

The Children's Page

A DUTCH LULLABY.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night Sailed off in a wooden shoe...

All night long their nets they threw For the fish in the twinkling foam...

HE CHANGED HIS MIND. 'I care for nobody, And nobody cares for me,' Sang Tommy at play in the sweet new hay...

So his mother made the fire, And searched for the old hen's nest, While the sun from its place high overhead Went sliding into the west.

See filled the water pail, And picked the berries for tea, And wondered down in her tender heart Where her little boy could be.

So into the kitchen he ran, With a noisy 'Hi! yi! yi!' His mother had made him a frosted cake; She had made him a saucer pie.

So he gave her a loving hug— 'I will help next time,' said he, 'I care for somebody, And somebody cares for me.'

THE WISE LITTLE BEES. 'Ah, the wise little bees! they know how to live, Each one in peace with his neighbor...

'The golden belts they wear each day Are lighter than belts of money; And making work as pleasant as play The stings of life they give away...

'They are teaching lessons, good and true, To each idle drone and beauty, And, my youthful friends, if any of you Should think (though, of course, you ever do) Of love, and home, and duty—

'And yet it often happens, you know, True to the very letter, That youths and maidens, when they grow, Swam off from the dear old hive and go To another, for worse or better!

'So you'd better learn that this life of ours Is not all show and glitter, And skillfully use your noblest powers To suck the sweets from its poison flowers, And leave behind the bitter.

'But wherever you stay, or wherever you roam, In the days while you live in clover, You should gather your honey and bring it home, Because the winter will surely come, When the summer of life is o'er.'

As the Oil Rubs in the Pain Rubs Out.—Applied to the seat of a pain in any part of the body the skin absorbs the soothing liniment under brisk friction and the patient obtains almost instant relief.

ELEANOR'S PETS.

The big yard seemed to Eleanor a great forest with high hills stretching away toward the old castle on the other side of the fence...

Eleanor's big blue eyes would fill with tears, for she loved all the little creatures dearly and was sorry to have them run away from her.

She listened to their chatter until she learned to make a noise very much like theirs, and when she called, 'Tch! tch!' they listened and answered and came toward her...

On rainy days, if Eleanor did not come out to feed them, they ran to the door and to the study windows, and Eleanor thought they called 'Come out! come out! Some nuts! some nuts!'

THE FACE ON THE CENT. Mrs. Sarah Longacre Keen, who lived and died in Philadelphia, came nearer being the queen of the American mint than any other woman who ever lived...

Between 1828 and 1840 James Barton Longacre was chief engraver in the United States mint in Philadelphia. In 1835 a competition was opened for sketches and engravings for the new copper cent that was to be issued and which has since been in service...

One morning a member of Indians, with their chief, who had been to pay their respects to the great white chief in Washington, came to the city and were shown through the mint. They were introduced to the white chief's picture maker, who was just then showing his young daughter Sarah the great concern. The old chief was attracted by the sweet maiden and her interest in his feathers and paint.

At the last moment of the period given for sending in engravings he thought himself of the possibility of the combination of Indian feathers and Saxon sweetness. He got it in, and much sport was made of the child at the time in the city because of the incident. The sketch passed through the seventh sitting and finally reached the last round. By one vote it won, and ever since Sarah Longacre's young face has served for the humblest of coins, than which no single coin in the world has such tremendous circulation.

TO WRITE AND SPEAK WELL.

(By Rev. Louis Drummond, S.J.) In learning to speak well, one of the first essentials is the acquirement of style. Style is a thinking out into language. A man, to have style, must be able to think; and to write well is to think clearly.

Externally, heals Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, and all Eruptions. Internally, restores the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to healthy action. If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy vigorous life.

Another important matter in writing is the choice of words. Emphasis has been laid upon the use of Saxon words. Some say use these only. I would advise using the Latin derivatives as well. The Latin language is the language of culture, and therefore the Latin word is often preferable to the Saxon. A happy admixture of the two would therefore be best.

The use of correct phrases in writing is also a matter of study. We can not very well learn these in the high school or the university. The course of study there is too much like steeplechase. In the rush to get through there is no time for these things. The real work along this line must be done afterwards. The best plan is to get a large commonplace book, and keep it by you, and, in reading a good author, when you meet with a fine phrase, put it down with the author's name, the book and the page beside it.

On rainy days, if Eleanor did not come out to feed them, they ran to the door and to the study windows, and Eleanor thought they called 'Come out! come out! Some nuts! some nuts!'

THE KING AND THE IRISHMAN. Frederick of Prussia, it is said, had a great mania for enlisting gigantic soldiers into the Royal Guards, and paid an enormous bounty to his recruiting officers for getting them. This fact is the basis of the following story from Judge's Magazine.

One day the recruiting sergeant chanced to spy a Hibernian who was at least seven feet high. He accosted him in English, and proposed that he should enlist. The idea of a military life and a large bounty so delighted Patrick that he at once consented.

Care should be taken, too, in the matter of pronunciation. Consult the dictionary often. You can't always depend on the pronunciation of those around you. In this connection there are two things that should be carefully observed. The first of these is accent. The tendency in English is to throw the accent forward. Be sure and get the accent right. The second is articulation. This should be clear and distinct. All the vowels should be sounded.

A YOUNG INVENTOR. Persons who should have known better thought Westinghouse visionary when they were told that he proposed to stop a train by air.

FRIENDS ON EVERY SIDE. A little girl in red, so small that she had not mastered the intricate art of dressing herself unassisted, recently started from Jersey City for the home of her parents in Bismarck, N. Dak. A writer in The New York Sun describes the beginning of her journey as follows:

She carried a Mat-tese kitten in her arms. Candy was sticking out all over her like prismatic quills, and whenever she moved about silver coin of all kinds in her pockets—and she had lots of them—made her jungle merry.

She is Freda Petroska, of Warsaw, Poland, five years old. Her father and mother came to America three years ago and bought a farm in North Dakota, leaving Freda with her grandmother. After they had got the farm into good shape and paying the rent for Freda. An aunt of the little girl spoke English well, and had taught her the language, and she spoke it with a slight accent.

She had passage in the steerage of a Hamburg-American liner, but when the cabin passengers heard about her, traveling all alone and tagged for her destination, as all lone baby voyagers are, they asked permission to bring her up into the cabin, and this request was granted.

The ship's cat had a litter of kittens on the first day out from Hamburg, and Freda claimed and got one kitten the moment she saw them. The little girl expressed the belief that there was no more silver and copper money left in the world after she had filled all the pockets she had originally and the half-dozen more that the stewardess made for her.

Conductors on the trains on which Freda journeyed out to her new home helped her make her toilet. At Ellis Island the money-changer gave her more coin, the caterer supplied her with enough things to last her several days, and inspectors added nickels and dimes to her over-burdened satchel.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood. No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties.

Externally, heals Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, and all Eruptions. Internally, restores the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to healthy action. If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy vigorous life.

Nobody seemed inclined to let him try his plan on a real train, but they did not object to his working model of it in a shop where he could do no harm or involve anybody else in expense.

He knew his scheme would work, but he could not make anyone else believe it. So he continued to sell his invention for replacing derailed cars on the tracks and to talk about his brake to any railroad man who was willing to listen.

So the officials of this railroad permitted Westinghouse to put his new kickshaw on one of their trains. He had to agree to indemnify the road for any damage that might be caused to the train as the result of his trials.

The train was equipped. On the designated day the confident inventor and a group of skeptical railroad men boarded the train on which the first air brakes were fixed.

On went the train on its initial trip. The engineer put on full speed, and just as he had rounded a curve he saw ahead, at a grade crossing, in the middle of the track, a loaded wagon, a man and a boy and balky horse. The engineer moved his lever, and the first train that was ever stopped by air pulled up at a standstill several feet short of the obstruction.

Thus, on its first trial, the Westinghouse air brake saved life and prevented damage to property. Thenceforward talking was unnecessary; all that had to be done was to make brakes. The inventor thought of that clause securing compensation to the railroad for any damage he might do to the train and he laughed.

His fortune dated from that day. He was then only twenty-two.—Success.

One day the recruiting sergeant chanced to spy a Hibernian who was at least seven feet high. He accosted him in English, and proposed that he should enlist. The idea of a military life and a large bounty so delighted Patrick that he at once consented.

'But unless you can speak German the king will not give you so much.' 'Oh,' said the Irishman, 'sure I don't know a word of German.'

'But,' said the sergeant, 'these you can learn in a short time. The king knows every man in the guards. As soon as he sees you he will ride up and ask you how old you are; you will say twenty-seven; next, how long you have been in the service; you must reply, 'three weeks'; finally if you are provided with clothes and rations; you answer, 'both.'

Pat soon learned to pronounce his answers, but never dreamed of learning the questions. In three weeks he appeared before the king in review. His majesty rode up to him. Patrick stepped forward with 'present arms!'

'How old are you,' said the king. 'Three weeks,' said the Irishman. 'How long have you been in the service?' asked his majesty. 'Twenty-seven years.'

'Am I or you a fool?' roared the king. 'Both,' replied Patrick, who was instantly taken to the guardhouse, but pardoned by the king after he understood the facts of the case.

A little girl in red, so small that she had not mastered the intricate art of dressing herself unassisted, recently started from Jersey City for the home of her parents in Bismarck, N. Dak. A writer in The New York Sun describes the beginning of her journey as follows:

She is Freda Petroska, of Warsaw, Poland, five years old. Her father and mother came to America three years ago and bought a farm in North Dakota, leaving Freda with her grandmother. After they had got the farm into good shape and paying the rent for Freda. An aunt of the little girl spoke English well, and had taught her the language, and she spoke it with a slight accent.

Tea Perfection "SALADA" CEYLON TEA

Unapproached for strength and fine flavor. Sold only in sealed lead packets at 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c per lb. By all grocers. Highest Award St. Louis, 1904

Dakota, leaving Freda with her grandmother. After they had got the farm into good shape and paying the rent for Freda. An aunt of the little girl spoke English well, and had taught her the language, and she spoke it with a slight accent.

The ship's cat had a litter of kittens on the first day out from Hamburg, and Freda claimed and got one kitten the moment she saw them.

Conductors on the trains on which Freda journeyed out to her new home helped her make her toilet. At Ellis Island the money-changer gave her more coin, the caterer supplied her with enough things to last her several days, and inspectors added nickels and dimes to her over-burdened satchel.

When a reporter asked her what she thought of America, she said it was a very nice place.

No One Will Go to Toronto Exhibition

Without Foot Elm in their shoes if they are wise. For several years hundreds of people have been using Foot Elm every time they go to Toronto, and especially at Exhibition time.

It gives great comfort to those who either stand or walk. Try a box, 25c.

GOD'S FLOWERS.

The flowers got into a debate one morning as to which of them was the flower of God; and the rose said, 'I am the flower of God, for I am the fairest and the most perfect in beauty and variety of form and delicacy of all the flowers.'

Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentleman's Brace, "as easy as none." 50c.

A MELTING SIGHT.

As a ship was nearing the harbor of Athens a woman passenger approached the captain, and pointing to distant hills covered with snow, asked: 'What is that white stuff on the hill, captain?'

'That is snow, madam,' answered the captain. 'Is it, really?' remarked the woman. 'I thought so, but a gentleman has just told me that it is Greece!'

DISTINGUISHED KITTENS.

President Roosevelt and Mr. Root, the Secretary of War, were returning from a horseback ride, when something occurred to throw a new light on the character of the famous President, says the "Cat Journal." They heard sharp cries of distress near by.

'Kittens, I think,' replied the President, turning his horse round, 'and they seem to be in distress.' Then he began an investigation, and discovered that the melancholy chorus issued from the open basin of a drain. The President beckoned to two urchins who, from an awed distance, were watching the performance.

'Will one of you boys crawl into the opening while the other holds his legs?' President Roosevelt asked. Sport like that, with the greatest personage in the United States as umpire, could come reasonably only once in a lifetime, and the boys grasped the opportunity.

'That's it!' exclaimed the President. 'Now, what do you find there?'

the head of the nation, and that their deliverance was at hand, wailed as if a new calamity were about to befall them. 'Drag them out,' came the command.

In a moment the President of the United States, the Secretary of War and two excited youngsters stood around the rescued litter. Three forlorn kittens struggled feebly. They the wrath of the leader, who had hunted wild game and shot down lions, blazed out upon the wretches who had flung the kittens to die in slow agony.

'Will you care for these little kittens?' asked the President. 'Give them milk and a place to live!'

It is hardly necessary to add a moral to this true story, as any intelligent boy or girl must see that if the President of the United States, the elected ruler over seventy-five millions of people, can find time to render a little act of mercy to poor little kittens, there can be no excuse for a boy or girl neglecting to do his or her duty by the so-called "lower animals" whenever any of them are found in distress and needing assistance.

CONSTITUTIONAL CURE FOR CANCER.

Painless. Can be used in your own home without any one knowing it. Send 6 cents (stamps) for particulars. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

A FUTURE ORATOR.

Johnny recited one stanza of the "Psalm of Life" to the delight of his proud mamma and amid the plaudits of the company. 'Liza Grape men allyr mindus Weaken maka Liza Blime, Andy Parting Le B Hindus Footbrin Johnny Sands a time!'

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

In the Shadow

We must all go there sometimes. The glare of the daylight is too brilliant; our eyes become injured and unable to discern the delicate shades of color or appreciate neutral tints—the shadowed chamber of sickness, the shadowed house of mourning, the shadowed life from which the sunlight has gone. But fear not; it is the shadow of God's hand. He is leading thee. There are lessons which can be learned only there. The photograph of His face can be only fixed in the dark chamber. But do not suppose that He has cast thee aside. Thou art still in His quiver; he has not flung thee away as a worthless thing. He is only keeping thee close till the moment comes when He can send thee most swiftly and surely on some errand in which He will be glorified. O, shadowed solitary one: remember how closely the quiver is bound to the warrior, within easy reach of the hand, and guarded jealously.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescences as many have testified who have tried it.

Accepting each hour as God's gift, living each day in the sweetness of His blessing, we may realize that this is Heaven begun, Immanuel's Land.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

DEFOWLER'S EXT-OFF WILD STRAWBERRY