ment. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, a bucket, full of water. The bucket rested on the edge of a rope which

passed through a pulley a few feet away. To the hanging end Mrs. Burchard attached all tinware imaginable -saucepans, wash-boilers, dishpans, jelly tins, tea kettle, cake pans, coal

possessed which would rattle. If the man would enter the water, falling, would drench him while the rope, which was held in place by the weight of the water, being free would release the tinware which would fall to the floor with sufficient noise to

scuttles and in fact everything she

arouse the family. The trap would thoroughly frighten only a few months old when Charlie the intruder without injuring him, a

Their task being completed they returned upstairs, had supper with the went to bed. There they lay awake

To Charlie it seemed that he had somewhere below there came a crash-

Charlie sprang out of bed and rush-

friendly spirit and Charlie was about seen although the door was wide be defeated." to open a zoo with Jack as the chief open, the bucket had fallen and the attraction when lo! the unexpected tinware was scattered to the four corners of the coom.

They had just concluded that the sat down to dinner with Uncle Tom would-be robber had been frightened on the day of the great game. Bert of his round, honest face. "Did you great rate about his plans, when his when they were startled by loud Charles College when he heard of this laughing in the rear.

Tom, who had remained a little be-

The bucket had fallen opening back yard, was Jack, his head cocked downward. Just as Uncle Tom start- ten was the lad made miserable. impertinently on one side, surveying ed to go after the others he espied a familiar ringed tail sticking out from under it.

happened.

Jack had fallen a victim of Char- the desired day arrived. scampered away. His young master lie's burglar trap. As everyone had was surprised beyond measure as was supposed he had been hiding in the everyone else, for the coon had here- neighboring trees and in one of his tofore been so gentle and tame. Af- nightly prowls had knocked open the

went out to see what was up. They Jack quieted down after that and found Jack in a tree and deaf to all held a snug place in the hearts of the the best essay on 'American Heroes'

BERT CONWAY'S SUCCESS.

"Albert Conway, come to my office after literature period to-day. I wish of boys exclaimed, "So do we conto see you without fail," said Father gratulate you, Bert Conway!" Across the alley from the Burck- Merritt, and, bidding good-morning to lege terminate; the hatchet was sanctity in which that spot was

"Say, Bert, you will be troubled buried forever. The man was particularly rough- about that essay," remarked Jimmie In a great city Albert Conway has looking. In the midst of the excite- Smith. "You can write in fine style become famous for his orations. The ment he came over to assist in the and the subject is very easy. I know gold medal which he won at St. And we lingered on till the sun went futile attempt to capture the coon you could make a good composition Charles many years ago for the and proved to be quite good natured. of it if you try."

> want to go into the contest, though Mary G. Doyle, in the Sunday Com-Uncle Tom said the coon had gone I think it is about entering it that panion Bert had guessed the prefect's de-

knew the boy's capabilities, and wish-The next morning his mother called ed to develop the latent genius. "Good-morning, my boy," he said, as Master Conway entered; "I wish treasure.

'Go out and see what he wants," you to compete for the essay prize. your advancement; do not permit her somepin!" The man smiled when the boy ac- to forfeit this on your account. Come, costed him. "I'm lookin' for the try; you may win."

These few words encouraged Bert. "No," said Charlie, "but I wish I So he determined to make use of his eye squinted shut as he gazed with could. Maybe he went down in the imagination. To write a good essay the other through a bit of colored cellar. The door was open last night. meant much mental labor for the glass. fortnight which remained until the of a candle explored all the dark cor- ternoon came, and Bert decided to look like a lobster, or somepin that- for her? If your home is crowned by ling something to himself the man ject of the composition. Scarcely had wasn't through looking. It's mine, ly, treasure her advice, for she has Not only does the fly earry about he arranged himself in the study hall anyway!" when Jimmie Smith's cheery voice ing the yard, and when Charlie rush- called, "Say, captain, all the boys holding the bit of glass beyond the ed after him, he turned around and are waiting in the ball grounds for reach of the chubby arms. "Cry ba- before you into the "rest beyond," known to remain alive in the intes-

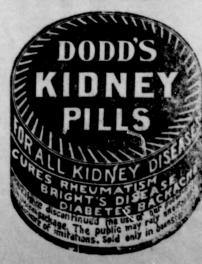
would be should he, as captain of the attempt to get back his glass. "Invincibles," absent himself. At "If you can catch me you may onds.'

Mrs. Burchard when Charlie told her left the hall. Two things offered hind, puffing like a locomotive. On he his mother would forfeit her happi- gate-post. ness. These two great questions were lieve he was looking for the coon at Bert did not feel capable of the solu-

As he entered the football grounds He heard you say the coon might captain. Captain Conway made a Jim, or to go for help. Would no ternoon, and I was standing. I had sumed a new importance. his heart was heavy.

He will carry the colors to victory.' Suddenly the team, angry and surprised, crowded about him.

"Albert Conway," said Fred. Sherman, "you have been our captain and



MILBURN'S



ders of the Liver, S



eadache, Jaundice, Heart-atarrh of the Stomach, Dizzis and Pimples.



CLEAN

COATED TONGUE

Bweeten the breath and clear away all waste

have aroused our anger by an untimely act without an explanation. There-

Bert left the ball grounds disgraced, but the words, "For my mother's

happiness," lighted his burden. Looking around they saw Uncle had been the greatest sacrifice ever that old glass, will vou?" demanded of him. After the game, however, the victorious team subjected him to many taunts, and of-

Several weeks had passed since the been collected. Bert had worked hard house. Then it dawned upon him what had and like all the other contestants, was feverish with excitement when

At three o'clock the students in the junior classes were assembled to hear the lucky boy's name announced. Their hearts were beating as Father Mer-

ritt ascended the platform. "The gold medal," he began, "for is awarded to Master Albert Conway, whom I heartily congratulate." Before the astonished lad could

prize essayt he has always worn. "Honestly, Jimmie, it is very hard "The ?emembrance," as he says,

> MAX AND JIM SETTLE A QUARREL.

Max was Jim's little cousin, and

"Oh, oh, oh!" he cried; "come

length he replied, "Jimmie, tell the have it," promised Jim, dashing away boys I'll be with them in a few sec- and running as fast as he could go Slowly he laid aside his pen and back, to see Max following close be- same time effectual, are to be found themselves: To resign the captain- went across the road, around the cor- tor Children like it. ship in favor of Will Pierce or to give ner, down the lane, straight into a up the contest. By doing the latter deep hole Uncle Will had dug for a A LITTLE LADY OF THE SOUTH. vent public spitting came on the dis-

Max, oh, Max! where are you?" he was greeted by a chorus of wel- the wind, crickets chirruped, but no tle girl I was riding on a Wood- keep it alive and virulent for many comes, for the team respected the little boy came running to laugh at ward avenue trolley car Saturday af- days, the spitting nuisance has as-"Boys," he began, "I must resign out of the hole, but the sides were so of a seat. my place to Will Pierce. I know it straight and steep it was useless. "I heard a childish voice say: means a great deal to you to win There was nothing he could do but . Mister, I can squeeze up and give the game. I am certain, however, wait for some one to pass that way. you a seat. that Will is worthy of the position. What if a cow should fall in too, or the cross old sheep?

> from the bottom of his heart, and not much younger than herself. ed himself for an hour looking at red she evidently saw that I was sired earth, red sky and clouds until he -one of the weary men who often fell asleep.

> In the meantime Max became so have a seat. So she pushed up close lonely he almost forgot what the to her little brother and said: quarrel was about. In the hav, behind the corn-crib, down by the you a seat. brook, he searched for Jim. He walking for Jim.

tree tops, unheeding his small feet Atlanta, and what she had seen on until they landed him bump! bang! her visit. into the hole beside the sleeping

"What did you fall in to for?" de- Children

stant. "I was looking for you," explained the same train with General Grant Max, rubbing his head and feeling when he went down to Culpepper durof his elbows. "Why didn't you say ing the war," said Colonel John A. you was here?"

there we've hars in his eyes. "Here's your glass," offered Jim;

caught me." "I was going to let you have a to slowing the newsboy in the car look when it was your turn," explain- where Grant sat, but he finally made ed Max, as he took the glass. "I've had my turn," replied Jim.

do?" asked Max, stuffing his hands in his pockets and looking so comical that Jim laughed until his sides ached.

"Do!" he echoed; "stay here, of book

course." 'I know how I can get out!"

"Yes, you do," mocked Jim; guess if a feller my size can't do it, little kids better curl up and take a shot and bought a book nap."

"I'll tell you somepin," Max continued, his face as solemn as an owl's. "You get down and let climb on your back, and then-" "Sure enough!" enthusiastically

called out Jim; "now I know." Without further talk the little coutwo feet and jump through a hoop. down-stairs to the cellar. Arrived fore, you will be obliged to hear the sin scrambled out of the pit from the The other pets received him in a at the trap, no burglar was to be disgrace if we have the misfortune to top of Jim's shoulders, then started covered with mud from recent rains. for help. "Sav, Max!" called Jim.

"What is it?" asked Max, dropping on his knees to peep into the post-Victory greeted the "Invincibles" hole, giving Jim a comforting glimpse damp, when Helen chanced to look

"Yes." was the reply. "Say, Max, new triumph, though his resignation you won't tell our mothers about

"No, cross my heart. I'll just say, 'Jim. he's in a post-hole, and he can't get out You won't tell on me, either, will you?"

"Not much, and I'll give you my great game, and all the essays had dragon kite soon's I can get to the

> "For keeps, Jim?" "Yes, sir; you're the best I know.

An hour later two small boys were sitting on Grandfather Randall's back Fox in S. S. Times.

MOTHER.

In a beautiful suburban cemetery there is a grave marked by a plain marble slap, on which is this solitary reach the platform the entire mass inscription, "Sacred to the Memory of my Mother." To me no other words were needed to express the held, as that short sentence spoke volumes.

Ah, the mother, whose lifelong devotion knew no change; whose gentle laughed. hands ministered so tenderly to us when we were suffering; whose loving arms were about us, soothing us ina common, honest fellow and let it for me to write an essay. I don't "of Bert Conway's first success." to forgetfulness of life's ills. No tribute is too great to render her, no honor too high to confer upon her. and verily "her children rise up and call her blessed."

There is no remorse more bitter than that which comes to those who gaze on a mother's pure, peaceful face they were both visiting their Grand- before it is laid in its last resting father Randall the day Max found a place, and those cold hands which will nevermore be tired, and realize all that might have been done to lighten Your mother's happiness depends on quick, Jim, come quick! I've found the many burdens which that dear form had so long borne; bitter, bit-"What is so wonderful?" asked Jim ter are the tears, and time does not laughing at the way Max looked, with heal their smart, at the resemblance matism and all bodily pains disaphis round face all screwed up and one of harsh words spoken and tender counsel spurned.

Dear teader, are you conscious of the treasure God has given you in "The grass is red," Max went on, the one who has watched over you all close of the competition. Friday af- "and the trees and-Jim, why, you your life? Can you ever do too much think of "American Heroes," the sub- here, give it back! It's mine! I a loving mother, care for her tender-"It isn't yours now," declared Jim, and has solved the problems which that may be in local matter, but such Bert was astounded. He had not "You're the old selfishness your your sorrow; and as she "being dead, ejected in the specks. By recent exthought that Friday was practice day own self," screamed Max, chasing yet speaketh," you may follow her to periments this has been proved true and he knew what the consequences Jim around and around in a vain the "beautiful gate," where she will of both the tuberculosis and the tybe "watching and waiting for you."

These two desirable qualifications, across the fields. Once he looked pleasant to the taste, and at the ter it was deposited.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Jim, "why exemplified even by little children, posed to direct sunlight, must perish to be solved within a short time, and didn't I remember Uncle Will was is shown in this letter to the Atlan- in from twenty to thirty hours, but getting ready to build a new fence. ta Constitution from one of its read- since we discovered that the fly, who

The birds sang, trees murmured in "I want to pay a tribute to a lit- port it to considerable distances and was hoarse. He tried to scramble was in the aisle holding to the back

"I looked down and saw a sweet child face looking up into my own. Jim began to feel ashamed of the The little girl who had spoken was way he had teased little Max, and occupying a seat with her brother, the pit as well, he repented. Taking 'The little girl had seen me get

stand upon aching feet to let a lady

" 'Mister, I can squeeze up and give "I took the profiered seat and beed through the house from cellar to gan to talk to the little lady. She attic, asking no questions, still look- told me she was Catherine Davenport, the daughter of J. A. Daven-At last Max wandered into the port, of Americus, Ga. She was in road and turned down the lane. In- Atlanta on a v, sit. We chatted stead of looking at the ground, Max like old friends until the car reached gazed across the fields and into the the city. She told me how she liked

> "I told her she was a good, kind and thoughtful little girl."

manded Jim, wide awake in an in- GEN, GRANT AND THE NEWSBOY

"I happened to be a passenger on Wiedershiem, of Phi'adelphia. "His Jim las ed; so did Max, although staff occupied one car and the general

was in the car ahead. "Well, along down the line a news-I said I'd give it to von when you boy came aboard. There was some aversion on the part of the trainmen his way in. Grant was reading a pa-Well, now, what are we going to the youthful vender profiered him. per, and did not care for copies which

"Who's Grant?" inquired the generat, as the boy showed him the

"Are you an officer of the Federal "I've got an idea," announced Max; army and don't know who General Grant is? You're not fit to wear the uniform.

The general thought it was a good

ON THE SUNNY SIDE

Thad and Helen were on their way down town, and their way lay along the side of an athletic field shut in by a very high board fence. For a long distance the shadow of the fence fell across the sidewalk, which was The day was bright, and the children wore no rubbers. They picked their way through little brown pools, and felt their feet getting across the road. She discovered that the walk on the other side of the street was shining and clean and perfectly dry, and she and Thad hurried

to cross to the sunny side. There is a sunny side to almost everything, if we take the trouble to look for it. Don't pick your way through the damp and chill, but get into the sunshine. "Keep on the sunny side!"

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

WHY TEACHER LAUGHED. Little Sally came home from school steps eating watermellon as if noth-full of indignation. She is only five ing had happened .- Frances Margaret years old, but she was as full of 'mad'' as her little body would hold.

"Mamma," she said, "I think the

"Why, what has she done?" "She laughed at me-laughed right out loud."

teacher was real rude to me."

"I guess you did something to make her laugh." 'No, I didn't do anything." "Well, how did it happen?"

she asked me what was the principal production of the Sandwich Islands. and I just said 'Sandwiches,' and she

"It was in the geography class, and

ONLY ONE PAIR.

Mamma-Why, Johnny, what is the

Johnny-W-well, I c-can't help it.

matter? Johnny-My new shoes hurt my f-feet. Mamma-No wonder, dear; you have

hem on the wrong feet.

ain't g-got no other f-feet! Boo-100-00!-Chicago News. Pains Disappear Before It .- No one need suffer pain when they have available Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. If not in the house when required it can be procured at the nearest store, as pear when it is applied, and should they at any time return, experience

deal with them.

teaches the user of the Oil how to

Worth Knowing trod the path you are now treading on its feet and legs any disease germs puzzle you so often; and if she goes germs taken into the body in food are God grant there may be no sting in times and also for days after they are phoid bacillus, the germs in the 'speck' having actually given the disease from nine to fifteen days af-

This is a very important point, as ger of spitting in the streets or wherever flies can have access to the sputum. A lull in the efforts to pre-The fine courtesy of the South as covery that suberculosis germs, exgreedily feeds on sputum, can trans-



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