

The Children's Page

THE FAIRY'S GIFT.

"Too bad that tooth isn't out," said Aunt Lizzie.

She was seated in a small, old-fashioned rocking-chair that sort of surrounded her, and which was called by the children the "nut chair."

The ceiling of the room was so low that a grown-up person could touch it with their finger tips.

There was a large open fireplace on one side of the room with a wide, red brick hearth. Here on fall and winter evenings apples were roasted and nuts cracked in the firelight.

Aunt Lizzie used always to sit with the children on the floor and tell stories, but those about the time she was a little girl pleased them best.

Aunt Lizzie had never married, but she understood children and had a way of making them do things when other people sometimes failed.

Betty was just coming from the most fascinating cupboard which was built into the wall beside the fireplace. It reached from the floor to the ceiling, and was divided in the middle.

The upper part was where Aunt Lizzie kept her sewing and work basket. Candy and peanuts were always on hand for the many children who stopped on their way home from school.

Down below it was Betty's doll house and was furnished with beds, chairs, and tables that had once belonged to Aunt Lizzie.

Betty crossed the room and seated herself in a tiny chair. She was six years old. Apparently her doll needed a great deal of attention, for she never answered her auntie's remark.

Betty's mamma had been to Aunt Lizzie a few hours before with a worried look on her face and had said, "O Lizzie, I don't know what I shall do. That tooth is so loose I am afraid to have her go to bed for fear she may swallow it, and she won't let me touch it."

"Leave her with me a little while and I will see what I can do," answered Aunt Lizzie.

There was silence in the room. Aunt Lizzie sewed, placing her threads on the deep window sill, and watched Betty as she stood on the sofa holding her doll up to examine a highly colored picture of a baby-yard scene.

A plow horse coming home from the fields, driven by a small boy with very blue trousers, was receiving a hearty welcome from hens, chickens, ducks, kittens, and a noisy dog. A bare-footed boy was pumping water into a trough for some extremely red cows.

Betty loved to look at this picture and many years before Betty's mother had liked to look at it, too. Aunt Lizzie said it had been bought for Betty's grandmother when she was a little girl.

After every animal had been pointed out, the doll was put to sleep on an old-fashioned pillow with a wreath of flowers embroidered on it.

"How I do wish that tooth was out!"

"Why, auntie, I don't! It will hurt me."

"Just for a minute, anyone could stand a little pain for the fairy's gift."

"Fairy's gift! Oh, auntie, what do you mean?"

Betty's eyes sparkled and her cheeks grew pink, for she loved fairies.

"Let me look at your tooth. I won't touch it, and I will tell you of what happened to me when I was a little girl."

"I had a tooth just as loose as yours. I was crying, for I didn't want it out. Uncle Henry, who was just home from college, told me if I would put my hands behind my back he would put a thread around it, and if I would let him give one pull it would come out. Then before I went to bed I must put my tooth on a flatiron under the kitchen stove, and the fairies would come in the night and take it away and leave a five-cent piece."

"Did you let him pull it out, auntie, and did you find the money?" cried Betty, breathlessly.

"Certainly I did."

"Do you suppose the fairies would do that now? It's a long time since you were a little girl."

"I don't think there is the least doubt about it. I will ask your mamma to let me address you, and we will put the tooth on the iron together. Perhaps she might let you sleep in my room, and we could go down early in the morning before anyone was up and see if the fairies had left the money."

"O, goody-goody! I will run and ask mamma, and if she says 'yes,' I will let you put the thread on right off."

Away flew Betty and in a few minutes was back crying eagerly.

Except in books that told him what G. W. had done? And when I got through asking him more questions similar He said he "thought 'twas goin' to rain," and ran home to his mar.

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MY MOTHER'S PLACE.

Some pretty stories are told in Norway about the King and Queen's little son, Olaf.

One day the boy received a visit from a friend of his own age, who, on entering the room, sank into a luxurious armchair.

"You can't sit there!" exclaimed the prince, determinedly; "that is my father's place!"

King Haakon entered the room at this dramatic moment, and solved the question by sitting down in the disputed chair, and taking the visitor on his knees.

This, however, suited Prince Olaf still less, and with tears in his eyes he exclaimed:

"You may not sit there, either, for that is my mother's place!"

The question was amicably settled by King Haakon taking both the little ones on his knees.

There is no medicine on the market that can compare with Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup in expelling from the system the irritating germs that colds engender in the air passages. It is suicide to neglect your cold. Try the cheap experiment of ridding yourself of it by using Bickle's Syrup, which is a simple remedy, easily taken, and once used it will always be prized as a sovereign medicine.

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

(By John Boyle O'Reilly.)

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine, Are valueless until we give them birth; Like unfound gold their hidden beauties shine, Which God has made to bless and gild the earth.

How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute; But, oh, what pain, when at God's own command, A heartstring thrills with kindness, but is mute!

Then hide it not, the music of the soul— Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice; But let it like a shining river roll To desert's dry—to hearts that would rejoice.

Oh, let the symphony of kindly words Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the weak, And He will bless you! He who struck these cords Will strike another when in turn you seek.

LITTLE DOLLY DIMPLE.

Little Dolly Dimple, In her green wimple, Knows all the philosophers know: That fire is hot And ice is not, And that sun will melt the snow. She has heard that the moon is made of green cheese; But she's not quite certain of this. She knows if you tickle your nose you will sneeze, And a hurt is made well by a kiss. I wish I were wise as Dolly is wise, For mysteries lie in her deep, clear eyes.

—Thomas Neilson Page.

Always a Good Friend.—In health and happiness we need no friends, but when pain and prostration come we look for friendly aid from sympathetic hands. These hands can serve us no better than in rubbing in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, for when the Oil is in the pain is out. It has brought relief to thousands who without it would be indeed friendless.

WHAT DOLLS THINK.

It is true we're stuffed with sawdust And can never learn to walk; It is true we have no organs And can never learn to talk; It is true we're only dollies, And dollies must remain; But we're free from faults and follies That might cause our mamma's pain.

Can you tell us when you ever Saw our faces spoiled with frowns? And we're sure you never heard us Make a fuss about our gowns? Then we do not tease the kitty, We are always kind in play; And we think 'twould be a pity For a doll to disobey!

When the parlor clock strikes seven: Not a fretful word is said, And our little mamma's tell us It is time to go to bed. So you see, though we are dollies, And dollies must remain, We are free from faults and follies That might cause our mamma's pain.

—Our Singing Folks.

JACK AND THE CLOCK.

"Why is it that I am like the clock?" Said laughing Jack to me. "Because I have two hands and a face, As any one can see."

The difference 'twixt the clock and Jack Is quite too plainly seen; I wish they were alike in this: Its hands and face are clean.

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Hollow's Corn Cure; it is effective every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

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" is 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.

Against Secret Societies

The following report is from the Hamilton Times, dealing in part with the Lenten letter read in the churches of the Hamilton diocese:

Another warning against secret societies is contained in Bishop Dowling's annual pastoral letter, with the Lenten regulations, read in the Catholic churches of the Hamilton diocese yesterday. Although the Masons, Oddfellows, Sons of Temperance and Knights of Pythias are named in the letter, it was explained that every society was under the ban, which exacted an oath of blind and absolute obedience from its members, preventing them from revealing to the authorities of Church or State secrets of the organizations.

Dean Mahoney, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, commenting on the letter yesterday, said the papers were in the habit of making sensational headings out of these warnings against secret societies, as though they were something new. On the contrary, they were the old, solid truths and principles which the Church was always preaching. It was the same stand as taken by such an eminent statesman as Edward Blake, who arose in Parliament and spoke against granting a charter to a secret society, when Parliament was not in a position to know whether it would effect the stability of the empire or not. Secret societies, with their ritual, their high priests and priestesses, he declared, were a travesty on religion and none of these organizations could be tolerated by the Catholic Church.

For any man to sell his liberty by taking an oath of blind and absolute obedience was ridiculous. The Catholic Church did not exact that of its clergy or the members of any of its religious orders. They seek an oath to obey the commands of the Church, but they were not obliged to obey any command contrary to conscience. Catholics who might have unknowingly joined these societies are urged in the letter to sever their connection at once notwithstanding any insurance or other matters involved.

Another point emphasized in the letter was that it was necessary to secure the Bishop's permission to establish a Catholic society in the diocese, and that the chaplain must be appointed by the Church authorities and not elected by the society. Dean Mahoney referred to one so-called Catholic society, which had been knocking at the doors of the diocese for several years, and which reserved the right to elect its own chaplain, just like the secret societies. To expect that the priest would be obliged to join every Catholic society to become its chaplain was absurd. He was glad to say that the Catholic societies in Hamilton were all in harmony with the Church and were doing good work.

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