

The Children's Page

OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

Actions speak louder than words ever do;
You can't eat your cake and hold on to it, too.

When the cat is away, then the little mice play;
Where there is a will there is always a way.

One deep in the mud as the other in mire;
Don't jump from the frying pan into the fire.

There's no use crying o'er milk that is spilt;
No accuser is needed by conscience of guilt.

There must be some fire wherever is smoke;
The pitcher goes off to the well till it's broke.

By rogues falling out, honest men get their due;
Whoever it fits, he must put on the shoe.

All work and no play will make Jack a dull boy;
A thing of much beauty is ever a joy.

A half loaf is better than no bread at all;
And pride always goeth before a sad fall.

Fast bind and fast find, have two strings to your bow;
Contentment is better than riches, we know.

The devil finds work for hands idle to do;
A miss is as good as a mile is to you.

You speak of the devil, he's sure to appear;
You can't make a silk purse from out of a sow's ear.

A man by his company always is known;
Who lives in a glass house should not throw a stone.

When the blind leads the blind, both will fall in the ditch;
It's better born lucky than being born rich.

Little pitchers have big ears; burnt child dreads the fire;
Though speaking the truth, no one credits a liar.

Speech may be silver, but silence is gold;
There's never a fool like the fool who is old.

SHARED HER UMBRELLA.

As Jane stepped off the elevated train in the midst of a pouring shower, she raised her umbrella with a sense of complacency over her own foresight. A little woman, whose arms were full of bundles, stood back to let her pass. She had not taken an umbrella. Her thin face was very anxious and perplexed, as she stood under the shelter, looking at the driving rain.

"Please, ma'am, don't you want to go along under my umbrella?"

The sharp, piping little voice caught the attention of the girl ahead, and she turned. A small girl with a big box in her arms was addressing the little woman Jane had noticed. "It's a pretty bad rain to be out in without an umbrella," she added as the other hesitated.

"Oh, I know that, and I thank you ever so much!" the little woman cried impulsively. "But you have that big box to carry, and your umbrella is not very big."

"It's big enough for two, though," said the girl. "Most things are, if folks only thought so." And, thus encouraged, the little woman stepped out into the storm, while the thin arm of the errand girl valiantly held the small umbrella above the two heads.

But the girl who was ahead was no longer complacent. To herself she seemed to make a very poor showing beside the small, shabby girl with the faded umbrella, who had discovered that most things are big enough for two if you think so.

THE PRINCESS OF THE GOLDEN HEART.

Once upon a time there lived a lovely princess who was good and true. So kind was she that she often borrowed the golden purse of the king, her father, when she went to church. For at the big carved church door and all along the stone steps leading up to it there always stood many poor and wretched people praying and wailing and holding out their hands for alms. And the little princess would pick out the poorest and most miserable-looking to bestow upon them the biggest silver and gold coins.

There was one woman especially for whom the little princess felt more pity than for any one else. She was an old, old woman, bent and wrinkled, who hobbled about on a stick. She could not clamor for alms like the rest of the beggars, for her voice was almost gone, and her poor hands shook as she held them out. But the little princess was always on the lookout for her, and whenever she saw her she gave her all the best coins she had to give. And the old crone mumbled a blessing as the lovely princess tripped joyfully up the steps to the church door.

But one day as she was on her way to church the princess spied a golden heart hanging in the show window of a jeweller's store. It was a beautiful heart all covered with fine tracery and set with deep red stones. And the princess wished very much for it. So instead of giving away all the coins in the golden purse, as she had always done before, she kept the best ones back to buy the heart, and gave away one of the small copper pennies. She felt ashamed while doing so, but she thought all the while of the golden heart with the red stones; so she clutched the purse while she hurried up the steps, and closed her eyes so as not to see the poor, disappointed faces. But just as she reached the coat, and it made her open her eyes against her will. And there stood the old woman, more bent and feeble than ever, and holding out her shaking hand. The princess, however, who had none but gold and silver pieces left, closed her eyes again and passed in.

Early next day she sent for the jeweller, and bought the golden heart, and also a chain with which to hang it around her neck, and felt very proud and happy. And when she did occasionally think of her beggars who had been disappointed she said to herself that she would make up for the coppers next time.

So when Sunday came she went to church, quite joyfully, and with the golden heart around her neck. The heavy purse she clutched tightly in her hands. She gave to the right and to the left, till all the money was gone except one big piece for her old, old woman. But when she reached the top step, the place was empty, and when she asked for the old woman one of the beggars told her she was dead.

This grieved the little princess sorely, for she remembered that she had not given the poor woman her accustomed alms the Sunday before, and that she might have bought strengthening food and medicine with it. She hung her head, and almost sobbed as she entered the church. But she was a little princess and had been told never to cry in public, and knelt down as usual. But try as she would, she could not pray; the golden chain seemed to choke her, and the red stones of the locket glittered like evil eyes in the dim light. She fairly hated the golden heart, now, and wished to get rid of it. So she unclasped the chain and slipped the jewel on the floor. On leaving the church, however, a lady-in-waiting picked it up and restored it to her.

Thereupon the little princess thought of a better plan, and when they crossed the big bridge she leaned over the parapet and dropped the golden heart into the deep, swiftly flowing river. No one had seen her do it, and she felt much relieved, for now she was sure she would soon forget all about the old woman and her own wrong-doing.

But in the night, after she had fallen asleep, she saw a white hand rise out of the river, holding up the chain and golden heart. The hand stretched slowly towards her and fastened the chain around her neck. She awoke with a start, and there was the golden heart at her neck wet still and with the red stones glistening.

"I must hide it better," said the little princess to herself. And next day she took the golden heart with her into the garden, and having found a solitary spot, she buried it deep down in the ground, hoping never to see it again.

But in the night she saw a long, white hand dig into the ground, unearth the golden heart and hang it around her neck. And when she awoke there was the heart, half covered with the damp earth, and its red stones glittering balefully.

Then the princess grew desperate. She thought long and hard; and on the following morning she took the golden locket to the royal mint and threw it into the glowing furnace, sure that at last it would melt, and that she would never set eyes on the hateful thing again.

But in the night she saw a long white hand rise from the glowing furnace, hold up the heart by the chain and fasten it around her neck, with the red stones glowing like fire.

This time the poor little princess wept bitterly. She knew that, do what she would, she should never be rid of the golden heart again. In her trouble she knelt down and prayed to God to help her. She felt better after that and crept back into bed to sleep.

All of a sudden the door opened, and the old, old beggar woman came in, holding on a stick, and with her knitting in her hand. She sat down at the foot of the bed, leaned her stick against the wall, and began to

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.

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knit. She did not once look at the princess; she just knitted and knitted. But her hands shook with palsy, and she dropped stitch after stitch, and every time she dropped one she heaved a sigh.

The little princess was so frightened at first that she did not dare to speak; but after a while she took courage and said: "Please, will you not let me help you?" She was a very polite little princess.

The old woman handed her the knitting and told her to do it nicely and evenly as otherwise she would not earn her wages.

"And what are your wages?" asked the little princess.

"A penny a day," said the woman, "a penny a day, and knitting far into the night to earn that."

"That seems very little," said the princess and she took the knitting.

But she had never knitted before, and though she tried ever so hard, she dropped one stitch after another, and got the worsted into a terrible snarl, till finally the old woman grumbled, got up and said, hobbling away: "No penny for me to-day, and nothing to buy bread with."

"You can imagine how miserable the princess felt. She ran after the old woman and held out her golden locket. 'Won't you take that, please?' she begged of her. 'You could buy lots of bread with that, and anything else you want, and would not have to work for a long, long while.'

The woman shook her head. "I can not take this golden heart," she said almost sternly; "it is not yours to give."

The princess looked so sad when she heard this that the old woman continued more kindly: "But I will tell you what you can do. You can learn to knit, and then you will be able to earn my penny. I will come every night to teach you."

The princess looked ruefully at her soiled white hands, but she promised bravely she would try.

And so they went to work. The old woman hobbled in night after night, and taught the little princess how to knit; and though her tiny fingers became sore and crampy and the stitches would drop and the worsted would get all snarled up, yet she kept on trying. And after a while she could knit as well as the old woman, and in the end she could knit much faster and never drop a stitch. And every night on leaving the old woman would nod and say: "Another penny earned."

But one night the old woman failed to come at the usual hour, and the princess watched for her with her eyes on the door, when suddenly the ceiling of the room parted and there descended a most beautiful woman, seated on a cloud which shone like silver. Nearer and nearer she came to where the little princess sat; and when she was quite near she took the little girl on her lap, kissed the little fingers which had been so ready to help, and began to unfasten the chain with the golden heart. The little princess felt suddenly as though a heavy load were lifted off her breast. She wanted to thank the beautiful lady, but she felt so drowsy all at once that she could not keep her eyes open any longer. While falling asleep, the beautiful lady changed into that of the old, old woman. But of this she was never quite sure, for soon after she was sound asleep, and she slept peacefully till the next morning; and when she awoke the golden heart with the glittering red stones was gone forever.—Interior.

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