

The Children's Page

THE TRAVELED BUMBLE-BEE.

A bumble-bee belted with brown and gold
On a purple clover sat;

A butterfly spangled with yellow and red
Came flying along that way;

Then from the grass by a mossy stone
A cricket and beetle came;

The bumble-bee sang of distant lands
Where tropical rivers flow;

Then wisely the beetle winked his eye,
The cricket grew staid and still,

LONGFELLOW'S FIRST POEM.

When Henry W. Longfellow was only nine years old he wrote the following poem.

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew behind the barn;

And it grew, and it grew,
And it ne'er did any harm.

And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no taller,

And it boiled, and it boiled,
As long as it was able;

Mr. Finny and his family,
They all sat down to sup,

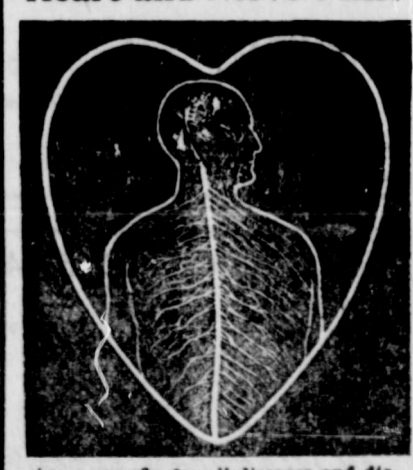
THE JOLLY SERVING MEN.

I have neither house nor castle,
Nor a single foot of land;

In winter time they go to school,
Dressed snugly all together;

The captains they are dwarfmens,
And two are giants tall;

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.



Are a specific for all diseases and disorders arising from a run-down condition of the heart or nerve system, such as Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Prostration, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Brain Pain, etc.

THE COBBLER'S PET

Of all birds that imitate the language of man, the starling is the one which does so most perfectly.

About fifty years ago, an old cobbler who was called Jacques, had a little booth, or stall, on the corner of one of the principal streets of New Orleans.

Where is Uncle Jacques? customers would inquire of the bird which he halted at the shop.

It soon grew so famous, not only in the neighborhood, but outside of it, that the number of Jacques' patrons constantly increased.

On the floor above the cobbler's stall lived a retired cavalry captain, a soldier quite famous in his day, whose little daughter Flora, a child of ten, was continually talking to the bird—that is, whenever she could escape the vigilant care of her faithful nurse and only companion, Stella.

When Henry W. Longfellow was only nine years old he wrote the following poem. We think many of our little readers could do better than this:

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew behind the barn;

And it grew, and it grew,
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Mr. Finny and his family,
They all sat down to sup,

a conversation between two of the servants which opened his eyes still further. An old lady, a cousin of his dead wife, very kind-hearted and refined, but reduced in circumstances, had called to visit them during the absence of the captain.

One evening, as they sat on the balcony, the cobbler, having closed his shop, came out to enjoy the air—first hanging the bird-cage on the column where it usually shared his leisure.

"Flora is naughty! Flora is cruel! Flora is unkind!" the child exclaimed. "It is worse than ever. It seems to have a soul. It must be an evil spirit, though. I am afraid of it."

"It cannot hurt you, my dear," the captain replied. "But, I ask you, does it not tell the truth? Are you not sometimes naughty? Have you not lately been very unkind?"

"I do not know what you mean, papa," she answered, almost crying. "I think it is you who are unkind, letting that horrid bird talk about me in such a way."

"Not for all the world—not for all your money!" cackled the starling. "How can you bear it, papa?" pleaded Flora, now almost in tears.

"It is all the fault of that old cobbler, who hates me and teaches his bird to say dreadful things about me, because I wanted you to buy it."

"Flora is wicked! Flora is naughty!" came from the lower balcony. "Poor cousin Martha! Went away crying!"

"What does this mean, my child?" inquired the captain, feeling that his opportunity had come. "What have you done to dear cousin Martha?" The child burst into tears and threw herself trembling, into her father's arms.

"Dear cousin Martha!" cried the bird. "Flora will be good, dear cousin Martha!"

Convinced that Flora had learned a useful and much needed lesson, the captain forgave her and together they went next day to visit the neglected cousin, who was overjoyed to see them.

"Flora is good! Flora is lovely! Flora is charming!"—Ave Maria.

CANCER OF THE FACE.

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for cancer in all parts of the body.

AN UNTALENTED GIRL.

"It seems too bad that such a girl as Beth should be simply buried alive in a little town like this! Why, with such talents as she has, it does seem as if she ought to be making herself felt in the world!"

Beth's friend, Alice, spoke with girlish enthusiasm and unbounded loyal admiration. "Just think of her music, to begin with—dear me! Wouldn't I feel too happy for words if I could play and sing as she does?"

"Flora is naughty! Flora is naughty!" she said. "Everyone in the neighborhood can hear what it says. You ought to do something about it, father."

"What can I do, child?" inquired the captain, amused at her chagrin. "The bird does not belong to me. Take no notice of what it says, and in a few days it will have learned something else, and forgotten all about you."

"It can never forget about me as long as it sees me every day. You ought to do something, papa."

But the captain, surprised and displeased at the ill temper and incipient vanity of his daughter, turned slowly away without another word, leaving her to her own reflections.

Some days after this he overheard

ing for her friends. I believe you are as proud of her talents as if they were every one your own."

"I'm so clumsy and commonplace beside her!" Alice snuggled up a little closer to her aunt. "I haven't a talent in the world—positively I haven't!"

But Aunt Minnie smiled as she put her arm around the girlish form. "I am not so sure of that," she said.

"Alice, Alice!" It was her brother, Gordon, calling in stentorian tones through the hall.

"Oh, Gordon dear, don't wake mamma!" Alice went toward him hurriedly. "I just persuaded her to lie down for a little while—she was up so much in the night with Benny! But I don't believe you've awakened her," she added, reassuringly.

"Say, Alice!" Gordon's voice was dropped now to a stage whisper, which gradually waxed louder and more emphatic as he proceeded. Alice rose to shut the door, but so quietly that he hardly noticed the motion.

"Do you know I can't get anybody to play the tunes for us for Friday night—those gles, you know, we thought we'd have at our entertainment? It does seem as if folks ought to help us out when we've worked so hard to get it up, but we've asked everybody we know who's any good at music, and they all have an excuse ready. So I told the boys I guessed I could count on you, at a pinch."

And Alice carefully suppressed a smile. Gordon spoke so ingeniously and with so little notion of the unconscious slight offered her musical powers.

"Why, of course you can, Gordon," she said. "I'll do the best I can, anyway. Let's see—how much time is there before you boys give your entertainment? Just a week?"

"Yes; you see we thought we could surely get somebody else, or we'd have given you more time. I expect you'll have to do some practising, won't you?—seeing you can't read much at sight, if that's what you call it."

Aunt Minnie's arm rested with involuntary tenderness on her "untalented" niece's shoulders, as she looked into the sweet, self-forgetful face.

"Oh, and say, Alice!" Gordon went on, eagerly. "We find it's going to cost like everything to get our printing done. I don't see how we're going to have a cent left for posters. It'll swallow up the profits like anything to get the tickets printed and that 'ad' in the paper. We thought Beth Anderson would probably help us out. I tell you, she knows how to make beauty posters! But she wasn't any more ready to bother with that than she was with the music. I suppose she thinks it isn't worth while to put herself out for such an affair as we're getting up, but she might do it, seeing her own brother's so interested. He felt cut about what a lot of talent she had, and she refused as coolly as you please. 'Really hadn't time!' Well, all the artistic girls we know didn't have time to bother with it. I told the fellows perhaps you'd try to get up something for us. Do you suppose you could, Allie, even if it isn't anything very fine and fancy?"

"Why, I'll do my best, Gordon, if you'll give me some idea of what you want. You know drawing's not my strong point. In fact, I'm afraid I haven't any 'strong points.' It's funny, but that was just what I was saying to auntie before you came in."

Gordon looked at her with a sudden accession of personal brotherly interest. "Well, I'll tell you what I think," he said. "I'd rather take my chances with you than any girl I know. A fellow always knows where to find you, and that's—that's—"

He did not finish his sentence. He was rummaging among his pockets for some paper he wanted to show Alice—some boyish outline of what his notions were for the "poster."

But Aunt Minnie took up his unfinished sentence. "That's as beautiful a talent in itself as a girl can have, and as rare a one," she said. "And it makes the possessor of it a most delightful person to live with."

"Why, auntie!" said Alice. But a little, pink flush of pleasure rose in her face as it bent over Gordon's outline.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who, then, would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

WHO CAN BOAST.

It has been a very rainy day and the children had been kept in the house all day. There had been wars and rumors of wars. Joe would not play street car with Ned, because Ned would not let him be conductor all the time.

"I go with paper more than you do, so I know better what to do," said Joe; but Ned would not yield. "I know how well enough," he said. Then all tried to play school, but it was soon dismissed because Mabel persisted in being teacher.

"I'm the oldest, and I know the most," she declared. "I'm not going to school to any of you children."

"So it had gone most of the day, and mamma was thankful that it was nearly supper time. There was a fire in the grate in the library, and they were all gathered there waiting for papa."

"Do tell us a story, mamma," they said, "a fairy story; one you've never told us before."

Mamma put on her thinking cap for a few minutes then, with a funny little twinkle in her eyes she told the following story:

thing he saw was a bag of peas, all tied up as nice as you please. "Humph!" said the rat, "I can easily get at those; and in a twinkling he was gnawing a big hole in the bag. The peas were nice, fat ones, and the rat enjoyed them very much."

"How foolish it is for people to think that they can keep things from me," he said complacently to himself. "They may lock their doors and tie their peas and corn up in bags as much as they please. When I want them I can get them easily enough."

Here the rat gave his long tail a tuck and tossed his head.

"I—" he began again, but before he could say another word, the farmer's cat, who had been crouching in the corner watching him, suddenly sprang out and seized him fast by the throat. "Ah, you miserable creature!" she cried, as she tossed him about, "you made a mistake. I reign supreme here, you know! Then she devoured the poor rat, and walked off, holding her head very high. But just as she turned the corner her master's greyhound bounded and pussy flew up a tree as lively as she knew how."

"There!" said the dog, "I guess you won't be quite so lofty when you come down. I'm the master's favorite, and much stronger than you are. You know that you are afraid to come down and meet me fair and square."

"Then the dog, after he had frightened the poor cat nearly to death, ran out in the field, where his master's horse was pastured.

"Grass eater!" he cried, contemptuously, as he ran in front of the horse and barked furiously, "I am fed with the daintiest morsels from my master's table, while you are set out here in the field to eat grass." Then the dog sprang up, meaning to bite the horse, but he was too quick for him, and kicked him with his iron-shod hoof, so he fell dead on the ground.

"Ha, ha!" neighed the horse, tossing his head scornfully, "I go with my life more than once by my fleeterness. I have much more cause to boast than you, poor cur!"

"The horse galloped away at full speed across the field into the forest beyond. Now, there was a lion in waiting there. He had been watching the horse for days, and he could hardly repress a roar of satisfaction as he saw him come nearer and nearer. At last he gave one mighty spring and crushed him to death.

"Fool!" he roared, "you thought yourself a wonderful creature, but I am the king of beasts. By my great strength I reign supreme; there is none like unto me in the forest." But even as he spoke a bullet pierced his heart, and in his death-struggle he fell beside the body of his victim. The owner of the horse, who was riding through the forest, had seen him fall upon his favorite horse, and had slain him with his well-aimed shot.

"King of the beasts and monarch of the forest are you indeed?" he said. "Know you I am monarch, not you." And the man took the lion's skin, threw it over his shoulder and rode proudly home.

"But, alas! before he reached there a thunderstorm came up, and a flash of lightning smote the man, and he fell dead upon the skin of the lion."

"What cause hast thou now to boast thyself more than these?" roared the thunder mightily.

"I know why you told us that," said Joe. "You think we've all been boasting too much what we could do, didn't you?"

A MOUNTAIN BOY.

Far back among the coves and ridges of the Cumberland, the Blue Ridge, the Big Smoky and other Southern mountain chains boys and girls grow old in childhood, and says the author of "The Spirit of the Mountains," even the smallest young-

FOR...

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Stomach Cramps and all Summer Complaints take



Don't experiment with new and untried remedies, but procure that which has stood the test of time. Dr. Fowler's has stood the test for 60 years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. It is rapid, reliable and effectual in its action and does not leave the bowels constipated. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES. THEY'RE DANGEROUS.

Ms. BRONSON Lusk, Aylmer, Que., writes: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for Diarrhoea for several years past and I find it is the only medicine which brings relief in so short a time."

ters scorn to show any trace of childishness. Coming back from the spring one day she espied a little figure waiting beside the path, its arms folded, its face very stern, with chin up and eyebrows down—the personification of dignity at the mature age of seven.

"Waiting for me, Osee?" she asked. He was, but he would not own it. "Thought I'd list see if there's going to be any wild grapes," he said. A little later, stalking beside her, he added, "Mother said tell ye to come home with us to-night and fix to stay a week or two."

So he waited again in the evening with the same ostentatious nonchalance, preserving his dignity until the last pair of brown feet had pattered down the path. Then he was fain to walk beside his teacher, prattling very much like any other child of the good things mother was going to have for supper and of the pigs in his father's pen.

"I'm got three little chickens," he told her, "and one um's a pullet—or a hen, I do' know which."

But he stiffened perceptibly as they approached the log house in the orchard which was his home, and by this time his sister, that representative of the frankly emotional and inferior sex, had run out to meet them with her pet rooster in her arms, he was all mountaineer again.

"Milly," he told her, "I wist you'd tell mother to hurry up supper. I'm going down to the barn with father and the boys."

Even his mother laughed as she came to the door, her toil-worn, wistful face seaming into very wrinkles of amusement at his baby airs.

"Do's he ever want you to rock him to sleep?" the teacher wondered, as she watched the sturdy little legs tramp off to the barn. "Oh, when he's sick or tired he's right glad to be my little boy for a while," his mother answered; "but he is always a grown-up man again when he wakes up in the morning."

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

SOME RIDDLES, NEW AND OLD.

Which is swifter, heat or cold? Heat, because you can catch cold.

Why does a Russian soldier wear brass buttons on his coat, and an Austrian soldier wear steel ones? To keep his coat buttoned.

What is the difference between an old cent and a new dime? Nine cents.

When is a bee a great nuisance? When it is a humbug.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up, the other is hard to get down.

Why is a lazy dog like a hill? Because he is a slow pup (slope up).

A man and a goose once went up in a balloon together; the balloon burst and they landed on a church steeple. How did the man get down? Plucked the goose.

A man had twenty-six (twenty sick) sheep and one died; how many remained? Nineteen.

What is the oldest table in the world? The multiplication table.

Why is a professional thief very comfortable? Because he usually takes things so easy.

Why is a like honeysuckle? Because B follows it.

Why is the letter K like meal? You cannot make cake without it.

Why is Gibraltar like a dose of medicine? It is hard to take.

Why is death like the letter F? It is the end of life.

Why is a farmer surprised at the letter G? It will convert oats into goats.

THE TREE GAME.

Boys and girls can have lots of fun playing the following game, and will find some of the questions are not very easy to answer either. The questions are given out on slips of paper, without the answers, and the one who gets the greatest number of correct answers is the winner of the game.

- 1. What is the most level tree?—Plane.
2. What tree suggests thoughts of the ocean?—Beech.
3. What tree would you prefer on a very cold day?—Fir.
4. What tree contains a domestic animal?—Mahogany.
5. What tree might very properly wear a glove?—A palm.
6. What tree is a pronoun?—A Yew.
7. Which tree is an insect?—Locust.
8. Which is the dandy among trees?—Spruce.
9. Which tree is an invalid?—Pine.
10. What tree never is barefooted?—Sandalwood.
11. Which tree can best remember numbers?—Date.
12. Which tree has passed through fire?—Ash.
13. Which is the most ancient tree?—Elder.

Cheapest of All Medicines.—Considering the curative qualities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil it is the cheapest medicine now offered to the public. The dose required in any ailment is small and a bottle contains many doses. If it were valued at the benefit it confers it could not be purchased for many times the price asked for it, but increased consumption has simplified and cheapened its manufacture.

AMAZING.

Uncle George," said the little boy, "what is an equinox?" "An equinox," said Uncle George, who was fresh from college, "why—that's a sort of freak, I suppose; half horse and half ox."

ESSAY ON BOYS.

A small damsel of twelve, who disliked boys, wrote an essay upon them in which she said: "If I had my way half the boys in the world would be girls, and the other half would be dolls."